

# Woman The Mystery

By HENRY HERMAN

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

At the time when Walter and Adams were inquiring for him at the St. Charles Hotel, Mr. Robert Beringuay was seated in the first floor room of the Hotel de Paris. His pale face was of a papery white, and a nervous twitch distorted his mouth from time to time.

"I am afraid," he said, in his slow, quiet voice, "I was very indiscreet this morning; but you can imagine my surprise when I saw the fellow standing before me—I, who thought him dead years ago. You never reported to me that you knew all about him. That was unwise."

"I would have had to make reports that would have filled books if I had wanted to inform you of everything that came under my notice," said Bernard Quayle, who was sitting opposite him. "I don't think there is much harm done. He has lost all memory through his accident, and I dare say he has by this time forgotten your question and all concerning it."

"Let us hope so," retorted Beringuay. "Anything that can mar your success falls so heavily upon me. Do you think you are approaching the end of your task?" he whispered in hoarse gutturals.

"I think our chances are decidedly favorable," rejoined Quayle. "I have a man downstairs who will settle the business for us, and if he won't—here his eyes glittered more ferociously—"I will take it in hand myself."

"Mind," whispered Beringuay then, "there must be proof, absolute proof of her death. The whole business is in the hands of the Court of Chancery now, and there must be such proof as the court will accept before I can obtain possession of the property. It is a matter of life and death to me now. I am in the hands of men who will show me no mercy. It will mean the prison if I cannot find money to pay them, and I would at any time rather die than that. Therefore, name your own price—any sum you like. You shall have it. Only rid me of my millstone."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Henri, dressed in a Kouave uniform.

"I finish!" he cried, with an imperious wave of the hand. "I no more scrub floor, I not clean knife. I go soldier, I go fight."

"When you are sane again, my friend," said Quayle, quietly, "I will talk to you. Do you know in whose regiment you are going to fight? Do you know who your colonel is?"

"I not care," rejoined Monsieur Henri, with alacrity. "But I see her. I see Helene. Beautiful. An' I shall be near her."

"Yes," retorted Quayle; "you will be near her—near the woman who sent us both to the galleys; and when your senses come back to you, you driveling idiot, you will not be so pleased that you are under the heel of a man who has already once given you a taste of his quality, and who will again, if he only dreams who you really are."

"I not care. I not afraid, an' if 'e comes 'cross me—I kill 'im!"

"Go downstairs!" hissed Quayle. "It is a miracle," he whispered when Henri had gone down. "All goes swimmingly. If I had asked the scamp to join Adams' corps, he might have refused. Now that he is already in the battalion, it will be so easy to let a stray bullet find a billet where it is least expected."

## CHAPTER XI.

Over a year had passed, and the cloud of battle lay dark and sullen over the pine woods near Richmond. On the previous day, the 31st of May, 1862, a battle had been fought. The Louisiana battalion had shared the fight, which had ended in a temporary retreat of the Union forces.

Col. Adams and Walter Glydes, now a major, were in camp, while Helene was in Richmond, only a few miles away. Toward morning Walter was walking a little way behind the outposts, when he came across Henry Saluton, who had actually sneaked into the Union camp across the ditch and brought back with him some coffee, which was already a rare luxury in the Confederate army. He was loudly reprimanded by his superior officer, who told him he would report him to Col. Adams.

In return Henri informed Walter that the enemy were getting ready to march on them and take them by surprise. Major Glydes immediately conveyed this startling information to Col. Adams, who at once called his men into action. It was not a moment too soon. With a rush and a roar the Union troops swept down upon them.

All along the line of the Louisianians the musketry rattled, and the powder smoke wrapped the battalion in its stone-gray shroud. Every eye was fixed on the front, where the enemy's rifles flashed and cracked. Henri was but three or four paces behind Adams, and a little to the latter's left.

skirts of Richmond, behind a screen of sunflowers, and in the shade of five or six huge and venerable elms, Helene was seated opposite a buxom, middle-aged negro woman, in whose ebony black face the white teeth gleamed as brightly as the white eyes.

The little white hand was opened and outstretched, and the negro woman held the rosy tips with her black fingers as if she were handling the most delicate, the most precious, and the most fragile thing in the world. She was telling the girl's fortune.

As Helene looked up for a second, she could see the rails of the fence between the stems of the sunflowers, and between the stems of the sunflowers a face flashed upon her, a man's face, which she knew—Capt. Denon's.

On the first impulse of recognition, she was about to rise and ask him aloud to step indoors, but with the self-same heart-beat, she remembered that he was a United States officer, and her pulse nearly stood still as it flashed upon her that, at that time, he could be in Richmond only as a spy or prisoner. A ball seemed to stick in her throat, and she rose slowly and said to the astonished negro woman:

"I have heard all I want from you, Sue, and I am so much obliged. You can go back to your work. I'll call you again when I want you."

She had advanced a step or two and was standing there with white face and flashing eyes. Capt. Denon took off his hat and bowed to her. "May I come in, Miss Lamure?" he whispered; and she simply nodded, hardly knowing what she did.

The latch clicked under Capt. Denon's hand, and he stood before her, and was about to address her; but she, remembering the circumstances of the case, said to him:

"I think we had better go within doors, captain. Follow me."

She led the way to the parlor, bright with its gay chintzes and comfortable with its homely furniture. Denon had followed, hat in hand, and stood before her like a great overgrown schoolboy, who cannot find words to express his thoughts. The woman was the first to recover her self-possession.

"What is the meaning of this?" she said. "Why did you come here?"

"I came here because, being in Richmond, I would have died rather than not see you."

"I am weary of hearing this, Capt. Denon," she said. "Every man I meet tells me that he is in love with me. I wish I could find a man who hated me, so that I might make him love me, just for a change."

"I am very sorry," he said, quietly. "I am risking my life for a glimpse of you, and your first words are a reproach."

"You risk your life!" exclaimed Helene, hotly. "Of course, you are in Richmond as a prisoner of war!"

"Not a prisoner of war," he answered, with slow diffidence.

"Then you can only be in Richmond as a spy. Confess it. Confess it, sir."

"I am not a spy," was the pained rejoinder. "I came here as the bearer of instructions to the principal United States agent."

She turned with an angry hauteur. "Bearer of instructions to a spy, or a spy yourself, is all the same."

"I should not have accepted the mission," he said, so slowly and so solemnly that, in spite of her seething anger, the words touched her heart-strings. "I would never have come to Richmond had it not been that I was inspired by the hope that I might see you. For a glimpse of you I have risked my life and my honor. For another glimpse of you I would risk my life and honor twenty times again, even under the dread of offending you."

The noise of horses' hoofs and of carriage wheels upon the gravelly road attracted their attention, and when Helene flew to the window she saw that a two-horse ambulance had arrived at the garden gate. Walter, who had been sitting with the driver, jumped from the wagon. Helene leaned against the window with her face as white as Denon's, and her staring eyes saw the stretcher men take Adams from the ambulance and prepare to bring the wounded man into the house.

"Poor Daddy!" moaned Helene, staggering back and looking frightenedly at the man who, if he were discovered by a Southern officer, was certain to meet his fate on the gallows. Her glance traveled all around the room in a feverish trouble. Her sympathy for her wounded protector was crushed out of her heart by the dread of the fate in store for the man who, she said to herself with the same breath, was nothing to her after all.

"It's all up with me," gasped Capt. Denon, "and I am not sorry. Since you give me no hope, death is the happiest fate that can befall me."

"No," she cried on a sudden, "you shall not die. In there! In there! Quick! before they come! That is my room. They will not dare to go in there."

"Your room?" exclaimed Denon.

"Yes. Quick! before it is too late! In there!"

And she dashed upon him and pushed him through the door, at the very moment when Walter entered the parlor, and, with surprised eyes, saw the door of Helene's room close upon a man.

## CHAPTER XII.

Walter stood for a second or two dumb with pain and amazement. In the next moment, however, he remembered that he had no right to express surprise or

pain, even if he were racked by either. Helene was free to show her preference for any man. At the same time it seemed to him as if Helene's act were poisoned by a guilty secrecy, and he felt the sting of it bitterly.

"The Colonel is badly hurt," he said at last, with broken voice. "He was shot through the lung on Sunday. Will you not go to him? The doctor says that we have every reason to hope for the best; but the Colonel is very weak, and he asked for you the moment he approached the house."

Helene cast an anxious glance toward the door of her room, and an unusual pallor spread over her face. She hesitated for a few seconds, and then tripped out of the room. As she reached the landing outside she had to lean against the wall for support.

"Has Jack seen Denon?" she asked herself, staring into the gray vacancy. "What will Jack think of me? That poor Denon! Jack will find him, and they will shoot him or hang him."

At that moment Sue's black face gleamed upon her in the light of the upper landing window, and she beckoned to the woman.

"Save me, Sue," she whispered, convulsively, clutching the negress' arm. "There is a man in my room."

"A man in your room, chile?" questioned faithful Sue, hoarsely.

"Yes; get him out of the house without being seen. His life and my honor depend upon it." Helene gasped while she muttered the words.

The old servant pressed her mistress' hand, and started upstairs without a word. Helene had to grip the banisters while she ascended the stairs. On the first floor she drew a long breath, and said to herself, "Well, if there is no way out of it I cannot help it, but I must try to save him if it can be done."

The wounded man was lying on a little iron bedstead near the window when Helene entered the room, and the summer light tipped through the muslin curtains upon the pale, pain-stretched face. The once clear gray eyes were dull and nearly glassy. Suffering and anguished every line and every feature, and the barely perceptible smile which gleamed there was the only token of recognition.

"Come, my dear," said the weak voice, "sit by me here, and let me hold your hand. I am glad, if I am to die, that I can end my days near you."

"I am so sorry, Daddy Adams," she said, "but I must be brave. You will get over this."

"I don't know," was the hoarse and feeble rejoinder. "I am not so sure about it. The doctor says he thinks I will. He says I must not speak. Well, sit by me here. I do not feel strong enough just now; but I have so much to tell you, and I don't want to miss a chance, if I am to go out of this world."

The dusk of the early summer evening had settled to darkness, and Walter was meditating whether he ought to remain in the house or return to camp. The weather was hot, and scarcely a breath of air troubled the summer hush. Walter was standing in the mellow twilight in the porch of the house, when he saw Sue and a negro whom he did not know, both of them carrying bundles on their heads, come through the side entrance and walk to the front gate.

The negro was a tall fellow, well set up in his limbs, but walking with a dovelily, uneasy gait. He was dressed in old blue jean trousers, and wore over his red flannel shirt an open striped cotton waistcoat with big brass buttons. A big, black felt hat covered his eyes, which were further obscured by the bundle he was carrying. She was chatting and laughing as they were walking along, and they had opened the gate and were already outside, when their progress was cut short by the sentry on duty there.

"Hey, stop!" cried the man. "Who are you?"

"You kin see, shoo, sonny," replied Sue, grinning her broadest. "It's Sue, I is, Miss Helene's servant, an' dis kullered zeunelman, dat's Elijah, an' he's helpin' dis chile carry de clothes to de laundry."

Walter's eyes followed Sue and the negro as they walked along the road, when a sudden thought gripped his mind, and he gasped:

"It is Denon. I thought I knew him," he muttered. "It is Denon, as sure as I am a living man."

Without another word he walked slowly through the little garden and out at the gate. The sentry saluted respectfully as he passed. Walter walked down the road slowly, keeping Sue and the negro in view all the while. Two streets farther down the pair turned to the left, and Walter followed them.

At the corner he increased his pace and at the same time Sue and the negro walked seemingly as fast as their legs would carry them. That was enough for Walter. He started to run after the pair, and soon caught them. One glance at the negro's face was sufficient. It was Denon—Denon magnificently disguised, but Denon, and nobody else.

"Stop a moment," said Walter to the negress. "I want to speak to this gentleman. Take that bundle. You are quite strong enough to carry them both. When you have done your errand, go back to the house, and tell Miss Helene that I will look after your friend."

The poor woman stood there in a feverish trepidation, hesitating about what she ought to do, and then went away weeping as if her heart were breaking.

"We will not stop here, Capt. Denon," said Walter. "The neighborhood is dangerous to you. I will be obliged if you will answer my questions as we walk along. Did you come to Richmond at Miss Lamure's request?"

"No," was the simple rejoinder.

"You came unbidden and unasked?"

"Unbidden and unasked."

"One more question," said Walter, "and then I have done. Is Miss Helene in any way engaged to you?"

"In no wise engaged."

"Good!" ejaculated Walter. "I will have to ask you to come with me."

(To be continued.)

# Episodios

Marquis Ito of Japan holds a Yale degree.

The United States pays nearly \$1,000,000 a day to foreign ships for carrying its products.

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman, who died recently, once refused the office of Viceroy of India.

Drivers of automobiles in England who refuse to stop when requested to do so by a person driving a horse are fined.

The London Alhambra has a novel log act. The dogs perform in conjunction with a ventriloquist, and so appear to talk.

A new flower—a large yellow poppy—has been introduced into England from Tibet. It is called the "Neconsis integrifolia."

Geronimo, the noted Apache chief, has learned to read, and can write his name. He is exceedingly proud of his accomplishments.

The Berlin authorities have declined the request made by the Manufacturers' Union for permission to erect tall steel frame buildings of American design in Berlin.

Some Melbourne undertakers recently formed a ring and bought nearly all of the vacant lots in the general cemetery. When this was done they raised the price of funerals.

The Tasmanian Parliament has inserted a clause in a new taxation bill granting an exemption of \$50 for every child of all income taxpayers whose incomes are under a certain amount.

A German missionary travels through his native land holding religious services in a canalboat in order that he may carry the gospel to those who can be reached in no other way.

In the district about Cridley, England, twenty women work as blacksmiths to every man following the trade. For many generations this work has been almost entirely in female hands.

Arrangements have been completed for the sale, under the Irish land act, of 18,000 acres, the property of the Earl of Kilmorey, to the tenants. The land is in County Down. The purchase price will amount to \$1,100,000.

Brazilian ants make little gardens in the tree tops and sow them with pineapple and other seeds. The gardens are found of all sizes, from a single sprouting seed surrounded by a little earth to a densely overgrown ball as large as a man's head.

We have 75,000 postoffices and 500,000 miles of postal routes, with a yearly travel over them amounting to 500,000,000 miles. The service costs over \$150,000,000 a year. The receipts now almost equal the expenditures, and have doubled in the last ten years.

It has been arranged that on May 1, 1900, every French trade unionist, at the conclusion of the eighth hour of his day's work, will quietly and peaceably leave the factory. Next morning he will present himself for a second day's work of eight hours' duration.

The "Wee Kirk" of Scotland, consisting of about two dozen small Highland congregations, to which recently was awarded by the House of Lords all the property and funds of the Free Church of Scotland, amounting to about \$55,000,000, has just received \$125,000 by the will of a late member. "To him that hath shall be given."—Tit-Bits.

The only States which had a registration of deaths sufficiently complete to make the death rates worth calculating in 1900 were Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York and Rhode Island, which, with the District of Columbia, form the group referred to in the census report as the "registration States."

On the boat deck of the new North German Lloyd steamship Prince Eitel Friedrich is a turbine dynamo which can be operated by the officer in command and will supply electric current to a number of special lamps to provide light for launching the lifeboats should mishap have stopped the working of the main electric lighting machinery in the engine room.

## HOW THEY SURRENDER.

Painful Moments in the Lives of Some Generals.

"General Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without disgracing humanity."

In these noble and generous words did the Russian General Mouraviev address the gallant man, who, for six months, had conducted the defense of Kars against overwhelming odds. And it was only when cholera had devastated his garrison and there was no longer a scrap of food left that the

intrepid Fenwick Williams would even listen to such a word as surrender.

When the great Napoleon had played his last card and realized that the game was over he wrote this letter to the Prince Regent: "Royal Highness—A prey to the factions which divide my country and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my public career, and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant and the most generous of my enemies."

Then Napoleon walked with proud step and gallant bearing on board the Bellerophon and surrendered himself to Captain Maitland—the first stage of his journey to exile and death in St. Helena.

At that supreme moment in the destiny of Napoleon III, when he found himself at Sedan with the demoralized remnant of his defeated army, surrounded by 250,000 of the enemy's troops, he sent the following note to his conqueror, the Prussian King: "My brother, as I am not able to die at the head of my troops, I place my sword at Your Majesty's feet."

On the following morning the crushed Emperor and Bismarck met in the sordid upper room of a weaver's cottage, and the terms of surrender were arranged. "It was the most uncomfortable hour I ever spent in my life," Bismarck used to say later. "In fact, I felt more awkward than when as a young man, I had a partner at a dance who wouldn't or couldn't talk." The surrender, we need scarcely recall, was absolute. Napoleon was sent a captive to the Castle of Wilhelmshohe, near Cassel, and 39 generals, 230 staff officers and 83,000 men became prisoners of war.

But perhaps the most gallant general who ever surrendered to the enemy was Osman Pasha, the immortal defender of Plevna. Surrounded by an immeasurably superior army of Russia, Osman kept his flag flying for 142 days, inflicting a loss of over 40,000 men on the enemy and losing 30,000 of his own garrison; and it was only when both provisions and ammunition failed that he decided on that desperate attempt to cut his way through the investing army.

The attempt, one of the most daring and resolute in history, failed, and Osman was at last compelled to throw up the sponge. So impressed, however, were the enemy with his valor, that as he was carried wounded through their ranks, they greeted him as a conqueror with cheers and presented arms.—Tit-Bits.

## LIBERIA MAY YET DEVELOP.

Views of an English Philanthropist Who Recently Traveled There.

We are accustomed in this country to look on Liberia with more amusement than interest. A recent interview in London with Sir Harry IL Johnston, an Englishman highly respected for his philanthropic labors, who has just returned from an extensive journey through the republic, indicates that there is solid ground for the hope that Liberia may yet develop into a prosperous and progressive country, the home of an enterprising people.

The extension of peace and order in the interior has been steady and the trade of the country is advancing in an encouraging manner. The present president, Arthur Barclay, is a West Indian, being born in Barbados, and is spoken of as a man of energy, ability and integrity. Although the Liberians from this country and from the West Indies do not now number more than 12,000, they are reported to be an active and intelligent class, who are gradually extending their influence over the natives of the interior, of whom there are some 2,000,000.

Sir Harry Johnston entertains the liveliest hopes for the commerce of the country, the resources of which he finds varied and rich. The backlands are filled with rubber forests, an excellent coffee is indigenous and is also cultivated; long staple cotton does well in the clearings; the oil palm is abundant; cacao thrives; there is a great variety of timbers, dyewood and drugs; there is hematite iron on the seaboard and there are indications of gold in the hinterland. The only unfavorable element in the situation according to Sir Harry Johnston, is a boundary question with France, which however, does not seem very threatening.—New York Times.

## People Who Eat Wood.

A traveler in Siberia has noted that among the natives along the northern coast wood, in a certain form, is a most common and constant article of diet. The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful it usually forms part of the evening meal, as many cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut testify.

Undoubtedly.

She—I'm afraid you are an agnostic. He—Oh, no, I'm not. I believe in pretty girls, for instance.

She—That being the case, I suppose you change your place of worship frequently without changing your creed.