## H Modern Mercenary.

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BY E. & H. HERON.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Massau, a little duchy in Europe, which has maintained its independence because of the Jealousies of the Jurge surrounding countries, Ecoms about to be swallowed up. Germany is represented at Revonde, the capital, by the shrewd statesman. Baron von Elmur. England's influence is strong and Major Counsellor's presence means much. France and Russia are also playing the diplomatic game. At the time the story opens John Rallywood, a young Englishman, who has served seven years in the Massau frontier cavairy, is about to resign his commission, when Selpdorf, the chancellor and "man of the hour," sends for him and makes him a Gentleman of the Guard. Rallywood meets Valerie Selpdorf, the chancellor's daughter. The Gentlemen of the Euglishman, Unsiar, a leader and a sultor for Valerie's hand, arranges for the affair of henor involved, misses his shot and, with his companions, is overcome by the manily bearing of Rallywood. The guests at the palace ball overwhelm the young Englishman with congratulations, Countess Sagan, fearing that the women will aparty. Von Elmur plots with Selpdorf in behalf of Germany to disband the Guard. At the castle Valerie offends the duke, Sagan, fearing that the women will spoil the plot, wishes to cause the death of Valerie and his wifs. Von Elmur will not consent because he wishes to marry Valerie, and still believes he can carry out his poin with Selpdorf. Meantime, the Guards, Unziar, Colendorp and Rallywood, must be disposed of. Von Elmur, Unziar and Rallywood in the duke appears and the whole affair is hushed up, Sagan dees not dare to carry out his present plot, since Germany, Russia and England would know the facts, Countess Sagan and Valerie eacape death from a pre-arranged runaway and Rallywood finds them badily frightened at a frontier fort. Here the countess attempts to humble Valerie, but Rallywood truns the tables by declaring his love for the young girl and then hastens away to Revonde before an explan Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Arrest.

By the following evening tongues were busy in Revonde. Rumor and mystery and an absence of any definite information added zest to the town talk. The broken reports were curious.

Major Counsellor had fallen down the staircase at the British legation and injured his head, his brow being much con-His return to Revonde was ex-England had joined forces in compelling prisoner. Selpdorf to lessen the heavy taxation with had been seen in the city with a lowering turned from leave, and whose keen eyes face-ah, yes! it was well known he had a set in a thin shaven face scrutinized him most patriotic distrust of German interfer- coldly. Behind Ulm's bald forehead dwelt her husband because she had insisted on guard. Strongly as his prejudices were exmarried to Baron von Elmur, in the choice | the bearing of the prisoner of her trousseau. Some excitement was being caused in the guards' barracks by the case of Captain Rallywood, whom Count Eagan accused of using his influence unwent so far as to say that he was under solemn effect over the historic room. arrest, and others were found who shook

looking hard at Rallywood, whose brown clusive. face wore a look he had never seen upon it before. "Why was I released? Am I al- proved a few minutes silence ensued. Then ready too late?"

"No." you are not too late. You must see the duke at once. Here are your dis- to say in your own defense?" patches. Goodby, major, I'll meet you presently.

"I shall not in all probability see Duke itself. Occasionally the egg is found to be addled, and then the old birds make away with it in private. But don't go yet. How have you managed to keep these? What does it mean?"

"It means principally that you must for get you have been robbed, that Elmur's game is up and that you were mistaken in your opinion of the chancellor."

Counsellor looked hurriedly through the papers contained in the packet, "John," said suddenly, as he folded up a small sheet of cypher notes, "you are an infernal

Rallywood laughed and his spurs jingled as he left the room, glad to have escaped so cheaply from Counsellor's keen observation. The old major went to the window and watched him ride away in the sunshine, a gallant figure in his glittering uniform, sit ting squarely on his big bay charger. No susplcion crossed his thoughts that Raffywood was probably taking his last ride through the sunny streets, that at every stride of his high-stepping horse he drew nearer to the final scene of all. He had gathered from Rallywood's bearing that the difficulties in his path had somehow been

exact means.

(Copyright, 1839, Doubleday & McClure Co.), the rising tan became the chief objects to

be seen as night gathered. Rallywood stood at the side window of his quarters looking out over the twinkling city. He seemed to have had as yet no time for regret or gloomy anticipation. dwelt absorbed on the single fact that Valerie loved him. He was ready to sacrifice gave no sign. himself and his hopes with a smile. Later on, in sorrow and heaviness of heart, he accused himself bitterly of spolling Valerie's young life. But he had not reached that stage yet; he was lingering in the first transient period when men and women see visions and dream dreams, when the present is lost in the recent past, while love's first spell is laid upon them, and the light that never was on land or sea binds them to the chances and changes of common life. As long as the glory of it lasts a man is caught up into the seventh heaven, and the things

of earth have no power over him. But the breaking of the vision came to Rallywood sufficiently quickly. His view of polished ghas as the lights were turned on in the room behind him. In that same instant, too, the vague sweet outlook faded

Then a hand was laid upon his shoulder and he saw another figure mirrored beside his own against the dark background of the night. There was a suggestion of reluctance in Unziar's movements

"I regret, Captain Rallywood, that I have been ordered to place you under arrest."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Court-Martial.

It has been the privilege of one or two famous gardes du corps to be a law unto themselves. The guard of Maasau shares that privilege. The inquiry or rather trial was to be held within closed doors, and by the express order of the colonel-in-chief all the officers, including those junior to the prisoner, were to be present. And every officer present on such occasions had the right to vote. The procedure was simple. When the witnesses had been examined the accused was invited to speak in his own defense, then the senior officer summed up, and lastly the officers recorded their votes. The doors of the great mess room were closed, for within them the court-martial was in progress. At the central table seven men with the marks of power upon them were gathered. Above them the torn banners of the regiment hung in the red gloom of the dome, but about the men themselves the gray-white light of a winter day fell from the riverward windows. It seemed to dull even the red glow of the hangings. that cold light, which lent to the faces of those assembled a strange effect of pallor.

Count Sagan, his big chest covered with gold lace and orders, loomed at the head of the table, Wellenloup and Ulm to his right and left, Adiron, Unziar, Adolf and Varanheim seated according to their rank. At the foot of the table in the uniform of plained on the ground that Germany and the guard, but without a sword, stood the

One man present was a complete stranger which Massau was burdened. Count Sagan to Rallywood-Major Ulm, who had just re-Mme. de Sagan had quarreled with most of the sagacity and discretion of the lping Mile. Selpdorf, who was about to be cited he could not avoid being struck by There was a cold flerceness about the

men of the guard, but Rallywood stood unmoved under the many hostile eyes. Rallywood hardly heard the grave voices duly with his brother officers to forward that discussed his fate, stirring as they did the projects of Germany. Some even so the clogging quiet which hung with such

Those lofty walls had never before echoed their heads and laughed, professing to be to a similar charge or a like disgrace. The aware of a yet deeper reason for the accusation was set forth in general terms. colonel-in-chief's animosity against the It spoke only of a certain prisoner and certain dispatches. Rallywood, acting under Out of all this chaff the one grain of valid orders, had taken over the dispatches truth was that Counsellor, released by Un- from Unziar, and next, by a false telegram giar on the authority of a telegraam from to Unziar, had ordered the release of a cer-Rallywood, had arrived by the first train tain prisoner. Also he had used the disin the morning and had at once proceeded patches to forward aims of his own, to the to the British legation. There he found ices and detriment of the free state of Rallywood waiting for him. "You have Maasau. Anthony Unziar gave his evidence seen the chancellor?" asked Counsellor, briefly and with caution, but it was con-

> After the charge had been completed and Count Sagan addressed the prisoner "Captain Rallywood, have you anything

A sudden jarring sense of amusement struck upon Rallywood. They were playing a farce; Count Simon, with his mortal en-Gustave again. My part is over and done emy, was but acting his part. The whole The world, my dear John, never procedure was hollow, yet he, Rallywood, sees a national policy until it begins to would have to give his life to prove that all fly. There is no credit for hatching the this seeming was deadly earnest-that the One would almost think it hatched of blustering traitor opposite was not a defeated schemer, but a loyal son of Massau! Railywood could not repress a quick smile.

> Count Simon flung his fist upon the table. 'Do you hear me?" he shouted: "what have you to say in your own defense?" Rallywood looked him in the eyes.

"Nothing," he said. There was a hush. Sagan picked up the glances of the officers around him. Rallywood's words had come as a shock. Most of the men expected some attempt, if not at a defense, at least at a justification of

his conduct. Sagan's harsh voice was raised again "His sword!"

Unziar sprang up hurriedly. "It is in the antercom," he said. "I will

Sagan rose from his place as Unziar re turned with a naked sword in his hand. The count took it and laid it on the table

Then standing, he addressed the court: "Gentlemen of the Guard-I must thank you, in the first place, for the admirable patience with which you have listened to at the moment to trouble his head as to the in addition to that the accused was not ashamed to convict himself out of his own The day which had begun in a brief burst mouth. The sentence upon a traitor, as of sunshine, closed in clouds. Evening upon a mutinous soldier, is unalterable. It climbed sullenly up out of the bleak river. is death! No doubt, gentlemen, we are Traffic died in the streets, and the cloaked unanimously agreed upon that, and the fortroopers passing hither and thither against mality of the ballot is all that is left."

Telephone 1081.

it a basket with a number of ivory balls, up in rotation and each with his back to the company placed a ball of the color he chose in the ballot box.

as the men left their chairs and returned

Rallywood waited, not in suspense, indeed, but with the full sense that his fate was being legally recorded by a jury of his fellows. It is at such a moment as this that a man goes back to his belief in God. If there is no God, to what end anything. Those who say there is no God say the world is a sad and very evil place. If their creed were universally accepted, the last state of humanity would be worse than the first, and earth degenerate into a hopeless and helpless hell.

"Six black bills, one white," answered Major Ulm. The prisoner's gray, frank eyes flashed

Then Count Sagan, secure of his enemy, let himself go. He lifted the sword from the steel broke, then a clash of metal as if the touch contaminated him.

The ballot box stood upon a side table entrance, although the soft color left her ! at the upper end of the room, and beside face instantly as a candle flame is blown out. But Count Sagan had only five minutes some black, some white. The officers went to spare and something to say in them. Isolde's feeble rebellion escaped him; he strode to her side, and with a single glance dispersed the little coterie of guests about The haggard daylight was fading slowly her, the only one who kept his position being

Baron von Elmur. Sagan stood before his wife, an evil smile on his coarse, bearded mouth. He nodded at "I have news of interest for both of

"Ah! it is over then?" Elmur asked at once. He discerned the count's intention and would have averted its fulfillment if possible. The thought that he was about to make a woman unhappy never deterred Elmur from any course of action whatsoever, but he preferred not to see them so. He delighted in pretty women, and Isolde of Sagan was exceptionally pretty; therefore, for the sake of the next half hour of her society he out at Unziar, but the Maasaun's rigid face would have spared her the tidings her husband's malice designed to thrust upon her in public. Afterwards the deluge might

"And Valerie?" he questioned, seeming to count her fingers on his paim. "Valerie loves him-she told me

whispered Isolde, since there was no longer need to speak louder. "And you, my dear lady?" And it may be the speech was more impassioned because in his heart he was damning the pic-

turesqueness of the captain of the guard. And Rallywood? Rallywood sat in his highness certain proposals-' quarters thinking thoughts that, like music, lead sometimes on to exaltation. His earthly life was done, and he looked out into the duke, "if those proposals have any reference to Von Elmur and his projects for the good dim beyond fearlessly. His eyes were set of the state, I absolutely decline to hear and sad, for he should see her face and hear Valerie's voice no more, but he would them. What's this?" He had laid aside be waiting in that somewhere for her. A man in the supremer hours often turns scanning the one below with an expression again to the faiths of his childhood; so now of countenance which showed that he liked Rallywood, at the summit of his life, found | what he read very little. himself given back all those lost dreams. He did not know how she came there. He frown, the more subtle Selpdorf with

knew, neither spoke. There was nothing to say; it was all understood so well. She stood beside him.

"How did you come?" he asked her at last.

"How like him! But," with a man's and ink, sire."

"John," she clung to him, "how can I let you go? You are dying for Maasau-for

"Valerie, do you know what your love is

to me? I need nothing more. I have not thought of what there is beyond, but when you want me you will find me walting."

her hands in his in a strange luli of mutual come, but what matter? Have we not all the table, and, casting one more glance at our deluges in private that submerge our the prisoner, he placed the gleaming point world in team? "Madame has kindly upon the floor, bending the delicate blade, promised to assist in the tableaux vivants 'Anthony," she answered, "he knowsand stamping upon it midway with his next week," he added hastily. all. booted heel. There was a shallow ring as | The count grinned his contempt. "You should reproduce the death of a ready thought for the woman he loves, "you the count flung the hilt upon the point, as | traiter. Come to see Rallywood shot in the must not be found here. Say goodby to me, morning by way of an object lesson." Valerie." "John Rallywood, this court has found Mme. de Sagan's hand flew to her throat you guilty and condemned you to die! And with a quick gasp of horror; for a second Count Simon Sagan, colonel-in-chief of the room seemed to swing around, then my father-for me-yes, yes, I can guess the guard of Massau, now pronounce upon slowly settle again. you the sentence of death. Trusted by the "Why, what has he done?" she asked guard, you chose to betray them! Where her lips were dry, but she spoke deliberately. the lamp-lit city grew suddenly blurred and is the oath of fealty by which you swore to "Nothing new, only he happened to be he saw instead his own reflection in the obey? We are polluted by your treason; found out this time. Well, au revoir!"

YOU FALSE HOUND!" SAGAN GNASHED, HIS TEETH IN SELPDORF'S FACE, AS THE CHANCELLOR THREW HIMSELF

your throat? The greater part of your punishment should be in its shame. you cannot feel it! You and shame are have arranged the interview with Selpdorf. strangers-the last infamy of the base! You are loathsome, a mercenary false to his the side of the countess. Isolde's blue eyes, salt, a hound who sold himself for money dewey as a child's with unshed tears, apfirst and for disgraceful gain afterward! How can I touch you? Where can I prod you? On what perve, since the nerve of shame is dead? Like the grooms, one could only punish you with a whip. shall lay the matter before the duke. will urge it upon my colleagues;" he swept his arm round the table; "a hundred with the whip or to run the gauntlet of the guard. That would touch you more than words, or shame, or death! Ha, that reaches you!" he cried, and then there was a fierce exultation in the raucous volleying words, "you have disgraced the guard, but we cannot for reasons of state publicly dis-But you shall be shot-shot like a dog! You shall not meet death face back to the gun muzzles-like the cur you

we are tainted by your shame! Are you

afraid to speak? Is your voice frozen in

Rallywood's pale features had flushed for a second. There was a brutality about Sagan's denunciations which shocked the something, but not this, not that. Unziar's eyes burned. Wallenloup was frowning, haps quite so good to look upon as Jack, But Sagan swept on. He was a man who trampled horribly upon a failen foe.

At last Wallenloup could bear it no longer. He rose to his feet, and saluting the count, led the way from the room, the line closing with Rallywood between Adolf and Unziar as guard,

Left alone in the great, dim. vaulted chamber, Sagan stood upright and watched the door through which they had filed out, the details of the abominable crime with and there came upon him a terrible mosurmounted. Rallywood was capable. He which the prisoner, John Rallywood, is ment, such as all uncontrolled natures must had won the day by energy, or pluck, or charged. His guilt has been proved up to at times know. A sense of the futility of both, but the old diplomatist had no time the hilt by Lieutenant Unziar's evidence, but all things, a knowledge that life has lost its taste, the hideoueness of finally baffled de-

> He hurled out his heavy arms with a wild gesture. the strong lusts and hates and triumphs-

"Where have they gone? Where are they, the satisfactions of the old days? world has grown puny. It is empty, empty,

CHAPTER XXX.

Upon the Great World's Altar Stairs." It is a commonplace that selfish natures, balked of gratification, seek relief in making the unhappiness of others, preferably of those who are helpless to resist or to resent. Therefore Count Sagan employed the interval before going to the palace to procure the signature of the duke to Rallywood's death-warrant in paying a flying visit to his

wife, whom he had not seen since the morning of the boar hunt at the castle. He found several other people calling upon Mme. de Sagan, who was not fond of solitude. Numbers gave the pretty counters truth from this beautiful fool. His words clude Lieutenant Unziar's appointment courage. She took no notice of her husband's | meant one thing, his looks another.

Elmur stood up and followed him

"The signature of his highness?" he asked n a low voice. "I go to get it and other things also. Elmur bowed and returned to his place by

"It is not true?" Elmur reflected that he had never before seen her look so pretty. Most women with tears in their eyes repelled his fastidiousness, but this one was delicious. He bent toward her and said as much with a fervor that surprised her. She smiled tremulously. She had always considered the wary German worth capturing, but he was an elusive bird. Admiration had never before got the better of his self-possession; now for the first time he appeared to be carried away by it. The keenness of conquest thrilled her. Jack?-ah, yes, poor Jack! But he was practically lost to her forever. She sighed to face as many a brave man has met it, love that can stand against the inevitable a little; she had been fond of Jack, but the but you shall be shot, cringing with your was not hers. She reminded herself that Jack had preferred Valerie-but, why, so had Elmur! A temptation came to her; she glanced again at Elmur. He was personable though advancing to middle age, and handmen around him. Rallywood deserved close-set and cunning. He was not like poor some as men go, though his eyes were Jack-no, she would never find any one per-

> hair, and those dear, frank eyes! No, but-"Madame, what are you thinking of? I wish I dared flatter myself that I could ever draw tears to those exquisite eyes." Elmur said again with warmth. He wanted excitement, and Isolde was yielding. There are women who will sacrifice the most sa cred things, God's word itself, on the altar of their vanity. Isolde withdrew her elight hand from his touch, but it was the withdrawal that invites advance. She hesitated

with his broad shoulders and corn-colored

"There are other eyes whose tears will b bitterer than mine; are you not jealous of them? I am sorry for Captain Rallywood, of course, but poor Valerie-what am

"Whatever you say interests me," he urged, his eyes following hers. She pouted coquettishly.

"Yes, because I speak of Valerie."

"No, it is because you speak!" he declared amorously. "Tell me of Mile. Valerie if you will," this as a concession, "though you could tell me something more interesting. "Not more interesting to you than this," she exclaimed, nedding her golden head at him with her little air of foolish wisdom. "It is lucky that Captain Rallywood is-is about to furnish an object lesson forraised her slender finger and laid it on her

lips, emiling at him. He looked around. They were alone in emailer drawing room; it was not possible for the guests in the other saloon to see them. He drew the finger from her lips and | lessly over them as Sagan went on. pressed it to his own. He would woo the

In the long silence life itself might have been suspended. "When?" said Valerie, in a sudden recol-

ection of anguish "Tomorrow," he answered, understanding the broken question. Valerie raised her wet eyes

"In my life there can be no tomorrow. God may not let me die, but my life will be one long remembrance of today. I shall live in today always. Tomorrows are will, why then life had best be over! for happier women, John. And yet I am wicked to say that. I would not change last, without warning, his passion leaped my lot with any other. For have I not my into flame. Like a wild beast he sprang memories? And I will learn to have my across the table at the duke-the poor hopes. And whenever that blessed day of sniveling coward who had dared to flay him release may come to me, I will bring my with his tongue! The old hate fired the new

heart to you as it is today, my king!" fury as he clutched Gustave. Rallywood looked into the beautiful teardimmed eyes. He was too wise to say that such a cry as one would have expected from he had spoilt her life, that had it been a man of his age, and then Selpdorf was possible to set the wrong right by any sacrifice he would have done so. Of this he said nothing. He only kissed her.

between them, shouting for the guard. "You false hound!" Sagan gnashed his teeth in Selpdorf's face as the chancellor "Next to living to be with you, darling, threw himself upon him. I am in love with dying for you, Valerie! Shouts and shots and the wild turmolf of a deadly struggle. Then the guard had CHAPTER XXXI. secured Sagan. The duke stood trembling

and incoherent, leaning upon the table, and between them, face downward on the floor

success acts on a morally weak man as a and for once playing a role he had not pre

betrayed.

Duke Gustave. Whatever may be said to the contrary. the fact remains that a little independent

glass of wine upon a physically weak one. pared. For a time it exalts and quickens him. Duke Gustave of Maasau was in a condition of mental exhibitration, and experiencing to the full the false sensation of strength thus created when Sagan was announced Selpdorf, who had been listening for some minutes to his master's self-gratulations on the newly ratified British contract, rose as if to take his departure.

"Wait, Selpdorf!" the duke said. "My lord has asked for a private interview, your highness," Selpdorf reminded

"Yes, but I have no private affairs to discuss with my cousin. Anything that need be said between us is better said before a witness," replied the duke. "How do you suppose he will take the news of our agreement with England?" Selpdorf's answer was slow in coming, and

before he spoke Count Sagan strode into the room. He carried a sheaf of papers; his imperious temper was wont to rush every business through to which he put his hand. "I begged for a few moments in private with your highness," he said, with a glance at the minister. "Our good Selpdorf is too discreet to be

considered a third," answered the duke, "He knows our secrets without of the great stone-built mansion, its cold being told them. Pray proceed, my lord. aspect yellowed and mellowed by the Is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes, sire; I wish to lay before you the

strengthening aunshine. matter I was forced to postpone at the castle. laughed easily. I also made use of the opportunity to bring one or two papers relating to the guard for If I were you I should go tomorrow. Marry the girl as soon as she will let you and bring her here. Then sit down and shoot The duke took the papers. He was seated

at a writing table, and he glanced carepartridges. She will like it. It is better than Massau." "It is altogether good to own the old "Under your approval, these papers in place again," Rallywood said, "and we'll captain, vice Colendorpdo our duty by our partridges, major, you

"Deceased," put in the duke, with a sharp and I, I hope, by-and-by, but to do that elenificance.

Sagan frowned. Gustave had a curlous alterness about him tonight. "Yes, poor fellow! We can ill spare him," "Also, we have agreed to propose pity."

"I have no objection," the duke said.

cided by the passing mood of another.

"M. Selpdorf will assure you that it is nec

"What were Captain Rallywood's or-

patches to the chancellor, but he carried

morning by the river, when Rallywood had

"So you are in this, also, Selpdorf?" he

tell me frankly. I believe I know some-

"Dispatches sent to me from the frontier.

"Which he failed to bring to you. Where

The delay and the persistent, unexpected

"Sire, does it matter what he did with

them, as we have proof that he disobeyed

orders? That is the point-what need to

ask further?" Then, as the duke still shook

his head, he burst out: "Well, then, he

carried them to the British legation-to his

own countrymen, mind you. He was false

to his oath as a soldier! He must be shot!"

Gustave of Maasau was a man who lied

much and often, as those of poor moral

So? Although Captain Rallywood acted

"Yes," resumed the duke, warming to

his role. "Yes, he acted under my orders,

agreement I have within the last hour signed

with England and about which the first pro-

posals were laid before me at midnight by

the British envoy during my visit to your

"What?" shouted Sagan, as his house of

"It is true." said the chancellor. "I beg

you will recollect that his highness is pres-

passion seemed to choke him as he stood,

but the duke, still exalted by the sense of

speechless humiliation. His temper rose as

"You can deceive me no more, my Lord

Sagan!" he cried in a high, excited voice.

now take Rallywood, one by one all my

faithful guard! But I am a sovereign still!

The duke gave a shrill, feeble cry, not

the chancellor, with a bullet in his groin,

Sagacious, supple, self-seeking, yet not

utterly seared, in the last resort he offered

up his life for the master he had almost

CHAPTER XXXII.

For a Season.

Queens Fain lies upon the inner edge of

among great old trees, where of an evening

the sun throws bars of light across the levels

of turf, where homing rooks fly in scattered

lines against a gleaming sky, the air breathes

coolness and peace, and the scene lays that

ineffable spell upon the heart of which only

the exile can ever know the full pathetic

Round the house tall fences of yew and

holly fend off the colder winds. On an

evening in early spring Rallywood and

Counsellor strolled under the shelter of a

massive black wall of yew. The daffodils

were blowing about the border of the lake

below them, and along the distant hedges

furry catkins were already nodding and

"I have found it necessary once or twice

before to say that you were a fool, John,

said Counsellor, looking up at a corner

"Always or on occasion? Rallywood

"Mostly. You will not leave the guard

floating on the crisp breeze.

Lincolnshire, in an undulating countryside

traitorous German schemes to an issue!

ent, my lord. This excitement-"

the other's seemed to sink.

Sagan stood gasping and staring.

for the dispatches were connected with the

under my personal instructions, Simon?'

caliber will. He lied now with zest,

Sagan sprang to his feet.

questioning of the duke irritated Sagan al-

nost beyond endurance. He struck in.

"What dispatches were these? Pray

them elsewhere for his own purposes."

ridden to take orders from Selpdorf.

"What's this about Rallywood?"

duke.

supple chancellor.

The duke nodded.

Sagan, angrily.

justice."

ders, then?"

thing already."

he said quietly.

then did he take them?"

Abenfeldt as junior subaltern.

and nothing else-not yet! "You've stalked bigger game and that

has spoiled you," grumbled the major. "After Count Sagan, partridges pail. Yet it is a 'I shall bring Valerie here sometimes, of

course. I think she'll like the old place "As for the other subject upon which I almost as much as I do.' "More, since it is the birthplace and home have for some time wished to speak to you, of one John Rallywood," said Counsellor sire, I am authorized to lay before your with a twist of his big mustache.

"Stop, my lord," again interrupted the lucky, undeserving beggar! So Selpdorf's gone. A queer compound. "His death redeemed-much," said Rally-

wood shortly. "Yes," Counsellor puffed out a great cloud the upper papers after signature, and was of smoke, "yes, but we have no reason to forget the fact that he was very ready to secure himself at a heavy cost to you." "For the sake of Maasau," interposed

Rallywood. Sagan watched him with a deepening "Hum-for the sake of Maasau! And you heard no footstep enter. And when he curiosity. At other times it had been the were an inconvenient personality also. Well, well, let it pass. But it was touch and duke's custom to add his signature to papers without a glance at their contents, go with you, John, for no one could have foreseen that shaky old Gustave would The destiny of one man is thus often derise to the occasion as he did. And what has he done for you after all?"

"He saved my life first and gave me the "A bad business, but your highness's signature makes many a wrong right," said gold star of Maasau afterwards," said Rallywood, "an honor which I share with some Sagan, with a clumsy attempt at pleasantry; monarchs-and Major Counsellor." it needs only that. You have the pen "Dirt cheap, too!" grunted Counsellor. "I

hear that Mme. de Sagan sent you a very "But, by heaven, not the will!" cried the neat congratulation. "I will not sign it! And if I will

"A genoux sur la terre Nous rendons grace a Dieu, Et nous lui faisons voeux D'une double priere."

essary in the cause of discipline," urged Sagan, with a lowering look. "You take your own meaning out of it," "And I will assure M. Seipdorf that I ended the major. am accustomed to make up my own mind! You know it already, Selpdorf!"

"And people being chiefly malicious will take the wrong one." "I have always known it, sire," said the "That is as it may be. But for you I

hope a fine morning will follow the stormy "You will hear my reasons?" asked evening. You will grow fat and selfish, John, like many a better man." Rallywood smiled. He was thinking of a

"Captain Rallywood was guilty of gross certain elderly diplomat who, rumor said, disobedience of orders. His case has been had been moved out of his usual composure laid before a court-martial of his brother on one occasion only. It was at the moment officers and he has been condemned to be when he heard that Captain Rallywood of shot. The trial has been conducted with the Maasaun guard was sentenced to be shot.

"By the way," resumed Counsellor, "did I tell you that I saw Von Elmur yesterday at "He was ordered to carry certain dts- Charing Cross? He said he was starting for Constantinople. I bade him good-by, but he corrected me, 'Au revoir, my dear major,' The duke nodded slowly, and half closed and kissed the tips of his fingers to me as the his eyes. He remembered a certain damp train passed. So, perhaps, the end is not yet.

"God bless the present!" said Rallywood. And while they walk and talk over the past and the future in the pleasant places of England, the surf is beating around an island off the Maasaun coast, upon which a storm-stricken fortification has been adapted to the use of a certain political prisoner, Count Simon of Sagan. There he frets and schemes and longs through the endless afternoons. He does not accept his destiny as final, his hopes are unimpaired, his resolves as strong as in the old keen days at Sagan. He clings to a blind conviction that Time and the Man must inevitably meet together, and he lives for that

There, too, Anthony Unziar serves his country and his sovereign, relentlessly watchful through the dead monotony of the days. At his own urgent request he was given charge of the lonely prison, its solitude appearing to him the one bearable condition of life. He has his work to do and he does it well, and always between Count Sagan and his dreams stands the irrevocable figure of the young Maasaun.

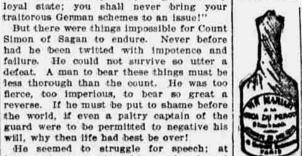
Sometimes Sagan taunts him with his hopeless love, but he only answers by a look. And each knows that wherever he may turn he will find the other standing up against him-the fierce imbruted prisoner with his royal fearlessness and his intense and frigid guard.

They are waiting. They have each his dream. Sagan's of empire and revenge, for he is, after all, a splendid rufflan, untamcards fell about him. "You lie, Gustave! able, gaffant, a man who could never be And Germany? Selpdort, we hold your compelled to cry "enough" to evil fortune. promises! It is impossible to think this to Sometimes deep in the night, while the

Sagan flings down the cards and laughs and speaks of another game which will find its conclusion in the dim paths of the future. But Unziar only smiles. If that day should ever come it will find him ready. But today is not tomorrow, and "God bless the triumph and power, mistook the silence for

(THE END.)

The duke of Beaufort has definitely decided to have Chepstow castle put up to You took Colendorp from me; you would auction early in October. This was one the reign of William the Conqueror. You shall not tamper any longer with my



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