

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

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

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## CHAPTER VII.

"Take Care, Captain Brand!" Artemus looked into his companion's face as the other made this strange and unexpected announcement.

Himself something of a practical joker, it was natural that the dramatic student of human nature should be suspicious lest he fall a victim to some deep-laid plot to bring down upon his head the laugh that cuts so keenly.

But Charlie looked as grave as a deacon. Had he been attending the obsequies of the man who was hung, he could not have appeared more solemn.

Matters of this character always possessed for him a peculiarly strong interest, and he was eager to glean the particulars.

"Well, it isn't given to most of us to see a man hung, and then meet him afterward alive and well. Tell me about it, Charlie, my boy."

There isn't a great deal to narrate. At the time an insurrection in Chili was causing the most intense excitement, and some very bloody battles were fought about Santiago.

"I chanced to be, as I said, in Valparaiso. One day I found myself in a crowd of excited citizens and soldiers, in the midst of whom stood a prisoner—a spy, caught red-handed, upon whom they were about to execute summary judgment."

"That was Captain Nathaniel."

"The word was given, and I heard a roar from five hundred throats as the wretch was jerked off his feet."

"One moment I saw him as he dangled in space, hands and feet striking out wildly—a spectacle I shall never forget to my dying day."

"There came a sudden shot, and Kedge fell to the ground in a heap—some one had cut the rope with a well-aimed bullet."

"Immediately the deuce of a row broke out, but bless you, the affair died away as speedily as it began, and then, gradually, it dawned upon the minds of the crowd that a great hoax had been successfully carried out."

"For when they looked for Kedge, in order to complete their artistic little job, behold! the man who had already been partially hung had disappeared, nor were they able to discover him, though Valparaiso was thoroughly searched."

"That is my little story, and I am almost ready to swear that our Capt. Brand in yonder is the identical Kedge, grown a little gray in the service of beating the world, but just the same old sixpence."

Artemus nodded, and they separated for a time.

But their meeting had not been unobserved. The ubiquitous baron had his eye on them, and possibly figured out some wonderful game as connected with his mysterious conversation.

Charlie went back to Arline and Capt. Brand, and the three chatted for a while.

Then Arline graciously consented to play several favorite pieces, while Charlie idly glanced through a book made up of fugitive songs and music.

It was while doing this he suddenly came upon an opportunity to make another test of the man's identity. So Charlie handed the well-worn book of music to the fair girl.

"Play that for me—an old favorite—always revives pleasant recollections."

Charlie was so situated that a side glance into a massive pier glass gave him an excellent view of the man who had arisen from the dead.

What Stuart had so accidentally, yet fortunately, come across was the Chilian National Hymn. He watched the effect upon Capt. Brand.

When the first rather weird notes of this Spanish-American music throbbed upon the air, Brand sat bolt upright upon the divan.

Involuntarily he seemed to gasp for breath; his tongue partly protruded from his mouth, as though he were being choked, while his hand crept up to his throat and clutched his loose collar, as if to tear it away.

Charlie exited in the sight. It confirmed his suspicions.

There was no longer the faintest doubt remaining in his mind.

This was the man!

Finally they said good-night.

Charlie managed to whisper a few sentences in Arline's ear while the captain waited at the door, so that he was assured of seeing her again on the morrow.

Capt. Brand led her away.

One smiling glance she sent back over her plump shoulder—gods! what a thrill it gave the bachelor who received it!

Here was a miracle.

He felt dazed—felt as though he walked in a dream. He who had scoffed at such a ridiculous thing as love at first sight, who had always declared the holy passion a flower of slow growth, founded upon mutual friendship and esteem, now discovered his theory in utter ruin, and not only that, but himself engulfed in the chaotic debris.

Finally he aroused himself to a realization of the fact that there were a few more people in the world besides Arline Brand.

How about the baron? Had he learned of his mistake by this time with regard to the identity of the Countess Isolde?

The idea of taking Arline for the fascinating countess was absurd. How could so shrewd a man have been de-

ceived? Why did an occasional number doubt still find lodgment in Charlie's heart. No woman could play such a game. Arline must be what she seemed. Hank Peterhoff and his miserable warnings!

So he trusted blindly. If there was a pit, he would fall into it, headlong, for love had already blinded him.

Or was the Russian bear still on guard?

Could the hotel be surrounded by his emissaries, ready to entrap the wonderful adventuress?

Having decided to smoke a weed and take a look around ere retiring to his bunk, Charlie lighted up and sauntered toward the open door leading to the street.

When he stepped out of the hotel door, he was astonished to discover little knots of men, dressed in the well-known uniform of the Antwerp gendarmes, standing near the Hotel de la Paix.

Then it burst upon him that he had not placed enough significance upon what the baron had confided to him. This did not mean the mere arrest of a clever adventuress, charged with no specific crime save that of enslaving men of rank, and compelling them, through her witchery, to contribute from their wealth toward her regal support. It stood for something grander, something that might yet shake a greater part of Europe with a mighty convulsion, since the conspiracy in which the Countess Isolde was connected concerned more than one imperial throne.

Charlie forgot that he had been sleepy.

His eyes were never brighter than now.

It seemed that the countess had finally made a stupendous blunder, and Peterhoff's hour of triumph was at hand.

It would mark an epoch in the lives of many prominent men in Europe when Isolde Brabant vanished behind the walls of a military fortress.

Some who had been in the toils would breathe easy for the first time in many moons, and drink a bumper to her long residence in her new and exclusive palace.

So Charlie watched and waited, deep in reflection.

When his cigar was about half consumed, he thought he would saunter down the street a short distance, to see what effect, if any, his appearance might have upon the officers on guard.

The result was really more than he had anticipated.

He had not gone more than a dozen paces before, without the least warning, he felt a rough hand laid roughly upon his arm.

As he turned to see what was wanted, a second hand gripped his other arm.

A banded face looked into his own. "Messieurs, I am afraid you—" he began.

"Silence!"

"Have made a little mistake."

"Silence on your life!" was hissed. He saw frowning pistols.

It was evident that the officers meant business.

Charlie began to grow a little indignant.

"See here! send for the baron!" he insisted.

"He is engaged."

"But he is my friend—he will be angry with you for making so ridiculous a blunder."

"So. But we carry out his orders. Now, not a word more, mynhere!"

"Confound—"

"Do you hear? Not one word, on your life!"

Charlie shrugged his shoulders.

Ah! a whistle!—evidently a signal. The game was about to be called.

Even as he stood there, held fast by his captors, he saw a man enter the door of the hostelry.

It was Peterhoff.

Another and another followed, until Charlie had counted a round dozen.

At the same time there was a stretching of lines in the street. Signals passed from mouth to mouth, and Charlie understood that the well-known Hotel de la Paix was in the center of a strong cordon of officers, through which escape was impossible.

Alas! for the countess! It was her hour of doom!

He listened, swayed by contending emotions.

Somehow Arline was in his mind. Perhaps there might be a fight.

Some of those who would be found in the society of Isolde Brabant were desperate men, connected with anarchists and nihilists, sworn to reduce society in Europe to one dead level.

They might take their lives in their hands and endeavor to give battle.

Still, the awful influence of Peterhoff's dreaded name was sufficient, under ordinary conditions, to freeze the fighting blood in the veins of most men, however brave they might be.

To his surprise, he heard no shot, not even a shout or a scream.

And the cause was one in which he could stand considerable knocking about with complacency.

He watched the hotel door.

The baron would be sorry on account of his blunder. Naturally, he would want to make amends, and Charlie had already concluded to enlist his valuable services in the work of unmasking Captain Brand.

If anybody could accomplish this matter, surely it was Peterhoff, whose long experience and facilities for securing information would stand him in good stead.

Ah! there were signs of life.

A number of sombre closed vehicles came dashing down the gassen.

They drew up before the hotel.

A few loungers gathered in the doorway out of idle curiosity. Heads appeared at the windows across the way, as though some spirit of intuition, passing through space, gave warning that strange events were occurring.

Charlie's captors began to move along toward the hotel door, and of course, he was forced to accompany them.

He was still twenty paces away when the baron came out, bearing upon his arm a lady with a sylphlike form, but who was heavily veiled.

Charlie's traitor heart leaped at sight of her. The graceful carriage was so like that of Arline, so queenly and perfect.

Yet he knew beyond peradventure that this was the countess who had finally fallen into the toils of the fowler.

Charlie was inclined to rush and seize upon his friend, the baron; but those two guards held his arms in a grip of steel.

Attract the attention of Peterhoff he could not, since the other had eyes only for the woman at his side, knowing his men were capable of executing the orders previously given.

So he assisted her into a vehicle and swept one last glance around.

Charlie cried out.

Other sounds there were in the street just then. At any rate, the baron never vouchsafed a single look in his quarter, but waved an arm, jumped into the vehicle and was gone.

By this time the gendarmes were issuing from the hotel, each with a companion, most of the prisoners being gentlemen.

As fast as the vehicles were filled with guards and captives they dashed away.

Charlie's turn came. He attempted a protest, but was roughly shoved along and thrust into one of the closed vehicles, which presently lumbered down the street.

And so the innocent suffered with the guilty.

(To be continued.)

### A MIDNIGHT CALL UPON METHUEN

Soldier's Sense of Human Not Destroyed by Hard Work.

The recent capture and release of Lord Methuen by the Boers has given rise to a number of stories relating to this unlucky commander's career in the army, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Long before the Boer war began Lord Methuen was campaigning in South Africa at the head of the famous band of rough riders known as Methuen's Horse.

A member of the regiment, G. L. Chesterton, has since made a reputation as a worker in the field of London journalism, and he it is who tells this anecdote of campaigning on the borders of Bechuanaland:

"When we were encamped on the big hill overlooking the Setlagoli River, not very far from Mafeking, Lord Methuen used to occupy a common bell tent, near to which slept a couple of his orderlies and myself, his field trumpeter. One dark night the Hon. 'Dick' Cotton came stumbling into camp and, endeavoring to discover the whereabouts of the commander, approached us, shouting in a high voice: 'Paul, I say, Paul, where are you?'

Presently from the inside of the tent came a more sonorous sound: 'Is that you, Dick? What do you want?'

The jaded wayfarer remarked: 'Do you know, Paul, that I asked one of your men where I could find you, and he told me to go to —!' Without a moment's hesitation Lord Methuen replied: 'Come inside, Dick, come inside.'"

### The Successful Woer.

Men would have a great deal more chance of success in their wooing if they understood better how girls like to be wooed. As it is, they have no idea on the subject that is at all useful, and many a lover's suit is unsuccessful just because he is ignorant of a girl's tastes in that direction.

Now, if girls had the matter in their own hands they would manage very differently. To begin with, they would never play the bashful lover. There is nothing less calculated to make a girl say "yes" to the important question than the wooing of a lover who is shy.

She despises a man who can't have courage enough to ask her boldly, and when he stammers and hesitates over it, instead of walking up boldly to the lion's mouth, he reduces his chances to a minimum, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Above all things, woman delights in feeling the superior strength of man. When he comes and asks her to be his wife with a fine, bold front and manly bearing, the battle is half won.

She respects and admires him for pressing his suit with decision, and when she begins to admire a man love does not lag far behind. The trembling, timorous lover never commands her respect.

The fool who buries his head in the dust has usually the impudence to declare that there can be nothing divine.

## The Mountain of Transfiguration

By FREDERICK HALL.

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Dwight Van Wert was not deformed in any way, and yet he was fearfully and wonderfully made—there was no denying that. His luxuriant crop of flame-hued hair took on quite without culture, indeed despite all culture, the contour of a full-blown prize chrysanthemum, from an archipelago of freckles resembling a septa map of Oceania. His nose rose like the tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus. To right and left a spreading ear flapped defiance to any threatening head wind and this was but the cupola, so to speak, for an assortment of legs and arms that had apparently been selected quite at random from a pile of left-overs in some forgotten corner of the creator's workshop. All of which description is grossly exaggerated, of course, but in no way misleading, for I found out long ago that in portraying Van it was absolutely necessary to exaggerate in order to make one realize how far from beautiful he was.

From the day he entered school he was the legitimate prey of tease and bully. I suppose it was hard on Van at first, for at home his mother had not called him Bricktop nor his father taunted him with the upward tilt of his nose, but he took it all with stoical heroism, thrashed whom he could, diverted whom he could, helped some with their lessons and bribed others by judicious outlay of his spending money until, at graduation, he was as popular as any fellow in the class, howbeit as far from handsome as when a little tad of six.

At college he came out at the head of his class. He took a year in Europe after that; then he came home, went in with his father and fell in love with Grace Sereno.

Of course, he fell in love with Grace. Grace had a nose Phidias could not have bettered, a complexion like the blending of the wild rose and the lily-of-the-valley, a figure that was the glory of a tailor-made and the apotheosis of a ball gown, hair she could let fall in lustrous billows to her feet, eyes so big and brown and deep it made you dizzy to look into them. It was simply heartbreaking to contemplate, and all the more so when the victim was a personal friend.

Van never took me into his confidence, but I suspect Grace had figured in his plans ever since his first day at school, when she had asked to have her seat changed "because it made her feel so bad to look at that little Van Wert boy." Anyway, he had always done things for her; written to her, sent her presents, and now he went at it deliberately to pay her every courteous attention affection could suggest or money furnish means for.

If you have ever done anything in vivisection, you remember how you felt the first time you saw a live animal cut to pieces. It is not a pleasant sensation, but with some of us it came to be almost chronic while we watched Van's courtship drag out its sickening length.

He was such a good fellow and she such a nice girl. To pour his soul out in her service and yet never bore her seemed to have become the purpose of his life; to let him know the truth and yet spare him all she could seemed to be hers.

Grace and her mother spent the summer at the lakes, and so did Van. In the latter part of November she went into the city on her aunt's invitation, and immediately Van's business took him in at least as often as once a week. When she returned early in February, and Van was as attentive as ever, I knew that that blindness-of-love business (man's love) is a true story, for Van never seemed to realize that she had been running away from him, and the whole miserable thing was worse tangled than ever, because we saw that she had got to strike hard, which was not going to be pleasant for her, and Van was going to be cut up to beat everything.

It was up in my room one night in March that Ken and Trenchard and I got to talking it over. We had heard a rumor that Grace and her mother were going to Europe, and we knew that meant one of two things—either Van would be reckless and get his quietus right away or else, on some cooked up excuse or other he would follow them.

"Of course," said Ken, as he gave a vicious pull at his cigar, "there's no use kicking against the pricks. Van has got to swing some day, and maybe the sooner it's over the better."

"Of course," Trenchard admitted, "Van's got to take his medicine, that's all

right, but—hang it!—he's such a no end of a good fellow and it'll break him all up and—Lord! I wish somebody would chloroform him."

"Fellows," said Ken, "can't we do something for Van to break his fall? Hold a blanket for him or something."

I told Ken he was a fool, but that no longer makes the impression on him that it should.

"No—hang it!" he said, "I mean it. Now, look here. We all know that Van isn't what you might call a tearing beauty. And—great hat! There are other girls, nice girls, sleek girls, that would take him quick if they could get him. Fellows with six-figure bank accounts aren't at a discount—not yet. Suppose we three were to form a sort of benevolent conspiracy, get one of the girls into it, Mamie Crane, maybe, and then pull every wire we could—Beatrice Benedick fashion—until we had him married—"

"No use," interrupted Trenchard; "we might break Mamie Crane's heart, probably would, but that is all would ever come of it. Better leave the whole thing alone."

I felt that I knew Van a little better than either of the other fellows did, and I thought I understood the situation, so now I spoke up.

"I tell you, fellows," I said, "there is just one thing can ease the pressure. You can't drive Van, you can't coax



"Rod," he said, in a constrained voice, "I would like to speak to you—privately—for a minute."

him, and he is not trying to win on his beauty, you can be mighty sure of that, but he knows and cares a lot for Grace; he knows he's got ability, he knows he's got money and he thinks he could make her happy enough so that after a while that countenance of his would be—forgotten, you know—she'd get used to it. What you want isn't another woman in the case—it's another man, and if you were as smart as Van, as rich as Van, as much in love with Grace as Van, and handsome, I tell you Van would give him a free field for her sake—only providing he were just as good a fellow as Van, and Van would have to be the judge, but he would judge fair."

We were all silent, and just at that moment there was a tap at the door.

"Come in," I called.

The door opened and—it was Dwight Van Wert.

We must have looked like a trio of detected counterfeiters, but Van never noticed.

"Rod," he said, in a constrained, unnatural voice, "may I ask the boys to excuse you—I—would like to speak to you—privately—for a moment."

I knew it must mean his death sentence, and I followed him, like a lamb to the slaughter. Van closed the door softly, took my arm and led me across to where the great hall lamp shed its red light down upon us both.

"Rod, old man," he said, "I have come to tell you that I am engaged to be married. You know to whom—the best girl and dearest in the world—and I wanted you to be the first to congratulate me. It will be in a couple of months, here, and on the 5th of June we sail for Europe on the Campania."

He gave my hand a numbing pressure, then gripped me by the shoulders and held me off at arm's length. And I looked at him—at his rubricated hair, his tip tilted nose, his lavish wealth of freckles, his wind-break ears and his eyes, in which was shining the glory of the New Jerusalem—and—by Jove! Dwight Van Wert was the handsomest fellow I ever saw.

Fewer Convicts in Kansas.

The warden of the Kansas City penitentiary casts doubt on the supposition that a convict does not have the opportunity to go much in society and form a large acquaintance.

He says that two of the convicts now in his charge have seen 9,000 prisoners come and go during the twenty-five years since their arrival at the institution.

By the way, there are fifty fewer convicts in the penitentiary at this time than there were a year ago, and the warden wonders if Kansas is becoming more law-abiding.—Kansas City Journal.

Record Trip of Balloons.

Teisserene de Bort, the French aeronaut, has secured the lowest temperature mark on record—72 degrees centigrade, or 97.6 degrees Fahrenheit.

The reading was registered on a thermometer in a trial balloon sent up recently, which rose to a height of 38,000 feet.

### CHILDREN WITH ORIGINAL IDEAS

Youngsters Give Tableau of Garden of Eden, "In Costume."

This story is told by a Philadelphian.

"My friends in Santa Barbara, California, that land of perpetual sunshine, have three most interesting and originally minded children, one girl and two boys. They were quite accustomed to roaming around their father's place very scantily clad, so we were not much surprised, upon returning from a drive one very warm morning, to find all three, clothed only in Nature's garb, at play in the orchard back of the house. The two younger children, Walter and Katherine, were seated under the branches of a tree—totally naked—looking like Raphael's cherubs, while a few yards away, the eldest boy, George, a man of about seven years, stalked solemnly up and down with an old high silk hat of his father's perched on his curly head. Calling Walter to her, the mother said:

"What are you playing, darling?"

"Oh, this is the Garden of Eden," responded 5-year-old Walter. "I'm Adam and Kathy's Eve."

"But what on earth is George doing with his father's hat on?" questioned the mother, too well accustomed to the children's mode of illustrating Biblical truth to be very much surprised at anything. But even her composure was shaken when, with a most solemn look on his cherubic face Walter responded, "Oh, he's God."

WISHED HE HAD THE STORY BACK

Funny Tale Lost on Non-Appreciative German Audience.

Col. Adolphus Busch, who has been doing some booming as a member of the St. Louis Exposition exploiting committee, tells the following story:

"Last summer when I went to Europe I took along my head brewer, whose admiration for his adopted country is only equaled by his desire to appear thoroughly Americanized. Together we visited his native town in Germany, where he was made much of. Of course they had a 'kommers,' and my companion took the opportunity to endeavor to make a speech after the American style, but in the German language, of course. He started out boldly, though he is no public speaker, and got along fairly well until he attempted the funny story which he knew should accompany every American speech worthy the name. It was funny, I assure you, as he told it, but his hearers were too well-mannered to laugh at their fellow-townsmen, and so it fell flat. Discouraged and disgusted by this lack of appreciation of American humor, he dropped heavily into his chair, and leaning across the table, whispered hoarsely to me:

"I'd gif ten tollars if dot story was pack into me."—New York Times.

### The World's Greatest Problem.

An organized effort to conquer the greatest problem of the age is urged by Prof. John Perry. The world's present comfort depends upon coal, but our steam engines are wasting from 90 to 99 per cent of their fuel, while the store of coal is vanishing at such a rate that in another hundred years the English hamlets of contented working folk that have become cities of luxurious people will decay again into hamlets, inhabited by a discontented, poverty-stricken population. Taking the value of human labor as the normal value of energy, England is wasting 900 times its national debt every year. The voltaic cell wastes less than 10 per cent of its fuel energy and paths have been opened that seem to lead to a conversion of the energy of coal into mechanical work through electricity with like small loss, but the efforts of scientific men are discouraged by the difficulties and the small prospect of personal reward. The investigation must be national or international. "I feel sure," Prof. Perry concludes, "that if one or two chiefs like Lord Kelvin or Lord Rayleigh were entrusted with the expenditure of a million a year for two or three years, . . . with power to impress the services of all scientific workers likely to be of use, . . . they would bring the invention within the reach of the ordinary engineer."

Panama Hats Bring Peace.

According to S. P. Bogran, son of the late President Bogras of Honduras, the republic is enjoying greater prosperity than for many years past simply because Panama hats are in fashion. Honduras and the State of Panama are the only two countries where Panama hats are made, and the revolution in Colombia has kept people in Panama too busy to be manufacturing hats. So Honduras has plenty of business in this line.

The Honduras government has found the new industry so advantageous that it is giving it every encouragement and extending special privileges and exceptions from taxation to the factories manufacturing Panama hats.

As long as the