

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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CHAPTER VII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Artemus nodded, and they separated for a time. But their meeting had not been unobserved.

The ubiquitous baron had his eye on them, and possibly figured out some wonderful game as connected with his mysterious conversation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charlie exulted in the sight. It confirmed his suspicions.

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

This was the man!

Finally they said good-night.

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

Capt. Brand led her away.

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

Here was a miracle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or was the Russian bear still on guard?

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

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

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

Then it burst upon him that he had not placed enough significance upon what the baron had confided to him.

This did not mean the mere arrest of a clever adventuress, charged with no specific crime save that of enslaving men of rank, and compelling them, through her witchery, to contribute from their wealth toward her regal support.

It stood for something grander, something that might yet shake a greater part of Europe with a mighty convulsion, since the conspiracy in which the Countess Isolda was connected concerned more than one imperial throne.

Charlie forgot that he had been sleepy.

His eyes were never brighter than now.

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

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

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

So Charlie watched and waited, deep in reflection.

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

The result was really more than he had anticipated.

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

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

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

"Silence!"

"Have made a little mistake."

"Silence on your life!" was hissed.

He saw frowning pistols.

It was evident that the officers meant business.

Charlie began to grow a little indignant.

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

"He is engaged."

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

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

"Confound—"

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

Charlie shrugged his shoulders.

Ah! a whistle!—evidently a signal.

The game was about to be called.

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

It was Peterhoff.

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

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

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

He listened, swayed by contending emotions.

Somehow Arline was in his mind.

Perhaps there might be a fight.

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

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

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

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

The baron's sudden appearance in their midst must have paralyzed the conspirators.

Presently they would be trooping forth under escort, to be hurried away to gloomy prison cells.

And as for himself,

Charlie smoked calmly on.

This was another experience, that was all.

He seemed bound to suffer in the cause of Arline Brand. Because she chanced to resemble the notorious Countess Isolda in possessing an entrancing figure, and also golden hair and eyes that rivaled the summer skies of Italy, forsooth, the baron must fall into error and bring about this entanglement.

Well, perhaps all things would work together for good, if he but put his shoulder to the wheel.

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

He watched the hotel door.

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

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

Ah! there were signs of life.

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

They drew up before the hotel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charlie cried out.

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

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

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

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

And so the innocent suffered with the guilty.

(To be continued.)

A MIDNIGHT CALL UPON METHUEN

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

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

Long before the Boer war began Lord Methuen was campaigning in South Africa at the head of the famous band of rough riders known as Methuen's Horse. A member of the regiment, G. L. Chesterton, has since made a reputation as a worker in the field of London journalism, and he it is who tells this anecdote of campaigning on the borders of Bechuanaland.

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

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

The jaded wayfarer remarked: 'Do you know, Paul, that I asked one of your men where I could find you, and he told me to go to—!'

Without a moment's hesitation Lord Methuen replied: 'Come inside, Dick, come inside.'

"The Successful Wooer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLSON CONFESSES

Tells Court He Murdered Michael Sierk.

MAKES OPEN CONFESSION OF CRIME

Reveals Details of the Cold-Blooded Killing—Plot Between Himself and Gust Jahnske to Get Agent Man's Insurance Money.

An Alliance, Neb., May 22, dispatch says: In the district court room here this afternoon, in the case of the State of Nebraska vs. Gust Jahnske, charged with the murder of Michael Sierk, Oliver Olson, who was to be tried as accessory to the crime, confessed to an agreement between himself and Jahnske to murder the old man, and after three unsuccessful attempts succeeded in accomplishing their murderous purpose.

Olson's confession is, in substance, that they were to have Sierk make Jahnske his beneficiary in a life insurance policy and also induce him to name Jahnske as legatee in his will, which things they accomplished without suspicion. The money thus secured was, upon the success of their undertaking, to be equally divided between Jahnske and Olson.

According to Olson's confession, they made several attempts to kill the old man. Once, while hauling him from the bottom of a well they cut the rope in the expectation that the fall would kill him; again, they apparently "accidentally" shot him, but missed; twice they tried poison and failed; finally, they blew his head off with a shotgun.

The case is causing much excitement, the court room during this confession being filled to its utmost capacity.

What is in store for Olson and Jahnske remains to be seen, but the outlook for both men is not reassuring. Olson, of course, is hoping for the mercy of the court, but in general he is looked upon by the public as the worst of the two. Olson is single and Jahnske has a large family.

AGED LOVERS ELOPE

Parted Nearly Sixty Years and Both Married in the Meantime.

A Lebanon, Ind., May 20 dispatch says: A love affair begun nearly sixty years ago culminated in this city in the elopement and marriage of Rev. Abraham C. Abbott of Chicago, aged seventy-seven, and Mrs. Eliza J. Mitchell of Amity, Ind., aged seventy-five.

When the bride was seventeen her parents objected to her marriage on account of her tender years. Mr. Abbott had been twice married since then, both wives having died. The bride of today had been for twenty-four years the widow of Jefferson Mitchell, a wealthy farmer. Two months ago Mr. Abbott wrote Mrs. Mitchell requesting another opportunity to win her hand. The letter fell into the hands of her daughter and a storm of opposition arose.

The old people then quietly arranged for the wedding, which took place at the home of Mrs. Julia Shirley, the bride's niece.

Mr. Abbott is a retired Methodist minister. They will take a short wedding tour before returning to her farm at Amity.

ITS GUIDING STAR

President Palma of Cuba Pins His Faith to United States.

The secretary of war has received the following message from the president of Cuba:

"Elisba Root, Secretary of War, Washington: I am deeply moved by your heartfelt message of congratulation on the inauguration of the republic of Cuba, to the birth of which the people and the government of the United States have contributed with their blood and treasure. Rest assured that the Cuban people can never forget the debt of gratitude they owe to the great republic with which we will always cultivate the closest relations of friendship, and for the prosperity of which we pray to the Almighty. (Signed.) 'T. ESTRADA PALMA.'"

SPANIARDS A FACTOR

Must Be Reckoned With in Future Government of Cuba.

It is universally recognized in Havana that the attitude of the Spaniards, who have heretofore been annexationists, because of their fear of the Cubans, may be the determining factor at no distant day. They possess 70 per cent of the wealth of the island, and if treated fairly and given a proper share in government, as President Palma seems disposed to do, it is believed they will be a strong bulwark of the republic.

Revive Railroad Project.

The Atkinson & Niobrara river railroad project was suddenly revived Wednesday, and the announcement is made by the promoters that the road will be built, says a Sioux City, Ia., dispatch.

The road will be an extension of the Pacific Short line from O'Neill into that part of the Rosebud Indian reservation which soon will be opened for settlement.

It is said the road will be equipped and operated by the Great Northern.

May Release Americans.

A bill will be introduced in the house of representatives of the Cuban legislature providing for the release of all Americans confined in prison or awaiting trial. It is expected the house will take favorable action in the matter. Cuban sentiment is strongly in favor of the measure.

A bill has been introduced by Senator Lodge providing for the removal of the battleship Maine from the harbor of Havana and the recovery of the bodies of the American sailors who sank with the vessel. The bill appropriates \$1,000,000 for the purpose.

FILIPINO TESTS CITIZENSHIP

Native of Manila Files Petition for Mandamus to Grant Papers.

Antonio M. Opisso y De Yenza, a native of Manila, filed a petition in the supreme court of the District of Columbia asking that a writ of mandamus be issued against John R. Young, clerk of the court, to compel him a grant citizenship papers.

Mr. Young is in doubt about the actual status of Yenza, and the mandamus proceedings were brought to determine whether or not the Filipino requires papers to establish his citizenship.

If the supreme court of the district decides that he does not require citizenship papers an appeal is likely to be taken to the supreme court of the United States upon the ground that the annexation of the archipelago by the United States constituted all its inhabitants citizens of the United States.

A writ was issued, returnable Tuesday.

GUESTS OF PRESIDENT

Distinguished French Visitors Call on Roosevelt, Miles and Dewey.

Surrounded by the members of his cabinet and by officials high in all the branches of the government, President Roosevelt Thursday received as the guests of the nation the distinguished Frenchmen sent by President Loubet to take part in the Rochambeau exercises.

The arrival in the city of the brilliantly uniformed French army and navy officers and their escort through Pennsylvania avenue by a troop of United States cavalrymen gave a picturesque interest to the occasion and to this was added the international significance of an extremely cordial exchange of greetings between the representatives of the two nations.

The president's reception at the White house, the French visitors exchanged calls with members of the cabinet and Lieutenant General Miles and Admiral Dewey.

AROUND WORLD 3 TIMES

The Traveling Record of Allen Reed, Dead at Marysville, Kan.

Allen Reed, a farmer and the founder of Reedsville, died at his home in Marysville, Kan., from uraemic poisoning. He had been a sufferer from kidney trouble for years, but Wednesday morning his condition suddenly grew worse and he lapsed into a comatose condition, from which he did not rally. He settled in Marshall county in 1870. He was for ten years engaged in mining and freighting in Australia and at one time carried on an extensive mercantile business in Montreal, Canada. He was elected to the legislature in 1872, and was a member during the Pomeroy exposure. He had traveled for pleasure three times around the world.

BREAK A BONFIRE RECORD

Elgin Academy Students and Alumni Celebrate Endowment Fund.

In celebration of the raising of a \$100,000 endowment fund, 1,000 students and alumni of the Elgin, Ill., academy assembled on the campus Wednesday and built a bonfire which probably will stand as a record breaker. In the heap were 1,500 dry goods boxes and inflammable materials of all descriptions. The pile was 200 feet high. Over it several barrels of kerosene were poured. Surmounting the whole was a effigy "to all opposition to the academy in the future." The fire department stood guard for several hours.

Chaplain Milburn Hurt.

Blind Chaplain Milburn of the senate was struck by a runaway horse attached to a buggy as he was leaving the capitol, just after offering the prayer at the opening of the session. The large toe of one foot was cut off and several of the other toes badly injured. The accident would have been far more serious but for Mr. Milburn's daughter, who pulled him from a position immediately in front of the runaway horse as he was about to dash upon her father.

Wyoming Has a Snowstorm.

The snow storm which began in the vicinity of Evanston, Wyo., Saturday night has continued without abatement. It is estimated that ten to fourteen inches of wet snow has fallen.

Sheep and lambs are reported to be dying by thousands. A prominent sheep man estimates the loss in Utah county alone will reach two hundred thousand head, which would have had a market valuation of over one million dollars.

Church Creed Changed.

The culmination of fifty years of discussion of the revision of the Westminster confession was reached Thursday at New York, when the report of the creed revision committee was adopted by an almost unanimous vote by the Presbyterian general assembly.

The overtures now will be submitted to the various presbyteries for ratification. The probability of a heated discussion drew a large audience which, to a great degree, was disappointed by the little opposition shown.

NEWS IN BRIEF

The total death list resulting from the Goliad, Tex., tornado number 125.

The Bradbury piano factory at Brooklyn, N. Y., burned; loss \$500,000.

Up to Thursday 203 bodies have been removed from the Fraterville mine at Coal Creek, Tenn.

Mount Pelee still is enveloped in smoke. Rain fell at Port de France Thursday. The exodus of people to adjacent islands continues.

Minister of Colonies Decrais, Paris, has cabled Governor L'Heureux at Port de France, instructing him to arrange for the evacuation of Martinique if necessary.

It is said that an engagement between King Alfonso of Spain and Grand Duchess Helen, daughter of Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia is being considered.

PEACE ASSURED

End of War in South Africa is in Sight.

ANNOUNCEMENT IS YET TO COME

Boer Leaders Willing, But Rank and File to Be Heard From—Officials Mm.

But Everything as Good as Settled—Other News.

A London of May 23 says: The Associated Press has every reason to believe that peace in South Africa is practically secured. How soon it will be announced depends, apparently, more upon the convenience of the Boer leaders than upon the inclination of the British government. The private and official advices received tonight in London from South Africa all point to the same conclusion. The delay is technical, and to end the long war seems to be the desire of both British and Boer leaders. The latter, however, are unable to convince all their followers of the wisdom of acquiescing to the terms of peace.

Information as to what transpired at today's meeting of the cabinet is closely guarded, but it is not likely that the cabinet transactions were of vital import. The surprise of one well-informed person places the sum total of the deliberations of the cabinet ministers at a decision regarding points of the peace agreement of entirely minor importance. Another surprise is that the cabinet has merely sent a rather mock ultimatum to South Africa which can be used by the Boer leaders in explanation to their forces.

Both these surprises probably contain an element of truth, but neither can in any way affect the widespread belief in the best informed quarters that the end of the war has come. In fact, those persons who are best acquainted with the actual details of the present negotiations only qualify this optimistic expression by guarded reservations concerning the extent of the personal control of the Boer leaders over their commands.

Were the Boers a thoroughly disciplined force, dependent upon the action of their general officers, peace would probably be proclaimed tonight, but Botha, De Wet and other generals seem themselves unable to positively guarantee the degree to which their example will be followed.

ANOTHER CITY GONE

Quezaltenango, Guatemala, Destroyed by the Earthquake.

A Hamburg, May 23, dispatch says: A special dispatch to the Hamburg Boersenhalle from Guatemala says that the town of Quezaltenango has been wholly destroyed by an earthquake which lasted three-quarters of a minute. Business is entirely suspended in Guatemala, and a great part of the coffee crop there has been destroyed.