the Woman

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER X. On the next afternoon I was sitting on the porch, with a glass of wine, when Gretchen came out of the inn. Just then, raising my eyes, I saw a group of horsemen approaching. I discerned them to be cavalrymen, petty officers. They were mounted on spir-

"Gretchen," said I, "they are cavalrymen. They do not wear the Hohenphallan uniform. So perhaps it would be just as well for you to go to your room and remain there till they are gone. Ab," said I, elevating the glasses again, "they wear his majesty's colors,

You had best retire." "I refuse. They may be thirsty." "I'll see to that," I laughed. "But"- she began.

Oh, Gretchen wisnes to see ne "sees," said I, with chagrin. "If it pleases you, sir," mischievous-

"What if they are looking for-for"-"That is the very reason why I wish to see them."

"You are determined?" "I am."

"Very well," said I. "You had best eat an onion." "And for what purpose?"

"As a preventive to offensive tactics," looking slyly at her. Her laugh

rang out mockingly. "Do you not know that aside from dueling the German lives only for his barmaid, his beer and his knoblauch?

Nevertheless, since you wish it, I will eat one-for your sake." "For my sake?" I cried in dismay. "Heaven forfend!"

"Does herr"-"Jack," said L.

"Does Herr Jack think," her eyes marrowing till naught but a line of



"English," I answered discourteously. their beautiful blue green could be seen, "that one of those would dare take a liberty with me?"

"I hope he will not. I should have the unpleasant duty of punching his head." If I could not kiss Gretchen, nobody else should."

"lou are very strong." "Yes. And there are some things which add threefold to a man's till it became lost around the bend. strength."

"Such as"- She-looked at me dar-THE DECEMBER THE DO ! TO "Yes, such as"- Her eyes fell before my glance. A delicate veil of rose covered her face for a moment wondered if she knew that it was only because I clinched my fists till the nails cut that I did not do the very

thing I feared the stragglers coming down the road might do. "Come," said I peremptorily. "There is no need of your welcoming them here!"

So we entered the inn, and she began furbishing up the utensils, just to tease me more than anything else. Outside there was a clatter of hoofs, the chink of the spur, intermingled with a few oaths, and then two representatives of the king came in noisily. They gazed admiringly at Gretchen as she poured out their beer. She saw the rage in my eyes. She was aggravating with her promiscuous smiles. The elder officer noticed my bulldog pipe.

"English?" he inquired indifferently. The German cannot diassociate an Englishman and a brier wood buildog

"English," I answered discourteously. It mattered nothing to me whether he took me for an Englishman or a Zulu. Either answered the purpose. He wore an eyeglass through which he surveyed me rather contemptu-

"What is your name, fraulein?" he asked, turning to Gretchen. "Gretchen," sweetly.

"And what is the toll for a kiss?" "Nothing," said Gretchen, looking at me. The lieutenant started for her, but she waved him off. "Nothing, Herr Lieutenant because they are not for

I moved closer to the bar. "Out for a constitutional?" I asked, blowing the ash from the live coal in my pipe.

"We are on his majesty's business," with an intonation which implied that the same was none of mine, "Gretchen, we shall return tonight, so you may lay two plates at a separate table," with an eye on me. He couldn't have hated me any more than I hated him. "Then there is no way of getting

"No," said Gretchen. Then I'll blow you one," and Gretchen made a pretty courtesy.

I nearly bit the amber stem off my pipe. They were soon gone, and I was glad of it.

"Herr Jack is angry," said Gretchen, "Not at all," I growled. "What right have I to be angry?"

were to be sad?"

"Does Herr Jack wish Gretchen al-

"Certainly not, but sometimes your joy is irritating. You are sad all day; then some strangers come, and you are all smiles. Your smiles do not come in my direction as often as I should like." "Well, then, look at me," said Gret-

The smile would have dazzled an anchorite, let alone a man who didn't know whether he loved her for certain, but who was willing to give odds "Gretchen!" I cried, starting toward

nese hosers its not consist inre-But, with a low laugh, she disappeared behind the door. Gretchen was a woman. As a man must have his tobacco, so must a woman have her coquetry. It was rather unfair of Gretchen after what I had promised. It was like getting one in a cage and then offering sweetmeats at a safe distance. It now became a question of analysis. So I went to the river and sat down in the grass. A gentle wind was stirring the leaves, and the sunbeams, filtering through the boughs, fell upon the ground in golden snowflakes. What was Gretchen to me that I should grow jealous of her smiles? The night before I could have sworn that I loved her; now I was not so sure. A week ago all the sunshine in the world had come from Phyllis' face; now a shadow had come between. Oh, I knew the symptoms! They were not new to me, They had visited me some five years back and had clung to me with the tenacity of a creditor to a man with expectations. When a man arrives at that point where he wants the society of one woman all to himself, the matter assumes serious proportions. And a man likes to fall in love with one woman and continue to love her all his days. It is more romantic. It annoys him to face the fact that he is about to fall in love with another. In my case I felt that there was some extenuation. Gretchen looked like Phyllis. When I saw Gretchen in the garden and then went to my room and gazed upon the likeness of Phyllis, I was much like the bachelor Heine tells about-I dod-

The red squirrel in the branches above me looked wise. He was wondering how long before the green burs would parch and give him their brown chestnuts. I was contemplating a metaphysical bur. I wanted to remain true to Phyllis, though there wasn't any sense in my doing so. Had Gretchen resembled any one but Phyllis I never should have been in such a predicament. I should have gone away the day after my arrival. Here I was going into my second week. My assistant in London was probably worrying, having heard nothing from me during that time. As matters stood it was evident that I could not be true either to Phyllis or Gretchen since I did not know positively which I loved. I knew that I loved one. So much was gained. I wanted to throw up a coin, heads for Phyllis, tails for Gretchen, but I couldn't bring myself to gamble

A steamer came along then, putting importantly, sending a wash almost at my feet. I followed it with my eye Over there was Austria and beyond the orient, a new world to me.

"If I could see them together!" I mused aloud. The squirrel cocked his head to one side as if to ask, "Austria and Tur-

"No," said I, looking around for another stick, "Phyllis and Gretchen. If could see them together, you know, could tell positively then which I love. As it is, Pm in doubt. Do you

understand?" The squirrel ran out to the end of the limb and sat down. It was an act

"Well, why don't you answer?" I was startled to my feet by the laughter which followed my question. A few yards behind me stood Gret-

"Can't you find a better confidant?"

"Yes, but she will not be my confi-

dant," said I. I wondered how much she had heard of the one sided dislogue. "Will you answer the question I just put to that squirrel of yours?" "And what was the question?" with

innocence not feigned. "Perhaps it was, Why should Gretchen not revoke the promise to which she holds me?"

"You should know, herr," said Gretchen gently.

"But I do not I only know that a man is human and that a beautiful woman was made to be loved." Everything seemed solved now that Gretchen stood at my side. But she turned as if to go.

"Gretchen," I called. "Do not go. Forgive me. If only you understood!" "Perhaps I do understand," she replied with a gentleness new to me. "Do you remember why I asked you

"Yes; I was to be your friend." "This time it is for me to ask whether I go or stay."

"Stay, Gretchen!" But I was a hypocrite when I said it. "I knew that you would say that,"

"Gretchen, sit down and I'll tell you the story of my life, as they say on the stage." I knocked the dead ash from my pipe and stuffed the bowl with fresh weed. I lit it and blew a cloud her?" of smoke into the air. "Do you see that Gretchen?"

not a soul was at the castle. Nobody "Yes, herr," sitting down, the space | knows where she is. I came here this of a yard between us. time to throw them off the track, but I "It is pretty, very, but see how the failed. I had a close shave this noon. wind carries it about! As it leaves my | I'll light out tomorrow. It isn't safe in throat it looks like a tangible sub these parts. It would be of no use to stance. Reach for it, and it is gone. tall them that I do not know where the

with her as they connect one link of chain to another. You can kill a Ger long have you been here?" I did not reply at once. "About ten was a woman's love. For five years I

disappears," said Gretchen.

watched it curl and waver. In it 7

saw many castles, and the castles were

fair indeed. I strove to grasp this

love; smoke, smoke, Smoke is nothing

given a color. Thus it is with our

dreams. If only we might not wake!"

course of the languid river.

Gretchen's eyes were following the

"Once there was a woman I thought

I loved, but she would have none of

return it. She brought forth the sub

ject of affinities and ventured to say

that some day I might meet mine. I

scoffed inwardly. I have now found

what she said to be true. The love

I gave her was the bud. The rose-

Gretchen," said I, rising, "I love you.

"Go and give the rose to her to

whom you gave the bud," said Gret-

chen. The half smile struck me as

disdainful. "You are a strange wooer."

far above mine. I am, in truth, a pen-

niless adventurer. The gulf between

turer, and I am a fugitive from-the

law, the king or what you will. You

are a man. Man forgets. You have

just illustrated the fact. His memory

and his promises are like the smoke-

they fade away but soon. I shall be

"I do not. I love no one in the sense

"Gretchen, who are you, and what

"Is that the only answer you can

"It is the only answer I will give."

face which awed me. It was power

and resolution, two things man seldom

"Supposing, Gretchen, that I should

take you in my erms and kiss you?"

I was growing reckless because I felt

awed, which seems rather a remark-

able statement. "I know you only as

was no alarm in her eyes, though they

"You would never forgive yourself,

I thought for a moment. "No, Gret-

chen, I should never forgive myself.

But I know that if I ask you to let me

"There," and her hand stretched to-

ward me. "And what will your kiss

"That I love you, but also respect

It was dismal packing. I swore a

good deal softly. Gretchen was not in

the dining room when I came down to

supper. It was just as well. I wanted

to be cool and collected when I made

my final adieu. After supper I lit my

pipe (I shall be buried with it) and

went for a jaunt up the road. There

was a train at 6 the next morning. I

would leave on that. Why hadn't I

taken Gretchen in my arms and kissed

her? It would have been something to

remember in the days to come. I was

a man and stronger; she would have

been powerless. Perhaps it was the

I had not gone up the highway more

than 100 yards when I saw the lonely

figure of a man tramping indirectly to-

ward me and directly toward the inn.

Even in the dusk of twilight there was

something familiar about that stride.

Presently the man lifted up his voice

in song. The "second lead," as they

appear before the audience.

any cavalry pass this way?"

perspective?"

ing my arm in his.

ing it was English he had heard.

say back of the scenes, was about to

Evidently Hillars had found "Jeri-

cho" distasteful and had returned to

CHAPTER XI.

not recognizing me. "Have you seen

"Hello there!" he hailed, seeing but

"No; I have not," I answered in Eng-

"Eh? What's that?" not quite believ-

"I said that no cavalry has passed

this way since this afternoon. Are

He was near enough now. "Well, I

"L was looking for you," said I, lock-

"Everybody has been making that

their occupation since I left Austria,"

cursing lowly. "I never saw such peo-

"What have you been doing this

"Nothing, but I want to do some-

thing right away. They have been

hounding me all over the kingdom.

What have I done? Nothing, absolute

ly nothing. It makes me hot under the

collar. Do they think to find the Prin-

eas Hildegarde by following me

around? I'd give as much as they to

"So you haven't seen anything of

"Not a sign. I came here first, but

be dashed!" he cried. "What the devil

are you doing here of all places?"

they looking for you, you jailbird in

you mean. It was not written that I

"Do you love any one else?"

should love any man."

ees in a woman's face.

barmaid. Why not?"

parrowed.

grant co small a favor."

yor, and that I shall go."

"I am sorry."

color of her eyes.

world you?"

have you done?"

am I? Nobody!"

her lips, "the gulf cannot be

guise of friendship."

us cannot be bridged."

I I at the appoin

earth has kept you in this ruin tha "Rest," said I glibly. "But I am go ing away tomorrow. We'll go together. They will not know what to do with

"Ten days!" he echoed. "What on

"Yes; they will. You will be taken for my accomplice. Hark! What's that?" holding his hand to his ear. "Horses. Come, I'm not going to take

So we made a run for the inn. In the twilight haze we could see two horsemen coming along the highway at a brisk gallop.

"By the Lord Harry," Hillars cried excitedly, "the very men I have been dodging all day! Hurry! Can you put I am not a hypocrite. I cannot parade | me somewhere for the time being? The my regard for you under the filmsy garret; anywhere."

"Come on. There's a place in the garret where they'll never find you." I got him up stairs unseen. If no one but I knew him to be at the inn, so much the better. "Oh, say! This'll smother me," said

"I am an honest one." I began Dan as I pushed him into the little plucking at the bark of the tree. "No. I shall let the rose wither and dle on the stem. I shall leave tomorrow, "They'll put you in a smaller place," Gretchen. I shall feel as Adam did "Hang it all, Jack! I'd rather have it when he went forth from Eden. Whatever your place in this world is, it is out with them."

"They have their pistols and sabers." "That's so. In that case discretion is the better part of valor, and they wouldn't appreciate any coup on my "No," said Gretchen, the smile leavside. Come back and let me out as bridged. You are a penniless adven-

soon as they go." I descended into the barroom and found the two officers interrogating the innkeeper. They were the same fellows who had visited the inn earlier in the day. Gretchen was at her place behind the bar. She was paler than

sorry to have you go, but it is best "Ah," said the innkeeper, turning to me, "am I not right in saying that you are the only guest at the inn and that no American has been here?"

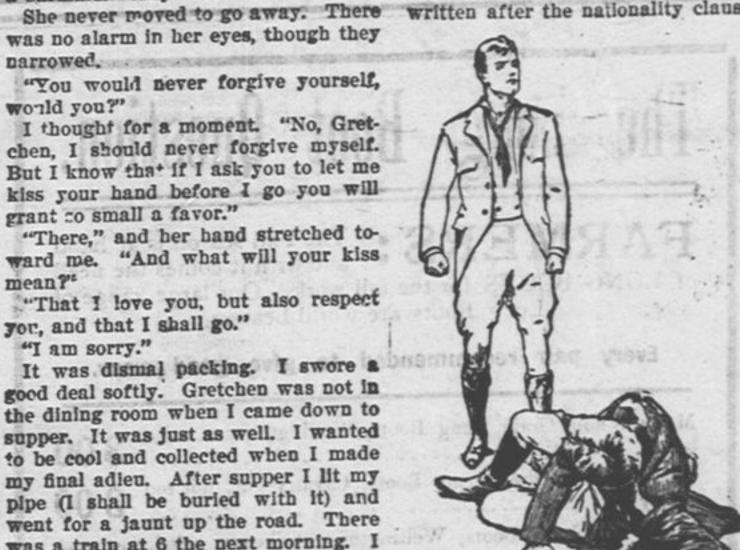
I did not understand his motive, for he knew that I was an American. "It is perfectly true," said I, "that I am your only guest."

"What have I done? Nothing! Who "Ah, the Englishman!" said the lieutenant suspiciously. "We are looking for a person of the name of Hillars whom we are charged to arrest. Do you know anything about him?" There was something in Gretchen's "It is not probable," said I noncha-

> I glanced at Gretchen. I could fathom nothing there.

> "Well," snarled the lieutenant, "I suppose you will not object to my seeing your passports?" "Not in the least," said I. But I felt

a shock. The word "American" was written after the nationality clause



took the lieutenant by the collar and flunghim trio the corner.

There was rather a sad expression in Gretchen's eyes. She understood to a fuller extent than I what was likely to follow when it was found that I had' misrepresented myself. I cursed the folly which had led me to say that I was English, and I swore at the innkeeper for meddling. As I left the room I smiled at Gretchen, but she diu not answer it. Perhaps I was gone five minutes. In that time I made up my mind to show the passports and trust to luck for the rest. When I came back, Gretchen had engrossed their attention. They took no notice of me. I have never understood how it came about, but all at once the lieutenant bent forward and kissed Gretchen on the cheek. She started back with a cry, then looked at me. That swift glance told me what to do. I took the lieutenant by the collar and flung him into the corner. The surprise on his face was not to be equaled. Then as he rose to his feet the veins in his neck swelled with rage.

"I'll pay you for that, you meddling beef eater!" he roared. "Don't mention it," said I, with an assumption of blandness which I did not feel. "That was simply gratuitous. It is a sample of what I shall do to you If you do not immediately ask this la-

dy's pardon for the gross insult you have just offered her." "Insult! To kiss a common barmaid an insult!" he yelled, now purpling. Why-why-what is this woman to you this tavern wench, this"-"Be careful," I warned. Gretchen

was calmly wiping her cheek, but her eyes were like polished emeralds. "You have come here, I believe," said "to see if my passports were proper. "Curse you and your passports! Are

"Would you recognize one if you saw im?" I laughed "Can you fight?" "Certainly," said L thinking of the weapons nature in her kindness nad given to me. The re angual

"Good! Otto, have the horses brought

around. We will cut for the barracks and get the colonel's weapons, the raplers." The word "rapier" sent an icy chill up my spine. A duel! "The devil?" said I under my breath. I knew less about fencing than I did

about serial navigation, which w us little. The fact that Grete was now smiling aggravated the situ tion. I could not heip the shud Why, the fellow would make a sieve

"Will you look at my passports now?" I asked. "You may not have the opportunity again."

"Your passports from now on will be void," was the retort. "But I shall be pleased to give you a passport to the devil. I shall kill you," complacently. "Think of my family," said I, a strange humor taking possession of

"You should have thought of your family before you struck me that blow," he replied.

My laughter was genuine. Even Gretchen smuggled a smile. The lieutenant had taken my remark in all seriousness. "You will not run away?"

"I shall probably be obliged to run away tomorrow," said I smoothly. "I should not be able to account for your presence here. But I shall await your return from the barracks, never fear." All this was mere bravado. Honestly, I shrunk within my clothes and shivered in my shoes. But I had an unfailing nerve. Some call it bluff.

Gretchen had been whispering to the Innkeeper. When he moved from her

side, she was smiling. "What the deuce is she smiling about?" I wondered. "Does the woman take me for a modern D'Artag-

"Innkeeper," said the lieutenant, "if this man is not here when I return I'll take satisfaction out of your hide." The innkeeper shrugged. "I have never heard of an Englishman running

"And I have seen many a German do that," I put in. "How am I to know that your going to the barracks is not

He gasped. The words would not come which would do justice to his feelings. He drew off one of his gloves and threw it into my face. It stung me. I should have knocked him down but for the innkeeper stepping be-

"No, herr," he said; "do not disable

"You had best go to the barracks at once," said I to the lieutenant. My clothes were too small for me now, and I did not shiver in my shoes. My "Yankee" blood was up. I would have fought him with battleaxes.

"Herr," said the innkeeper when the two bad made off for the barracks, "you are a man of courage."

"Thanks," said I. "Do you know anything about ra-

piers?" he asked. "I know the handle from the blade; that's all. But that does not make any difference. I'd fight him with any weapon. He struck me, and thenthen he kissed Gretchen."

"I have wiped it off, herr," said Gretchen dryly. Then she passed from the room. I went up stairs too. I looked out of my window. There was moonlight, possibly the last time I should ever see moonlight in the land of the living. Nothing but a mishap on my opponent's part and that early in the combat would save my epidermis. The absurd side of the affair struck me, and a mugneo minunessiy, our none the less I laughed. If it had been pistols, the chances would have been

equal. A German does no like pistols as a dueling apparatus. They often miss fire. A sword is a surer weapon. And then the French use them-the pistols-in their fiascoes. Rapiers? I was as familiar with the rapier as Iwas with the Zulu assagai. I unstrapped my traveling case and took out Phyllis' photograph. I put it back. If I was to have a last look at any woman, it should be at Gretchen. Then I got out my cane and practiced thrusting and parrying. My wrist was

"Well," I mused, "there's consolation in knowing that in two hours I shall be either dead or alive."

I flung the cane into the corner. To pass away the time I paced back and forth. It passed too quickly, and it was not long ere I heard the clatter of the returning cavalrymen. Some one knocked at my door. I swung it open and was thrown to the floor, bound and gagged in a tenth of a minute. "Put him on the bed," whispered the

leader of my assailants. When this was done, the voice added, "Now you can go to the stables and wait there till It was the innkeeper. He surveyed

for a moment and scratched his

(To be Continued.)

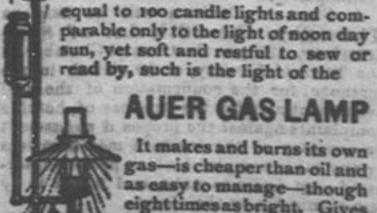
AWFUL CONDITION IN LABRADOR. Persons Dying With No Means of Obtain ing Medical Ald.

St. John's, Nfid., Sept. 5 .- Dr.

Grenfell, superintendent of the mis sion to Deep Sea Fishermen, now opcrating in Labrador, publishes an article exposing the medical deficiencies of that part of Labrador which Call on_ is under Canadian jurisdiction.

He asserts that in Bradore he found an imbecile girl, 9 years old. tied in dog harness when her relatives were not able to watch her. He found people dying from cancer. dropsy and scurvy who never had seen a doctor. He found no hospital near, no regular steam service to Gaspe or Quebec and no means by which the people could procure medical or surgical treatment.

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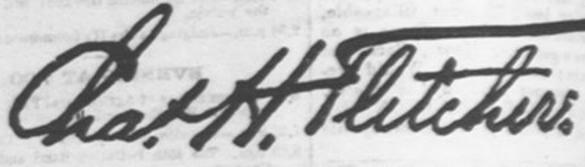
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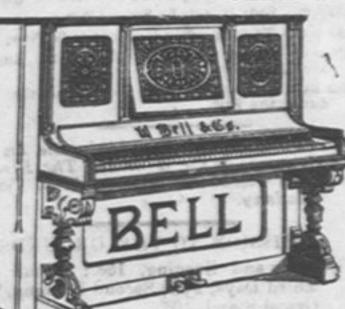
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