

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

Copyright, 1901, Street and Smith, New York.

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 deuce 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 sixpence."

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—felt 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 Isolde?

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. Hank 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 adventurers?

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 Isolde 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 Isolde 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, mynerrr."

"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 Isolde 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 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 unlucky 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 Bechuana-

land:

"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 love 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 divine.

WITTY REPROOF GIVEN TO JUDGE

Shakespearean Quotation a Perfect Fit for the Situation.

One of the most successful Philadelphia's many noted criminal lawyers—he may be referred to here as "B."—was once engaged in the defense of a notorious thief whose case was very weak, indeed. The presiding judge was not a man of presence, was famously irritable, and possessed very little of the respect and admiration of the lawyer. When the evidence was all in, the judge made the suggestion that, as the case against the accused seemed very clear, indeed, it should be submitted to the jury without further argument. But the lawyer insisted that an effort be made in his client's behalf, had as the case appeared to everybody present. Then he launched forth into one of his celebrated exhibitions of vocal pyrotechnics, filled with dazzling figures of speech, fine periods of verbal nothingness and many and apt quotations from Shakespeare which were bent and colored to fit the circumstances of the case under consideration. Time flew, and the lawyer talked—talked until interrupted from the bench with a sharp:

"Lawyer B! It is half-past one o'clock, sir!"

"Well, Your Honor, what of that?" asked the orator.

"You know very well, sir," came from the bench, "that this court is in the habit of adjourning each day for lunch at 1 o'clock—1 o'clock, sir! The court has waited half-an-hour for you, sir—half-an-hour!"

The lawyer looked amazed; then, taking a step forward and extending his right hand, the forefinger pointing reprovingly at the judge, he said:

"I know Your Honor is a great lover of Shakespeare—that the truths and the philosophy of the great bard are familiar to you. But I fear Your Honor does not always apply what he knows of Shakespeare to the circumstances of the moment. I have in mind a line in 'King Lear' that reads: 'The lean, lank and hungry judge would hang the guiltless rather than eat his mutton cold!' With Your Honor's permission, I will close my speech at this point."

The writer regrets that he does not know if the thief was acquitted.

CRAMP COMPLIMENTED BY CZAR

Russian Ruler Pleased with Answer of Famous Shipbuilder.

Charles H. Cramp, the veteran shipbuilder of Philadelphia, told the other day of his visit to Czar Alexander of Russia, the father of the present ruler, when he received the first order for constructing in his yards a warship for the great empire of Northern Europe.

"The Czar received me standing among some dozen or more of his naval dignitaries," he said, "and while he was graciousness itself, I was none the less embarrassed. You see, I was not used to that sort of thing and really was wondering every minute just what would happen and what I would be expected to do. The Czar stood rather close to me as we talked, and I found myself wishing I were a bigger man as he towered above me. Then, all of a sudden, he asked: 'Mr. Cramp, in what school of naval architecture were you educated?'"

"Your Highness," I answered, "I was educated in my father's yards. We founded a school of naval architecture."

"What put that into my head I will never know," continued Mr. Cramp, "but it took the trick. The Czar caught me by the hand and said: 'Mr. Cramp, you were educated in the school that I am glad to have build ships for my navy.'"

Canned Food.

It is amusing enough to discover that the cattle rancher, though 1,000 cows come up to water at his tanks every day or two, will yet serve condensed milk from cans that come from New Jersey, that his beef bears the mark of Kansas City, that even his poultry and eggs are imported at enormous prices from Kansas. His butter also comes canned. If it were not for the patient Chinese gardener even the best irrigated valleys would be without fresh vegetables. But if the Southwesterner fails in gardening he does delight in flowers, vines and shade trees. They relieve the monotony of the gray desert, and link him with his old green home in the East. He will let his fields go thirsty in time of drought before he will allow the rose bushes and the pepper trees in his front yard to suffer. Indeed, so industrious has he been in surrounding himself with shade and verdure that he is open to criticism for overdoing the matter, overcrowding his small grounds. An irrigated valley town in blossom is a marvel long to be remembered.—The Century.

Refused a Fortune.

Lawyers will hardly find wireless telegraphy so productive of fees as was the telephone, litigation over which put millions into their pockets. Prof. Bell had a strenuous time. He took the first working model of his instrument to John A. Logan and offered "Black Jack" a half interest for \$2,500, saying that it would do away with the telegraph and that there would be millions in it. Logan replied: "I dare say your machine works perfectly, but who would want to talk through such a thing as that, anyway? I advise you to save your money, young man." Bell then offered a tenth interest to an examiner in the Patent Office for \$100 in cash. It was refused. That tenth interest was worth \$1,600,000 in 15 years. The giant intellect that refused it is still examining patents.



DECORATION DAY EPISODE.

Simple but Patriotic Exercises in Western Frontier Town.

"For genuine patriotism one must go to the country, or, better still, to the frontier or mountain towns. Away from the maddening rush for wealth the people live closer to nature and also get opportunities to form social acquaintances which develop into the closest friendships. Holidays to this class are something out of the ordinary." Having thus delivered himself the old-time newspaper man pondered a while and then resumed somewhat as follows: "Away back in 1883 I was stranded in a little mountain hamlet in Colorado called Georgetown. It was Decoration day. My cash had run out, the two weeklies had a full complement of help and I was up against it."

"Going along the main street, I ran across a local correspondent for one of the weeklies, whom I had met in Denver. He gave me the glad hand and asked if I had struck any auriferous ore. Having told him of the depleted condition of the treasury, he stated that a committee appointed by the G. A. R. post had met with hard luck in lassoing a speaker for the program at the cemetery. Then an idea struck him."

"Say, pard, why can't you give us a lift? There's a five dollar gold piece in it!"

"Did I take it? Well, I delivered the best speech ever made in the Rockies. But you should have seen that procession. Miners wearing their red or blue shirts, with great leather belts to hold their trousers in place, sans coat and vest, but shod in high-top boots and on their heads were slouch hats or sombreros adorned with rattlers. Here and there was a real veteran, whose empty sleeve or limp demonstrated that he had helped defend the stars and stripes. Altogether there were fewer than 300 men in line. But patriotism, pure and undiluted, beat in every breast. I was accorded a position of honor at the head of the line alongside my friend, who was past commander of the post and measured about 5 feet 4. The commander was 6 foot 2, and we made up a great bunch. The line of march took in the main street of the town and then over two miles of rocky road to the cemetery. Once there I delivered my little talk and then the veterans tenderly placed flags and flowers on the graves of their beloved dead. Many a teardrop fell upon the blossoms as the old boys passed them around and recalled their gallant comrades of years ago. There was no work in Georgetown that day, for it was a holiday devoted to the memory of the brave men who fought to preserve the nation's honor. Give me the frontier for the real article in patriotism."

Let No Soldier Be Forgotten.

The significance of the day should inspire every veteran soldier and sailor to pay homage to the valorous deeds of their comrades of 1898. The annals of our country have been made glorious by the noble and heroic sacrifices of her sons.

It is our duty to keep ever present in our memories the historic deeds of the patriotic dead—our country's dead.

“On every soldier's grave with love to lay a lily there.”

—James Whitcomb Riley.

