

# At Swords' Points;

OR,  
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

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**CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)**  
"A woman brushed against you and placed a note in your hand. Do you remember what that note contained?" She turned scarlet.  
"It was utterly unintelligible to me."  
"Yet you saw a name?"  
"Yes."  
"It was mine?"  
"It was yours, mynheer."  
"She said she had forged it with the distinct purpose of implicating me also."  
"Indeed," with some incredulity.  
"What did you do with the note, 'Fraulien'?"  
"I threw it away."  
"You did not tear it up?"  
"No; merely crumpled it and threw it aside."  
"Well, it had hardly touched the ground before it fell into the hands of a secret officer of the government, who was watching the countess, just as she sneaked about."  
"Still I do not comprehend."  
"That paper was of vital importance. It pretended to give in detail the prospective army which the Kaiser could bring to Alsace-Lorraine, besides several other things of moment."  
"You alarm me!"  
"For which I shall never forgive myself, but it is vitally necessary that you should know the truth, no matter at what cost. I am sacrificing myself more than you may ever realize in order to spare you. This paper seems to place both of us in connection with the French spy whom the German authorities watch. Plainly, we are as guilty as she."  
"But, mynheer, the motive? Wherein have I offended her?"  
"Fraulien, the fault is mine. While in Paris I was unfortunate enough to arouse a spark of sentiment in her heart, and I cannot imagine any one more wretched in consequence."  
"But surely I—that is, what have I done?"  
"Even as she spoke, a suspicion, a sudden flash of intelligence, came into her mind, and, though it was but a mere floating fancy, it caused her to turn furiously red."

## CHAPTER XII. Trifles Light as Air.

Paul did not see this agitation. Paul, whose eyes were bent upon the floor in his own confusion, for he was passing through a serious and embarrassing situation, and could not look Hildegarde in the face while telling her of the plot the countess had conceived of bringing both Hildegarde and himself under the suspicion of the military authorities.  
She looked at him as he stood there with his head bowed before her, and perhaps there was something more than mere pity in her eyes.  
"She must be a remarkable woman."  
"Her equal does not exist in the present age. It is marvelous the power she has over men, not merely brainless fops, but the shrewd statesmen of today."  
"Perhaps Bismarck fears her."  
"I have no doubt he will be glad of a chance to place her behind strong walls, but I doubt his ability to accomplish such a thing. And how can I thank you for your kind assurance of continued friendship, even while the surrounding conditions are so gloomy?"  
"Pray, do not try," she said, to hide her confusion.  
It was joy to know that he had spoken in a frank way—that he seemed very anxious to take all the blame, and in so doing made himself appear more manly in her eyes.  
Besides the possibility of the handsome American being in love with her gave Hildegarde positive joy.  
Then from Paradise she dropped back to earth.  
"Which way must I go to find No. 79 in this same strasse?" asked Paul.  
He wondered why Hildegarde regarded him with so cold a look, but she answered his question. But it chanced that Hildegarde had that very morning seen a lady entering No. 79, of the strasse, and recognized the pretty woman to whom Rhineland had seemed so devoted at the concert garden.  
Paul's interview with his sister was protracted.  
He accomplished all he intended. Beatrix had a thousand questions to ask, so it seemed, but when she finished there was nothing in connection with the sorrowful event of the dead past left untold.  
She wept bitter tears upon Paul's shoulder, and it was his comforting embrace that assured her the world was not all hollow, even though she had learned this terrible truth about the mother in whom she had up to this time believed.  
It was after Paul had left the house that he remembered one thing—he had failed to tell her the name of the man whose action had brought such disgrace and ignominy upon their family.  
She would not know, unless he sent word, that the one she believed to be her cousin, Conrad Hoffman, was the son of that same man.  
The thought made his blood boil—he feared lest in some way this scion of an infamous traitor should in his turn bring additional sorrow upon the house of Rhineland.

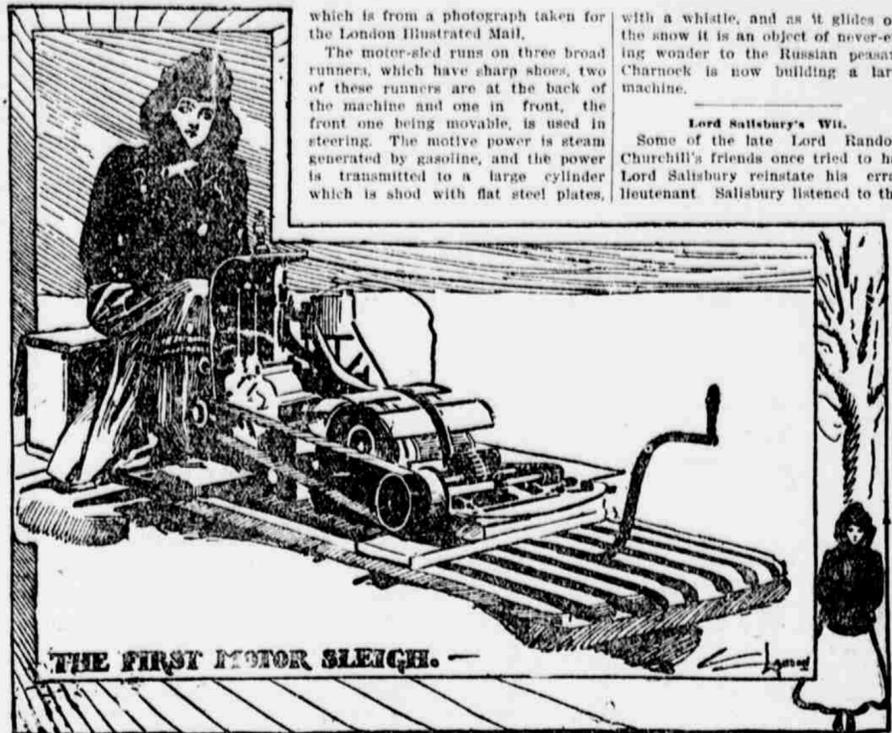
Somehow the memory of Karl comforted him—the leader of the Rhine Korps was already an object of deepest interest to Beatrix, and in that glowing love Paul believed he could see the strongest possible fortification against all harm.  
He remembered his promise to Hildegarde, and was desirous of keeping it without delay. The school must be given up—other duties seemed to call him to fields of more activity.  
So Paul began to prepare to leave Heidelberg by the night express, the Dutch cannon ball train of the period, that would land him in the German capital in a phenomenally short time.  
That the influence of the schemer Countess Aimee would follow him to Berlin, he never once thought, believing he would leave her far behind.  
That was because he did not know the wily woman and her astonishing powers as well as he should have done in order to defeat her clever plans.  
Paul had been well watched.  
The government spy hovered near, and there was besides another who worked in the interest of the countess—great times these two honest worthies had in dodging each other while keeping an eye on the main chance, as embodied in the American.  
Paul ignored them as much as possible—he had quite enough to think about in the premises.  
Should they give him too much trouble later on perhaps he would take a turn out of them in a fashion peculiar to the wild and woolly West, and after a way, to weaken their enthusiasm.  
Karl was not surprised when he heard what a sudden alteration Paul was making in his plans, for Karl was of a phlegmatic temperament and disposed to take the most extraordinary things as he found them.  
"One favor, comrade," he said while shaking hands at the train later in the night.  
"Granted before you speak," replied Paul.  
"Speak a good word for me when you apply for a commission. God knows I would like to be at your side if the war comes, and it grows closer and hoarser along the Rhine every day."  
"It shall be zwei," was what Paul called back as the express quitted the platform.  
When young Rhineland shook the sacred dust of Heidelberg, with all its pleasant student recollections, from his feet, and started in the direction of the capital, he took it for granted that he would be closely watched, since at the time he was an object of solicitude to several parties.  
He little guessed, however, to what ends some of these spies might go in order to prevent him from carrying out his designs.  
To the countess it was a matter of considerable moment whether or not he reached Berlin with the design of seeking an audience with those high in authority.  
And she would go to considerable trouble in order to prevent this same thing, being a woman of remarkable will power.  
Through the night the Berlin train panted, and Paul, having made himself as comfortable as the conditions would allow, endeavored to sleep.  
But he found sleep would not come, so he reviewed what had passed during his interview with Hildegarde.  
How plainly it all came before him—he could easily shut his eyes and see her again as she stood there blushing in confusion.  
He loved to dwell upon this scene.  
Somehow, there were features connected with it that told him he could not be an object of indifference in her eyes.  
Then, again, when he remembered the blot that rested upon his family name he groaned in secret.  
Could she, would she forgive—these high-class German families, as he well knew, were very punctilious about such things, and in many cases the breath of scandal had severed arrangements for a wedding.  
So Paul was miserable, at times letting his mind dwell upon a picture painted by fancy in her lightest mood, and then dashing over the bright scene a pall of mingled doubt and despair.  
All this while the train was booming on, crossing broad plains, rattling over bridges, and stopping occasionally at towns en route.  
Paul, finding it utterly impossible for him to sleep, began to amuse himself by observing his fellow-passengers.  
This is always an interesting study for any one fairly fond of reading human nature, for nowhere may more pronounced types be found than in a second-class Continental railway carriage.  
There were several persons in the compartment with him.  
One was a merchant traveling to Berlin, a second seemed to be an old officer, grizzled with years in the service of his king, while the third Paul found himself much in doubt about, though finally reaching the conclusion that he was possibly the son of some rich man journeying to Berlin to offer his services to the Crown, his term in the army having expired.  
All of which was pure speculation.

Later on Paul discovered, somewhat to his surprise, and not at all to his liking, that he was an object of considerable curiosity to the trio.  
Finally this aroused Paul's curiosity, and he began to suspect that his fellow-travelers might be other than the innocents they appeared upon the surface.  
Perhaps one of them was a government agent, bound at all hazards to keep him under surveillance, since it was believed in official circles that the American had entered into a conspiracy against the authorities.  
Which one this might be gave him some amusement for a while, though he finally decided it must be the veteran soldier.  
And the others—could they be parties in the secret pay of the countess? Such a thing was possible, of course, though hardly probable; but Paul was in just the mood to give his fancy full rein, and he allowed it to go at that.  
Although it raised quite a question, and rendered his situation serious enough, with three enemies shut up in the car with him.  
He had not been able to sleep before and now he had not the least desire to do so—in fact, he never felt more wide awake in all his life.  
Supposing this random guess of his hit the mark, did these men have any intention of doing him bodily injury? If they were in the employ of the countess it was not to be presumed that they would seek his life, though his personal liberty might be in danger.  
Anything to keep him from seeking an interview with the German military authorities at Berlin, to whom he might be tempted to unbosom himself.  
Paul laughed softly to himself when he found to what a serious point his thoughts were carrying him.  
Nevertheless, it was characteristic of him to take all possible precautions.  
And even while he thus chuckled in derision at his alarming suspicions, his hand unconsciously strayed to the pocket where he kept a small but serviceable repeater, as if to make sure that this faithful friend was within reach.  
To the ordinary mind there is considerable satisfaction in the prospect of being able to meet even a desperate emergency, and the fact of his being armed made Paul reckless of consequences, even though the others were three to one.  
Since sleep refused to come, and his limbs grew cramped, crouched as he was in a corner of the compartment, Paul decided to get out at the next station and have a little saunter up and down.  
No sooner did he make a move than his fellow tourists also aroused themselves.  
The old soldier yawned, the merchant threw aside the traveling rug which the cool night air had caused him to pull around his body, while the third traveler stretched his arms and proceeded to once more smoke his big pipe.  
Paul could not but notice this fact.  
It caused him to fully decide with reference to a stroll at the next station.  
At the same time he meant to keep close to the train so as to give them no opportunity for foul work of any sort.  
Sure enough, when the guard opened the door of the compartment, stating that they had had about five minutes at the station, the whole of them trooped out after Paul.  
This convinced him more than ever that his surmise could hardly have been such a wild one after all.  
And who could say that ere Berlin was reached he might not be glad he was armed?  
(To be continued.)

## A LOAF CENTURIES OLD.

It Was Found in a Cave Dwelling in Arizona and Is Now in a Museum.  
A notable recent contribution to the archeological museum of the University of Arizona is a loaf of bread found in a cave-dwelling in the Superstition Mountain of central Arizona in 1879, and since that time in the possession of Herbert Brown, superintendent of the territorial prison.  
The loaf is undeniably bread, and without a doubt is of great age. It was found embedded in the ashes wherein it was baked probably hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. It had very plainly been wrapped in a cloth or mat, and the marks of the fiber of the cloth are visible in the dark, brick-like mass. Mr. Brown is of the opinion that the bread was made of mesquite beans, roughly ground in metates by the aboriginal housewives of centuries ago.  
With it was found a store of ancient sacrificial implements, stone axes and arrow heads. The loaf has been sterilized by the curator of the museum, and has been sealed within a glass jar.  
The Chaplain's Self-Control.  
Winston Churchill tells an excellent story of a chaplain who quarreled with the captain of a ship on the way to South Africa because the captain refused to let him hold services in the saloon. The captain regarded himself as the priest of his own ship. Mr. Churchill found the chaplain tramping the deck in anger. "And what did you say to him?" asked Mr. Churchill, sympathetically, when he had heard the story. "Oh, I said nothing at all," answered the chaplain, with a splendid show of self-command, "but I may tell you that any other clergyman in the Church of England would have told him to go to h—!"  
The hot-corn dealer is the one who has to put up another margin.

# Here's the Ice Automobile



While all the rest of the world is experimenting with automobiles, snow-clad and ice-bound Russia has had to look on in idleness, but now comes M. Clement J. Charnock of Sereda, Russia, with an automobile sleigh, auto-sleigh or motor-sled, or indeed anything you would like to call it. The inventor already has an experimental machine which has given entirely satisfactory results. This machine is shown in the picture printed above, which is from a photograph taken for the London Illustrated Mail.

The motor-sled runs on three broad runners, which have sharp shoes, two of these runners are at the back of the machine and one in front, the front one being movable, is used in steering. The motive power is steam generated by gasoline, and the power is transmitted to a large cylinder which is shod with flat steel plates, with a whistle, and as it glides over the snow it is an object of never-ending wonder to the Russian peasants. Charnock is now building a larger machine.

Lord Salisbury's Wit.  
Some of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's friends once tried to have Lord Salisbury reinstate his erratic Lieutenant Salisbury listened to them

# New American Singer



Mme. Lillian Blauvelt...  
course of the work in progress for widening the Rue Vaneau, this roadway—which it would be incorrect to describe as a thoroughfare, considering that the ends were blocked up—was discovered. It had neither paving wide, and an old inscription showed stones nor pavement, was two meters that it was formerly called Rue d'Olivet. It would be useless to seek the name in a directory, for it is certain that until a few days ago no one knew of the existence of the Rue d'Olivet.

Long Telephone Lines.  
The use of the Pupin method of loading long telephone lines with inductance coils, at suitable intervals, seems to have made possible the commercial telephone across the continent.

A Deserted Street in Paris.  
A queer discovery has been made in Paris in the shape of a street uninhabited and ignored by all. In the

patiently and then asked: "Have any of you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have," retorted his lordship, "and I don't want another."  
This Ought to Get Monotonous.  
Mr. Henry Blount, son of Sir Edward Blount, recently took his thousandth trip across the British Channel. He is a director of the French Ouest railroad.

Sewing Machines as Loot.  
Above all things Tommy Atkins' heart loves a sewing machine. Although he must know that he can never succeed in getting it home to England, yet if he finds one in a Boer farm he will tow it along with him, overburdened as he already is, upon the march.  
For miles he will martyr his existence with some obsolete and cumbersome machine until such time as sheer physical exhaustion or an irate company officer prohibits further painful possession of the prize.  
Wherein the exact fascination lies is a mystery, but grizzled reservist and callow recruit alike cannot resist this housewife's help.—London Daily Mail.

Three Million Live at Sea.  
It is said that no less than 3,000,000 persons live habitually on the high seas—that is, on the decks of ocean-going ships.  
Last year more than one-sixth of this great number of men, or 550,000 persons, came into the single port of New York, and several philanthropic people are actively endeavoring to improve the condition of the sailor when he goes ashore and meets all the temptations which await him on the sea borders of our great cities.  
It is a benevolent work which should make strong appeal to the generous instincts of Americans.

Product of Acre of Land.  
In Russia the average acre of land, because of bad cultivation, produced but one-fifth the amount produced by an acre in America. This is the official statement of her minister of finance.  
Yucatan Timber.  
The Yucatan mahogany and logwood forests are to be exploited by a company which will build 275 miles of railway.

Industrial School for Negroes.  
An industrial and agricultural school for colored youths of Maryland was opened last month near Laurel in that state.  
Since the middle of November last Paris has a Russian high school at which most of the university branches are taught, some of them by eminent Russian fugitives or residents.

# Unknown Parts of the World



[Black spots show unexplored portions.]

Giraffes in Plenty.  
It seems likely that the zoological gardens of the world will not suffer in future from a scarcity of giraffes, as they have in the past. Giraffes of the North African species are now being shipped to various "zoos." The opening up of Kordofan has discovered a good supply of giraffes, and as big game is to a certain extent preserved in this part of Africa it will be possible to export such specimens, from time to time, as may be required for legitimate scientific purposes.

Long-Distance Mail Route.  
The speediest long-distance delivery of mail ever accomplished in the world was that of the consignment which left Sydney, Australia, Oct. 15, for London, England, by the American route. A distance of 15,265 miles was covered in thirty-one days, a saving of four days over the Suez Canal route.