

# At Swords' Points; OR A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)  
"A woman brushed against you and placed a note in your hand. Do you remember what that note contained?"  
She turned scarlet.  
"It was entirely unintelligible to me."  
"Yet you saw a name?"  
"Yes."  
"It was mine?"  
"It was yours, my dear."  
"She said she had forged it with the distinct purpose of implicating me also."  
"Indeed," with some incredulity.  
"What did you do with the note, Fraulien?"  
"I threw it away."  
"You did not tear it up?"  
"No; merely crumpled it and threw it aside."  
"Well, it had hardly touched the ground before it fell into the hands of a secret officer of the government, who was watching the countess, just as she knew would happen."  
"Still I do not comprehend."  
"That paper was of vital importance. It pretended to give in detail the prospective army which the Kaiser could bring to Alsace-Lorraine, besides several other things of moment."  
"You alarm me!"  
"For which I shall never forgive myself, but it is vitally necessary that you should know the truth, no matter at what cost. I am sacrificing myself more than you may ever realize in order to spare you. This paper seems to place both of us in connection with the French spy whom the German authorities watch. Finally, we are as guilty as she."  
"But, my dear, the motive? Where do you have it?"  
"Fraulien, the fault is mine. While in Paris I was unfortunate enough to arouse a spark of sentiment in her heart, and I cannot imagine any one more wretched in consequence."  
"But surely I—that is, what have I done?"  
"Even as she spoke, a suspicion, a sudden flash of intelligence, came into her mind, and, though it was but a mere floating fancy, it caused her to stare furiously red."

CHAPTER XII.—  
Trials Light as Air.  
Paul did not see this agitation. Paul, whose eyes were bent upon the floor in his own confusion, for he was passing through a serious and embarrassing situation, and could not look up. He was in the same while telling her of the plot the countess had conceived of bringing both Hildegarda and himself under the suspicion of the military authorities.  
She looked at him as he stood there with his head bowed before her, and perhaps there was something more than mere pity in her eyes.  
"She must be a remarkable woman."  
"Her equal does not exist in the present age. It is marvelous the power she has over men, not merely brainless fools, but the shrewd statesmen of today."  
"Perhaps Hildegarda fears her?"  
"I have no doubt he will be glad of a chance to place her behind strong walls, but I doubt his ability to accomplish such a thing. And how can I thank you for your kind assurances of continued friendship, even while the surrounding conditions are so gloomy?"  
"Pray, do not try," she said, to hide her confusion.  
"It was joy to know that he had spoken in a frank way—that he seemed very anxious to take all the blame, and in so doing made himself appear more manly in her eyes.  
Besides the possibility of the handsome American being in love with her gave Hildegarda positive joy.  
Then from Paradise she dropped back to earth.  
"Which way must I go to find No. 79 in this same strasse?" asked Paul.  
He wondered why Hildegarda regarded him with so cold a look, but she answered his question. But it chanced that Hildegarda had that very morning seen a lady entering No. 79 of the strasse, and recognized the pretty woman to whom Rhineland had seemed so devoted at the concert garden.  
Paul's interview with his sister was protracted.  
He accomplished all he intended. Beatrix had a thousand questions to ask, so it seemed, but when she finished there was nothing in connection with the sorrowful event of the dead man left unsaid.  
The wistful tears upon Paul's shoulder, and it was his comforting embrace that assured her the world was not all hollow, even though she had learned this terrible truth about the mother in whom she had up to this time believed.  
It was after Paul had left the house that he remembered one thing—he had failed to tell her the name of the man whose action had brought such disaster and ruin upon their family.  
He would not know unless he sent word that the one she believed to be her cousin, Conrad Hoffman, was the son of that same man.  
The thought made his blood boil, and he felt in some way this action of Hoffman's should be in his hands. Additional sorrow upon the Rhinelanders.

Somehow the memory of Karl comforted him—the leader of the Rhine Korps was already an object of deepest interest to Beatrix, and in that growing love Paul believed he could see the strongest possible fortification against all harm.  
He remembered his promise to Hildegarda, and was desirous of keeping it without delay. The school must be given up—other duties seemed to call him to fields of more activity.  
So Paul began to prepare to leave Heidelberg by the night express, the Dutch cannon ball train of the period, that would land him in the German capital in a phenomenally short time.  
That the influence of the schemer Countess Aimee would follow him to Berlin, he never once thought, believing he would leave her far behind.  
That was because he did not know the wily woman and her astonishing powers as well as he should have done in order to defeat her clever plans.  
Paul had been well watched.  
The government spy hovered near, and there was besides another who worked in the interest of the countess—great times these two honest worthies had in dodging each other while keeping an eye on the main chance, as embodied in the American.  
Paul ignored them as much as possible—he had quite enough to think about in the premises.  
Should they give him too much trouble later on perhaps he would take a turn out of them in a fashion peculiar to the wild and woolly West, and after a way, to weaken their enthusiasm.  
Karl was not surprised when he heard what a sudden alteration Paul was making in his plans, for Karl was of a phlegmatic temperament and disposed to take the most extraordinary things as he found them.  
"One favor, comrade," he said while shaking hands at the train later in the night.  
"Granted before you speak," replied Paul.  
"Speak a good word for me when you apply for a commission. God knows I would like to be at your side if the war comes, and it grows closer and boisterous along the Rhine every day."  
"It shall be sweet," was what Paul called back as the express quitted the platform.  
When young Rhineland shook the sacred dust of Heidelberg, with all its pleasant student recollections, from his feet, and started in the direction of the capital, he took it for granted that he would be closely watched, since at the time he was an object of solicitude to several parties.  
He little guessed, however, to what ends some of these spies might go in order to prevent him from carrying out his designs.  
To the countess it was a matter of considerable moment whether or not he reached Berlin with the design of seeking an audience with those high in authority.  
And she would go to considerable trouble in order to prevent this same thing, being a woman of remarkable will power.  
Through the night the Berlin train panted, and Paul, having made himself as comfortable as the conditions would allow, endeavored to sleep.  
But he found sleep would not come, so he reviewed what had passed during his interview with Hildegarda.  
How plainly it all came before him—he could easily shut his eyes and see her again as she stood there blushing in confusion.  
He loved to dwell upon this scene.  
Somehow, there were features connected with it that told him he could not be an object of indifference in her eyes.  
Then, again, when he remembered the blot that rested upon his family name he groaned in secret.  
Could she, would she forgive—these high-class German families, as he well knew, were very punctilious about such things, and in many cases the breath of scandal had severed arrangements for a wedding.  
So Paul was miserable, at times letting his mind dwell upon a picture painted by fancy in her lightest mood, and then dashing over the bright scene a pall of mingled doubt and despair.  
All this while the train was booming on, crossing broad plains, rattling over bridges, and stopping occasionally at towns en route.  
Paul, finding it utterly impossible for him to sleep, began to amuse himself by observing his fellow-passengers.  
This is always an interesting study for any one fairly fond of reading human nature, for nowhere may more pronounced types be found than in a second-class Continental railway carriage.  
There were several persons in the compartment with him.  
One was a merchant traveling to Berlin, a second seemed to be an old officer, grizzled with years in the service of his king, while the third, Paul found himself much in doubt about, though finally reaching the conclusion that he was possibly the son of some rich man journeying to Berlin to offer his services to the Crown, his term in the army having expired.  
All of which was pure speculation.

Later on Paul discovered, somewhat to his surprise, and not at all to his liking, that he was all subject to considerable curiosity to the trial.  
Finally this aroused Paul's curiosity, and he began to suspect that his fellow-travelers might be other than the innocents they appeared upon the surface.  
Perhaps one of them was a government agent, bound at all hazards to keep him under surveillance, since it was believed in official circles that the American had entered into a conspiracy against the authorities.  
Which one this might be gave him some amusement for a while, though he finally decided it must be the veteran soldier.  
And the others—could they be spies in the secret pay of the countess? Such a thing was possible, of course, though hardly probable; but Paul was in just the mood to give his fancy full rein, and he allowed it to go at that.  
Although it raised quite a question, and rendered his situation serious enough, with three enamels shut up in the car with him.  
He had not been able to sleep before and now he had not the least desire to do so—in fact, he never felt more wide awake in all his life.  
Supposing this random guess of his hit the mark, did these men have any intention of doing him bodily injury? If they were in the employ of the countess it was not to be presumed that they would seek his life, though his personal liberty might be in danger.  
Anything to keep him from seeking an interview with the German military authorities at Berlin, to whom he might be tempted to unbosom himself.  
Paul laughed softly to himself when he found to what a serious point his thoughts were carrying him.  
Nevertheless, it was characteristic of him to take all possible precautions.  
And even while he thus chuckled in derision at his alarming suspicions, his hand unconsciously strayed to the pocket where he kept a small but serviceable repeater, as if to make sure that this faithful friend was within reach.  
To the ordinary mind there is considerable satisfaction in the prospect of being able to meet even a desperate emergency, and the fact of his being armed made Paul reckless of consequences, even though the others were three to one.  
Since sleep refused to come, and his limbs grew cramped, crouched as he was in a corner of the compartment, Paul decided to get out at the next station and have a little saunter up and down.  
No sooner did he make a move than his fellow tourists also aroused themselves.  
The old soldier yawned, the merchant threw aside the traveling rug which the cool night air had caused him to pull around his body, while the third traveler stretched his arms and proceeded to once more smoke his big pipe.  
Paul could not but notice this fact.  
It caused him to fully decide with reference to a stroll at the next station.  
At the same time he meant to keep close to the train so as to give them no opportunity for foul work of any sort.  
Sure enough, when the guard opened the door of the compartment, stating that they had had about five minutes at the station, the whole of them trooped out after Paul.  
This convinced him more than ever that his surmise could hardly have been such a wild one after all.  
And who could say that ere Berlin was reached he might not be glad he was armed?  
(To be continued.)

### A LOAF CENTURIES OLD.

It Was Found in a Cave Dwelling in Arizona and Is Now in a Museum.

A notable recent contribution to the archeological museum of the University of Arizona is a loaf of bread found in a cave-dwelling in the Superstition Mountain of central Arizona in 1879, and since that time in the possession of Herbert Brown, superintendent of the territorial prison.

The loaf is undeniably bread, and without a doubt is of great age. It was found embedded in the ashes wherein it was baked probably hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. It had very plainly been wrapped in a cloth or mat, and the marks of the fiber of the cloth are visible in the dark, brick-like mass. Mr. Brown is of the opinion that the bread was made of mesquite beans, roughly ground in metates by the aboriginal housewives of centuries ago.

With it was found a store of ancient sacrificial implements, stone axes and arrow heads. The loaf has been sterilized by the curator of the museum, and has been sealed within a glass jar.

The Chaplain's Self-Control.

Winston Churchill tells an excellent story of a chaplain who quarreled with the captain of a ship on the way to South Africa because the captain refused to let him hold services in the saloon. The captain regarded himself as the priest of his own ship. Mr. Churchill found the chaplain tramping the deck in anger. "And what did you say to him?" asked Mr. Churchill, sympathetically, when he had heard the story. "Oh, I said nothing at all," answered the chaplain, with a splendid show of self-command, "but I may tell you that any other clergyman in the Church of England would have told him to go to h—!"

The Hot-corn dealer is the one who has to put up another margin.

### JEWELER PUSH-BUTTON.

Some of the most beautiful and other precious stones for milliners.

"Here are some rather odd things, the first of their kind I have ever made," said a jeweler, as he held upon a cloth of black velvet a number of silver and gold buttons, into which were set small diamonds, pearls, sapphires, opals and emeralds. "They are electrical push-buttons," he explained, "and they are to be used in a country house that one of our millionaires is building.

"Push-buttons, you know, are coming into wider and wider use. The dwellings of the rich contain fifty or sixty of them nowadays. And as a consequence of their profuse appearance everywhere architects are giving a good deal of care to their designing. These six buttons, for instance, that are to go in a white and gold drawing room, are, you see, of silver, studded with opals, and they are to be set on a plate of onyx in a silver frame.

"They will go well, don't you think," asked the jeweler, according to the Philadelphia Record, "with the drawing room's delicate and pale decorative scheme?"

### A Very Strong Letter.

La Farge, Wis. Wm. T. Payne of this place has written a rather startling letter to the papers. He says:

"I was in great pain across my back for four weeks, and was taking medicine from a doctor all the time, but it did not do me any good.

"I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and had not taken more than four or five doses before I noticed that they were doing me good.

"They helped me right along, and I kept on using them till I had used four boxes when the pain left me altogether. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills has done me more good than five dollars worth of doctor's medicine.

"This remedy has certainly worked wonders in my case, and I feel it my duty to give it the credit due."

### In the Book Shop.

A salesman in a Philadelphia book store is said to have been asked these three questions: "Do you sell that new book I heard my niece telling about last week? Here's the name of it (taking out a slip of paper), 'Ben Hur'?" "Have you a novel by Hawthorne called 'Moses from an Old Man'?" "I want a copy of 'When Nightshade Was in Flower,' please. I think it's a novel, but it sounds like a work on gardening."

### STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Notary Public.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Tourists on Switzerland Railroad.

The railway up Mount Pilatus in Switzerland was used last summer by 21,373 persons. England contributed 38.4 per cent., Germany 22.8, France 18.4.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Deftance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

Some people undo with their tongues all the good they do with their hands.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A good word in behalf of others costs you little and is worth much.

Pain's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—W. W. SAWYER, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 22, 1893.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

These crispy mornings Mrs. Austin's Pan Cake Flour tastes delicious. Ready in a moment. Buy from your grocer.

Spending time in thinking what to do next instead of doing it.

People buy Hamlin's Wizard Oil because they have learned by experience that it cures pain of every kind.

People who have the least to say invariably talk the most.

IOWA FARMS FOR SALE. CASH BALANCE 100000.00.

Dispatch is the soul of business.—Lord Chesterfield.

### Nurses' Experience.

Medical men say that a good nurse in a difficult case is better than medicine, but when we can get a good nurse and good medicine, the patient stands a much better chance of recovery. The few words of advice given below by nurse Eliza King, are well worthy the attention of all readers:

"I have constantly used St. Jacobs Oil in the various situations I have occupied as nurse, and have invariably found it excellent in all cases requiring outward application, such as sprains, bruises, rheumatic affections, neuralgia, etc. In cases of pleurisy it is an excellent remedy—well rubbed in. I can strongly recommend it after several years' use and experience. It should be in every household."

Sister CAROLINA, St. Andrew's Hospital, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a most efficacious remedy in gonorrhea, sprains and bruises. Indeed, we cannot say too much in its praise, and our doctor is ordering it constantly."

# DAN GROSVENOR SAYS:

## "Pe-ru-na is an Excellent Spring Catarrh Remedy ---I am as Well as Ever."



HON. DAN. A. GROSVENOR, OF THE FAMOUS OHIO FAMILY.  
Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, Deputy Auditor for the War Department, in a letter written from Washington, D. C., says:  
"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy."  
DAN. A. GROSVENOR.

In a recent letter he says:  
"I consider Peruna really more meritorious than I did when I wrote you last. I receive numerous letters from acquaintances all over the country asking me if my certificate is genuine. I invariably answer, yes."—Dan. A. Grosvenor.

A Congressman's Letter.  
Hon. H. W. Ogden, Congressman from Louisiana, in a letter written at Washington, D. C., says the following of Peruna, the national catarrh remedy:  
"I can conscientiously recommend your Peruna as a fine tonic and all around good medicine to those who are in need of a catarrh remedy. It has been commended to me by people who have used it, as a remedy particularly effective in the cure of catarrh. For those who need a good catarrh medicine I know of nothing better."  
—H. W. Ogden.

Treat Catarrh in Spring.  
The spring is the time to treat catarrh. Cold, wet winter weather often retards a cure of catarrh. If a course of Peruna is taken during the early spring months the cure will be prompt and permanent. There can be no failures if Peruna is taken intelligently during the favorable weather of spring.

As a systemic catarrh remedy Peruna eradicates catarrh from the system wherever it may be located. It cures catarrh of the stomach or bowels with the same certainty as catarrh of the head.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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