

At Swords' Points;

OR,
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)
In imagination, Paul could already see the formal character of the order which gave him a footing among the soldiers of the King, and directed him how to reach the front.

He was therefore never more surprised in his life than when, upon opening the letter, he discovered that, instead of the printed form he had expected, he saw feminine chirography. He looked up, frowning.

"You have made a mistake," he said. "Surely not. Look on the other side," returned the messenger, eagerly.

Here was his name beyond a peradventure:
"Herr Paul Rhineland, "Hotel Royale."

With a feeling of astonishment he again whipped the paper over, and this time his eye ranged from the "Dear Friend" at the top to the signature that he discovered below.

Then it was an electric snock permeated his whole system.

For that name was "Hildegard!"

He somehow or other forgot all about the important order he had been expecting—love takes preference even above the ambitions of martial glory.

When Paul read the contents of the note he was stirred, and for the time being reason gave way to impulse.

Hildegard was in Berlin—unexpected trouble had come upon her and she needed a friend's advice and assistance—could she presume upon his courtesy to assist her in solving a perplexing dilemma, and, if thus inclined, would he speed without delay to the house at which she was stopping, since to-morrow might be too late?

Would he go? Well—it must be something very unusual that could stop him.

But where—the note failed to mention the name and number of the strasse where she awaited him.

Again he turned to the messenger. "The lady gave you this letter herself?"

"With her own charming hand, myn- heer."

"You can take me to her at once."

"That is what I am here for, myn- heer."

"Lead me to her, friend, said Paul, endeavoring to still the exultant strain in his voice.

"At once, mynheer. Pray follow," came the reply.

They set off.

The messenger seemed fully at home in the great German capital, and led Paul hither and thither with the utmost freedom.

Indeed, if his movements had been especially intended to confuse the American, and make him lose all sense of his bearings, they could hardly have been better arranged.

Those numerous bridges over the Spree seemed so much alike that Rhineland found himself utterly unable to declare which side of the river he stood upon.

A stranger in Berlin can easily be lost in some of the districts that compare with London's Whitechapel.

Paul was not paying much attention to these things, his mind being upon facts that seemed of more importance to him, facts that concerned the writer of that note.

Why had Hildegard come to Berlin?

There must be some mystery back of it, some story which she was desirous of confiding to him.

This thought increased his eagerness to reach her side.

She spoke of peril—how gladly would he throw himself into the breach to ward off any impending disaster—it was a blessed privilege for which he could not be too thankful.

Finally his guide led him into a house.

Paul had a vague feeling that the neighborhood was hardly up to the standard of respectability he might have set, but such minor matters should not be allowed to disturb his pleasant frame of mind, as he anticipated a speedy interview with the object of his regard.

As he sat in a stuffy little parlor and awaited the coming of Hildegard, he remembered the occasion in Heidelberg when he had last seen her, when she blushed so beautifully under his compliments, and aroused within his heart so furious a holy passion that the very thought of it still had power to electrify him.

He could not sit still longer, but, thrilled with eager anticipation, began to walk excitedly up and down the confines of the little room.

Was that a voice—ah! surely his keen ears should know the swish of feminine skirts.

She was coming, then, his heart's idol, his queen, and the miserable little parlor would presently be glorified by her radiant presence.

Closer still came the sound of feminine garments, and Paul held his very breath as his eyes were glued upon the door at the other end of the room, through which she must presently appear.

Then some one burst upon his startled sight, a vision of beauty and shimmering garments, such as might have aroused the admiration of an anchorite, but the effect upon Paul was only that of sudden, keen and terrible chagrin and cruel disappointment, for he looked not upon the blushing countenance of Hildegard, but the bold, handsome, triumphant face of Countess Almeo.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Countess Springs the Trap.

When this singular and remarkable termination to his dream occurred Rhineland was in a state bordering on chagrin and anger. He realized that he had indeed made a fool of himself.

The countess advanced into the room. "You do not appear very glad to see me again, Paul," she remarked, in her merry way, her sleek black, dazzling orbs fastened upon him with a look that produced a singular effect.

"I am not, with good reason. Any man would feel pretty much that way who had been lured into a trap. I am angry at myself most of all."

"And pray why?" with an arch smile.

"Because I have been such a fool not to see your hand back of the game," he said, in so positive a manner that the adventuress winced.

"Ah, you are not complimentary. Well, mark my words, fire will melt ice, and in war the soldiers of King William cannot stand up before the brave charges of my countrymen. I hear you have seen the Crown Prince and that he has promised to place you near his person."

Paul was secretly surprised.

"This fact, how could she know it, when so far as he was aware, it might be deemed a secret between himself, Karl and the Crown Prince?"

Evidently she had means of discovering things that were supposed to be unknown outside of the council chamber of the palace.

"I have offered my services to His Royal Highness, and, on account of the friendship formerly existing between himself and my father, have been accepted. I shall go to the war."

"Perhaps."

The peculiar manner in which she uttered this one word caused him to look at her keenly.

"Perhaps?" he repeated. "Why do you say that, ma'mselle?"

"Well, I have no doubt His Excellency is enough of a philosopher not to appear very much surprised if, say, early to-morrow morning he received a very polite note from you, respectfully declining the honor he has been good enough to offer you."

"Do you mean that you would send such a note?" he demanded, with some show of anger.

"Yes! In the cause of love, I would not even hesitate to do that, believing I was acting for your good."

"You would not dare send that letter?"

"There is nothing I would not do—for you!" fixing her lustrous orbs upon him.

He shivered, whether with rage or alarm he knew not; perhaps something of both.

Surely never before was man in this humor wooed—and Paul did not fancy being a pioneer in the courts of Love.

Such things may do in some effete Old World monarchies, but not among the sturdy new branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, where men hunt fortunes out of virgin soil and sue for favor at the feet of the woman they love best.

He made an impatient move.

"What would you, monsieur?" she asked.

"I am going."

"You are cruel."

"No, I am only desirous of acting as any man of honor should act," firmly.

"And, knowing how madly I adore you, Paul, you would leave me without even a word of hope, the least sign of affection?"

How soft and entreating her voice—the sirens of the ancient Greek mariners were not in the same class with this modern Circe.

Fortunately Paul did not have to steel his heart against it since Hildegard occupied that throne, and there was no room for two.

"It would be folly worse than madness to do anything of the sort, and you know it as well as myself. So, good-night, countess!"

"Ah!"

This exclamation fell from her lips in a sort of exultant satisfaction.

For Paul, turning to leave the apartment as he had entered it, was thunderstruck to discover no signs of a doorway in the wall—everywhere the same white expanse, without any apparent means of making an exit.

When Rhineland made this remarkable discovery he realized that he had been caught napping and was in a trap.

However, Paul was too cool a customer to grow wild and rush hither and thither, like a chicken when the shadow of a hovering hawk strikes terror to its quaking heart.

He cast a sweeping glance around him, while the woman held her breath, expecting an outburst.

"Well, now that's very odd," he remarked, just vexed a trifle, apparently.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"The door has disappeared."

"Indeed, so it has!"

He threw himself into a chair. Her eyes glistened at this sign of his careless indifference.

"Then you are not going yet, Paul?" she asked.

He looked at her steadily.

"Well, no; not just yet. My mind has changed, and there is not as much need of haste as I supposed."

"Mon Dieu! excellent, superb! You are what I should call a philosopher, Paul."

How she loved to linger caressingly on his name!

"Now," said Paul, "let's talk about

this matter calmly. I grant that you have brought me here in a manner that does you credit and I seem to be in something of a hole. Perhaps we can arrange it all in some sort of compromise."

"Womanlike, the countess took this as a sign of weakness and became more positive in her demands.

"The paper will not be sent upon any one condition, monsieur."

"Ah! yes, and that?"

"You will renounce forever all desire to make this girl, Hildegard, your wife, and agree to bestow upon me the regard I crave."

He sat in silence for several minutes, knowing that he was inflicting torture upon her with each passing second of time.

"Well, have you decided, monsieur?"

"Yes."

"And the result?" bending forward eagerly.

"I must respectfully decline the proposition."

She bit her lips—hope had made her heart throbb like a triphammer, but now it seemed to hang almost dead and lifeless within her.

"You know the consequences?"

"Not wholly, but I am prepared to meet them as they come."

"I am surprised!"

"You expected me to be overwhelmed. My dear countess, I have spent my boyhood on the plains of Texas among cowboys, who early learn to depend upon themselves in an emergency. We Americans do not easily yield."

"So I perceive. And a Frenchwoman is said to be equally stubborn in her way."

"Then it is a Roland for an Oliver. This is not so very bad, you know," stretching his limbs, and making himself a little more comfortable, "if it were not that it comes about against my will."

Paul, although seeming to take the affair in a careless manner, was cudgeling his brains as to the means that should be employed to effect his escape.

What would his generous benefactor think when he failed to show up in the morning?

He groaned in spirit and his feeling toward the adventuress drew rapidly toward the line where hatred would supplant indifference.

Paul had half turned with the intention of making vigorous demands upon his fair jailer, when, without the least warning, as if in response to some signal of the countess, the lights went out.

Instinctively the American sprang out of his chair and sought to lay hold of the woman to keep her as a hostage, but his arms only clasped the chair in which she had been seated, which, unable to withstand his sudden assault, fell over to the floor, taking it along with it.

He heard the swish of silken garments, following the miserable chair.

He was not in any too good humor after the little episode, since he had bruised his hand, and made a fool of himself generally, as he believed.

Standing there in the dark, he listened.

All was quiet within the house, though the noises of the city came in a faint, confused murmur.

He struck a match and by the aid of the brief illumination he was able to take a cursory view of his surroundings.

There must be a door somewhere, and his next duty was to find it, but the search was vain.

As he was unable to discover the cleverly hidden door, Rhineland changed his tactics.

Surely there must be some other means of ventilating the apartment—a window, scuttle or trap door, for instance—he was in a humor where the means counted but little in the race, the end being the main feature.

So he began another series of investigations.

(To be continued.)

He Was Not a Bird.

No one who sees Justice Gray of the United States supreme court, sitting solemnly upon the bench, would believe he is susceptible to humor.

In fact, throughout his long service on the bench only one instance is recorded where he deigned to exhibit a jocular mood. It was the day when Judson L. Harmon, the attorney-general, was making an argument before the court. He had occasion to display a map showing the loyalty in which the land in dispute was situated, and held it up for the inspection of the court. It was a very small map and difficult to see from the bench. Mr. Harmon referred to it as "a bird's-eye view." Justice Gray squinted his eyes in the effort to discern the map.

"Mr. Attorney-General," he said in despair, "I regret to tell you that I am not a bird." And then the justice, chuckling over the outburst of humor, sank back in his seat.

Old Mexican Mines.

Spanish annals declare that between 1600 and 1700 the Tapaya mines in Mexico produced \$80,000,000, and that after that the Indian slaves employed in them murdered the Spanish owners and the mines were lost. On old Spanish maps they appear in northwestern Mexico, about fifty leagues from the sea, and near the town of Dos Pilates. They have now been rediscovered near Cinteguita.

Subterranean Lakes in Australia.

Subterranean lakes have recently been discovered in the Eucla district, Australia. They lie about thirty feet below the surface and contain an abundant provision of potable water. This discovery is of great practical importance to this especially arid district. It is of scientific value, also, as it affords an explanation of the disappearance of certain rivers.

HEALING BY THOUGHT

Apostles of New Cult Accused of Violating the Federal Postal Laws.

Mrs. Helen Williams Post of Sea Breeze, Fla., the "mental healer" who claims to cure all ills by thought, and who has built and established a beautiful city in Florida, is in trouble with the United States government.

Mrs. Post was accused by the government of having sent circulars through the mails in which she claimed to possess the power to heal, through the medium of mental science, every ill that flesh is heir to; to allay pain, vanquish disease, renew vitality, grow hair and teeth, restore sight, hearing and the sense of smell; to arrange happy

marriages, prevent poverty and increase wealth—in fact, to do almost everything a "patient" wished. Mrs. Post claimed to be able to accomplish all this by devoting fifteen minutes daily to each patient in thinking about him or her.

According to the directions she is said to have sent to her "patients," they also were to set apart a quarter of an hour each day, and, going to some quiet spot, "forget the world, the flesh, and the devil," and concentrate his or her thoughts on Mrs. Post at Sea Breeze, Fla. Mrs. Post held that the healing thoughts emanating from her in Florida would enter their bodies, no matter how far away from her they were, and renew them.

Of her alleged wonderful powers Mrs. Post says: "I do not claim anything

special. Thought educed from the world's past beliefs in human weakness breeds disease, for all disease has its origin in that lack of self-conscious power that causes a man to feel his helplessness, unworthiness and smallness, and that holds him in the realm of self-engendered fear.

"They who believe in man's inherent weakness are without knowledge of the law of life, the ubiquitous vital principle that infuses and vivifies all creatures and that renders them, in proportion as they understand it, diseaseless, powerful and happy. A man, therefore, is strong when he recognizes the truth concerning himself and his relation to the law of life. If he sees himself as a weak, helpless creature, it is because he is ignorant of the principles underlying his existence; because, to understand these principles is to render himself at one with them; a part of them; or an expression of them; and as diseaseless as they are.

"I have been a close investigator of the powers of mind for many years. I have found that mind is positive to matter and that thought trained in a knowledge of its power can control disease and many other desirable conditions. It can do this not only when the patient is present with the healer, but when he is hundreds and even thousands of miles away. Through these distances—no matter how great they are—it is possible to transmit the healing thought by forming a conjunction with the thought of the patient, thereby proving that absent healing is an absolutely scientific and demonstrable thing.

"All medical practitioners admit the power of mind in the cure of disease, but very few of them admit that when this power is developed by that course of training which is known as mental science study, that every other form of healing slinks into insignificance as compared with it.

"My husband and I have built and established the beautiful city of Sea Breeze, Fla., for the purpose of furthering the more complete understanding of mental science. Seven years ago Sea Breeze was a wilderness. We bought the picturesque spot and have sought to add to its natural beauties and to attract to it people of intelligence and refinement."

Right Side First Wears Out on Cars. "The journals in street car tracks always wear out on the right side first."



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Mrs. Post's Residence.

new for my system of healing, except that its principles have never been generally understood and practiced. I am the founder of the school of mental healing in the sense of having applied principles long known to a few to the practical work of removing disease, and have healed many hundreds—even some thousands—of cases abandoned by the so-called regular physicians, and have taught many others to heal in like manner. I have practiced and taught this system for sixteen years, and am only now accused of being a criminal in doing so.

"And now, though having to defend myself in the federal courts, I have not been able to learn that a complaint uncollected by the prosecution has been made—that is, it has not been shown that any one of the many patients treated during those years made complaint against me—while I have hundreds of sworn testimonials of cures voluntarily sent me since my arrest, and a number of regular physicians of the different schools have testified that my system is wholly scientific, and they had themselves sent me patients whom they found their own remedies inadequate to cure. On the other hand, there are a large number of physicians who are eager to crush out, not myself only, but the entire school of practice.

"I base my theory on the well-known scriptural quotation: 'As a man thinketh, so he is.' Thought is the creator of things and conditions. It is the prime factor of both health and suc-

cess. Thought educed from the world's past beliefs in human weakness breeds disease, for all disease has its origin in that lack of self-conscious power that causes a man to feel his helplessness, unworthiness and smallness, and that holds him in the realm of self-engendered fear.

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Princess Waldemar an Artist. The most interesting member of the Danish court is the Princess Waldemar. She is an artist, her special line being scenes from animal life, and judges declare that if she had been stimulated by necessity she might have rivaled Rosa Bonheur. She is to be found in her studio every morning, brush in hand and clad in a long painter's blouse, at 7 o'clock, absorbed in her favorite occupation.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—Home.

NEGRO LAWMAKERS.

COLORED MEN WHO HAVE HELD SEATS IN CONGRESS.

The First One Took the Seat Made Vacant by the Resignation of Senator Davis—Only White Men Now Participate in the Deliberations.

For the first time in thirty-two years, except for a brief period between 1887 and 1889, no colored man sits in either chamber of congress, and there is less prospect of the election of a colored man to this body than at any time since the close of the civil war. That with education and culture his political fortunes will be advanced cannot be doubted.

Hampton and Tuskegee are doing a great work, and the future negro statesman will be the equal in intellect and culture, perhaps, of his white brother. This was not true of many of those colored men who have been honored with seats in congress, but it is true that they recognized their own limitations and worked patiently and unceasingly for improvement, says the New York Tribune. The first colored man elected to congress was J. Willis Menard of Louisiana. He was born in Illinois, educated at Iberia college, had acted as hospital steward and recruiting officer for the government during the war, and was sent on a special mission to Honduras. In whatever office he served he won the confidence of his superiors. He had great influence over his own people, and was noted as a public speaker. No negro was ever worthier of a seat in congress, but Menard was never allowed to serve in the office to which he had been chosen, being barred out by alleged irregularities in his election. His failure, however, and the criticism it evoked paved the way for the entrance of the black man into public life, and on February 25, 1870, after one of the most exciting debates in the history of congress, when Charles Sumner acted as the champion of the negro, Revells was admitted to the senate to fill the seat made vacant by the resignation of Jefferson Davis. Two other negroes served in the forty-first congress—Joseph H. Rainey and Jefferson F. Long.

There were four negro representatives in the forty-second congress, which number was increased to seven in the forty-third. The forty-fourth congress was known as the "black congress." Blanche K. Bruce represented Mississippi in the senate and seven men of his race served in the lower house. Of these the most conspicuous was Robert Smalls of South Carolina, the famous pilot who headed the party that conducted the Planter out of Charleston harbor, for which service he was handsomely rewarded by the government and appointed pilot for the rest of the war. With the fifty-fourth congress the number of colored men in the house and senate began to decrease. In the next congress only four colored members were returned. Senator Bruce was the only man of his race in the forty-sixth congress. Smalls and Lynch represented their race in the forty-seventh congress. In the two succeeding congresses there was only one colored man, James E. O'Hare of North Carolina, who was defeated for the fiftieth congress, and since then only five negroes have served in congress—John M. Langston of Virginia, Thomas E. Miller of South Carolina, Henry P. Cheatham of North Carolina, George W. Murray of South Carolina and George H. White of North Carolina.

King Edward's Joke.

There is a curious story of King Edward apropos of the visit of Toole, the actor, to Sandringham. King Edward, who was then prince of Wales, had "commanded" Mr. Toole to "surprise" the princess of Wales, and when the actor's agent appeared at Sandringham to make arrangements for the visit the prince explained that he wished to keep the matter a profound secret until the last moment. "To enable you to do so," said the prince, "I shall introduce you as the Spanish ambassador."

"But I can't speak Spanish, sir," exclaimed the frightened agent, and the prince put him at his ease at once by saying: "Nor can they, so your disguise will be perfect." The "Spanish ambassador" went on with his arrangements quietly and without interruption and when the surprise play was over the prince of Wales proposed the health of Mr. Toole. The London writer who has revived the story wonders if Queen Alexandra has ever heard of the identity of the "Spanish ambassador" or if Spain would insist on war with England after this revelation.

A Strong Combination.

I overheard a rather good story the other day in which Bishop Doane figures. The bishop was standing in front of a drug store on Washington avenue nearly opposite the capitol, talking to a well-known surgeon of Albany, N. Y., and the proprietor of the drug store. Nearly in front of the drug store was an undertaker's wagon, which the owner had left there for a few moments while he went into a store to make a purchase. At this juncture, as the novelists say, along came a prominent Albanian who was well acquainted with the bishop, the surgeon and the druggist. He was about to stop and pass the time of day with the group, when he happened to be struck through the peculiar combination. Turning to the bishop, he said: "Doctor, druggist, priest and undertaker's wagon—that combination is a little too suggestive to suit me. I'll pass." And he passed along on his way, followed by the hearty laughter of the bishop and his friends.