

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

And the Professor, too. Perhaps it was a rash resolve—possibly Charlie Stuart should have accepted the baron's well-meant warning for its full value, and have left Antwerp by the first train. But it was only the word of the baron against his own powers of perspicacity, and Charlie did not see why he should yield so easily.

In other words, he was not ready to believe in the story the wonderful baron had related, without more abundant proof.

Perhaps he might even doubt it until the action of Arline Brand convinced him of her guilt, or her own sweet lips confessed it.

That was Charlie's idea of friendship.

With the disappearance of the baron from the scene, Charlie supposed the show was over for the morning.

He was mistaken.

While he stood there on the curb, a prey to distracting thoughts, he was being closely watched by a man who had been lounging just inside the entrance of the Steen courtyard.

When Stuart started to move away, the gentleman appeared to lose the last vestige of control which he possessed.

He ran after the retreating figure.

The patter of footsteps just behind him naturally caused Charlie to half turn; perhaps he thought it might be the baron, with yet another choice bit of information with which to add to his stock of cheerfulness, or maybe Artemus desirous of overtaking him.

He was immediately undeceived.

A florid-faced gentleman, who looked as though he might have been dallying with the wine too long, but with hot passion glowing in his eyes, was close upon him.

Even as Charlie stepped back a pace, thinking the man was drunk, or in a great hurry to catch a train, to his intense surprise the stranger slapped into Charlie's face a pair of kid gloves he carried.

Luckily, Stuart had a cool head for one of his race, or they would have had it out then and there in the respectable street of the Steen.

He saw that the man had a grievance, though utterly in the dark as to what its nature might be.

"See here! Who are you?" asked Charlie.

"Aha! I am Herr Professor Richter of Dresden."

Charlie shook his head.

"Still I am groping in the dark. To my knowledge I never had the pleasure of meeting you, professor."

The German scowled angrily.

"Which is one good thing for you, sir; and now that you have met me, you shall give me the satisfaction of a gentleman. To-morrow morning it must be, with pistols—or do you prefer swords? Blood alone can wipe out the base insult."

"Suppose you tell me, Herr Professor, how I have offended you. Surely, it could not be a matter serious enough to call for a duel."

"How?" roared the German, dancing up and down, his eyes glaring, his hands working as though eager to clutch the other's throat. "After destroying my honor, you profess ignorance, scoundrel! Then I will tell you, even though every gossip in Antwerp learn of my shame. By running away with my wife!"

"What?"

Charlie was so staggered by the accusation that he could hardly catch his breath.

He had passed through some strange experiences during his life, but this was really the first time he had ever been accused of such an escapade.

"But, Herr Professor, I swear to you I never set eyes upon the lady in question."

"You lie, rascal! Did I not with my own eyes see you put her in the carriage, and stand there watching her drive away? You are guilty!"

Poor Charlie felt as limp as a dish-rag.

This connection with Artemus and his irrepressible dramatic fever was bringing about the most agonizing results.

"Well, all I say is, I must have done it in my sleep. But I gave you my word, and if I cannot prove my innocence, I will give you the satisfaction you demand."

"To-morrow, at sunrise?" eagerly.

"As you say. There is my card, professor. Leave the particulars at my hotel."

Stuart stood looking after the learned disciple.

"She the wife of that bow-legged, heavy-brained scholar? Perish the thought! There is another infernal mistake about it. This queer old town is all upset, it seems."

Then he suddenly remembered the card she had given him, with her address; as he had not thought to look at it, so he hastily drove into his pocket and drew out the case in which he had placed it fresh from her hand, only to receive a sad shock as he read:

"MADAM SOPHIE RICHTER,
"Hotel de la Praix, Antwerp."
Dresden."

Well, there it was. In black and white he saw the miser-

"Then our strategem worked," she laughed.

"Pardon my ignorance, madam, but I am inclined to think it worked only too well, since I, an entirely innocent man, am booked to meet the professor in a duel to-morrow at sunrise, because, forsooth, he chanced to see me place a lady in a cab—a lady who had golden locks, and whom the old—I mean the jealous professor—chose to fancy was the wife of his bosom."

The lady laughed aloud.

"In a duel! He fight for me! Oh, charming! It is too good! What will Cousin Hildegarde say?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but I'm anxious to convince this old fire-eater that he has gotten hold of the wrong man, and I am certain you will assist me to prove my innocence."

"Oh, sir, most certainly; especially as there is no man in the matter at all, and the object of our little escapade has been accomplished. Since you have been put to more or less inconvenience in the premises, it would be only fair for me to explain."

The story was nothing new, though its sequel gave evidence of considerable originality, thanks to the appearance of the bright-witted Hildegarde on the scene.

Madam and the professor had not been the happiest couple in the world. He was wedded to his books, and neglected his pretty wife. Long had she suffered, and doubtless would have continued to do so, only that his cousin took the bull by the horns and suggested a strategem whereby the student should be aroused and made to realize how dear to his heart this wife of his really might be.

It was the old principle over again—of not missing the water until the well ran dry.

And one day, when the learned man found his blue-eyed spouse gone, and a few lines simply signed H. begging her by her love to meet the writer in Antwerp, which note she had apparently dropped in the haste of her departure, the professor threw his books to the winds and started in pursuit.

"To think—he would even fight, and for me!" she said, almost incredulously.

"Indeed, he is distracted enough to defy Fate itself. But, madam, you may do me a favor," he boldly.

"You have but to name it, sir."

"This lady whom I had the pleasure of serving—this lady whom your furious husband saw me put into a carriage—gave me a card and invited me to call upon her here at the hotel to-night."

"Ah! yes," with a bright smile.

"She gave me a card. I did not look at it just then, but after the ridiculous encounter with your husband, in which he accused me of stealing his wife, and threatened me with death on the field of honor, I took occasion to investigate, and found—this."

He handed the card to her.

One glance, and the professor's wife laughed.

"Yes, it is my carte-de-visite; but, on my honor, Meinher Stuart, I did not give it to you."

"That I know very well. What I wish to discover is, who did? There is a young lady, also with such golden hair and blue eyes as you yourself possess; she is stopping at this hotel. Now, you must have at some time exchanged cards with her. Can you not remember the circumstance?"

The professor's wife nodded eagerly.

"Well do I remember; it was only yesterday. She quite charmed me with her naivete and her flattery. I had never before met one so fascinating."

"It was the Countess Isolde Brabant."

"And—her name?" asked Charlie, his heart sinking.

(To be continued.)

WHERE PERSONS ARE EVERYTHING

Position of Congressman's Wife in Washington Society.

The rural congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson, says Mr. Low, when she discovers that position means something, but persons are everything. Such a woman comes to Washington full of her own importance, profoundly impressed with the greatness of her husband, fondly believing that the wife of the president, the wives of the members of the cabinet, the wives of the senators, will receive her with open arms; that she will be invited to the dinners of which she has read in her local paper; that she will get her name in the newspapers, and her dresses will be described, as was that of the governor's wife at the last charity ball. Alas for her disillusionment! She learns that while a congressman may be a very big man in his district, he is a very small man in Washington until he has established his right to be regarded as above the average. If he has money and tact he may soon attract attention and cross the golden boundary; or if he has no money, but much ability, he will reach his destination by another route; but if he has neither one nor the other, if he is simply an ordinary member of congress, a very fair specimen of middle class commonplace intelligence, the social recognition for which his wife sighs will never be hers. The wives of senators from her state will return her call, she may be invited to a tea, even to a dinner at the far end of the season, but that will be the limit of her insight into society.—Harper's Weekly.

Some of the recent magazine articles seem to prove that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

We like to console ourselves with the delusion that the grapes just beyond our reach are sour.

The Story with a Sequel.

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"And now, Bot," announced the Rising Young Writer, tilting back in his chair from the table and confidentially addressing the ink receptacle, "we come to the end of the story."

"The beautiful Princess has been rescued; the Prince has undergone as many hair-breadth escapes as we can really afford to throw in for \$8, and the naughty ogre has been killed off by partaking of a box of poisoned dragons sent anonymously through the mails. An up-to-date touch, that last, Bot, my boy."

The container of writing fluid remaining unresponsive, he continued.

"Some folks say, Mr. Bottle, that a writer always pictures in his hero himself, but I doubt that. I guess my heroes are mostly composite creatures, with just enough of me in their make-up to furnish them with movable joints, so to speak, at the knees and elbows."

"But I'll tell you who poses for my villains—all of them," declaimed the R. Y. W., with vehemence. "Mister Dennis Q. Smith, commonly called Denny. Fate tried to conceal him, I suppose, but I wish she had gone far enough to have him born in a settlement off the railroad in Afghanistan, and made Afghanistan an undiscovered island, and instigated international laws against exploring. Denny is a smiling, good-natured chap, too, and I could like him, were he not fool enough to see the good qualities in the girl I like, and to carry his audacity to the point of liking her also."

Nothing being forthcoming from the insensate vial, the R. Y. W. kept it up, with much satisfaction.

"But let him smile and smile—he'll always be my villain. He's been the hard-hearted usurer, that turned out the widows and orphans in the cold, cold snow; he's been the faithless lawyer that destroyed the will and left the rightful heir nothing but a mourning ring and starvation. He's committed every dastardly deed from treason and arson to bolting the straight Prohibition ticket; and in our present story, Bot, I've made him the horrible ogre, a fiendish outcast, and carried his degradation to such a degree as to make him opposed to the higher criticism, and in disgrace with the administration."

"I've heaped indignity, contumely, and insult upon him. I've made him a victim of moving accidents by field and flood. I've shuffled him off this mortal coil by every known means from the wheel and rack to choking to death on a collar button, notwithstanding which, I invariably find him occupying her front steps or parlor sofa of night on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays."

"But never mind, Bot, I'm sure she's mine—"

So what care I
Though Smith be nigh?
I'll live for Nan—
For Nan I'll die."

A knock came upon the door. The warbler arose and admitted, decidedly to his surprise and discomfort, the very lady, the subject of his impassioned ditty and object of his affections. Perhaps he wondered how thick the woodwork was.

"Why, what on earth, Nan—" he began.

"I have something to tell you, Dick," replied the young lady, in a tone that might have been firmer.

"You must have—But won't you have a chair?"

"No, it won't take but a minute," she went on. "Dick, I'm going to be married."

Now "Dick" had often imagined her telling him this very thing, and himself nobly resigning her, acknowledging his own utter unworthiness, wishing her joy, and so on. A quite human sort of picture and one that most lovers have sometimes conjured up. Nevertheless, it hit him hard, and the only speech he could frame was the very unromantic, yet natural question, "Who to?"

"You know—Denny."

"But isn't this rather sudden?"

"Maybe it is," said the girl, half defiantly, "but his uncle died and left

"Yes, Dick, you might, and I truly hope you will—but, Dick, you never have; and what was I to do?"

"Ten thousand dollars won't last forever," he continued, ignoring her gentle, yet rankling reminder.

"No, but Denny is going to invest part of it, and open a printing shop with the rest, and it will be a good start—for him."

"Printing shop!" he sneered. "You'll have a man of letters, after all, won't you?"

"Now, Dick, you needn't talk like that. At first I was going to write you—after it was over, but that seemed kind of sneaky, and I've always been honest with you, haven't I, Dick?"

"Yes, Nan," he admitted, "you have."

"And you know that work-room was no place for me."

"It was not."

"And I had nothing else. And I would have waited for you, Dick, if



"Dick, I'm going to be married. You had ever seemed able to get along—even if only enough to barely take care of me. It's not the money, Dick, though ten thousand dollars is a great deal."

"Yes," he said, "it is. Especially to earn on the payment-on-publication plan."

"And I couldn't stand it any longer, Dick. The heat, the dirt, the awful noise—they were just driving me to death. And you know you've said yourself, many a time, you wouldn't blame me, no matter what I did to get away from there."

"I'm not blaming you," he replied quietly.

"But I blame myself—for for what has happened, for I know you liked me, Dick, and I liked you. I'm sorry. It's just circumstances, Dick."

"Just circumstances, Nan."

"And Denny, he likes me, too," she said softly.

"Where is he?"

"He's waiting for me on the landing."

Dick went to the door and called to him: "Come in, Denny. I'm not going to have at thee, or anything of that sort. Come on in."

Denny came in and stood mainly on one foot, and gazed at the floor with as much apparent absorption as if he had never previously seen any contrivance of the kind. It was an embarrassing situation, and all three stood ill at ease, the girl particularly so.

A description of her probably would be in order, but it makes no difference whether she had blue eyes and brown hair, or brown eyes and blue hair. She was the one girl for each of these men, or at least each thought so, which is enough. As for her eyes, it would at that moment have been difficult to determine their color, even had she held them up, for by this time they were blurred and moist.

Finally Dick spoke: "Well, I suppose I ought to say something, Denny. I know you'll be good to her and all that, because I guess you love her just as well as anybody could. And I congratulate you on your inheritance, you know. Wouldn't object to having some kin of that kind myself, but I was always careless about selecting my relations."

And then Denny muttered something about "thanks," and the girl glanced at Dick, and somehow or other the pair of them stumbled out.

The Rising Young Writer went back to his table, and for a long time he sat there quiet, while the shadow of the squat ink bottle grew and grew and lay across the floor, a broad, black bar.

At last he gathered the scattered sheets of paper together and again took up his pen. "We must finish it up, Bot," he said, "for time, and the day of issue, wait for no man."

"And so the Prince came to his own," he read aloud as he wrote it, "and married the Princess, and they lived happily together ever after."

"And that, Bot," he said, putting aside the pen, "I guess is the end of the story."

There came another knock upon the door, but this time it swung swiftly open. She did not enter, but stood looking at him in a way that he had never seen her look before. Then she smiled, ever so slightly.

"Maybe there's a sequel, Dick," she said.

Foreign Tour for Gov. Wood.

Governor General Leonard Wood, after the evacuation of Cuba, will be granted a long leave of absence, which he is to spend abroad with his family.

God's presence makes the great church.

BUILDS \$3,500,000 OPERA HOUSE

South Americans Are Extravagant in Theatrical Matters.

"Very much to my surprise," said Mr. M. M. Dolphin, of Kansas City, at the Ebbitt, "in a late tour of Central America I came upon the most beautiful building I ever laid eyes upon. It was the Government opera house in San Juan, the capital of Costa Rica, and there is only one other theater in the world that approaches it in magnificence or cost, and that is the opera house in Vienna."

"This building is a small city of 45,000 people cost \$3,500,000. It was constructed from funds raised by a State tax on coffee. Inside and out it is of the finest marble that could be had in Italy. Italian artisans worked upon it, and famous artists from Europe were employed in the interior decorations, which I think surpass those of our Congressional library. The richness of the furnishings and general gorgeousness of the house astonish every one, and to see such a sight in a little interior town of a non-progressive government is certainly remarkable."

"I spent several weeks in the country and learned, among other things that the people of Central America may know that there is such a place as the United States on the map, but that is about all they do know of this Government. They buy little or nothing from us and seem to consider us of no value in the line of commerce. Costa Rica is one of the richest countries on earth and when the line of railway that will penetrate it from ocean to ocean is completed there will be a great opportunity for the development of its splendid resources. This road is now finished from Limon, on the Atlantic coast, to San Jose, and the Government proposes to build from that point to Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, a total distance of about 200 miles.—Washington Times.

TOUCHED BY HER DOG'S DEVOTION

Girl Realizes the Faithfulness of Four-footed Friend.

A bachelor girl who hurried home each evening from her studio with the picture always before her of the small friend who was to greet her at the door of her apartment in a wriggling ecstasy of welcome had a guest one evening who did not go in so much for dogs as he did for Bachelor Girls. The girl had rebuked her small friend rather sharply for barking at the man who didn't care for dogs and the former had taken refuge under a table. "Do you really think dogs are worth while?" asked the man. "Make a gesture as though you were to strike me," replied the girl. The man did so. In an instant the small friend that a moment before had been beaten and had crawled under the table to brood over his wrongs was standing beside his mistress with hackles up and teeth gleaming, growling ominously at the guest. "Do you know what he is growling at you?" asked the girl. "It's only a paraphrase, but the original once made a nation's blood tingle. When I think of how I have humiliated and shamed him before you and of how he stands here now on guard I am foolish enough to feel my own blood tingle. His growl, translated, means 'My Mistress—Right or Wrong.'"

How Turkish Rugs Are Sold.

Turkish rugs are sold by the bale as they enter the customs house, and the purchaser has no opportunity to examine them. He must take them as they come, good, bad and indifferent, old and new, coarse and fine, perfect and ragged. The week's arrivals are usually put up at auction on Monday morning. The larger quantity of rugs come from the interior of Asia, and are brought down to the ports of the Mediterranean and Black sea by caravans of camels and shipped to Smyrna and Constantinople, which are the great markets. They are packed so many to the bale by sizes, and if the purchaser knows the name of the seller and the place from which they have been shipped, it gives him a slight basis upon which he can judge as to their value, but it is always more or less of a lottery, and hence the rugs bring much less than their actual value.

Costly Baskets of Fruit.

There is a wide range in the price for which the fruiter will put up a "steampship basket." He can easily make it cost \$40 or \$50. Strangely enough the fruits which go to make up the most expensive baskets are not the imported, but the domestic varieties out of season. Peaches at \$1 each and plums at fifty cents in the middle of winter are more expensive than almost any of the tropical varieties brought from the Indies by steamer. Most of the hothouse fruit for the local market is raised in New Jersey.—New York Post.

Joke on Hotel Keeper.

Senator Quay tells a story of an experience at a country hotel near Pittsburg. Hanging on the wall in the parlor was an inscription "Ici on parle Francais." The senator noticed the inscription, and turning to the proprietor, said: "Do you speak French?" "No," replied the proprietor, "United States will do for me." "Well, then," said Quay, "why do you have that notice on the wall—that means 'French is spoken here.'"

"Well, I'll be blamed if a young chap didn't sell that to me for a motto 'God bless our home!'" answered the astonished hotel keeper.

Atheists and infidels waste time talking to a mother who gazes with tearful eyes at a baby's empty shoe.

Subtle temptations need swift resistance.