

# At Swords' Points;

OR,  
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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## CHAPTER XVIII. Led Out To Fight.

It was doubly humiliating for Rhinelander to find that he had, through the fortunes of war, become the prisoner of the man he hated. Hoffman was madly infatuated with the countess, who was in Metz, and he had learned, as lovers have a faculty for doing, that while the dashing adventures pretended to care for him, she secretly adored Rhinelander.

This combination of circumstances aroused the most evil passions in Conrad's nature, and he simply glared his hatred as he thus looked in Paul's face.

"Ah! we meet again," he said, and in the heated passion applied an epithet that came lily from the lips of one whose parent had brought the shame upon Rhinelander's family.

Paul promptly knocked him down. He would have done so had he known that the next instant ten sword blows would pierce his heart.

There were men standing there ready to cry "bravo" on account of the manly blow—men who had no sympathy with one who could insult a prisoner of war; men who might have mutilated and refused to obey if ordered to cut him down.

But strange as it might appear, that blow, instead of making a madman out of Conrad, seemed to knock a little common sense into his head.

When he arose he simply gave orders to have the prisoner taken to a dungeon under the fortress where he had fought so valiantly.

As Paul passed him Conrad looked in his eyes.

"The hour is close at hand—I do not know what I vowed in Heidelberg. This world is too small for both of us."

"My sentiments exactly—make it soon," was the characteristic reply Paul gave.

Rhinelander had been in the dungeon about an hour when he was summoned from his cell to the presence of the commander.

His conductors led him to a small enclosed space beneath the ramparts, and here he found Hoffman, with two French officers, awaiting him.

It was to be a duel.

Paul was not astonished—he had made up his mind not to let anything, however serious, take away his cool judgment, his calm confidence, that in an affair of honor like the one in which he was about to engage is the most valuable armor with which a man may be clothed.

Few words were wasted between the principals.

Hate showed in Hoffman's eyes, and the American's calm smile made his blood fairly boil.

Paul leaned on his sword and sought to recover his breath. Victory had come to him again, as though determined that the wrongs of the bitter past should be amply avenged.

Already they were bending over the fallen man to ascertain how seriously he had been hurt, and one of the soldiers called for the doctor.

With that two forms advanced from the shadows and approached—one a medical man, whom Paul, to his surprise, recognized as Sir Noel Travers, and the other a woman, in the garb of a Red Cross nurse.

As he stood there, unnoticed, recovering his breath, he found his attention fastened upon the nurse, whose face he had not as yet seen, but whose figure and movements aroused a sudden suspicion.

Could it be possible—and within the walls of Metz, she whose heart beat for the cause of her people—and yet, startling though the thought might be, his suspicion rapidly crystallized into a positive assurance which one glimpse of her face soon verified.

He leaned against the wall with folded arms.

The blood dropped from the fingers of his left hand, but he knew it not; knew nothing, in fact, but that his infernal luck still pursued him and that the fates had decreed he should slash down her cousin directly under her eyes.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Never to his dying day would Paul forget the strange admixture of emotions that well-nigh overwhelmed him as, leaning against the cold wall of the courtyard, he saw approaching him the being whom he loved to distraction, and yet whom he feared was separated from him forever by the cruel decrees of fate.

Hildegarda looked intently in his face as she came up.

"How strange that we should meet here, Herr Paul!" she said with a faint smile.

"It is remarkable, and I consider myself fortunate indeed. Tell me, is he much hurt?" designating with a nod the spot where Conrad lay, and pretending not to see her outstretched hand, since he could not very well accept it, considering the condition of his digits.

"Through the shoulder, mynheer; but the doctor tells us with good nursing he will come through," she replied, appearing somewhat shocked at his evident disinclination to meet her friendly advances. "But you are wounded, mynheer."

"Who said so?" he asked, as if annoyed.

"They told me over there. It is necessary for the doctor to remain yet awhile, so he sent me to you."

"Ah! it is next to nothing."

"Still I insist on seeing it."

He could no longer refuse.

One of the men brought water, and having bathed the stricken member she stopped the flow of blood according to the latest methods then known to the medical fraternity.

"Was this fight of your seeking, mynheer?"

"I assure you, no—it was forced upon me. I was brought up from my prison cell to meet him and give him the satisfaction he has long craved."

At this moment one of the soldiers came up, carrying the doctor's bag, and quickly followed by the Englishman.

How eagerly he pounced upon Paul's good right hand and squeezed it most heartily!

"Hoch, hoch, hoch, the American!" he said, in imitation of the hoarse cries that had signaled Paul's triumph on that former occasion when he met Conrad in the Hirschgasse inn and won the everlasting regard of the students by defeating the hero of fifty duels.

"Glad to see you, doctor!" said Paul. "And I'm delighted. You make me feel proud of my cousins across the big pond. By Jove! but you soaked it to him hard! An inch lower down and the air would have whistled through his lung on this chill October morning. But, my dear boy, I must insist on your putting on your coat to avoid taking cold. Ah! my good nurse has done her work well, I see. She is a treasure!"

"You are right, Sir Noel," echoed the wounded man, enjoying the look of embarrassment that made her face turn as red as a pony.

"Then you have met her before, Rhinelander?" as Hildegarda moved toward the other groups.

"What's the use of denying it, Sir Noel—I love that girl with all my heart and soul. She is the sweetest being on earth to me; the dearest in ten thousand; the one altogether loveliest!"

"That's the way to talk, and I'm inclined to believe it's all right, too," said the doctor encouragingly.

"Perhaps it will come out all right, Sir Noel. I hope so, at least. And now I wonder what they will do with me—am I to go back to my dungeon?"

out of the affair with something to his credit.

There was a grim satisfaction in the reflection that, even as on their first encounter, he had emerged from the engagement with honor.

Sir Noel was as good as his word. He had some magical influence at headquarters.

As a result Rhinelander found himself given the freedom of the city in return for his simple promise that he would neither run away nor attempt to communicate with the German forces investing Metz.

Paul was keenly interested in all he saw. But he was seeking a face—here and there he looked, wherever crowds roamed, endeavoring to locate the one who was in his mind.

If only Karl were present—Karl who was with the besieging host, winning golden opinions from his superior officers by his bravery and discretion.

And then Paul had what was possibly one of the most severe shocks of his life.

He heard his name softly pronounced, and, with Karl in his mind, it seemed to him as though a spirit of the air must have spoken; so familiar were the tones. Paul could not refrain from turning his head and glancing around.

Of course he saw only French uniforms, peasants in woolen smocks and wooden sabots, townspeople who gathered in groups and solemnly discussed the consequences to their business when the Germans controlled the city, but never a sign of the rosy-cheeked young soldier of the Fatherland, in his sombre uniform, so strangely at variance with the gay plumage of the Garde Mobile, the national troops and the ferocious zouaves and franc-tireurs.

And as he looked Paul became conscious that one of the latter who lounged nearby had coughed as if to attract his attention, at the same time looking straight in his direction.

Then it was he received the shock as though from a strong galvanic battery.

"For it was Karl!"

What could it mean?

The air of mystery surrounding Karl; the quick movement by means of which he expressed silence by pressing a finger upon his lips—these things aroused Paul's curiosity to fever pitch.

Ah! he had guessed the truth.

Karl—a spy!

The circumstances were positively convincing, and yet Paul found difficulty in believing his eyes.

Meanwhile Karl had come closer, so that he might speak in a low tone without being noticed.

"Where can I see you alone, my friend?" he asked.

Paul's mind was quick to act.

"Yonder are two benches back to back. I shall drop down on one and later you can do the same on the other. Then we can converse without appearing to do so, and keep an eye out at the same time for danger. Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly."

Presently they were thus seated, Paul apparently reading a local paper, while the seeming franc-tireur dozed in the bright sunlight.

A thousand pairs of eyes might fall upon them loitering there without a suspicion arising that they were in direct communication.

"You are surprised?" asked Karl.

"Bewildered, you mean," replied the other.

"Still, some one had to come. Our reports have been so vague and contradictory that the general was determined to learn the truth about the starvation said to exist among the enemy."

There was that in Karl's earnest tones to warn his friend that he had something of importance to communicate, something that concerned Paul's mission to Europe during these troublous times.

(To be continued.)

Time to Stop.

Under the machinery of the law, as at present administered, a lawyer has great advantages over a witness. Recognition of this fact is probably the reason why people always enjoy seeing a witness get the better of his examiner.

There was lately heard a case in which the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good.

The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination, and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the lawyer.

"I have not," was the answer.

"Now, be careful; did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it finally. When did that happen?"

"After I had paid all I owed."

## CONDANNED IN MISSOURI AND CONFISCATED IN NEW YORK.

Judge Clarke of St. Louis has convicted and fined heavily a number of grocers for selling baking powders containing alum.

The week before the Health Department of New York seized a quantity of stuff being sold for baking powder which they found was made from alum mixed with ground rock, and dumped it into the river.

The Health Authorities are thus taking effective means to prevent the introduction into our markets of injurious substitutes in place of wholesome baking powders.

As alum costs only two cents a pound, there is a great temptation for those manufacturers who make substitutes and imitation goods, to use it. Alum baking powders can be detected by the health authorities by chemical analysis, but the ordinary housekeeper, whose assistance in protecting the health of the people is important, cannot make a chemical examination. She may easily know the alum powders, however, from the fact that they are sold at from ten to twenty cents for a pound can, or that some prize—like a spoon or glass, or piece of crockery, or wooden ware—is given with the powder as an inducement.

As the people continue to realize the importance of this subject and consumers insist on having baking powder of established name and character, and as the health authorities continue their vigorous crusades, the alum danger will, it is hoped, finally be driven from our homes.

## UNCLE JOE CANNON'S LITTLE JOKE

Illinois Statesman Takes a Nap at the Ways and Means Committee.

In the rooms occupied by the committee on ways and means of the house, of which Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois is chairman, there is a long table around which the members gather when the committee is in session. It takes up considerable space and its corners are very pointed. The other day a member rushed in hurriedly and in endeavoring to execute a loop about the table collided good and hard with one of these sharp corners.

All that he said was not taken down, as it was too warm to be made a matter of record. As he went limping into the adjoining room he asked Chairman Cannon "why the deuce he did not dispose of that darned table"—or words to that effect—and get another with round corners.

"Well," remarked "Uncle Joe," shifting his unlighted cigar to the westward corner of his mouth, "I have been thinking of it for some time and I believe I'll send it over to the committee on ways and means. Those fellows over there are experts on turning sharp corners."

## An Honest Man's Opinion.

Vermont, Mo., April 25th.—If what Mr. J. S. Tillery of this place says is true—and none who know him doubt his honesty—the new remedy Dodd's Kidney Pills is a wonderful medicine indeed. Mr. Tillery says:

"I had Kidney and Liver Trouble for years. I had used many medicines but could get nothing to cure me.

"I heard of a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills and began a treatment with the result that I was very soon on the mend.

"I kept on using the pills and am now entirely better. I honestly do believe that they are the greatest remedy the world has ever seen.

"I am always willing to help a good thing and I cannot say too much for one that helped me so much.

"If I didn't know that Dodd's Kidney Pills would do all that is claimed for them I wouldn't say a word of praise for them."

## Many Accidents on Ocean.

Lloyd's reports an alarming increase in the number of shipwrecks and accidents during the present year compared with the same period in former years.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

The interest manifested in "Buell Hampton" indicates that it will be a very popular novel. Advance orders exhausted the first edition, and the second edition has already been published.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

"Dorothy South" is a new love story of Virginia just before the war, which promises to become popular with lovers of romance.

POTNAM FADELESS DYES color silk, wool or cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

"The first water cure was the food, and it killed more than it cured."—Charles Lamb.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

"Love is the beginning, the middle and end of everything."—Lacordaire.

Don't Suffer From Rheumatism. Take MATT J. JOHNSON'S OIL. It is a positive cure. Try it. All druggists.

It's always advisable for a poor liar to tell the truth.

The well-posted druggist advises you to use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain, for he knows what it has done.

A German inventor is now spinning yarn from peas.

## MANY SPIES EMPLOYED BY SULTAN

Spies Growing Demoralized Under the Process of a New System.

In no country and at no time of the world's history has the spy system been developed to the point it has attained in Turkey to-day. It is a most elaborate organization and costs an immense amount of money. There are spies and counter-spies, and counter-counter-spies to the fourth or fifth degree. Their number is legion, and they are to be found in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. Besides the minister of police, almost every high dignitary has his own service of spies, says the London Chronicle.

These are all rival organizations, and spend most of their time in spying and denouncing each other. All prominent persons are closely watched, and followed even while shopping, and should they meet another person of note and exchange a few words, the fact is carefully noted. Turks no longer dare assemble in parties of five or six for the purpose of spending their evenings together. It is impossible for three or four of them to sit down at a table in a coffee house without having a spy at the next. On such occasions they always speak very loud, so that everybody may hear them. Should a European converse with a Turk in the street, a spy will follow them and try to find out what they are saying.

The result of all this is that the Turks avoid one another's company as much as possible, and whenever they do come together the conversation is on the most futile subjects and quite childish. The Turkish nation is growing more and more demoralized under the present spy system.

## TRAITS OF "PRAYING MANTIS."

French Naturalist Makes Thorough Study of Peculiar Insect.

Very strange is the insect popularly known as the "praying mantis." Of this insect M. J. H. Fabre, a distinguished naturalist, has made a thorough study. According to him, "its long, pale green wings, like ample veils, its head upraised to heaven, its arms folded and crossed on its breast, give it a false resemblance to a nun in ecstatic devotion."

A ferocious creature it is, ever bent on carnage, the workshops of various burrowing hymenoptera being its favorite haunts, since there it is almost certain to find prey.

"Posted on some bush near the burrows," says M. Fabre, in his account of the insect, "it waits patiently until it sees some other insect, probably a spider, returning home. By a sudden rattle of its half-open wings it terrifies the approaching insect, which hesitates for a moment, and then as suddenly as a spring the loathed forearm folds back on an arm also toothed and the insect is grasped between the blades of the double saw in the same manner as the jaws of a wolf trap close on an unfortunate wolf at the instant when it is seizing the bait. Then, without unclosing the deadly machine, the mentis slowly eats its victim."

In Provence this cruel insect is known as "prego Dieou," which means "pray to God."

## Plague of Housewife's Joy of Botanists

The housekeeper who finds a layer of gray-green mold covering her preserves when she removes the lid from the jar is so far from seeing anything interesting, much less beautiful in it, that she throws it away in disgust. But if she would examine it with a microscope, as the botanist does she would be interested in spite of herself. She would find it a mass of fungus plants, with branches of delicate frost-like tracery and as dainty and clean in the midst of decay as are the lilies in a stagnant swamp.

The mold that thus annoys fruit canners is the most common of the species. It grows in the form of a grayish-green mat, which gives off a fine dust consisting of millions of spores that correspond to the seeds of larger plants. The spores sprout in every direction on the surface on which they lie, and a little later the sprouts turn and grow upward.

## Dumas' Little John

The people of France having celebrated the centenary of Victor Hugo, are now looking forward to the Dumas centenary, which will be celebrated on July 23, 1903. Apropos of this the story of the amusing joke Dumas played on Lamartine and Hugo is being retold. He once for fun addressed a letter to "the greatest poet in Paris." The post office sent it to Lamartine, the idol of sentimental readers. He hesitated to open it, and took it to Victor Hugo, who protested that his brother had had far too humble an opinion of himself. After some conversation they agreed to decide by lot which of the two should open it. The lot fell to Victor Hugo, who, taking out the letter, read: "My dear Alfred." It was written to Alfred de Musset.

## English Railway Management.

"Are we really so behind you in our railway arrangements?" asked an Englishman of an American a few days ago. He stared in surprise. "This is what happened to me this morning," was his reply. "I went to the London and North-western offices in Parliament street to get a ticket for a town in the north. They told me I couldn't dine on a certain train, and it turned out I could; they wrote out on a ticket where I was going and the price, and when I asked them to telephone to Euston to reserve a seat in the dining car they said they hadn't a telephone, but would send a message to Euston. Pretty well up to date, isn't it?"

## IRONING A SHIRT WAIST.

Not infrequently a young woman finds it necessary to launder a shirt waist at home for some emergency when the laundryman or the home servant cannot do it. Hence these directions for ironing the waist: To iron summer shirt waists so that they will look like new it is needful to have them starched evenly with Defiance starch, then made perfectly smooth and rolled tight in a damp cloth, to be laid away two or three hours. When ironing have a bowl of water and a clean piece of muslin beside the ironing board. Have your iron hot, but not sufficiently so to scorch, and absolutely clean. Begin by ironing the back, then the front, sides and the sleeves, followed by the neckband and the cuffs. When wrinkles appear apply the damp cloth and remove them. Always iron from the top of the waist to the bottom. If there are plaits in the front iron them downward, after first raising each one with a blunt knife, and with the edge of the iron follow every line of stitching to give it distinctness. After the shirt waist is ironed it should be well aired by the fire or in the sun before it is folded and put away, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

## \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The promoters have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. The Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Use the Best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Bins. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

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Scientists say that fish feel little pain.

## She Would Not be Without It Now.

Neither would thousands of others. We refer to Vogeler's Curative Compound; it does so much good and seems to reach every form of stomach trouble, that people have found that it is the one true specific. And what are stomach troubles? The easiest answer is that three-quarters of all the diseases and ailments which affect us proceed from one form or another of stomach trouble.

Indigestion is one of the worst and most prevalent forms, but Vogeler's Curative Compound cures indigestion. Here is one instance:

Mr. W. Bowell, of 34, Priory Street, Winchester, Col., writes: "I wish to state that my wife has been taking Vogeler's Curative Compound for a long time, and it is the only thing that has done her any real good for indigestion, in fact nothing would induce her to be without a bottle now."

When we stop to seriously consider the fact, that this great remedy is made from the formula of one of the most eminent living London physicians, it is no wonder that people who have happily experienced the benefit to be derived from its use, will not now be without it at any cost.

St. Jacob's Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., will send you a free sample bottle. Write them.

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