

A WARRIOR BOLD.

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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 dish-rag.

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, so 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. A 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 Mennisters."

"That's the De la Paix," 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 wlay 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 brick!"

"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 meinherr 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 hither 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 chanced 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, Meinherr 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 Isoldé 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.

TO CHEAPEN SUGAR.

HOW TARIFF CONCESSIONS MIGHT HELP THE CONSUMER.

While Reducing the Duty on Cuba's Raw Product the Duty on Refined Sugar Should Be Correspondingly Lowered—Prospective Trust Profits

If the friends of the "Cuban Relief" proposition are really desirous of doing something for the American consumer while "relieving" the Cuban producer, they can accomplish this result by adopting the plan submitted by Representative Morris of Minnesota. This plan, briefly stated, provides that the tariff reduction on raw sugar shall also apply to refined sugar. The bill as reported from the ways and means committee makes a reduction of 20 per cent in the duty on raw sugar, but leaves the duty on refined sugar as it is now. It cheapens the cost of raw sugar to the refiners to the extent of the tariff reduction, without cheapening the market price of the refined product. That is what Mr. Havemeyer meant when a few weeks ago he announced that the selling price of refined sugar would not be in the least degree affected by the reduction, or even the removal, of the duty on raw sugar. He knew what he was talking about. He knew that the greatest boon that a Republican congress could possibly confer upon the sugar trust would be to cheapen raw sugar by means of tariff reduction, while retaining the full tariff on refined sugar. He knew that almost the entire bulk of money thus lost to the United States treasury would, in such an event, find its way into the sugar trust treasury.

There is not a single Republican in congress or out of congress whose bowels of compassion yearn for suffering Cuba who does not know that in cutting down the tariff on raw sugar and leaving intact the duty on refined sugar he assists in swelling the profits of the sugar trust by many millions of dollars. There might be some excuse for a Republican at either end of Pennsylvania avenue who did not know, or did not believe, that the 450,000 tons of sugar held on the wharves in Cuba has long since passed out of the hands of the planters who raised it and into the hands of the sugar trust, and hence that the proposed "relief" measure would prove a hollow mockery to the original producers of that sugar. The sugar trust has covered its tracks so skillfully that even Governor Wood might be pardoned for his inability to find the trail and for publicly asserting that practically all of the held-up sugar is still owned by the parties who raised it. Ignorance and excessive credulity might possibly reach these extremes, but that is the limit. To vote for or to approve of a scheme of tariff reduction that withdraws protection from domestic producers and adds millions to the already swollen gains of the sugar trust by leaving that concern in the full enjoyment of a tariff protected profit margin would be bad economics, bad statesmanship, bad politics. We cannot believe that the Republican party will be made to stand for a blunder so atrocious as to amount to a crime.

The American Economist, speaking for the principle and policy of protection, deprecates as ill-advised and uncalled for the entire scheme of tariff reduction for the benefit of aliens and to the injury of our own producers; but, if any scheme of the kind shall unfortunately prevail, it earnestly hopes that through the retention of the differential on the finished product while reducing the duty on the crude material it will not take the shape of a big prize package for the sugar trust.

The cut in duty, making it apply so that but 80 per cent of the lawful rate shall be collected on Cuban products, will not give Cuban sugar planters much relief. They will have to sell their raw sugar to the sugar trust, which owns the only refineries, and the trust will, of course, see that they get practically nothing of the advantage which the lowered rate is supposed to give them. But if congress would adopt the Tawney plan of collecting the full duty and giving the rebate to the planters direct, the relief would be sure and they would get all of it. In that case perhaps the 20 per cent proposed would be enough. But with the direct cut the refineries would get the benefits up to a point where it would be scandalous to refuse to divide with the sugar growers.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

Free-Trade in Cattle.

The Philadelphia Record, in dealing with the meat trust question, says:

"It is not pretended, however, by the most sanguine champions of free trade that mere repeal of the meat duties would destroy this rapacious combination against the American people."

Nevertheless, the Record thinks that we should begin by repealing the tariff "behind which the trust has entrenched itself with the false pretense that the duties on meats are imposed solely to protect American farmers."

But is it on false pretense that duties on meats are imposed to protect American farmers. Does not the Record give away its whole contention in this regard when it urges the repeal of the tariff on live animals so that cattle can be imported free of duty from Mexico and Canada, and thus cheapen the cost of meat to American consumers? How shall the cost of meat be cheapened to the consumer unless the price of the American farmer's cattle be first cheapened? Free

trade in cattle would undoubtedly lower the price paid for American beef, but it would not necessarily lower the retail price of meat. Trusts know how to get over international boundary lines.

Friends and Enemies in Accord.

For the first time in nearly five years the Republican party representatives in Congress have been called upon to vote on the question, Shall the Dingley tariff be sustained? In order to secure an affirmative answer to this question these Republicans have been compelled to rely upon the assistance of their political adversaries. With the aid of free-trade Democratic votes these Republicans have succeeded in attacking and undermining the principle and policy of protection to American labor and industry. Is not this a strange position of affairs, that a Republican measure should be assailed by its friends and its assassination accomplished by the aid of its enemies? It is done under the plea that we owe something to Cuba. A monstrous debt, indeed, that requires such payment!

Best Way of Help.

The Republicans in the House who favor relief for Cuba and also believe in protection, have, it appears, laid down their ultimatum. They stand by the principle of the Tawney amendment. They oppose any reduction in the sugar tariff, but will help the actual planters by granting them a stated rebate. This takes the matter out of the hands of the sugar trust, and gives whatever is to be conceded direct to the producer of the sugar. It is undoubted that this is the best way of help, and it should carry, if there is to be any concession at all. But Cuba, from all accounts, is in better industrial and financial condition right now than ever she was in all her history.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

Will He Get In, Hump and All?

Must Be Bad Farmers.

Farmers are getting pretty good prices for their products. But they are paying good prices for their necessities. Many of them think the balance of prosperity is against them.—Defiance Crescent.

The Crescent must have in mind either mighty poor farms or mighty poor farmers. Probably they are what is known as "porch" farmers. As a matter of fact every one knows there is not a particle of ground for such a remark as the above. The Crescent is falling into its old habits contracted in the days when it was yelling for free silver and Bryan.—Bryan (Ohio) Press.

No Sentiment in Trade.

There is no sentiment in trade, and foreigners do not buy of us simply because we buy of them. That is amply demonstrated by our trade with South America. Brazil imports over \$100,000,000 worth and the United States supplies about 10 per cent of those imports. The United States buys from Brazil five times as much as it sells to that country, and it carries on a one-sided trade of that kind with other South American countries.—Philadelphia Press.

Womanly Virtues.

First, one must understand that what attracts men and what they like are not always the same thing.

A man is often attracted by a bewitching smile, but a good-tempered woman in the end has the greatest hold on him and wins his respect. It is a mistake to think that in these days men prefer brainless, silly women, says the Buffalo Times.

On the contrary, they like those who have bright, quick brains, who take an interest in things around them and can talk sensibly on subjects in which they themselves are interested, though if the women possess superior knowledge on any one topic they will do well to keep that fact in the background and play the part of interested listeners.

Irreverent women are an abomination to men. Whatever may be their own religious opinions, if they have any, at any rate they like to feel that women cling to the faith which they once learned at their mother's knee.

Righteous(?) Indignation.

When King Edward visited Burton he attended divine service at Rangmore church. An old lady, close upon 80 years of age, who lived many miles away, thought she would like to see the king, and presented herself at the church, but was greatly disappointed on being told that the church was already filled, and became highly indignant.

"Look here!" said the old lady, reproachfully, to one of the clergy. "I ain't been to 'oly worship for close on sixty years, and now, when I 'obbles all this way to see the king, I ain't admitted. Bah! I'll give up being religious."—Birmingham Post.

CLEVEREST ROGUE IN ENGLAND

Man Capable of Making American Sharpshooters Look to Their Laurels.

A person of distinct genius has just been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in Liverpool. His name is Charles William Burrows. He began life as a druggist's assistant. Later he was a member of a strolling theatrical troupe. Then he exhibited a fake bullet-proof coat. When this was played out he bought the practice and residence of a doctor, although he had not a penny in his possession at the time. On the strength of the purchase, however, he managed to borrow \$375 and the doctor's horse and carriage. He then formed a syndicate to manufacture a apparatus devised by him to generate electricity in a new way. For several months he drew a big salary as manager of the syndicate and borrowed money right and left. Incidentally he married three different women. He also managed to get himself appointed as assistant house surgeon in a prominent hospital, and held the post for several weeks before the authorities discovered that he was not a doctor at all. By that time he had made hay in the form of more loans from everybody in sight.

When he was arrested at last, besides these charges there were the following against him: Larceny of postal orders, larceny of a horse and wagon, larceny of a silver flute, larceny of an electrical push button, larceny of a watch and passing a bogus check for \$250.

The authorities hope against reason that he will not succeed in stealing the prison.—New York Press.

FENIMORE COOPER'S GREAT WORK

He Created Three Distinct and Notable Types of Fiction.

Few American romancers have written so many books as James Fenimore Cooper; none achieved, like him, the honor of having created three distinct and notable types of fiction. It is not too much to say that Cooper's novel, "The Pilot," set the fashion for all sea stories that followed it; his "Leatherstocking" tales were the progenitors of the hundreds of romantic tales of life and adventure among the Indians, and his "Spy" was the first great novel with scenes and characters of the Revolutionary war. It must be admitted, also, that no other author of high repute wrote books so widely different in merit and interest; some of his stories are so weak as to be scarcely known, by name, even to his heartiest admirers, yet to-day, more than half a century after his death, some of his books are in steady demand at all the libraries in the land, and several publishers find profit in issuing new editions for individual purchasers. No other American novelist's works have been so heartily received in Europe as were Cooper's or have been as highly praised by foreign romancers of high reputation. Commendation as high as was lavished upon some of Cooper's stories by Sir Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Balzac and the elder Dumas would astonish and delight the greatest American novelist to-day, whoever he may be. Not only were his greater books translated into most languages of Europe, but at least one of them, "The Spy," is still read in Arabic and Persian.—John Habberton in the Era.

Queer Superstition.

A curious example of superstition was made public the other day through the medium of the law courts of Berlin. A tree growing opposite the gateway of a farmer was noticed to be withering away and dying. On further investigation it was found that a deep hole had been bored in it, probably by some person who wished to kill it. As the tree somewhat incumbered the entrance to the farmer's house he was charged with the deed and fined. He, however, appealed to a higher court and succeeded in proving that the hole had been bored by some superstitious person who believed in the old superstition that if illness attacks a household it can be driven away by "burying" it in a healthy tree. A hole is bored in the tree and all kinds of medicines are buried in the hole, which is then carefully stopped up, amid the singing of weird incantations. This could have been done by any superstitious person in the neighborhood, the farmer pointed out. The judge acquitted him.

The Origin of the Cat.

Agnes Repplier in her book on cats entitled "The Feline Sphinx," tells of the following legend, giving the exact account of the origin of the domestic cat and the peculiar work that she was created for:

"The cat sprang into existence at the deluge, for during the long weeks in which the ark floated over the waste of waters the rats and the mice increased so alarmingly that the comfort—if there was any comfort—of the inmates was threatened with destruction. Then Noah, equal to the emergency, passed his hand three times over the head of the Hottentot and lo! she sneezed forth the cat."

A Nice Game.

"I came mighty near being cheated out of that election," said Senator Sorghum; "mighty near. It made me think of a poker game I was once in."

"What kind of a game was that?" asked the attachewho has had his salary raised several times for laughing in the right place.

"Well, all I can say about it is that if the other fellows hadn't been too busy stacking the cards and dealing off the bottom to take any notice of me I never would have gotten a chance to ring in a cold deck on them."

