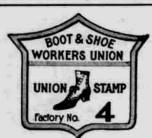
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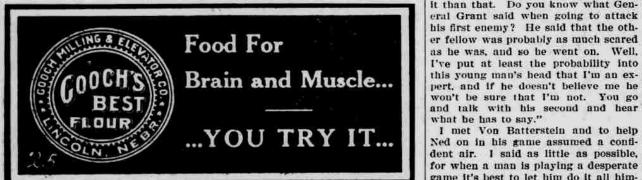
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certainly looks favorable for

what has been called "East

"The Booster Club." have to meet a fencing master. It was arranged, in order that Ned should meet his engagement in Paris, F. & M. Bldg., 15th & O Sts. that we should be at a rendezvous

> o'clock the same morning. I went back and reported the outcome to Ned "What are you going to do?" I asked. 'You're certainly not going to let this fellow run a sword through your vi-

"Oh. I'll keep up the bluff till the last minute, and if the thing goes against me I'll find a pretext to slide

out with honor."

At 5:30 we took a carriage and drove to the rendezvous. I had left the procurement of the weapons to the enemy, saying that my principal could fence as well with a cutlass as a foil and I would rely on them for weapons. When we got on the ground the pigsticker was looking over a stock of foils and testing them, evidently thinking that if he was to meet a fencing master who didn't care whether he used a foil or a cutlass he must be carefully armed. It looked to me that

have to wiggle out. Just before taking position Ned sent me to the enemy to say that since he didn't wish to kill his antagonist he would give him the choice between losing an eye or having his nose cut off. I was to bring back word which of these the pigsticker preferred to

the bluff game was up and Ned would

I saw by the appearance of the principal on the other side when this cool proposition was announced to him that we had made a break. Von Batterstein took it to him, and they stood apart talking earnestly. I was in suspense as to the issue. Presently the lieutenant came to me and said that his principal had decided that the contest was too unequal to be undertaken and that since his enemy was about to leave for Paris the cause of the dissension would be removed.

Well, there was more palaver, but that was the end of it. The principals shook hands, and Ned invited the pigsticker if he ever came to Chicago to visit his academy on Dearborn street.

Follow Me

By F. A. MITCHEL

A Good Bluffer

By C. B. BURGESS

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The best bluffer I ever knew was

ter Ned and I met in Berlin and went

Ned was dancing with a very pretty

of telling a man that he's got to fight.

Ned turned upon him with well as-

Later a dapper officer with a

wasp waist stepped up to Ned and

handed him a card on which was en-

Ned, understanding that the officer

addressed him as bearer of a challeuge, whipped out his own card, on

which he had scrawled, "Instructor of

Fencing, No. - Dearborn Street, Chi-

You see, Ned had known very well

what was coming and with his usual

quick foresight had prepared his first

move. With a magnificent sweep of

his arm he referred the lieutenant to

me, and I agreed to meet the gentle-

man at a cafe in the Unter den Linden

"Ned," I protested as soon as we were alone, "you can't bluff one of

these young Germans with so palpable

a device as that. My opinion is that

we'd better jump the town. You

know well enough you've never han-

dled a foil in your life, and at shoot-

ing you couldn't hit a ten story build-

ing at ten paces. We don't duel any

in America, and it's no disgrace to flee

from these fellows who do. All we

have to do is to lose ourselves for the

rest of the night and take an early

his first enemy? He said that the oth-

as he was, and so he went on. Well,

I've put at least the probability into

this young man's head that I'm an ex-

pert, and if he doesn't believe me he

won't be sure that I'm not. You go

I met Von Batterstein and to help

Ned on in his game assumed a confi-

dent air. I said as little as possible,

for when a man is playing a desperate

game it's best to let him do it all him-

self. The slightest interference with

Ned in this instance might cost him

his life. When the lieutenant asked

what weapons my friend as the chal-

lenged party would choose I simply

replied, "Foils, of course!" and as to

other details I left them entirely to

him, except that the affair should be

settled at once, as my man had an en-

gagement in Paris with a pupil who

needed his services in an affair of the

I flattered myself that this was keeping up the "instructor in fencing" il-

lusion pretty well. If the principal on

the other side had been an officer in

vould be pigsticker was a civilian.

and that wasn't so bad. The officer

didn't appear in the least frightened

but he was not the man who would

where such affairs are settled at 6

same sort.

"Oh, there's some better way out of it than that. Do you know what General Grant said when going to attack

train in the morning."

graved "Lieutenant Ernst von Batter-

"I will pigstick you."

sumed fury and replied:

cago, U. S. A."

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I am known as Mesereau the climber. Ned Thornton of Chicago. One win-The guide upon whom I always relied when climbing in the region about together to a students' ball. While Interlaken was Carl Weber, a German Swiss. He was brave and falthful, fraulein a young fellow who evidently and I became very much attached to had a claim upon her came up to him. I had him with me in every climb I made out of Interlaken to the summits of the Wetterhorn, Eiger, That's the way they have over there Monk and Jungfrau. And frequently when I attempted ascents in the southern Alps I would send for him to come to me. He always responded "And I will let the sawdust out of with alacrity, and I knew that he would rather guide me than any one

> After an adventure we had on the Matterhorn his affection for me was greatly enhanced. We were alone on the side of that razor backed peak when, walking on a snow edge, a crust gave way beneath me, and I fell, Weber, knowing that the only way to prevent his being dragged after me was to throw himself on the opposite side, did so. There we hung, each dangling over a precipice divided by a sharp edge of rock. / Unfortunately Weber's right arm had become caught in a loop of the rope and a bone snapped.

> "Herr." he called, "I cannot pull myself up. My arm is broken. I think there is snow beneath you. The rope must be cut. You will fall a short distance and may not be hurt."

"And you?" "I shall go down a thousand feet."

"Then the rope shall not be cut. I will go up hand over hand and, strad-

dling the edge, will pull you up."

This I did. I expected Weber would be overjoyed at his escape, but he did not appear to be so much pleased as one would suppose.

"Ach!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I shall never be the same man after having been saved by one I have guid-

This was the last time Weber and 1 ever climbed together. Not long afterward, while conducting a party of Englishmen to the summit of Mont Blanc, the snow gave way beneath them, an avalanche was started, and they were all lost. Weber's body was found buried under thirty feet of snow, head down, his alpenstock held tight in the grip of his icy hand.

On hearing of my faithful guide's death I resolved that I would never climb again. This was partly because to climb without Weber would not be enjoyable and partly because his death caused me to realize that there is no safety in Alpine climbing even with the best guide. I refrained for two years; then, business calling me to Europe, I found myself near my beloved Switzerland in the summer season and ran down to Chamonix for a visit. Unluckily for my resolution while at Chamonix I fell in with a party about to climb to the summit of Mont Blane.

I stood looking up one morning at the magnificent sight of the mountain on which Weber had met his death, greatly tempted to make one more ascent. I wondered if the soul of my guide, freed from flesh and the atthe army the pretense couldn't be re-lied on, for a soldier can't very well over the cliffs, sailing through the back out from sure death. But the vast splits between the peaks, reveling in being able to go like a bird wherever it pleased. Then came to me a superstitious dread lest if I wait I should meet with misfortune.

I determined to adhere to my resolution to climb no more, when one of the party began to talk with me about the trip and when I spoke of remaining below manifested some surprise that such a "noted climber" should be content to see others go without going himself. This decided me to be one of

We made the Grand Mulets, the but built for a halfway stop, by evening and started the next morning under a cloudy sky for the summit. Within an hour we were enveloped in by far the worst snowstorm I had ever encountered in any of my ascents. It was like an American blizzard, the snow falling in miniature spirals and deepening so rapidly that we soon found moving in any direction diffi-

I have never before seen Alpine guides thoroughly frightened. must return to the Grand Mulets," they all said, and, turning, we began to descend. But how could we descend any more than ascend, not being able to see a distance of ten yards? If we stopped we would be overcome by the snow. If we proceeded we would likely go into a crevice or over a precipice. And what was the use of moving when we did not know which way to move?

I went out on a circumscribed exploring trip and stood apart from the rest, awed by the whirling snow, when I heard a voice—a voice familiar, never to be forgotten.

"Herr, folgen sie mich!" (Sir, fol-

At that moment I saw through the snowfiakes a vague form a short distance before me. Calling to the others to come. I followed it, they trailing in behind me. There were heights above and chasms below, but we walked near them without dan-And there before us, flickering, now fading, disappearing, but always reappearing, was the figure.

Within twenty minutes we reached the Grand Mulets.

Who or what led us to safety leave for the reader to surmise.



Nuff Sed

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