

At Swords' Points;

OR,
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER XX.

At the Wolf's Head Drinking Fountain.

When at the risk of being noticed by hostile eyes, Paul turned his head so that he might look into his companion's face.

"I see you, too, have met with an adventure, Karl," he muttered, once more scanning his paper, although the French words danced up and down before his eyes.

"Perhaps one could hardly call it by such a name, when compared with your double exploit," modestly. "But perhaps you can guess she is here in Metz."

"Beatrice, my sister?" "Yes; and not alone. A nun accompanies her. I myself have seen her, and under conditions little short of tragic."

Paul breathed hard. Already he had begun to find love in his long desolate heart for this pretty sister, and the thought of danger over-taking her aroused his spleen.

"Tell me what happened, brother," he muttered.

"It was last night. I had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the city, bringing with me three carrier pigeons belonging to a man within our lines, and which were to take my messages in cipher to the general."

"While wandering around, picking up all the information possible, chance—oh, it was a favor of Providence, threw me among a group of soldiers in one of the parks."

"They had been drinking to drown the impending woe, and were in a condition far removed from the usually polite Frenchman."

"Enough to say they stopped two women who came from the direction of the hospital—I heard a scream, and forgot the danger I ran, for the voice was that of Beatrice."

"How many were there?" "Some four or five."

"Excellent. And you put them to flight alone and unarmed?"

"Yes, and Beatrice was horrified at discovering my identity, though I believe, pleased to know that it was to a German arm she was indebted for the rescue."

"What of her companion?" "She thanked me most gratefully. You remember what your mother looked like when as a child you saw her last. She is still the same, with a face purified by suffering. I fear she is not long for this world. Her incessant labors in the field she has chosen have undermined her health. It may come back, but the chances are she will presently slip away from you all."

"Somehow this gave Paul a shock, and he immediately resolved that he would seize the very first available opportunity to make his peace with the poor lady whose life history had been so sad."

"I must see her." "When would you care to seek her?" "Soon. This evening, if it is possible."

Karl considered. "Do you know the wolf's head fountain, down by the high wall yonder?" "I drank there not an hour ago."

"It is well. Meet me there at nine to-night, and together we will seek those in whose interests we are so deeply concerned."

"Done! At nine, you say?" "Yes; and now I am about to move off. Remember."

Paul counted the minutes until midnight. A great yearning had come upon him to see his mother and reassure her that forgiveness had come at last—to take her weary form in his manly arms and look into the eyes that had wept so many tears of bitter regret.

Totally ignorant of the exciting events which this night of nights had in store for him, Paul sauntered in the direction of the little wolf's head drinking fountain that projected from the wall which he had agreed to as a rendezvous for meeting Karl.

As he drew near the drinking fountain he remembered that caution was an absolutely necessary adjunct to his mission. Keenly he surveyed each lamper in turn.

Fortunately the two comrades had arranged a crude system of signaling, based somewhat upon the code in use during their days at old Heidelberg, and by a cautious use of this Paul was at last enabled to clutch the hand of his comrade.

All seemed working well. He heard Karl somewhat worried under the belief that he was being watched.

It might be imagination, but he sensed that suspicions had arisen regarding his identity.

"I have news," he said, as their hands were pressed together.

"News of Hildegarde?" demanded Paul.

"No. You know what we guessed was the reason for Conrad's being here?"

"Yes—a woman," replied Paul, quickly turning his head to look over his shoulder, as though the mention of the countless might cause her to appear.

"Well, she is in Metz, though I hope not within sound of my voice, and you may depend upon it just as much as I am in the game as ever. I saw her come out of the hospital where your father was nursed, and the look on her face—"

rade. I fear no man alive, but heaven deliver me from such a woman. However, let us dismiss her from our thoughts. Tell me more about Hildegarde. Such a subject will take the bad taste from my mouth."

"Well, I have seen the young woman again and you may even have that pleasure to-night."

"How so?" "Simply because we are going to a house that adjoins the Red Cross hospital, where she is engaged in her holy labor."

"That is singular indeed." "It may be more ere we are through. You know I am a firm believer in the working of Providence, and to my mind there is something more than a mere coincidence in this thing."

They were now near their destination. Apparently there was no suspicious craft above the horizon—at least Von Stettin gave no indication of serious alarm.

"The hospital!" he muttered. Paul came to a stand for a moment—who could blame him under the circumstances?

Although he halted to look in at the open door only a brief time, it proved a most unfortunate piece of business for him, as subsequent events turned out.

A figure stood to one side, perhaps waiting until the wounded soldiers had all been carried into the house of mercy—a figure screened by the shadows that fell on that side of the great building, observed Paul's action and only with difficulty repressed a cry of satisfaction when the light fell upon his face.

For although the figure and dress of the watcher seemed to belong to a dandy French captain, the countenance was surely that of the bold adventurist, the Countess Almoe.

Karl awaited his friend at the adjoining door. "Are you ready?" he asked, solemnly.

"Go on," Paul said, shortly. The door opened and they passed in. Up the stairs—now a light appeared above, coming from an open door.

"Karl, is it you?" asked a girl's voice, whereupon the individual declared it to be no other.

When Paul saw the loverlike meeting of the two young people he knew it was all right, and that the chances were his friend would never again wish to challenge any one because of jealousy.

And how startled the pretty girl was when she discovered a second figure ascending—how quickly she sprang away from Karl and uttered an exclamation.

Perhaps it was more on account of her fears for Karl's safety, within the French lines on such a perilous mission, than mere maidenly modesty, that made her cry out:

"Beatrice!" he called. "Sister, have you then forgotten me?"

Then a glad cry broke from her lips, and Beatrice gladly greeted the newcomer with all the warmth the dearest brother could expect.

"You do not know—oh! Paul, how shall I tell you the truth—how will you bear it?" she said, in a weak almost panic-stricken voice.

"Ah! But I do know it, my dearest girl." "About—our—mother?" eagerly.

"Yes." "Oh! Paul, how is it in your heart—do you hate her still—she has suffered so—"

"Our mother," he said, softly, tenderly. His words, his manner aroused her wildest hopes.

"You forgive—you forget—you will love her even as I do. Oh! God, this is blessed news—I thank thee for this happy hour. Oh! how glad I am that she has lived to know this blessed hour."

She took her brother's hand and led him into the lighted room.

He saw a black-robed figure rise, saw a pale face, with tender, sad and haunting eyes—heard a low cry as her gaze fell upon him and she started to stretch out her arms, but they fell helpless at her side.

It was all to his credit as a man that he did not stop one second, but walked directly over to where she stood, now holding on to the back of the chair through weakness.

"My mother!" he said, but his very voice was a carol.

"Then he took her quivering form in his arms and gently kissed her. At that she gave way.

The fountains broke forth, though the wonder was they had no run dry in the long years of her weeping. She clung to him as she sobbed, and he pressed her head to his heart as one might a grieving child.

Paul had placed his mother upon a divan and seated himself beside her. It was necessary that they speak of the past. That could never be a sealed book with them.

hardly believe belonged to her, the fair child of former years. Meanwhile Karl and Beatrice had wandered over to one of the windows, set deep in the walls, and forming admirable lovers' seats.

Perhaps that same fate in which Karl professed to entertain some belief, had a hand in the game, which was one of the reasons why the young couple sat so long in the deep embrasure of the window, since had it not been for this, Karl might not have thought to peep aimlessly down toward the street.

Beatrice saw him bend still lower, while the laugh left his face, and a look of deep concern took its place.

"Oh, what is it, Karl!" she cried, as a heavy, thunderous report shook the house.

"That is only another shell exploding near by. Our friends beyond the walls have evidently discovered some means of sending frequent bombs into the city, and there will be grave damage done ere morning. But it was not that which startled me, but a movement of French soldiers in the street below. I have grave reason to believe they are surrounding this house, and that would mean danger, perhaps death, to Paul."

Beatrice cried out in terror, and even Paul was constrained to show alarm, not on his own account so much as because of this friend who had his life in the balance.

You must get out of this instantly—go by the roof if there is no other way," he exclaimed, ready as ever to grapple with the scorching emergency.

"It is too late!" gritted Karl, sullenly. Yes, too late, for the clatter of boots sounded in the hall without, the door was unceremoniously opened by a hand that believed in military law above the civil code, and several soldiers pushed into the room, soldiers wearing the uniform of the National Guard and led by a pompous major, behind whom strutted a figure that instantly caught Paul's attention, filling him with both amazement and alarm.

(To be continued.)

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BABIES.

No Part of the World is Free from Queer Notions.

Lately some extraordinary superstitions about babies have come to light. For instance, the Maux people believe that it will dwarf or wizen a baby if any one steps over it or walks round it.

In some parts of England people blind the infant's right hand, so that it may have riches when it grows up. In Yorkshire a new-born babe is placed in a maiden's arms before being touched by anyone else, in order to insure good luck.

In South America a book, a piece of money and a bottle of liquor are placed before the infant the day it is one year old, to ascertain its bent in life.

In Scotland a baby is considered lucky if it handles its spoon with its left hand, and it will be perfectly happy and successful if it has a number of falls before its first birthday.

In the North of England, when a child is taken from a house for the first time, it is given an egg, some salt and a small loaf of bread, and occasionally a small piece of money, to insure it against coming to want.

In Germany it is considered necessary that a child should "go up" before it goes down in the world, so it is carried upstairs as soon as born. In case there is no upstairs the nurse mounts a table or chair with the infant.

HE WAS ABSENT-MINDED.

Teeth Had Carried Off a Girl's Head-piece in Mistake.

They were quite late in returning from the French cooks' ball and the car going south on Broadway was crowded with the tired dancers. At the next corner the car stopped and a blond young man got on, who, as he entered the car, at once attracted the gaze even of the sleepy dancers.

He advanced to the center and held on to a strap with one hand. In the other he carried an enormous hat, unmistakably feminine, as attested by yards of blue chiffon and waving ostrich plumes.

He was serenely unconscious of his burden until, the conductor asking for his fare, he reached for his pocket with his hand that he thought was disengaged. He then discovered the hat. His look of bewilderment brought forth audible smiles from his fellow passengers. Then he remembered.

Holding up the creation in blue and gazing fondly, but liquidly into its mysterious depths of millinery, he muttered:

"Lovely girl! How forgetful of me!" And making a sign to the conductor, says the New York Mail and Express, stepped hurriedly from the car.

Convention Clothes.

Without doubt the coronation of King Edward VII. will be the most costly and elaborate "fall dress" affair that has occurred in modern times. But King Edward will not be permitted to look upon such a wonderful display of costumes as greeted the eye of his distinguished predecessor, Edward III.

This year of the fourteenth century was a spectacle that must have added greatly to the gaiety of nations. He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains, hose of one color on one leg, and another color on the other; a coat, the one-half white and the other half black or blue; a long silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals and dancing men.

Many a man's word is like an echo—surely a hollow mockery.

HOW CHEAP BAKING POWDER IS MADE.

The Health Department of New York has seized a quantity of so-called cheap baking powder, which it found in that city. Attention was attracted to it by the low price at which it was being sold in the department stores. Samples were taken and the chemist of the Health Department reported the stuff to be "an alum powder," which analysis showed to be composed chiefly of alum and pulverized rock.

The powder was declared to be dangerous to health, and several thousand pounds were carted to the offal dock and destroyed. It is unsafe to experiment with these so-called "cheap" articles of food. They are sure to be made from alum, rock, or other injurious matter. In baking powders, the high class, cream of tartar brands are the most economical, because they go farther in use and are healthful beyond question.

He Took the Persimmon.

When Senator Simmons was a candidate for senator down in North Carolina his principal opponent was a millionaire, who flooded the state with handsome buttons bearing his picture. The appearance of the buttons everywhere rather annoyed Mr. Simmons, who felt that he must do something to counteract this evidence of popularity. He had no money to throw away on buttons and for awhile he was in a quandary. Then an inspiration came to him. He decided that he would take a persimmon for his emblem.

Persimmons are as numerous in North Carolina as sands upon the seashore. In the fall of the year, when the election was held, they were round and hard, and fastened quite securely to their short stems. It did not take long for the followers of Mr. Simmons to learn that they could not please him better than by wearing a persimmon, and so the button was soon cast into the shade.

"We are all 'simmons men,'" said the wearers of the fruit, and the phrase, combining a pun on the persimmon with loyalty to the popular candidate, was so effective that it materially helped Mr. Simmons to win his race for the senate.

A Soldier's Narrow Escape.

Watts Flats, N. Y., May 5th.—George Manhart of this place, a hale and hearty old soldier of 80 years of age, tells a thrilling story of a narrow escape from death.

"Four years ago," he says, "the doctors who were attending me during a serious illness called my wife aside and told her that I could not live two weeks as I had Bright's Disease, which meant certain death."

"As a last resort we thought we would try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and accordingly sent to Mr. Clark's drug store and got a box.

"This remedy worked wonders in my case. I noticed the improvement at once and discharged the doctor.

"I kept on improving until every symptom of illness had gone and I was strong and well.

"I feel like a boy and to-day I am chopping wood as well as eighty as at twenty. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it."

Medals for Soldiers of '61.

Gov. Crane of Massachusetts has signed the bill awarding a medal to every man from his state who went out in response to President Lincoln's first call for troops. The pen with which he signed the bill has been presented to President Pierce of the "minute men of '61."

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Gimsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Students in Paris.

Students take no unimportant part in French life, especially in Paris. Statistics published by the Ministry of Public Instruction show that the total number of students in French universities is 30,370.

Papers in Sweden.

There are 751 newspapers and periodicals in Sweden, including 52 dailies. Stockholm has twelve dailies, seven published in the morning and five in the evening, which is a large number for a city of 320,000 inhabitants.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

Blind Asylum in Ceylon.

It has been decided to found an eye hospital and an asylum for the blind as Ceylon's memorial to the late Queen Victoria.

No chromes or cheap premiums, but a better quality and one-third more of Defiance Starch for the same price of other starches.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blessed.—Carlyle.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle (except green and purple). Sold by druggists, 10c. per package.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.—John Ruskin.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADING? Use Red Cross Dye and make them white again. Large 3c. package, 5 cents.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

CAPT. WYNNE HAS GALLANT RECORD

Brave United States Sailor Who Is in Trouble in Italy.

Capt. Robert F. Wynne of the United States marine corps, whom the Italian authorities at Venice have punished more severely than the other officers of the cruiser Chicago for a fracas in a cafe, is a native of Washington, and the son of Robert J. Wynne, the well-known Washington correspondent. The captain, who has been sentenced to four months and ten days in a Venetian prison, is a graduate of the Georgetown college law department with the class of 1897.

He is 26 years old. He served with the allied forces at Tsintsin two years ago and assisted in the assault on the walls July 13, in which action young Lieut. Butler of Pennsylvania was so severely wounded. Wynne began his career in the navy during the war with Spain. Previously to that he had served five years as a member of the national guard of the District of Columbia. He served in the operations at Guantanamo, Cuba, with distinction, and at the end of the war passed a splendid examination for a commission in the regular service. He then went to the Philippines, fought in the battle of Novelletta, and in all

the skirmishes around Manila in which the marines took a part. His reputation is that of a brave, capable and courteous officer.

Not Worth the Money.

Justice William L. Putnam of the United States circuit court of appeals in Portland, Ore., recently fell into conversation with a young man of the nouveaux riches who expressed astonishment that the judge could get along on his salary of \$6,000 a year.

"Why" said the purse-proud youth, "it easily costs me twice that amount to live a year." The judge answered gravely: "It isn't worth it, George; it isn't worth it."

SON-IN-LAW OF FAMOUS PREACHER

Death of Rev. Samuel Scoville Once First Chief of Norwich, N. Y.

Of the church wherein Rev. Henry Ward Beecher acquired fame—Plymouth, of Brooklyn—his son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Scoville, was assistant pastor when death came to him the other day. In some ways Rev. Mr. Scoville resembled his distinguished father-in-law. He was more than a formal minister of the gospel and wherever his career was cast every phase of life—social, moral, educational, literary and professional—felt his influence. For eighteen years he was pastor of the Congregational church in Norwich, Conn., and he made himself beloved by every resident of the county, for his influence radiated through it. While in Norwich he took a deep interest in fire department matters, and served for a time as chief.

Rev. Mr. Scoville was born in West Cornwall, Conn., in 1834, and was a Yale graduate. He studied for the ministry at the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., and at Union Theological Seminary, from which he

graduated in 1861. The same year he was married to Harriet E. Beecher by the distinguished father of the bride. His first charge was at Norwich.

Governor Davis in Trouble.

Gov. Jeff C. Davis of Arkansas has been summoned to answer to grave charges of heresy by the Baptist general convention of the state. The governor has hitherto been regarded as an exemplary member of the church. His friends declare he has the politeness of Henry Clay, the piety of Abraham Lincoln and the logic of Daniel Webster.

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HOME WOMEN.

Some grocers say they don't know the Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

Man never fastened one end of a chain around the neck of his brother that God did not fasten the other end round the neck of the oppressor.—Lamarine.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? Then use Defiance Starch. It will keep them white—16 c. for 10 cents.

A weak man may be shamed out of anything except his weakness.

There are women who devote their whole lives to home duties many of whom know what it is to drag along day after day suffering intensely. The symptoms are spinal weakness, dizziness, excitability, leaning back, all-gone feeling, and sudden faintness. The only safe and permanent cure for this is Vogel's Curative Compound, which acts directly on the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and vital organs of the body. It removes all impurities from the blood. It secures strength, vitality, and vigor in all cases from which "home women" suffer.

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