At Swords' Points;

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER IX .- (Continued.)

She was no ordinary woman, this Parisian countess. He remembered that he had heard it said she was a born diplomat and that Louis Napoleon would sooner trust any desperate foreign mission to her than to most of his representatives.

Why, then, was she in Germany? Her appearance on the scene was like a blight to Paul. The conditions had really been bad enough before, but now they were rendered doubly serious.

When Hildegarde and her companion arose to leave the garden, he saw the countess also make a move.

He held his breath when he saw her brush up against the German beauty, throw back her veil a moment and speak rapidly to her, at the same time pressing a note into the hand of the fairly surprised Hildegarde.

Paul noticed that the countess dropped her vell again the moment she left Hildegarde's side.

What was the reason of this scrupulous care?

Did she wish to avoid recognition by Paul? He had never cared for her, though dazzled for a time by her beauty and the scintillating brilliancy of her intellect. Now he positively hated the dashing charmer, and could even see evil befall her with grim complacency.

Hence, it was with renewed interest and not a little satisfaction that he discovered a certain fact.

The countess had a shadow. In her turn, she was being watched, and something about the appearance of the man who kept her under constant surveillance gave him the impression that he belonged to the secret police of Berlin.

Then her mission to Baden was no such dead secret as she might suppose, and if she gave her enemies good and sufficient cause for an arrest, the beautiful Frenchwoman who dared to take such risks in order to gain the royal favor of Napoleon might see the inside of a German bastile sooner than she dreamed, even in her most sanguine moments.

Paul had much to consider while walking to his lodgings. Being possessed of means, Paul had a very luxurious establishment, which Karl shared with him of late.

The old woman who took care of the several flats usually waited up, though Paul could always enter with his key, and this he did on the present

To his surprise, the lights were turned up. Karl must have reached home ahead of him.

With a smile on his lips he abruptly entered the sitting-room to see the figure of a woman rise from a chair by the table where she had been reading and to feel a cold hand laid upon his heart as he recognized in his late visitor the charming enchantress and shrewd female diplomat, Countess Aimee!

> CHAPTER X. A Stormy Interview ..

Paul knew he was in for a siege as soon as his eyes fell upon his visitor, and it required all the fortitude of which he was possessed to brace himself for the encounter.

He took her hand in a perfunctory way, and would have immediately released it only she refused to let him go so easily.

"Ah! you men forget so easily. It is the poor, weak, loving women who have to suffer," she said, with such exquisite pain in her voice that Paul might well have been inclined to pity, only that he knew her so well.

"Countess," he said, steadily, with a stern face, that betrayed his design, "your remembrance of me is very kind, but surely the present time and conditions are hardly suitable for a lady's visit. Had you informed me of your presence here, I should have been pleased to have paid my respects to you at your hotel."

"Ah! that was what I did not wish, I am not stopping at a hotel, and they do not know me here as the Countess Aimee. Besides—it was my desire to surprise you."

"You certainly accomplished that." "I thought, I believed, you would be overjoyed to see me. and I had looked forward with such eagerness to this meeting. Since you left Paris I have had the blues and have grown

actually thin." She said this so boldly that it had no effect, for he knew it was false. If anything, she was more plump than ever, and, as to her moping, he had no doubt she had been through a constant round of gayety, breaking new hearts every week, and accepting generous

presents from her ardent admirers. "That is too bad, countess, but you should not allow cares of state to worry you so," he said.

"Ah! you are blind; you will not e. You want me to tell you openly it is the torment of that little god Love that has harassed me. You have no pity upon a poor woman who, reigning a queen for years, suddenly finds herself the weakest slave."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, countess," Paul remarked, coldly.

"Sorry!" The hands fell from the bewitching face, now pale with sudden anger, and her sloe-black orbs flashed incipient lightning as the realization downed apon her that her scheming had, after all, been in vain.

Copyright, by STREET & SMITH, New York. "Ah! you do not know what wonders love has wrought ere now," she said, slowly, and just at that moment Paul had a faint glimpse of the natural

woman beneath the coquette. Such remarkable women have lived at all times since the days of Cleopatra and Anthony, and their passage through the world is always strewn with the shipwrecks of mortal

The countess smiled mockingly. "Ah! I know where your love has strayed. I have watched you and the white-faced doll you fancy. Listen! I have implicated the sweet and unsophisticated Hildegarde with the political plots that keep the pot boiling and | Fraulien Hildegarde?" seething. Long ere you left the garden a paper I sent to her was in the hands of the secret officials of Bismarck."

Paul started as if shot.

He began to understand the villainy of which a jealous and unscrupulous woman might be guilty.

"What did that paper contain? I de mand that you answer me!" he cried. showing signs of excitement at last.

"Apparently a cipher which could be easily read, and which Hildegarde was instructed to pass on to the next agent. who would carry it swiftly over the border to Paris."

"And the cipher-what was it about?" savagely.

"Oh! a simple recapitulation of the number of men available whom Germany could place on the border, and some hints as to the best line of march a French army could take on the road to Berlin."

Paul hated her at that moment worse than he had hated any one in all his

She read his thoughts. "You mean to betray me to the authorities?" "It would only be fair. In that way

I might save your intended victim." "Ah! you do not dream what a hornet's nest you would bring down about your ears if you attempted that. And do you think they would believe you. whose name was signed to the note I gave Hildegarde? At this very moment agents are watching this house. believing I have come here to have a secret conference with you about political matters."

"I am lost!" he groaned. "Wait. There is a chance of escape." "You mean you have terms to pro-

pose. "Fly with me. I can outwit even Bismarck's bloodhounds. We can reach Russia, where we will be safe. Only promise that you will be faithful to me while life lasts. It is all I askall I care for. With that I can well

say good-by to the world." Eagerly she waited for his answer.

It came speedily enough. Paul folded his arms, he drew him-If up to his full height, and looked her sternly in the eyes.

"Before I would reward such base treachery I would thrust my hand into the fire and let it burn to the stump." His words completed her demoralization, and she threw aside the mask.

"You cast the offer of my love away like a tattered glove. Well, I shall live for revenge, Monsieur Paul, You will curse the stupidity of this hour. I shall find means to wring your proud. cold heart. No man ever treated me as you have done, and it has aroused all the devil in my nature. I shall have a terrible revenge, do you hear me, a revenge best suited to such an insult. And now I will relieve you of my hateful presence, but you can depend upon it, you are already a marked man among the King's soldiers, and a guard will remain to watch your future actions. Mine you were, and no other shall possess what fortune has denied to me," and, with flashing eyes, in which he saw murder rampant, the adventuress glided from the room and was escorted by him to the lower door of the house.

> CHAPTER XL Led by Destiny.

It may be safely assumed that Rhinelander, after that stormy interview with the countess, did not feel much like sleep.

Long he tramped up and down the rooms, for Karl had not yet arrived. At length he retired, and when Karl came in he seemed to be sleeping; yet, through the remaining watches of the night, the American lay there and arranged plans, just as when a child he had built houses out of cards, to knock them down the next capricious moment.

Another day dawned. Paul remembered his promise to his

sister. It must be kept, painful though the interview might be. Beatrix should know that at least she had a father with an unsullied name, and that there was a brother ready to love and protect her, in whose arms she could

weep. Accordingly he hastened to the address he had received on the previous

He had already noticed as a queer coincidence that it was in the same strasse as the house where Hildegarde resided. This did not appear to be the only resemblance, since the building itself had a familiar look.

Passing upstairs and asking to see the young lady, he handed his card to the attendant.

Through the doorway came a vision in white, and Paul's nerveless arms fell flat to his sides.

For, strange to say, it was not Sister Beatrix who floated in through the doorway, but Hildegarde herself.

And, like a flash, it came upon poor Paul that, in some clumsy manner, he had succeeded in mixing the numbers. and thus made a mess of it.

However, since the damage had already been done, he must abide by the consequences.

Hildegarde was evidently struggling under a variety of emotions; but she had been taught how to keep her feelings under fair control, and, besides, the German maidens are so very modest they never wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at.

As Paul had ere now fully determined that this sweet girl was lost to him, that circumstances had lifted her far beyond his reach, allowing him only the chance of worshipping at a great distance, as the Aztec might the glowing sun, what did it matter, any

"Of course, you are surprised to see me here, and I assure you I am inclined that way myself, but, since I have stumbled into your presence, I must say something that is on my mind. Will you condescend to listen,

She inclined her head, as though unwilling to trust her voice as yet. Now he was ready to make the

some one you saw last night at the garden; a weman, who has taken an intense dislike toward you, founded on a senseless fabric, but who wishes you

"A woman, you say-and last night?"

Hildegarde put this question hastily, while her manner betrayed more or

She did not forget, she could not forget, that she had seen faul bending over a sweet girl, holding her two hands in his own, and beaming upon her with what appeared to be the most devoted attention.

and she hung upon his words with eagerness.

Kaiser.'

The girl's face grew white. To a patriotic daughter of the Rhine, there could be no greater evil befall one than to be accused of such a crime. "Impossible! Who would believe

such a thing?" she murmured.

ly. She is now shut up in a fortress. Let me try to explain.' "Proceed, mynheer."

(To be Continued.

CLOCKS OF PAST AGES.

How the Present Magnificent Timepleces Originated.

French gloche, German glocke, signifies bell, and up to the fourteenth century it was only used to designate a bell which was struck at certain periods of time indicated by the hour-

Sundials or "gnomons" were the first instruments used in measuring time. and there is but little doubt that the long granite pillars which we call obelisks were used by the Egyptians if not as actual sundial hands, at least for some astronomical observations of

Clepsydras or water clocks and sand locks came next in order. The flow of sand through a small orifice is an accurate method of measuring time, for the exit of the sand is always regular; but water is influenced by the laws of hydrostatics; when the vase is full the water runs out faster than whee it is nearly empty.

Candle clocks, or tapers on which were colored bands indicating how much was consumed in a certain time. were also used, and their invention is attributed to Alfred the Great; but this method is even more susceptible

of error than the previous ones. In most large cities a public record of the flight of time seems to have been kept by some method or other. In 1286 St. Paul's in London paid a salary to an orologiaro, who kept a record of time; and in 1371 we find one employed at Westminster palace to attend to the clock. The first portable clocks are attributed to a German named De Souable, and are supposed to have been made in 1300; but it is not till 1480 that we find mention of a clock made so that "he might carry it with him to every place whither he might go."-Jewelers' Review.

Lost the Lord's Nickel

A little boy who goes to Sunday school every Sunday always receives a nickel from his father to place in the collection plate. Last Sunday his father gave him two nickels, saying, "One is for the Lord and the other is for yourself." As it was too early to start for Sunday school the little boy sat on the porch steps in the warm sunshine playing with the two nickels. After a while he dropped one of them and it disappeared down a crack. Without a moment's hesitation and still clutching the remaining coin in his clenched fist, he looked up at his father, exclaiming, "Oh, pop! There goes the Lord's nickel!"

Nice Even to the Stupid.

He-I certainly had reason to think you cared for me—you were so nice to me. She-But I make it a point to be nice to every man, no matter how stupld he is .- Detroit Free Press.

FAREWELL TO

HIS FRIENDS.

Lincoln's Impressive Speech at Springfield on His Departure for Washington.

1861, the arrangements for Mr. Lincoln's departure from Springfield were completed. It was intended to occupy the time remaining between that date and the 4th of March with grand tour from state to state and

city to city. One Mr. Wood, "recommended by Senator Seward," was the chief manager. He provided special trains to be preceded by pilot engines all the way through. It was a gloomy day; heavy clouds

floated overhead, and a cold rain was

falling. Long before eight o'clock, a

great mass of people had collected at

the station of the Great Western rail-

way to witness the event of the day,

At precisely five minutes before eight,

Mr. Lincoln, preceded by Mr. Wood,

emerged from a private room in the

depot building, and passed slowly to

the car, the people falling back respect-

fully on eitner side, and as many as

possible shaking his hands. Having

finally reached the train, he ascended

the rear platform, and, facing about to

the throng which had closed around

him, drew himself up to his full

height, removed his hat, and stood for

several seconds in profound silence.

His eye roved sadly over that sea of

upturned faces, and he thought he read

in them again the sympathy and

friendship which he had often tried,

and which he never needed more than

he did then. There was an unusual

quiver in his lip, and a still more un-

usual tear on his shriveled cheek. His

solemn manner, his long silence, were

as full of melancholy eloquence as any

words he could have uttered. What

did he think of? Of the mighty changes

which had lifted him from the lowest

to the highest estate on earth? Of the

weary road which had brought him to

this lofty summit? Of his poor mother

lying beneath the tangled underbrush

in a distant forest? Of that other

grave in the quiet Concord cemetery?

Whatever the particular character of

his thoughts, it is evident that they

were retrospective and painful. To

those who were anxiously waiting to

catch words upon which the fate of

the nation might hang, it seemed long

until he had mastered his feelings suf-

ficiently to speak. At length he began

in a husky tone of voice, and slowly

and impressively delivered his farewell

to his neighbors. Imitating his exam-

ple, every man in the crowd stood with

his head uncovered in the fast-falling

"Friends-No one who has never

been placed in a like position can un-

derstand my feelings at this hour, nor

the oppressive sadness I feel at this

parting. For more than a quarter of

a century I have lived among you,

and during all that time I have re-

reived nothing but kindness at your

hands. Here I have lived from my

youth, until now I am an old man.

Here the most sacred ties of earth

were assumed. Here all my children

were born; and here one of them lies

buried. To you, dear friends, I owe

all that I have, all that I am. All the

strange, checkered past seems to crowd

now upon my mind. To-day I leave

you. I go to assume a task more dif-

ficult than that which devolved upon

plunge. "It is my duty to warn you against

less excitement.

No wonder her curiosity was aroused

"This woman has conceived a sudden dislike toward you. She has no scruples about working you injury, and has arranged a miserable plan whereby you may seem to be implicated with her in treachery toward the

"In these troublous times men are ready to believe the strangest stories. Spies there are in the heart of Germany. One was discovered only a few days ago within court circles, a woman who had been trusted almost implicit-

The word clock, derived from the

the movement of the sun.

MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT

Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fall; but if the same omniscient mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fall -I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that, with equal security and faith, you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you; for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell."

"It was a most impressive scene," said the editor of the Journal. "We have known Mr. Lincoln for many years; we have heard him speak upon a hundred different occasions; but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple of his latter end.

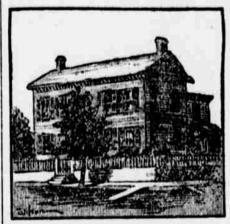
the 11th of February, and touching eloquence, so exactly adapted to the occasion, so worthy of the man and the hour.'

At 8 o'clock the train rolled out of Springfield amid the cheers of the populace. Four years later a funeral train, covered with the emblems of splendid mourning, rolled into the same city, bearing a discolored corpse, whose obsequies were being celebrated in every part of the civilized world.

Bowlin Greene's Fureral.

******************************* HEN Bowlin Greene, a life-long friend, died, in 1842, Mr. Lincoln, then in the enjoyment of great local reputation, under-

took to deliver a funeral oration over the remains of his beloved friend; but when he rose to speak, his voice was choked with deep emotion; he stood a few moments, while his lips quivered in the effort to form the words of fervent praise he sought to utter, and the tears ran down his yellow and shriveled of a century to erase-was occasioned cheeks. Some of those who came to by the belief that Cresap was responsihear him, and saw his tall form thus sway in silence over the body of Bowlin Greene, say he looked so helpless, so utterly bereft and pitlable, that



The Old Home

every heart in the audience was hushed at the spectacle. After repeated efforts, he found it impossible to speak, and strode away, openly and bitterly sobbing, to the widow's carriage, in which he was driven from the scene. Bowlin Greene had loaned Mr. Lincoln books from their earliest acquaintance, and on one occasion had taken him to his home, and cared for him with the solicitude of a devoted friend through several weeks of great

******************************* His Sense of Humor.



HEN Mr. Lincoln was postmaster at New Salem, Ill., his easy good nature was sometimes imposed upon by inconsiderate quaintances;

and

one of the devices by which he sought to stop the abuse is related. "One Elmore Johnson, an ignorant but ostentatious, proud man, used to go to Lincoln's postoffice every day—sometimes three or four times a day, if in townand inquire, 'Anything for me?' This bored Lincoln, yet it amused him, Lincoin fixed a plan-wrote a letter to Johnson as coming from a negress in Kentucky, saying many good things about opossum, dances, corn-shuckings, etc.; 'John's! come and see me, and old master won't kick you out of the kitchen any more!' Elmore took it out; opened it; couldn't read a word; pretended to read it; went away; got some friends to read it; they read it correctly; he thought the reader was fooling him, and went to others with the same result. At last he said he would get Lincoln to read it, and presented it to Lincoln. It was almost too much for Lincoln, but he read it. The man never asked afterwards, 'Anything here for me?'

********************************** Lincoln's Sterling Hanesty.

INCOLN possessed the judictal quality of mind in a degree so eminent, and it was so universally recognized, that he never could attend a horserace without being importuned to act as a judge, or witness a bet

without assuming the responsibility of a stakeholder. "In the spring or summer of 1832." says Heary McHenry, "I had a horse race with George Warburton. I got Lincoln, who was at the race, to be a judge of the race, much against his will and after hard persuasion Lincoln decided correctly; and the other judge said: 'Lincoln is the fairest man I ever had to deal with; if Lincoln is in this country when I die, I want him to be my administrator, for he is the only man I ever met with that was wholly and unselfishly hon-His ineffable purity in determining the result of a scrub race had actually set his colleague to thinking

MONUMENTS TO COLONIAL HEROES IN NEW YORK CEMETERY.

Old Trinity Churchyard Also Contains Two "Bogus" Tombs Injustice Done to the Memory of Thomas Cresap, by President Jefferson.

It may be a trifle startling to outof-town visitors as well as to many native New Yorkers, whose interest in matters historical has led them toinspect the old tombstones in Trinity churchyard, bearing names of prominence and power in earlier years, tolearn that two of the most famous stones there are simply "fakes."

The tombstones referred to are those of William Bradford, New York's first printer, and Capt. James Lawrence, the hero of the naval fight in 1813 between the Chesapeake and Shannon, and who died with the words, "Don't give upthe ship," upon his lips.

There is also a third stone which shares with these in being a copy. This stands near the door of the north transept, having the inscription, beneath a rudely carved angel head, "Inmemory of Michael Cresap, first captain of the rifles battalion, and son to-Colonel Thomas Cresap, who departed this life October the 18, 1775."

This young rifle captain is usually described in biographical dictionaries as "a trader and Indian fighter." Hewas a hardy pioneer as well, penetrating nearly as far as Kentucky before the revolution. The odium cast upon him by President Jefferson-and which it has taken more than three-quarters ble for the massacre of the friendly Indian chief, Logan,

This atrocity occurred in 1774, during a border war on the upper Ohio, which broke out near Pittsburg. The name "Cresap's war" has sometimes been given to this conflict, because Cresap went against the Indians at once, and killed what later proved to be a number of friendly Shawnees. His force did start for Logan's camp, but, remembering the chief's former friendliness, desisted.

The truth of the story, as brought out in 1851, was that Logan's family, nine members in all, became drunk in the hut of a dramseller named Greathouse, and when in a helpless state that villian, with a few kindred spirits, slew every one of the intoxicated savages. Cresap got the blame and was deposed from his command by Lore Dunmore's agent, but was later

reinstated. Cresap was an ardent patriot, and when the revolutionary war broke out he marched to Cambridge to join Washington's army as captain of 130 Maryland rMemen. He became seriously ill while there, and started for his western home, out died in New York city and was buried with mili-

tary honors in Trinity churchyard. If one desires to see the original stones placed over the graves of Bradford, Cresap and Lawrence, he must to to the New York Historical societ at Second avenue and Eleventh street. They occupy positions of honor among other notable relics in the vestibule. The Trinity church corporation gave the original Bradford stone to the society in 1863, that of Cresap in 1867 and the Lawrence stone about the

same time. The latter is the single slab bearing the inscription to Lawrence's memory, for his remains repose under a more elaborate monument. The large slabis of white marble, and in excellent condition, barring a few deep scratches here and there, which may have been

caused by vandals.-New York Times. Dover to Own Baths.

Municipal Turkish baths are soon to be established in the City of Dover, England, in connection with the bathhouse on the sea front. It is estimated that their construction will cost about \$18,000. The operating expenses per year, including salaries, fuel and interest on the loan, will aggregate \$2,500. This is not the first bath of its kind that has been established in England, for one has been in operation at Folkestone for several years. For the first two years it was run under municipal management at a loss. Last year it was leased to a manager at a rental which yields a revenue to the city of 21/2 per cent on the investment,

Slippery Asphalt Pavements. On a slippery day every cab driver, coachman and livery stable keeper in New York curses the hour when asphalt pavements were first thought of. There is no ice caulk for horseshoes that an asphalt pavement will not knock off in twenty minutes. Caulks will chop the asphalt into slivers, but they will not stay on the shoes.-New York Press.

If Not One Man the Other. Mrs. Winks-Why in the world

didn't you write to me while you were away? Mrs. Minks-I did write. Mrs. Winks-Then I presume you gave the letter to your husband to mail, and he is still carrying it around in his pocket. Mrs. Minks-No, I posted the letter myself. Mrs. Winks-Ah! then, it is in my husband's pocket.-New York Weekly.

Health and Marriage. The Bohemian chamber of physiclans has recommended the enactment of a law that everyone before marriage must be provided with a physician's certificate of bodily and mental health.

The early subarbanite catches the