

# TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

The colonel drew out a paper and placed it on the table before him.

"To save you all trouble," he said, "I have myself written out the letter, which now only requires your signature."

Dick brushed the paper contemptuously aside, and half wheeled his chair round away from them.

"I am prepared to give you time," continued the colonel, "but only in reason and I would advise you not to run to me, for I do not conceal from you that by a continued refusal you will force us to extremes."

"To put it short," said Johnstone, "you'll sign that paper in an hour or die for it."

At this moment the door was suddenly opened, Johnstone was pushed aside, and a white figure passed swiftly round the table to Dick's right hand.

Dick sprang to his feet. For a moment the three men were silent, all staring expectantly at Camilla, as she stood holding out both hands to Dick.

Then the colonel was heard to curse between his set teeth. Dick turned upon him triumphantly. In each hand gleamed a pistol, loaded, cocked and primed; at his side stood Camilla, with pale face and flashing eyes.

"Have no mercy!" she cried, in the ringing voice of an angel of vengeance; "no mercy! They had none on you!"

He raised his hands. Johnstone glared at him like a tiger brought to bay; the colonel shrank back into the corner of the room, and the cold sweat came out in great beads upon his forehead.

Camilla would have spoken again, but her voice broke in an uncontrollable sound between a sob and a laugh.

Dick turned to her.

"I give them back to you," he said. "One is of your kin, and the other nothing but a tool."

She flung out her hand toward them in their corner.

"Do you hear?" she said; "take back your shameful lives! And now," she cried, taking a pistol from Dick's hand, "now, my soul's captain, come away with me!"

She would have raised the pistol, but he took her by the wrist.

"No, no, dear heart," he said, gently, "surely that too would be surrender; let's fight the ship until she sinks."

He laid both pistols upon the table, and pushed them across to the colonel.

"And now," he said, "get you gone, I wish to speak to this lady undisturbed."

The colonel hesitated, but in a flash Johnstone caught him with a grip of iron, and whirled him, helpless, through the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

DICK and Camilla were alone together and face to face at last. There was no hesitation, no shadow of reserve between them. This one hour was theirs, though the rest were the very darkness of despair.

She came toward him joyfully, and with a proud smile threw her arms about his neck; then drew her head a little back and looked long into his eyes, where the light of love shone steadily, undimmed by any sadness of farewell.

"How could I," she murmured, "how could I think you less than greatest?"

"Nay," he said, "how could I think you wished me to be so?"

And they forgave each other in a long silence of possession.

At last Camilla started painfully; the colonel's voice was heard outside; he passed without entering; but with the hateful sound her mood was changed. Peace fled, and a great terror and perplexity took hold upon her. Dick saw it and took her in his arms again; she clung to him desperately.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "What can I do?"

"That which you came to do," he answered, quietly. "But first you must rest; the strain of all this has worn you out."

"Rest?" she said. "I can not—no!"

"And her voice failed."

"I know that you would say," he replied. "You are troubled by uncertainty about me, but you must try to dismiss that from your mind. Whatever comes to me, you have your work to do, and you must do it."

She looked at him reproachfully, but could not speak.

He understood her again, and answered her unspoken thought.

"No," he said, "I am not forgetting, but you yourself once made me promise that I would put aside love for duty. I have no need, I know, to make the same request of you."

As he spoke the scene of that promise came back before her eyes. She saw the ball-room at Glamorgan House, his trembling hope, and her own pride and self-sufficiency.

But now Dick was speaking again, and it seemed as though he had divined her thought, in part at least.

"That old promise," he said, "has bound me twice already. I found it hard, but I obeyed. This third time I could not do so, but that the promise is enforced by a yet stronger law. It is a matter, cruel necessity, but I must fight against you and your cause. I can not share you that I shall do my best."

Her heart beat fast. "And I?" she said, faintly.

"I know," he answered, as if to spare

the ruin of the conspiracy. But he put the recollection of this sternly from his mind, or clenched his teeth still more doggedly when the thought forced itself upon him. He saw clearly enough that the colonel would go on hoping for his surrender until the last possible moment—that would be until the time came when they must either get leave to take the Speedwell into the roads off Jamestown for the night or be boarded by the search party from one of the cruisers. If he could manage to be on deck at the decisive moment when the guard-boat came alongside, he might give them some kind of warning before his enemies could silence him.

The colonel had come in twice during the morning to see if he had signed the letter yet! on the second occasion Dick had snatched the paper from his hands and torn it into fragments. He now appeared for the third time, bringing a freshly-written copy with him, which he handed to Johnstone.

"This is my last visit," he said. "I shall leave Captain Estcourt to you henceforward. It seems that my presence makes him unreasonable."

"It is you," said Dick, with an unaccountable, to keep me shut up below here. Are you afraid that I shall swim ashore?"

"I am afraid that you might try," replied the colonel. "But I'll let you go on deck after dinner if you will excuse my taking my own precautions."

"What precautions?"

"Putting some little constraint upon your power of movement."

"Call it iron at once!" interjected Johnstone.

Dick flushed indignantly, but a glance at the colonel's face told him that the interpretation was correct. Insulting as the suggestion was, he could not afford to refuse, for it was his one chance.

"I accept," he said, shortly, and the colonel went out.

After dinner Dick was taken on deck, and the iron was brought. He sat down while they were locked upon him. The colonel stood a short distance off, watching. When he saw that Dick was helpless he came up.

"Now," he said to Johnstone, "take him down again, if you please."

Dick turned white with anger and despair.

"You don't mean that!" he cried.

"You can not!"

"I promised you should come on deck," replied the colonel, "but I think I am right in saying that no time was mentioned. In my judgment you have been long enough here already, and you will pardon me for speaking plainly—the sooner you learn submission to my judgment the more trouble you will spare us all!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BARBER-SHOP LITERATURE.

College Professor Complains of the "Sporty" Style of Newspapers.

"Why is it," asked a mild-mannered college professor of a friend by whose side he sat waiting for his turn in a barber-shop—"why is it that barber-shops, of every grade and in every locality, always provide for the delectation of their patrons the most lurid of 'sporty' publications? I don't look like a sport, do I?" And the friend looked him over, and with a droop of the corners of his mouth and an elevation of his eyebrows agreed that he didn't. "Yet," continued the professor, "whenever I sit down in a barber's chair the barber immediately thrusts into my hands a sheet of pink prurience, or some less highly colored but more openly indecent illustrated abomination. Some few hotel barber-shops have a stray copy of a daily newspaper lying around; but I have yet to find a barber-shop where 'sporty' papers are not the chief literary entertainment provided for patrons with which to beguile the tedious waits for a chance at the chair. Is there any reason for it, or is it just a trade custom for barbers to subscribe for such publications when they open their business, just as they order soap and shaving papers? Is it that all the thousands of mild-mannered every-day citizens who are not 'sports' shave themselves, and there is therefore no need of catering to the literary taste of the casual customer of that kind? But if, as I imagine is the case, the barber's customers are men of all classes and calibers, why don't the barbers provide something to balance the spectacular effect, at least, of the 'sporty' papers that stare at one from every chair? A copy of some good monthly magazine would not cost as much as a sporting weekly, for instance, and would be really a treat for dozens of customers, whose the superfluity of pictorial abominations are really offensive. But I didn't intend to suggest how a barber should run his business. I only started to voice my wonder as to why barber-shops and lurid 'sporty' papers should always have to be associated together in one's impressions. Can you think of one without thinking of the other?"

The Clock Trade Is Rooking.

The manufacturers of clocks have not been so busy at any time during several years as they are at present. The factories devoted to the production of silver plated ware are running full time, with large complements of operatives; the watch manufacturers have this year given their hands shorter vacations than usual, and are increasing their already large forces; the jewelry manufacturers of Providence, New York, Newark and other centres are running their factories to their utmost capacity; the importers of art goods, pottery and bric-a-brac are receiving extensive shipments of goods; makers of cut glass are producing many new patterns and are working every frame in their plants. Thus the anticipation of a golden shower during the fall season is evident throughout the manufacturing branches of our industry, and that the manufacturers will not be disappointed all signs indicate.

Oh! many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant.  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

—Scott.

## FAIR AMERICAN GIRLS

### PRETTY STUDENTS IN ART SCHOOLS OF PARIS.

Showering for Art's Sake—The Life of the Student, Unless She Is Well Supplied with Funds, Is Not an Envious One.

(Paris Letter.)

HOW the girl student in Paris lives depends on her income. If life anywhere for her means a succession of patient juggery to make one dollar divide itself into two dollars, Paris will do more to bring about the phenomenon than any other city; but if she has always had a good home, with some one always near to take the small worries off her shoulders, and domestic economy has not been a part of her education, it is a mistake to go abroad to study if she has only a little money. There are hundreds of American girls in Paris who, starting out bravely to win laurels at any cost, are paying the penalty of poor living in careworn looks, unhealthy complexions and wrecked digestions. For a girl who is not used to it, the petty deprivations of an economical life are a positive menace to health. The little conveniences that she took as a matter of course at home amount to necessities when she finds she cannot have them,



JANET SCUDDER.

And the longing for small creature comforts is constant friction on a sensitive nature that makes her irritable and melancholy.

A Paris spring and an early summer are, climatically, a foretaste of Paradise; but it is during the winter months that the art schools flourish, and it is winter that brings the hardships. The Latin Quarter is lined with apartments, studios and pensions for accommodation of students, and old buildings that have stood a century are often put to this use. These are naturally draughty and damp, with French casement windows that have to be draped with blankets to keep the snow from drifting in, and doors with a half-inch ventilation all around, so that even with a fire the girls must sit on their feet and blow their fingers to keep them from slowly congealing. Some of them dispense with a bag, and a bag does not last long. It, therefore, comes under the head of luxuries; but as the atelier is warm and the day is spent there, they heroically wrap themselves in shawls for an evening at home and go to bed early.

The popular way of living is to rent a studio and keep house on the cooperative plan, and the first idea is to make the place artistic. The girl with art in her soul would rather go without her dinner than not have color and effect in her surroundings. A fad of the students is to decorate the walls of the studio with the striking and often startling lithographs that have made theatrical billposting a distinct branch of French art, and there is not a studio among them that is unadorned. It requires not little ingenuity to retain the individuality of the studio when the one room serves for sleeping and eating purposes, but clever management accomplishes it. Couches, ornamental enough in the daytime, make exceed-



MISS CARRIE BROOKS.

ingly comfortable bed at night, while tall screen partitions off the "stove ends" and prevents unsightly culinary adjuncts from being aggressively conspicuous.

One of the luxuries of Paris that the American girl has never considered a luxury before is the bath. Here it is not the simple, unpretentious pastime it is in America; there is no such thing as jumping out of bed, wrapping the drapery of a voluminous bathrobe about you, and hopping into a contiguous tub, with plenty of hot water at simply a turn of the faucet. The houses in Paris

that have bathrooms are easily counted, but to make up for the deficiency the city is generously supplied with public baths at prices from 1 franc to 5. This means, of course, an extra expense to the girls, and if they feel they cannot afford it the only resource is a hurried and unsatisfactory session behind the screen.

Those who make a business of living cheaply generally find it more profitable to patronize the innumerable cafes, restaurants and creameries that thrive at the expense of the students in the Latin Quarter. It is a proverb that nothing goes to waste in a French kitchen, and this is the only way of accounting for the low prices that prevail in these places. With 1 franc a dinner from soup to coffee inclusive may be eaten, and for half a franc a very satisfactory meal, all cleanly served and well cooked, may be had.

Studying at present in the Academie Montparnasse, under MacMonnies, Collin, Aman Jean and Merson, are many American girls of whom their country has already reason for being proud. One who will be remembered in connection with the world's fair decorations is Miss Zullime Taft, whose work has received high eulogiums from art critics. "We are trying to accomplish something," said Miss Taft, modestly, "because, somehow, our friends are expecting it."

Miss Janet Scudder of Terre Haute is also in the public eye, and last year received the distinction of being selected by Mr. MacMonnies as his personal assistant. In whose atelier she is now at work. Her wood carving decorated several of the fair buildings in the Illinois and Indiana buildings. Maud Humphrey, Mrs. Madeline Smith, Miss Alice Handall, now Mrs. Fred Marsh; Miss Dodge, Miss King, all familiar names, are Americans whose work was accepted at the last salon.

Another of his pupils of whom Mr. MacMonnies is particularly proud, is Miss Carrie Brooks of Chicago. Personally she is piquant and charming, 23 years old, with a record of small successes behind her that promise much for the future. She began her studies at the art institute in her own city, and has been in Paris one year. Her present work, still unfinished, is a statuette for Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, a representation of the foolish Virgin, which Miss Brooks has named "Too Late." This will be exhibited at the next salon. This artist also contributed to the beauty of the fair, and worked under Mr. Taft in decorating the several buildings, besides being represented in the art building.

Miss Brooks has taken child life for her specialty, and puts soul into the clay models because she loves the pudgy baby faces; and her heart is in her work, and the Mecca of her hopes and ambitions is the power of Damp.

The clubs that have been established in Paris for American girls are well patronized. "The American Girls' Club," of which Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is founder, is always well filled. This occupies a reasonably modern building near the Boulevard Montparnasse. It is quaint and picturesque, with hanging balconies overlooking a square court in



MAUD HUMPHREY.

the center. The rooms rent from five francs a week up, and the board is as low as the management can afford to make it. There is a large reception room, a well equipped library and an adjoining tea room, where daily five o'clock is held. Once a month the club issues invitations for a dancing party, and these social features are much appreciated. A particular function of the club is the Christmas art sale, at which the students may either enter their work, with the restriction that no price affixed shall exceed 100 francs. They often depend on this sale to help them out of present and impending difficulties.

The People of Labrador.

Labrador is not considered a desirable place in which to live, yet the people who live there seem to enjoy it. One of the advantages is that they do not have to pay rent. Most of the people own a summer house and a winter house. The summer house is on the coast. The people live in these houses from June to October. The good fishing season is during these months and this is the principal industry of the people. They catch, dry and sell the fish to traders and thus purchase their winter supplies. The winter houses are on the shore of an island, lake or river and built in the shelter of trees. In the winter the men hunt for rabbits, partridges and other small game and trap the furbearing animals. Wood cutting is also an industry, but does not bring money. The wood is for their own use. Part of the time the weather is so severe that there is no possibility for work or fun out of doors.

Winter is the time of visiting. The dogs are harnessed and the whole family cross the lake or river for a visit. Dancing is the evening amusement. The people of Labrador are a kindly, homeloving people.—Exchange.

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