

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

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

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## CHAPTER IV.

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

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

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

That was Charlie's idea of friendship.

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

He was mistaken.

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

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

He ran after the retreating figure.

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

He was immediately undeceived.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charlie shook his head.

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

The German scowled angrily.

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

Poor Charlie felt as limp as a dishrag.

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

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

"To-morrow, at sunrise?" eagerly.

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

Stuart stood looking after the learned disciple.

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

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

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

Well, there it was.

In black and white he saw the mis-

erable evidence before his eyes. Still he was grimly determined to keep his engagement for that evening, come what might.

Oh! sublime faith! It would require mountains to crush a positive belief in the conviction of his own eyes and his own intuition.

Dinner came next.

He could amuse himself with a thousand and one theories bearing upon the case.

Charlie was enjoying his dinner with a fair amount of satisfaction, considering what a load he carried upon his mind, when Artemus, who had been given his address, made his appearance.

Stuart immediately decided to make a full disclosure.

An opportunity came in good time whereby they could converse without being overheard.

Then Charlie let loose.

He fairly staggered his companion with his first volley, containing the account of the famous baron and his charge that Arline Brand was the most dangerous as well as notorious adventurer in all Europe.

While Artemus was yet gasping from the effect of this hot shot, Charlie poured in grape and cannister. He sketched the dramatic advent of the professor on the scene, the challenge to a duel he had flung at the supposed disturber of his family peace, Charlie's amazed questions concerning yellow hair and blue eyes, and finally the solemn agreement that had been reached between them.

Charlie, having exhausted his repertoire, now turned the tables.

"What became of you, my dear boy?" he asked.

"I waved you farewell," Artemus said.

"Then you were not in the second coach?"

"Ay, ay. You see, the fair lady neglected to favor me with one of her cards, and I was compelled to adopt measures of my own in order to discover her residence. She went to the hotel in the Rue de Meuniers."

"That's the De la Prax," with a frown, remembering the card he held.

"Yes, my boy, the same. I was satisfied that I had found out just where she put up but curiosity induced me to waylay the doorkeeper, he who opened the carriages and exercised the functions of factotum. So, putting a bit of silver in his hand, I asked him who the lady might be—she with the veil over her face."

He scratched his head as though a bit puzzled himself, and then suddenly answered, as though at random:

"Mlle. Brand."

Charlie had been listening eagerly.

He gave vent to an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Artemus, you are a brack!"

"So," continued the other, with a grim smile, as though he could scent something that had not yet become visible to the naked eye. "I came to the conclusion the young lady had given us her true name, after all, though she hinted at possessing another."

"Yes; why did she say that?" mused Charlie. "But one thing seems clear—there is an Arline Brand, after all; and to-night I am bound to discover what relation, if any, connects her with this bold, intriguing countess, or the runaway wife of the Herr Professor—either that, or to-morrow I am booked for a duel."

Charlie Stuart saw the shades of night close in upon the old city of Antwerp with a sigh of deep satisfaction.

Reaching the hotel he boldly asked to see Madam Sophie Richter.

Some time elapsed while he waited.

He was on needles and pins—hung up, as it were, on tenter-hooks by suspense.

"The lady awaits me in the little parlor over yonder," at last came the message.

Charlie drew in a long breath and entered.

He felt a sensation of tremendous relief.

For the lady, while pleasant and even handsome in her appearance, was a stranger.

He bowed courteously to the lady.

"I am a stranger to you, lady—an Englishman, Stuart by name. Through some misadventure I have become, much against my will, I assure you, mixed up in your domestic arrangements, and I have come here to throw myself upon your mercy and beg your gentle indulgence as an intercessor."

"The lady looked astonished.

"Sir, explain. Who seeks to do you harm, and of whom am I to beg indulgence?" she asked.

"Madam, there is at large in Antwerp a man who has sworn to have the life of the wretch who has robbed his quiet home of its one bright jewel—who prowls lither and yon, regardless of his personal appearance, breathing vengeance, and ready to sacrifice all he has on earth if he can but avenge his honor."

"You really mean that the professor is here in Antwerp?"

"Raging around like a mad bull."

"That at last he has left his musty old books?"

"Very much in evidence, I assure you."

"Then our strategem worked," she laughed.

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

The lady laughed aloud.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You have but to name it, sir."

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

"Ah! yes," with a bright smile.

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

He handed the card to her.

One glance, and the professor's wife laughed.

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

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

The professor's wife nodded eagerly.

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

"It was the Countess Isolde Brabant."

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

(To be continued.)

## WHERE PERSONS ARE EVERYTHING

### Position of Congressman's Wife in Washington Society.

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

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

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

## Silhouettes of Yesterday.

By JESSIE LLEWELLYN.

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The room wore an air of faded ambition, like the woman.

Irma Heckel was a vivified prototype of the room. She was no longer young, but in manner and even in her appearance she suggested ideals growing dingy with much lugging about—perhaps with difficulty. As it was necessary for her to earn the little she ate or wore, she painted saints for a living and quietly laughed at all religion to her cat and dog friends. A sense of humor had kept her from becoming entirely bitter.

One evening when the saints were at rest on the work table and she sat staring idly and stroking a great cat in her lap her imagery took a backward leap into the past. She was young again, vivid, in earnest! Before the fire sat two children, the room had suddenly taken on the tone of a perky little parlor. The little girl wore black stockings and a very short frock; her hair was "taken up" with a blue ribbon. The boy had bright eyes and the dreamer noted his velvet suit and a page's badge pinned on his youthful chest, which was evidently his pride.

"My father is a senator," he was saying. "I'm going to be a senator, too, and then I'll marry you and we'll go to Europe."

"My father is dead," said the little girl in a matter of fact way which is the bravery of children. "So is my mother, but auntie is doing a lot for me, oh, an awful lot! She tells me so every day. Just as soon as she gets through doing things, and I am eighteen, I am going to a big city, Bigger than Des Moines or Omaha. Maybe New York," she added with wide, excited eyes. "Then I'll do something great all by myself, and I won't marry even a senator."

"But you won't have anyone to kiss you good-night," he said.

"Who wants anyone to kiss her good-night when she is great?"

The fire was getting low. A chill crept over the room. Presently the boy arose and went over to her and took up her long red braid in a clumsy, boyish fashion.

"But you are not great yet, and I'm glad."

With a pretty smile she innocently put both arms around his neck, and he slid down in the big rocker beside her.

"What are you crying about?" he asked, much surprised.

She laughed. "I don't quite know. You see I am not great yet, maybe I still want some one to care."

An ash dropped from the fire. The little boy and girl and the perky parlor vanished. A youth and a maiden sat on a mohair sofa in the chilly "best room." They looked shy and constrained.

"I just thought I'd come and say good-bye," he said. "Mother said your Aunt Joe told her you were going to-morrow instead of Friday. Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" she exclaimed. "to go out and seek my fortune like the knight in the fairy tales. To have a chance with all the world. I am afraid to stay out here, being passed around from one relation to another, like a croquet ball shoved through so many wires."

"As I was saying—I just come over—mother told me—say, Irma, please don't go. I'm half owner with father now—it's the biggest grocery store in town. New York is a terrible place. It isn't safe for a man to be out after ten o'clock there. And you, a girl, all alone. Stay here and go into the grocery business with me." He tried to laugh; she tried not to do so.

When he was gone the maiden sat on the mohair sofa a long time without changing her position and wondered why that old sob was in her throat when she was so happy.

A gust of wind belled down the chimney. She leaned forward to replenish the fire. When she settled back again the youth and the maiden had gone. The best room had widened and broadened into a spacious cafe. At a corner table sat a man somewhat

here like women who are too obviously pretty."

She winced, but the remark was naturally not one she might appropriate.

"It isn't jealousy that causes me to speak to you this way," she began.

"Of course not," without looking at her.

"I tell you it is not." It was futile to waste words, and yet she must show him how little she cared. "I will miss you—I can't help missing your—your friendship. Five years is a long time, you know. I have almost given you these five years. If it had not been for you I might have—well, amounted to something."

"It was always for you to say, you know." His tone was courteous, even kind. "I often asked you if you would be happier if I stayed away. You

"I am sorry," he replied. "I don't see why I can't come."

never seemed anxious to say the word. He opened and shut the lid of a stein thoughtfully, and then added with some abruptness: "I often wondered why you never married."

The woman gasped. "You—wondered—why—I—never—married!"

"To be sure, you always told me that you never meant to marry."

"I meant it, but—"

He seemed not to hear her. "Then you insisted on our never speaking of love or that sort of thing—"

"It was not necessary for you to speak things."

"And now that I am going to settle down into mediocre comfort you are the first one I come to—naturally. It's fair." He spoke in an even voice as though desiring to calm her.

The monotonous modulation had the opposite effect. She was the incarnation of repressed fury. Leaning across the table as she was, her words poured forth like a torrent. "It was for me to say during all those years whether we should separate. Mine was the responsibility. You had none. Your wealth, education, station, freed you. You were not to blame for the suffering you sowed. You were put in the world only to pray for your comfort, your peace. You came to me holding out bait for my ambition. You had influence; I was talented. That talent tickled your thirst for something new in life, and so you proceeded to appropriate it as your own. You never spoke of love, oh, no. You only lived and breathed it in my presence—and I, poor fool, lived in paradise until—until—I tell you I forbid this marriage."

The words ended in a futile, foolish laugh. She put her hands to her face; touched her front hair, laughing more softly all the time until the mirthless tones seemed to trail themselves in her next words: "How perfectly frightened you look. Can't you take a joke—I'm joking—can't you see it was a joke? I am laughing—laughing because it is so very, very funny that you cannot take a joke."

The clock struck eight. Just then a tap came at the door. Hastily she lighted a gas jet and threw open the door.

"I told you I would come again, and here I am," said a cheery masculine voice at the threshold.

"And I told you not to come except on business, but I am glad to see you," she replied.

"Why shouldn't I come to see you?"

"Why should you?"

"Because I like you. I'm coming just as often as I can. Don't you want me to call often?" He spoke over his shoulder as he reached for a match to rekindle the fire. "I would rather talk to you than to a girl of my own age anyway, and then—well, why not—there isn't much in this old world at best." He had dropped the kindling and lay one hand on her shoulder. Their eyes met and she turned hurriedly away from him.

"And if we drift on like this—you know I am very much alone—some day I might miss you, and then—" she finished abruptly with a laugh.

"Ah, wouldn't I be lucky if you missed me! It would be too good," he talked on, still standing directly under the gas jet. In the strong light she noticed the wave in his hair just where his hat came down, and that his mouth was particularly sensitive and boyish. His hand rested on her shoulder again.

"Why should I not call, dear?" he was whispering, with his lips upon hers.

Presently he was saying good-night.

"Good-bye," she answered.

"You mean it?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry," he replied. "I don't see why I can't come."

As the door closed Irma stooped and tenderly gathered the old gray cat in her arms, murmuring, as she choked back the old unreasonable sob, "Just one more yesterday for us, my friend; that is all it means."

## WAS NOT THE SNAP HE EXPECTED

### Tramp Finds Region Where Snow Shoveling Was Continuous.

"Speaking about snow," said the tramp, who was hunting for a job with a shovel on his shoulder, "puts me in mind of three years ago when I hired out to a farmer up in Vermont—that is, I was to have my board during the winter for shoveling snow during the winter, and I thought I had struck a soft snap."

"I had nothing to do but eat and loaf around during the first two weeks, but one morning the farmer roused me up and said there was a trifle of work for me. I stepped out to find the snow four feet deep on the level and still falling but I tackled the job with proper ambition."

"I believe I lifted fifty tons of snow that day, but when night came I was not much ahead of the storm. It was the same the next day and the next, and after five days of it, with no signs of letting up and every rail fence buried out of sight, I stopped work long enough to ask the farmer, 'Is this thing going to keep right on for a week longer?'"

"A week longer?" he replied, with a broad grin on his face. "Why, man, this is only Dec. 3, and we never figure on stopping work before April 10. Just buckle right into it and keep up your appetite."

"I thought the matter over that night," said the tramp, "and in the morning I dug a tunnel to the nearest village and escaped and asked to be sent to jail. They didn't turn me out till July 1, and the first man I met was my old farmer."

"How's snow up your way?" says I.

"Nothing to brag of," says he. "The late rains and warm suns have taken it off till I don't believe we've got two feet left."

## WHY, OF COURSE HE WAS INNOCENT

### Jury Decided Unanimously that Jim O'Dell Was a Fool.

"The first time I was ever in the far west," said a Philadelphian, "they got me on a jury in Montana. It was a case of shooting with fatal results, and there was no doubt in my mind that the defendant was guilty."

"A man named Brower had ridden up to the cabin of a man named O'Dell and called him out and shot him down, and there were three witnesses to the fact."

"The case occupied three days, and I supposed every jurymen had made up his mind as I had. When we retired to ballot, however, I found myself the only one voting guilty."

"The other eleven looked at me for a while, and then the foreman blandly said:

"Stranger, you don't appear to make allowances."

"Allowances for what?" I asked.

"Allowances for the fact that if that blamed Jim O'Dell had poked his gun out to the window instead of coming to the door he might have pumped a pound of lead into Tom Brower inside of 30 seconds. We are here not to decide who killed Jim, but to find whether he was a fool or not in acting as he did, and I guess we'd better be considerably unanimous about it."

"I didn't want to be the one to interrupt the harmony of the occasion," said the traveler, "and so we speedily came to what the foreman announced as a 'chorus of conclusion,' and Tom Brower was acquitted without a stain on his character."

## Indian Etiquette.

The Red Man and Helper, published by the students at the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian school has this to say on Indian etiquette: "It was an actual desire for information and no attempt to be funny that a boy in looking up from reading about 'squaw men' asked if the white women who marry Indian men were called 'buck women.' We could not answer why they were not. Such a name would be more insulting to a woman than the first appellation is to a man. All Indian women are no more squaws than white women are wenches. The name squaw emanated from 'squa,' an Indian word of a Massachusetts tribe meaning woman, but it has since come to be used commonly by illiterate people for Indian women of any tribe. No educated or refined people use the words 'squaw' or 'buck,' and we advise our students when they hear them not to pay any attention to the speaker, but to mark him or her down in their minds as a person of low breeding."

One learns many strange uses and misuses of things at country inns, but let us hope that the following experience related by a friend of mine as having happened to himself is a rare one. He had gone to bed in an Irish inn, bidding the landlady to have him called at 8. At 6, however, next morning she knocked at his door.

"Ye've to get up," she said.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Six, Surr."

"Go away, I am not going to get up till 8."

At 7 she reappeared. "Indade, and ye must get up now, it's 7." Finding him unmoved at her next return, she said: "Git up, there's a sweet gintleman; there's two commercial gentlemen waiting for their breakfast, and I can't lay the cloth till I have yer honor's top sheet."

Consecration is our answer to God's call.