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AN HISTORIC INN OF LONDON

House Which Witnessed Many Tragical Scenes in the Stormy History of Britain's Metropolis.

London.—The oldest inn in London is to be torn down to make room for public improvements. It is known as Ye Olde Whyte Harte and has been so called since the days of Richard II., who often stopped at the inn while hunting in the neighborhood and whose badge was a white hart. The tavern was established in 1272, at the northern end of Drury Lane, and only another building, a blacksmith's forge, was in the near vicinity. The inn was far beyond the limits of London, as then constituted, and bordering on it was a wilderness, which was noted for its game. Hunting parties from the city made it their headquarters and both forge and barroom were liberally patronized.

The White Hart inn profited by the fact that it was on the route over which criminals were taken from Newgate to Tyburn to be executed. Immense throngs sometimes followed the condemned person and fancy prices were paid to mine host of the White Hart inn for the privilege of viewing from its windows the "dead march." Executions were more numerous in England then than now—infinitely more so. During the 35 years of the reign of Henry VIII. the average number of executions in the country was 2,000 a year. When Jack Sheppard, the notorious highwayman, was conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn to be executed 200,000 persons followed the desperado to see him dispatched. Almost as great crowds attended other executions, and wooden galleries were erected at Tyburn for the accommodation of the spectators. There Jonathan Wild, the thief trainer, was executed in 1725, after having been drawn to Tyburn on a curdle, followed by a yelling, hooting crowd of many thousands. But his name endures in London, having been given to a little alley off Drury Lane, where long ago he conducted his school for training highwaymen, housebreakers and pickpockets. In 1783 Tyburn ceased to be a place of execution. The White Hart inn was occupied for a brief time by Jack Cade, who



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SYNOPSIS.

Senator John Calhoun is offered the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. He declines, but if he accepts it means that Texas and Oregon must be added to the Union. He plans to learn the intentions of England with regard to Mexico, through Baroness Von Tritz, secret spy and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Pakenham. He sends his secretary, Nicholas Trist, to bring the baroness to his apartment. While searching for the baroness' home, a carriage drives up and he is invited to enter. The occupant is the baroness, who says she is being pursued. The pursuers are shooed off. The baroness consents to see Calhoun. Nicholas notes that she has lost a slipper. She gives Nicholas the remaining slipper as a pledge that she will tell Calhoun all, and, as security, Nicholas gives her a trinket he intended for his sweetheart, Elizabeth Chaudrell. Nicholas is ordered to leave at once for Montreal on state business, by Calhoun, who has become secretary of state, and plans to be married that night. Tyler warns Pakenham that interference by England in the affairs of this continent will not be tolerated. The war demands that the United States occupy Oregon with Great Britain, and has raised the cry of "Fifty-four, Forty or Fight." The baroness tells Nicholas she will do her best to prevent his marriage. She returns the trinket and the promise to return her slipper. Nicholas enlists the services of Congressman Danbridge, a rejected suitor of Elizabeth's, to assist in the arrangements for the wedding and entrusts him with the return of the slipper to the baroness. The congressman gets drunk and sends the slipper to Elizabeth. The wedding is declared off, and Nicholas is ordered from the house by Elizabeth's father. Nicholas is ordered to gain access to a meeting of the Hudson Bay directors in Montreal and learn England's intentions regarding Oregon. Nicholas sees the baroness leave the directors' meeting in Montreal, where he had failed to gain admission. She warns him that his life is in danger and he accepts an invitation to pass the night at her home.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Yet you spoke of others who might come here. What others? Who are they? The representatives of Mexico? Some attaché of the British embassy at Washington? Some minister from England itself, sent here direct?"

She smiled at me again. "I told you not to go back to your hotel, did I not?"

"I got no further with her, it seemed. You interest me sometimes," she went on slowly, at last, "yet you seem to have so little brain! Now, in your employment, I should think that brain would be somewhat useful at times."

"I do not deny that suggestion, madam."

"But you are unable to analyze. Thus, in the matter of yourself. I suppose if you were told of it, you would only say that you forgot to look in the toe of the slipper you had."

"Did you credit the attaché of Mexico with being nothing more than a drunken rowdy, to follow me across town with a little shoe in his carriage?"

"But you said he was in wine."

"True. But would that be a reason for continually you show your lack of brain in accepting as conclusive results which could not possibly have occurred. Granted he was in wine, granted he followed me, granted he had my shoe in his possession—what then? Does it follow that at the ball at the White House he could have removed that shoe? Does monsieur think that I, too, was in wine?"

"I agree that I have no brain! I cannot guess what you mean. I can only beg one more that you explain."

"Now listen. In your most youthful and charming innocence I presume you do not know much of the capabilities for concealment offered by a lady's apparel! Now, suppose I had a message—where do you think I could hide it; granted, of course, the conditions obtaining at a ball in the White House?"

"Then you did have a message? It came to you there, at that time?"

She nodded. "Certainly, Mr. Van Zandt had almost no other opportunity to meet me or get word to me."

"Van Zandt! Madam, are you indeed in the camp of all these different interests? So, what Pakenham said was true! Van Zandt is the attaché of Texas. Van Zandt is pleading with Mr. Calhoun that he shall take up the secretaryship. Van Zandt promises us the friendship of Texas if we will stand out for the annexation of Texas. Van Zandt promises us every effort in his power against England. Van Zandt promises us the sternest of fronts against treacherous Mexico. Van Zandt is known to be interested in this fair Dona Lucrezia, just as Polk is. Now, then, comes Van Zandt with his secret message slipped into the hand of madam at the ambassador's ball—madam, the friend of England! The attaché of Mexico is curious—furious—to know what Texas is saying to England! And that message must be concealed! And madam conceals it in—"

She smiled at me brilliantly. "You come on," she said. "Should your head be opened and analyzed, yes, I think a trace of brain might be discovered by good chemistry."

I resumed impatiently. "You put his message in your slipper?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "in the toe of it. There was barely chance to do that. You see, our skirts are full and wide; there are curtains in the east room; there was wine by this time; there was music; so I effected that much. But when you took



"Then You Think There Is a Chance of Trouble Between Our Country and England Out There?"

the slipper, you took Van Zandt's note! You had it. It was true, what I told Pakenham before the president—I did not then have that note! You had it. At least, I thought you had it, till I found it crumpled on the table the next day! It must have fallen there from the shoe when we made our little exchange that night. Ah, you hurried me. I scarce knew whether I was clad or shod, until the next afternoon—after I left you at the White House grounds. So you hastily departed—to your wedding?"

"So small a shoe could not have held an extended epistle, madam," I said, ignoring her question.

"No, but the little roll of paper caused me anguish. After I had danced I was on the point of fainting. I hastened to the cover of the nearest curtain, where I might not be noticed. Senator Yturrio of Mexico was somewhat vigilant. He wished to know what Texas planned with England. He has long made love to me—by threats, and jewels. As I stood behind the curtain I saw his face, I fled; but one shoe—the empty one—was not well fastened, and it fell. I could not walk. I reached down, removed the other shoe with its note, hid it in my handkerchief—thank Providence for the fashion of so much lace—and so, not in wine, monsieur, as you may believe, and somewhat anxious, as you may also believe, expecting to hear at once of an encounter between Van Zandt and the Mexican minister, Senator Almonte, or his attaché Yturrio, or between one of them and some one else, I made my adieux—I will warrant the only woman in her stocking feet who bowed for Mr. Tyler at the ball that night!"

"Yes, so far as I know, madam, you are the only lady who ever left the east room precisely so clad. And so you got into your own carriage—alone—after awhile? And so, when you were there you put on the shoe which was left? And so Yturrio of Mexico got the other one—and found nothing in it! And so, he wanted this one!"

"You come on," she said. "You have something more than a trace of brain."

"And that other shoe, which I got that night?"

Without a word she smoothed out a bit of paper which she removed from a near-by desk, and handed it to me.

"This was in yours! As I said, in my confusion I supposed you had it."

I spread the page upon the cloth before me; my eyes raced down the lines. I did not make further reply to her.

"Madam," went on the communication, "say to your august friend Sir Richard that we have reached the end of our endurance of these late delays. The promises of the United States mean nothing. We can trust neither Whig nor Democrat any longer. There is no one party in power, nor will there be. There are two sections in America and there is no nation, and Texas knows not where to go. We have offered to Mr. Tyler to join the union if the union will allow us to join. We intend to reserve our own lands and reserve the right to organize later into four or more states, if our people shall so desire. But as a great state we will join the union if the union will accept us. That must be seen."

"England now beseeches us not to

enter the union, but to stand apart, either for independence or for alliance with Mexico and England. The proposition has been made to us to divide into two governments, one free and one slave. England has proposed to us to advance us moneys to pay all our debts if we will agree to this. Settled by bold men from our mother country, the republic, Texas has been averse to this. But now our own mother repudiates us, not once but many times. We get no decision. This then, dear madam, is from Texas to England by your hand, and we know you will carry it safe and secret. We shall accept this proposal of England, and avail ourselves of the richness of her generosity."

"If within thirty days action is not taken in Washington for the annexation of Texas, Texas will never in the history of the world be one of the United States. Moreover, if the United States shall lose Texas, also they lose Oregon, and all of Oregon. Carry this news—I am persuaded that it will be welcome—to that gentleman whose ear I know you have; and believe me always, my dear madam, with respect and admiration, yours, for the state of Texas, Van Zandt."

I drew a deep breath as I saw this proof of double play on the part of this representative of the republic of the southwest. "They are traitors!" I exclaimed. "But there must be action—something must be done at once. I must not wait; I must go! I must take this, at least, to Mr. Calhoun."

"Have I been fair with you thus far?" she asked at length.

"More than fair. I could not have asked this of you. In an hour I have learned the news of years. But will you not also tell me what is the news from Chateau Ramezay? Then, indeed, I could go home feeling I had done very much for my chief."

"Monsieur, I cannot do so. You will not tell me that other news."

"Of what?"

"Of your nuptials!"

"Madam, I cannot do so. But for you, much as I owe you, I would like to wring your neck. I would like to take your arms in my hands and crush them, until—"

"Until what?" Her face was strange. I saw a hand raised to her throat.

"Until you told me about Oregon!" said I.

I saw her arms move—just one instant—her body incline. She gazed at me steadily, somberly. Then her hands fell.

"Ah, God! how I hate you both!" she said; "you and her. You were married, after all! Yes, it can be! A woman may love one man—even though he could give her only a bag of hucks! And a man may love a woman, too—one woman. I had not known."

"Monsieur, adieu!" she added swiftly. I bent and kissed her hand.

"Madam, au revoir!"

"No, adieu! Go!"

CHAPTER XVII.

A Hunter of Butterflies. I love men, not because they are men, but because they are not women.—Queen Christina.

There was at that time in Montreal a sort of news room and public exchange, which made a place of general meeting. It was supplied with newspapers and the like, and kept up

by subscriptions of the town merchants—a spacious room made out of the old Methodist chapel on St. Joseph street. I knew this for a place of town gossip, and hoped I might hit upon something to aid me in my errand, which was no more than begun, it seemed. Entering the place shortly before noon, I made pretense of reading, all the while with an eye and an ear out for anything that might happen.

As I stared in pretense at the page before me, I fumbled idly in a pocket, with unthinking hand, and brought out to place before me on the table, an object of which at first I was unconscious—the little Indian blanket ciasp. As it lay before me I felt seized of a sudden hatred for it, and let fall on it a heavy hand. As I did so, I heard a voice at my ear.

"Mein Gott, man, do not! You break it, surely."

I started at this. I had not heard any one approach. I discovered now that the speaker had taken a seat near me at the table, and could not fail to see this object which lay before me.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a broken speech which showed his foreign birth; "but it is so beautiful; to break it is wrong."

I pushed the trinket along the table towards him.

"'Tis of little value," I said, "and is always in the way when I would find anything in my pocket."

"But once some one has made it; once it has been value. Tell me where you get it?"

"North of the Platte, in our western territories," I said. "I once traded in that country."

"You are American?"

"Yes."

"So," he said thoughtfully. "So. A great country, a very great country. Me, I also live in it."

"Indeed?" I said. "In what part?"

"It is five years since I cross the Rockies."

"You have crossed the Rockies? I envy you."

"You misunderstand me. I live west of them for five years. I am now come east."

I was afraid my eyes showed my interest; but he went on.

"I had been in the Columbia country, and in the Willamette country, where most of your Americans are settled. I know somewhat of California. Mr. Howard, of the Hudson Bay Company, knows also of the country of California. He said to those English gentlemen at our meeting last night that England should have something to offset California on the west coast; because, though Mexico claims California, the Yankees really rule there, and will rule there yet more. He is right; but they laughed at him."

"Oh, I think little will come of all this talk," I said carelessly. "It is very far, out to Oregon." Yet all the time my heart was leaping. So he had been there, at that very meeting of which I could learn nothing!

"You know not what you say. A thousand men came into Oregon last year. It is like one of the great migrations of the peoples of Asia, of Europe. I say to you, it is a great epoch. There is a folk-movement such as we have not seen since the days of the Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, since the Cimri movement. It is an epoch, my friend! It is fate that is in it."

"So, then, it is a great country?" I asked.

"It is so great, these traders do not wish it known. They wish only that it may be savage; also that their posts and their harems may be undisturbed. That is what they wish. These Scots go wild again, in the wilderness. They trade and they travel, but it is not homes they build. Sir George Simpson wants steel traps and not plows west of the Rockies. That is all!"

"They do not speak so of Dr. McLaughlin," I began tentatively.

"My friend, a great man, McLaughlin, believe me! But he is not McKay; he is not Simpson; he is not Behrens; he is not Colville; he is not Douglas. And I say to you, as I learned last night—you see, they asked me also to tell what I knew of Oregon—I say to you that last night McLaughlin was deposed. He is in charge no more—so soon as they can get word to him, he loses his place at Vancouver."

"After a lifetime in the service!" I commented.

"Yes, after a lifetime; and McLaughlin had brain and heart, too. If England would listen to him, she would learn somethings. He plants, he plows, he has gardens and mills and houses and herds. Yes, if they let McLaughlin alone, they would have a civilization on the Columbia, and not a fur-trading post. Then they could oppose your civilization there. That is what he preaches. Simpson preaches otherwise. Simpson loses Oregon to England, it may be."

"Then you think there is a chance of trouble between our country and England, out there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



White Hart Inn.

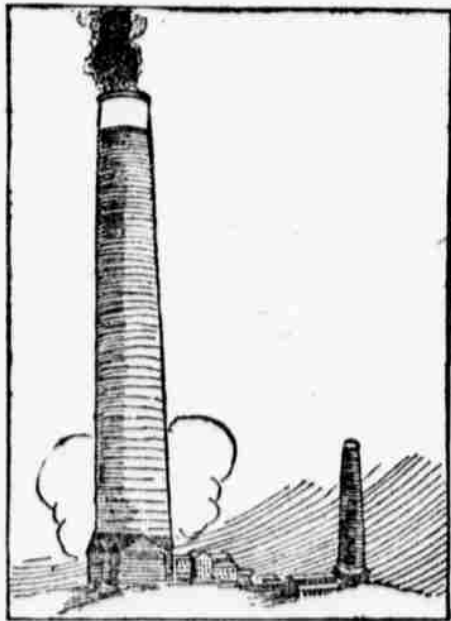
headed the Kent rebellion in 1450 and whose head a little later, minus the body, was affixed to London tower.

How many buildings have occupied the site of the present inn it is impossible to say. In 1669 the inn in which Jack Cade made his quarters was partially destroyed. In 1676 it was burned to the ground. The building that succeeded it was constructed after the fashion of the earlier ones with wide open courts.

WORLD'S HIGHEST CHIMNEY

It is 506 Feet in Height and Contains 16,000 Tons of Brick.

Great Falls, Mont.—The highest chimney in the world is that of the Boston and Montana smelter here. It is 506 feet high and 16,000 tons of brick were used in its construction. It weighs 34,000,000 pounds, and is built to withstand a wind of 120 miles an hour. One of those who love to juggle with figures has estimated that 267,000,000 eggs could be placed within the chimney at one time, but as a hen producing an egg with regularity every morning for 730,000 years would



The Highest Chimney.

be required to supply the eggs, the chimney is not likely to be utilized in this manner. The Washington monument which is 50 feet square at the bottom and 20 feet square at the top, could be set inside this chimney without touching any wall, and there would still be room between the walls of the chimney and the monument to drive a span of horses from top to bottom. If railroad tracks, of standard gauge, were laid vertically on the inside of the stack about 14 feet centers, there would be room for 14 trains each 500 feet long.

ROYALTY AS THE GODFATHER

Difficulty in Europe Successfully Overcome by the Exercise of Some Diplomacy.

In the early days of the reign of the late King Leopold of Belgium a seventh son was born to a Brussels woman, and when the king heard of it and was told that the boy was the seventh successive one, and that no girl had come to the family, he asked to be the baby's godfather. Ever since then every seventh son born in Brussels has had the same honor, and the mothers have received gifts in keeping with their station in life. King Albert, in carrying out the old adage a short time ago had some difficulty "because the seventh son was twins," according to the Frankfurter Zeitung. He could not stand for both boys, because that would give the family two Alberts. The remedy was found by Queen Elizabeth, who suggested that her little son, the duke of Brabant, be the godfather of the eighth boy, who consequently received the name of Leopold.

One's Own Heaven and Hell. Most of our grief comes from within—we torture and torment our very souls. Each man makes his heaven—each man makes his hell. Each man knows when and where he is right, just as he knows when and where he is wrong. Each man realizes just where and when he is weak, and when and where he is strong. But many take entirely too many liberties with themselves.—Exchange.

Lack of Material. "Barber," said Reggie, taking his seat in the chair, "it's too cold for a close trim; give me a football haircut."

"Great Scott, mister!" ejaculated the barber. "You ain't got hair enough for that!"

EASY CHANGE

When Coffee is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum. "Ever since I can remember we had used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and I myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it. "I know it was that, because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me. "At last I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same. Even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good.

"I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum. We never use the old coffee any more. "We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.