



SYNOPSIS.

The story is told by Nicholas Trist, His chief, Senator John Calhoun, offered the portfolio of secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet. Calhoun declares that he is not ready to die, and if he accepts Tyler's offer 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 Ritz, secret spy and reputed mistress of the English ambassador, Pakenham. Nicholas is sent to bring the baroness to Calhoun's apartments and miss a meeting with his sweetheart, Elizabeth Churchill. While searching for the baroness' house a carriage dashes up and Nicholas is invited to enter.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Your name!" she again demanded. I told her the first one that came to my lips—I do not remember what. I did not deceive her for a moment. "Of course that is not your name," she said; "because it does not fit you. You have me still at disadvantage." "And me, madam? You are taking me miles out of my way. How can I help you? Do you perhaps wish to hunt mushrooms in the Georgetown woods when morning comes? I wish that I might join you, but I fear—" "You mock me," she retorted. "Very good. Let me tell you it was not your personal charm which attracted me when I saw you on the pavement! 'Was because you were the only man in sight.'"

I bowed my thanks. For a moment nothing was heard save the steady patter of hoofs on the ragged pavement. At length she went on. "I am alone. I have been followed. I was followed when I called to you—by another carriage. I asked help of the first gentleman I saw, having heard that Americans are all gentlemen." "True," said I; "I do not blame you. Neither do I blame the occupant of the other carriage for following you." "I pray you, leave aside such clatter!" she exclaimed. "Very well, then, madam. Perhaps the best way is for us to be more straightforward. If I cannot be of service I beg you to let me descend, for I have business which I must execute to-night."

She dismissed this with an impatient gesture, and continued. "See, I am alone," she said. "Come with me. Show me my way—I will pay—I will pay anything in reason." Actually I saw her fumble at her purse, and the hot blood flew to my forehead. "What you ask of me, madam, is impossible," said I, with what courtesy I could summon. "You oblige me now to tell my real name. I have told you that I am an American gentleman—Mr. Nicholas Trist. We of this country do not offer our services to ladies for the sake of pay. But do not be troubled over any mistake—it is nothing. Now, you have perhaps had some little adventure in which you do not wish to be discovered. In any case, you ask me to shake off that carriage which follows us. If that is all, madam, it very easily can be arranged."

"Hasten, then," she said. "I leave it to you. I was sure you knew the city." I turned and gazed back through the rear window of the carriage. True, there was another vehicle following us. We were by this time nearly at the end of Washington's limited pavements. It would be simple after that, I leaned out and gave our driver some brief orders. We led our chase across the valley creeks on up the Georgetown hills, and soon as possible abandoned the last of the pavement and took to the turf, where the sound of our wheels was dulled. Rapidly as we could we passed on up the hill, our going, which was all of earth or soft turf, now well wetted by the rain. When at last we reached a point near the summit of the hill I stopped to listen. Hearing nothing, I told the driver to pull down the hill by the side street, and to drive slowly. When we finally came into our main street again at the foot of the Georgetown hills, not far from the little creek which divided that settlement from the main city, I could hear nowhere any sound of our pursuer.

"Madam," said, turning to her, "I think we may safely say we are alone. What, now, is your wish?" "Home!" she said. "And where is home?" She looked at me keenly for a time, as though to read some thought which perhaps she saw suggested either in the tone of my voice or in some glimpse she might have caught of my features as light afforded. For the moment she made no answer. "Is it here?" suddenly I asked her, presenting to her inspection the sealed missive which I bore. "I cannot see; it is quite dark," she said hurriedly. "Pardon me, then—" I fumbled for my case of lucifers, and made a faint light by which she might read. She pursed her lips and shook her head. "I do not recognize the address," said she, smiling, as she turned toward me.

54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH AUTHOR OF THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER COPYRIGHT 1909 BY BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

Then I thought I saw the flush deepen on her face, even as the match flickered and faded. I leaped out of the door and called to the negro driver. "Home, now, boy—and drive fast!" She made no protest.

CHAPTER V.

One of the Women in the Case. There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—Lamartine.

A quarter of an hour later, we slowed down on a rough brick pavement, which led toward what then was an outlying portion of the town—one not precisely shabby, but by no means fashionable. There was a single lamp stationed at the mouth of the narrow little street. As we advanced, I could see outlined upon our right, just beyond a narrow pavement of brick, a low and not more than semi-respectable house, or rather, row of houses; tenements for the middle class or poor, I might have said. The neighborhood, I knew from my acquaintance with the city, was respectable enough, yet it was remote, and occupied by none of any station. Certainly it was not to be considered fit residence for a woman such as this who sat beside me. I admit I was puzzled.

"This will do," she said softly, at length. The driver already had pulled up. So, then, I thought, she had been here before. But why? Could this indeed be her residence? Was this indeed the covert embassy of England?

There was no escape from the situation as it lay before me. I had no time to ponder. My duty was here. This was my message; here was she for whom it was intended; and this was the place which I was to have sought alone. I needed only to remember that my business was not with Helena von Ritz the woman, beautiful, fascinating, perhaps dangerous as she said of her, but with the Baroness von Ritz, in the belief of my chief the ally and something more than ally of Pakenham, in charge of England's fortunes on this continent.

I descended at the edge of the narrow pavement, and was about to hand her out at the step, but as I glanced down I saw that the rain had left a puddle of mud between the carriage and the walk.

"Pardon, madam," I said; "allow me to make a light for you—the footing is bad." I lighted another lucifer, just as she hesitated at the step. She made as though to put out her right foot, and withdrew it. Again she shifted, and extended her left foot. I faintly saw proof that nature had carried out her scheme of symmetry, and had not allowed wrist and arm to forswear themselves! I saw also that this foot was clad in the daintiest of white slippers, suitable enough as part of her ball costume, as I doubted not was this she wore. She took my hand without hesitation, and rested her weight upon the step—an adorable ankle now more frankly revealed. The

briefness of the lucifers was merciful or merciless, as you like. "A wide step, madam; be careful," I suggested. But still she hesitated. A laugh, half of annoyance, half of amusement, broke from her lips. As the light flickered down, she made as though to take the step; then, as luck would have it, a bit of her loose drapery, which was made in the wide-skirted and much-hooped fashion of the time, caught at the hinge of the carriage door. It was a chance glance, and not latent on my part, but I saw that her other foot was stockinged, but not shod!

"I beg madam's pardon," I said gravely, looking aside, "but she has perhaps not noticed that her other slipper is lost in the carriage." "Nonsense!" she said. "Allow me your hand across to the walk, please. It is lost, yes." "But lost—where?" I began. "In the other carriage!" she exclaimed, and laughed freely. Half hopping, she was across the walk, through the narrow gate, and up at the door before I could either offer an arm or ask for an explanation. Some whim, however, seized her; some feeling that in fairness she ought to tell me now part at least of the reason for her summoning me to her aid.

"Sir," she said, even as her hand reached up to the door knocker; "I admit you have acted as a gentleman should. I do not know what your message may be, but I doubt not it is meant for me. Since you have this much claim on my hospitality, even at this hour, I think I must ask you to step within. There may be some answer needed."

"Madam," said I, "there is an answer needed. I am to take back that answer. I know that this message is to the Baroness von Ritz. I guess it to be important; and I know you are the Baroness von Ritz."

"Well, then," said she, pulling about her half-clad shoulders the light wrap she wore; "let me be as free with you. If I have missed one shoe, I have not lost it wholly. I lost the slipper in a way not quite planned on the program. It hurt my foot. I sought to adjust it behind a curtain. My gentleman of Mexico was in wine. I fled, leaving my escort, and he followed. I called to you. You know the rest. I am glad you are less in wine, and are more a gentleman."

"I do not yet know my answer, madam." "Come!" she said; and at once knocked upon the door. I shall not soon forget the surprise which awaited me when at last the door swung open suddenly at the hand of a wrinkled and brown old serving woman—not one of our colored women, but of some dark foreign race. The faintest trace of surprise showed on the old woman's face, but she stepped back and swung the door wide, standing submissively, waiting for orders.

We stood now facing what ought to have been a narrow and dingy little room in a low row of dingy buildings, each of two stories and so shallow in extent as perhaps not to offer space to more than a half dozen rooms. Instead of what should have been, however, there was a wide hall—wide as each building would have been from front to back, but longer than a half dozen of them would have been! I did not know then, what I learned later, that the partitions throughout this entire row had been removed, the material serving to fill up one of the houses at the farthest extremity of the row. There was thus offered a long and narrow room, or series of rooms, which now I saw beyond possibility of doubt constituted the residence of this strange woman whom chance had sent me to address; and whom still stranger chance had thrown in contact with me even before my errand was begun!

She stood looking at me, a smile flitting over her features, her stockinged foot extended, toe down, serving to balance her on her high-heeled single shoe. "Pardon, sir," she said, hesitating, as she held the sealed epistle in her hand. "You know me—perhaps you follow me—I do not know. Tell me, are you a spy of that man Pakenham?"

Her words and her tone startled me. I had supposed her bound to Sir Richard by ties of a certain sort. Her bluntness and independence puzzled me as much as her splendid beauty enraptured me. I tried to forget both. "Madam, I am spy of no man, unless I am such at order of my chief, John Calhoun of the United States senate—perhaps, if madam pleases, soon of Mr. Tyler's cabinet."

In answer, she turned, hobbled to a tiny maigre table, and tossed the note down upon it, unopened. I waited patiently, looking about me meantime. I discovered that the windows were barred with narrow slats of iron within, although covered with heavy draperies of amber silk. There was a double sheet of iron covering the door by which we had entered. "Your cage, madam?" I inquired. "I do not blame England for making it so secret and strong! If so lovely a prisoner were mine, I should double the bars."

The swift answer to my presumption came in the flush of her cheek and her bitten lip. She caught up the key from the table, and half motioned me to the door. But now I smiled in turn, and pointed to the unopened note on the table. "You will pardon me, madam," I went on. "Surely it is no disgrace to represent either England or America. They are not at war. Why should we be?" We gazed steadily at each other.

The old servant had disappeared when at length her mistress chose to pick up my unguarded document. Deliberately she broke the seal and read. An instant later, her anger gone, she was laughing gaily. "See!" said she, bubbling over with her mirth; "I pick up a stranger, who should say good-by at my curb; my apartments are forced; and this is what this stranger asks: that I shall go with him, to-night, alone, and otherwise unattended, to see a man, perhaps high in your government, but a stranger to me, at his own rooms—alope! Oh, la! la! Surely these Americans hold me high!"

"Assuredly we do, madam," I answered. "Will it please you to go in your own carriage, or shall I return with one for you?" She put her hands behind her back, holding in them the opened message from my chief. "I am tired, I am bored. Your impudence amuses me; and your errand is not your fault. Come, sit down. You have been good to me. Before you go, I shall have some refreshments brought for you."

I felt a sudden call upon my resources as I found myself in this singular situation. Here, indeed, more easily reached than I had dared hope, was the woman in the case. But only half of my errand, the easier half, was done.



NEBRASKA IN BRIEF.

News Notes of Interest From Various Sections.

The Nebraska legislature meets in January and will hold sixty days. John A. Rene has been chosen city attorney of Omaha, succeeding Mr. Buraham, deceased.

The Webster County Medical society will hold its next meeting at Guide Rock December 8. A good program is being arranged for the meeting.

Miss Edith Lathrop, county superintendent of Clay county, was elected vice president of the state teachers' association at its recent meeting in Lincoln.

Frank Kessler of Homer has brought suit in district court for \$5,000 damages over a severe beating that he says he received at the hands of the defendant.

Policeman Wright and family of Nebraska City woke up to find their house on fire and had barely time to save their lives. The building and contents was destroyed.

At the recent meeting of the state teachers' association in Lincoln Congressman Norris made an address, discussing something of the history of the recent insurgent movement.

In the district court of Douglas county Aug. Schultz was found guilty of manslaughter for killing Krug, the brewer, by fast driving of an automobile. Sentence at this writing has not been pronounced.

Rev. Gustave Zobel, for over forty years a minister of the German Lutheran church was found dead in his chair at his home in Beatrice. An attack of paralysis of the heart is given as the cause of death.

State Representative T. J. Cooper of Adams county died after a lingering illness. He was elected to the legislature on the republican ticket in 1908 and had for a long time been active in public affairs in Adams county.

Fine weather of the past few weeks has put farmers in good shape so far as the matter of gathering the corn crop is concerned. Help in some instances has been hard to get, but good weather has largely overcome this difficulty.

Thirty-five kind-hearted neighbors helped H. K. Paulson of Douglas county rebuild his barn destroyed by fire. In the structure thirty-five cows perished, Paulson being a dairyman. The conflagration is believed to be of incendiary origin.

W. F. Crossley, the contractor who is building the north wing of the State Normal school at Kearney has finished the work and the radiators, the last work, are being installed. The contract called for completion of the wing before January 1.

Word was received in Beatrice from Brigham, Utah, announcing the death of Ole Jansen, a former engineer on the Union Pacific, who lived in Beatrice for many years. He quit rail-roading some time ago and engaged in the fruit business in Utah.

Dr. C. A. Flippin, colored doctor of Stromsburg, on trial at Osceola on a charge of malpractice, resulting in the death of Julia Kath, over a year ago, has been acquitted. The case was hotly contested and considerable feeling was aroused over the affair.

Citizens of Kearney are boosting for capital removal. Money is being subscribed to further the object. The secretary of the organization was instructed to have 50,000 envelopes manufactured which shall be placed in the hands of Nebraska business men to be used by them.

Custer county people are making an attempt to secure a new court house and at a meeting held in Broken Bow action was taken in the matter. The general opinion seems to be that a suitable court house should be erected as quickly as a vote on the same can be procured. The proposition to call a special election and vote a levy for this purpose was favorably acted upon.

A requisition was honored at the governor's office for the return of Grant G. O'Neal of Seward county, for attempting a statutory offense toward Emma Bradsiek, a telephone operator at Utica. O'Neal was under arrest at Stanberry, Mo.

Roy Ward of Giltner met with a painful accident while operating a corn husking machine. His mitten caught in the machine and his hand was drawn into the machinery. A companion who was with him was unable to extricate the hand, and so Ward was thus pinned to the machine while the friend went for help. The result was, all the fingers of the hand were fearfully crushed.

At a meeting of the Young Men's club of Blair preliminary steps were taken for the Farmers' Institute and Corn show which will be held in that city the first week in January of next year. It is the intention of the club to make this show the best yet, because the members of the club feel that with the experience gained last year they will be better able to meet the many difficulties that are always encountered in a proposition of this kind.

Gun cotton, one of the most powerful and deadly explosives known, was found in and near the ruins of the Henry Paulsen dairy on the Center street road two miles west of Omaha which was mysteriously destroyed by fire.

Rev. R. A. Schell of the Christian church of Hastings was severely injured in an automobile accident en route to Kenesaw. The car struck a bridge culvert and caused the minister to lose his seat hold. His head struck a cross bar on the top of the car and a three-inch scalp wound resulted.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING REDUCED

Much has been said about the high cost of living, its causes, and the possibilities of its reduction. But little has been said about the most costly task: the false economy existing today in nearly every household.

Much foodstuffs are bought with but one point in view: "How cheap can I get it?" without a thought of quality or later cost. One of the most serious is baking powder.

By the use of perfect baking powder the housewife can derive as much economy as from any other article used in baking and cooking. In selecting the baking powder, therefore, care should be exercised to purchase one that retains its original strength and always remains the same, thus making the food sweet and wholesome and producing sufficient leavening gas to make the baking light.

Very little of this leavening gas is produced by the cheap baking powders, making it necessary to use double the quantity ordinarily required to secure good results.

You cannot experiment every time you make a cake or biscuits, or test the strength of your baking powder to find out how much of it you should use; yet with most baking powders you should do this for they are put together so carelessly they are never uniform, the quality and strength varying with each can purchased.

Calumet Baking Powder is made of chemically pure ingredients of tested strength. Experienced chemists put it up. The proportions of the different materials remain always the same. Sealed in air-tight cans, Calumet Baking Powder does not alter in strength and is not affected by atmospheric changes.

In using Calumet you are bound to have uniform bread, cake or biscuits, as Calumet does not contain any cheap, useless or adulterating ingredients so commonly used to increase the weight. Further, it produces pure, wholesome food, and is a baking powder of rare merit; therefore, is recommended by leading physicians and chemists. It complies with all pure food laws, both STATE and NATIONAL. The goods are moderate in price, and any lady purchasing Calumet from her grocer, not satisfied with it, can return it and have her money refunded.

McLean Met His Match. John R. McLean stepped in front of a lurching Irishman, one evening, and obstructed the sidewalk so that the Irishman was obliged to stop and look at him. McLean said:

"Here's that half dollar I borrowed of you. Now you must quit telling the neighbors that I never pay my debts."

Half drunk, and wholly dazed, the Irishman took the silver piece, looked at it intently, and then said:

"Be dad, yez can't get off that aisy! It wor a whole dollar that yez borried; so fork over."

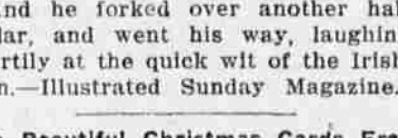
And he forked over another half dollar, and went his way, laughing heartily at the quick wit of the Irishman.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Ten Beautiful Christmas Cards Free. To quickly introduce the biggest and best farm journal in the West, we make this special 20 day bargain offer: Send 10 cents for trial 3 months' subscription and we will give you free our collection of 10 very finest Gold Embossed Christmas post cards. Nebraska Farm Journal, 319 Range Building, Omaha, Neb.

The Simple Life. Mrs. Knicker—You will have to get up to light the fire.

Knicker—Unnecessary, my dear; I never smoke before breakfast.

TOUGH LUCK, INDEED.



Nurse—Hivins! The baby swallowed a bottle of ink an' not a bit of blotting paper in th' house!

NEWSPAPERS TAKING IT UP

Metropolitan Dailies Giving Advice How to Check Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

This is a simple home recipe now being made known in all the larger cities through the newspapers. It is intended to check the many cases of Rheumatism and dread kidney trouble which have made so many cripples, invalids and weaklings of some of our brightest and strongest people.

The druggists everywhere, even in the smallest communities, have been notified to supply themselves with the ingredients, and the sufferer will have no trouble to obtain them. The prescription is as follows: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce, and Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle. The dose is one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Recent experiments in hospital cases prove this simple mixture effective in Rheumatism. Because of its positive action upon the eliminative tissues of the kidneys, it compels these most vital organs to filter from the blood and system the waste impurities and uric acid which are the cause of rheumatism. It cleanses the kidneys, strengthens them and removes quickly such symptoms as backache, blood disorders, bladder weakness, frequent urination, painful scalding and discolored urine. It acts as a gentle, thorough regulator to the entire kidney structure.

Those who suffer and are accustomed to purchase a bottle of medicine should not let a little inconvenience interfere with making this up, or have your druggist do for you.



"And Where is Your Home?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sense of Direction in Animals. The remarkable faculty which cats, dogs, pigeons and other animals possess of returning in a straight line to a point of departure has awakened much curiosity on the part of naturalists. Some refer it to instinct, some to intelligence similar to man, some to an internal mechanism which makes the animal simply automata, but none of these attempted explanations does anything toward solving the mystery. One of our ablest modern scientific writers supposes that when an animal is carried to a great distance in a basket its fright makes it very attentive to the different odors which it encounters upon the way, and that the return of these odors, in inverse order, furnishes the needed guide.

In Fig-Leaf Days. First Prehistoric—Where did Adam get such an awful growth? Second Ditto—He's kicking because his spring clothes don't make him look as broad shouldered as the fellows in the advertisements.—Puck.