

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,  
Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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## CHAPTER X.

The Game of Fox and Geese.  
Events were crowding upon each other's heels.

Charlie, while abroad, had seen something that gave him quite a start. This was nothing more nor less than a lovely woman with golden hair and blue eyes in a carriage, taking an airing, while at her side, stiff and stern-looking, the baron sat.

Charlie bowed politely. The countess gave him a look of curiosity and one of her ravishing smiles.

So she passed out of his life—lucky man.

The sight of Charlie recalled to the baron's mind the promise he had made with regard to Capt. Brand.

Accordingly he took advantage of his first hour off to set the wires in motion, and learn certain facts regarding the worthy captain.

Charlie, relying on the baron to corral the captain, had made arrangements for sailing upon the next trans-Atlantic steamer.

He had engaged passage for Arline, her companion, Artemus and himself.

The captain, having paid a man to keep upon Stuart's track, found out what was in the wind.

He learned that the crisis had arrived. Whatever he proposed doing must be put through with all possible speed, since, ere many hours elapsed, those against whom his schemes were directed would be upon the sea, and, mayhap, beyond his reach.

Artemus had heard enough to know the three schemers were planning to do his friend an evil turn, but, straining his ears as he would, he had not been able to catch the particulars of the game, owing to certain sounds in the hotel that muffled even the bold voices of Captain Brand's champagne-bubbling friends.

All he could do was to warn Stuart on general principles, and it can be set down as an assured fact that he carried out this dramatic little episode quite to the queen's taste.

It would not have been Artemus otherwise.

Charlie promised to keep his weather eye open for squalls.

He opened his early departure from Antwerp would serve to entirely discredit the beggarly plans of his enemies, and leave the fellow in the lurch.

About this time there was considerable hustling being done among the various forces circling around Arline Brand, just as the planets whirl about their central sun.

The baron tried to drive from his mind the startling phantoms that had been conjured into being by the mysterious power of Isolde, Countess of Brabant, and, as this could only be done by means of work, he gave himself up to the mission of the hour with redoubled zeal.

It was really a question what the scramble would result in—whether Charlie or the redoubtable captain would come out of it in creditable shape, and how Artemus might fare in the shuffle.

Lady Arline had an interview with her alleged papa, during which she announced her determination of crossing the Atlantic on business, and that she had provided liberally for him during her absence, as he would find upon applying in person to her banker in London.

The interview was possibly not devoid of dramatic features. Artemus was on guard near by, and heard the old sea dog blustering more or less in his usual way.

But he had evidently lost much of the power he formerly possessed over Lady Arline. He came forth from the rooms looking like an enraged hyena, because diplomacy had forced him to bottle up his wrath.

To Artemus Charlie delegated the task of seeing Lady Arline and her maid aboard the ocean greyhound, where he would join them later.

It was night again.

Time and tide wait for no man, and ocean steamers have to put out very frequently at unreasonable hours, in order to cross the bar on the flood.

The baron and Captain Brand played a game of cross-purposes, as it were, for, while the ex-sailor shadowed Charlie with intentions that were both dark and desperate, he was, at the same time, under the surveillance of Peterhoff's emissary—the baron himself being too busily employed catering to the comfort of his fair prisoner—in reality his captor—to personally inject his individuality into the game.

Captain Brand knew he was followed, and perhaps could give a rough guess as to the why and wherefore.

But it was not his nature to be dependent.

He believed in utilizing whatever came in his way as one of the forces that might bring success.

When a man can thus twist threatening disasters into favoring factors he is indeed hard to beat in the game of life.

Charlie was feeling unusually bold and light-hearted on this night, which he supposed would be his last on European soil.

Presently he expected to be on board a stanch German liner, viewing the low shores of the old world with complacency—for at his side would be Lady Arline; and left behind as a memory of the dead past, such persons as the professor and his wife, Baron Peterhoff, Isolde, Countess Brabant, and Captain Brand of the Hesperia.

He intended giving Capt. Brand the

full worth of his money, and then, by a fluke, dropping him in some section of old Antwerp, while he himself took a fly and drove to the landing stage in time to catch the steamer.

Perhaps this might have been carried out had circumstances not united to arrange events in the captain's favor.

Charlie had his fun.

He dragged his persistent pursuer over a good part of Antwerp—now they were on foot and anon chasing in vehicles at a pace to set the staid old burghers agog with surprise and consternation.

Outside a desire to have a little sport with his friend, the captain, his sole purpose in leading Brand this wild-goose chase was to keep his attention upon himself, while Lady Arline and Artemus left the hotel; for somehow Charlie had a vague fear lest the resourceful ex-sailor might use force to prevent his supposed daughter from departing, advancing some daring plea that her mind was affected and having hired experts, who would perhaps decree that she should be incarcerated in an asylum.

These things might appear ridiculous, but such happenings have come to pass ere now, and he chanced to have personal knowledge of at least one similar case.

Whether or not Charlie was foolish in thus conjuring up phantoms that could not exist, was a question that should not be decided hastily.

He believed Brand to be a desperate man, against whom he could as yet hardly appeal to the law, since Arline would not give her consent.

He was convinced that Brand did not desire the heiress to get beyond his reach, and would hardly hesitate at any end in order to hold her until his sinister plans could be worked out.

Hence it was, after all, in a spirit of self-sacrifice that Charlie undertook to have a little fun with Capt. Brand, and led him this fine chase up and down the crooked streets of Antwerp.

All would have been well but for two cronies of Brand. They chanced to be standing at a dark corner where the other had agreed to meet them, and, hearing his signals, sprang upon Charlie ere he comprehended his danger.

As a result he was struck senseless by a blow from some blunt weapon.

When Capt. Brand arrived on the scene his first act was to sprinkle a powdery white pigment in the young man's hair, to give him the appearance of age, and to smear his face with a little street dirt in order to disguise his features.

Then, for the benefit of the man whom he knew hovered near by, a little one-act drama was carried out, the two men chasing Brand hither and yon—then, as the baron's spy came in sight, two men running away, while a form lay on the street.

It worked like a charm. The emissary of Baron Peterhoff hastened up as people began to open the windows of houses to learn what the disturbance might mean. There he found one who appeared to be the old fellow he had been set to watch.

The man called a vehicle, placed the limp figure in its interior, entered himself, and then started to report the astonishing result of his espionage to Baron Peterhoff himself.

While Capt. Brand, rejoicing his confederates down the shady street, set off in hot haste to get aboard the steamer, which, in another hour or so, would be moving down the River Scheldt, bound for the far-off distant shores of America.

Artemus stood on the hurricane deck of the great Red D ocean liner and looked back in the morning sunlight to the distant and fast-receding coast of Belgium.

Homeward bound!

There is always a pleasure in this thought and Artemus experienced it with enthusiasm.

So far as he knew, Charlie's plans had progressed all right, the ogre was left behind, lamenting in the land of the Belgians, and clear sailing seemed ahead.

Then his thoughts ran back to the events of the previous night. He chuckled to remember the adroitness with which he had seen Lady Arline, her companion and their luggage on board the waiting steamer, while Charlie was leading the ogre a wild-goose chase around Antwerp, partly to amuse himself and at the same time keep Brand occupied up to near the sailing time.

By the way, where was Charlie? It was strange that he failed to show up in time to see the last of Belgium's shores.

Lady Arline and her companion were walking the deck with jersey and golf cape to keep off the stinging chill.

"I'll go and arouse the sluggard," said Artemus to himself. "His little jaunt about town must have worn him out—not the first case of its kind, I rather guess," with a sinister leer at his wit.

So he went below.

The door of Charlie's stateroom was just opposite his own—a single step across the little passage.

As he approached he heard the sounds of loud snoring from within.

On the spur of the moment he decided to arouse his friend with a sudden shout, or by the advent of a convenient shoe tossed across the little room. Artemus had never wholly outgrown his college days, when he gained the reputation of being the champion practical joker of his class.

So he quietly opened the door, which was conveniently unlocked.

Through the bull's-eye windows enough of the morning light crept to allow a fair survey of the miniature apartment.

One of the first things Artemus saw was a shoe that had been tossed aside.

As he seized upon it eagerly, he

failed to note its generous proportions as contrasted with the neat footgear which Charlie Stuart affected—such trifles do not impress themselves upon the mind when weightier things are demanding recognition.

Now for a center shot.

He turned his attention to the lower berth, which was occupied by a human form.

Just then the nasal sounds came to a sudden stop with a savage snort, and the sleeper whirled over on his side.

The act brought his face directly within range of the morning light that struggled through the small openings beyond.

No wonder Artemus crouched there as if frozen.

Talk about the magic touch of the geni! When had such a wonderful transformation ever taken place before?

For one to retire as Prince Charlie Stuart, gay, handsome and debonair, to awaken in the guise of grim and grizzled old Captain Brand was a mystery that almost paralyzed the seeker after sensations.

Artemus took one last fearsome look at the smooth and red physiognomy of the sleeper, passed out, and then softly closed the door.

Only when safe within his own room did he give vent to his over-wrought feelings in a whistle.

"Great Jupiter! That beats everything I ever saw. Instead of Charlie—the ogre! What does it mean? There is treachery afoot. I seem to detect it in the very air around. But the question arises, where is Charlie? And shall I have to take his place as her warrior bold, and will it be necessary for me to give up my liberty?"

Poor fellow!

He did not know whether to look on it as a huge joke or a grim reality.

He thought of warning Arline; she ought to know her dear papa was on board, and that he had refused to break the paternal bonds that had become so very strong since his return from exile.

Artemus buckled on his armor.

If he was to be pitted against the old ogre, it would be a pretty fight. Capt. Brand might have succeeded in outwitting Charlie, who was too frank for deep diplomacy, but he would find it quite another thing when he ran up against the new knight who had shied his castor into the ring.

Ah! A gentle tap at the door.

Artemus almost fell over himself in his eagerness to open a satchel and clutch a little affair of steel and nickel which he carried there, and armed with which he called:

"Come!"

The door opened and a figure whisked in, immediately closing the same again.

Artemus gave a cry—the half-raised arm fell useless at his side.

There was more witchery. He had expected the old ogre, armed with a shoe, and bent upon turning the tables upon him.

Instead he saw—why, Charlie, of course, though at first Artemus reckoned it his ghost! Charlie, with a finger pressed mysteriously on his lips, a la Artemus' favorite style of communicating a secret, and his face wreathed in what appeared to be a broad grin.

At any rate, Barnaby was delighted to see him in the flesh, and as soon as he could get his wits into thinking order he dropped the weapon and held out an eager hand.

"This is a treat, my dear boy—after seeing that grim old Trojan in your bunk. What have you done? Brought him aboard a prisoner, I reckon? Ah! I didn't give you enough credit, I fear. You see, my first impression was he had outwitted you and turned the tables on you."

Artemus was boiling over with curiosity regarding what had taken place ashore, especially when his friend declared, with a wry face, that Capt. Brand had indeed come near proving too much for him.

The story was soon told.

(To be continued.)

## KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

Oscar One of the Best Rulers Who Ever Sat Upon a Throne.

If all earthly rulers and potentates were of the character and temper of King Oscar of Sweden, the line about the uneasy heads that wear crowns would lose a good part of its significance. King Oscar is noted as being not only one of the best monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, but as one of the handsomest, most urbane and courtly of men. Nearly, if not quite, six feet six inches tall, finely built and stately, like King Saul, he towers "head and shoulders" above most of his subjects. Now nearly seventy years old, for thirty years he has been the beloved ruler of the sturdy northmen. The king is a deeply religious man, but his consort, the queen, is even more devout. She is intensely religious, sympathizing with every good effort, while his second son, Prince Bernadotte, is noted throughout Europe for his philanthropy and religious zeal. He is the president of the Young Men's Christian Association of Stockholm, the chairman of a missionary society, and of many like institutions. He has himself organized a mission to the Lapps, to whom he preaches the gospel, as he frequently does to others when he has an opportunity. When it is remembered that King Oscar is the grandson of Bernadotte, a well-known marshal of the first Napoleon, and the great grandson of the Empress Josephine, whose daughter by her first husband married Bernadotte, the religious character of this royal family may seem the more remarkable. King Oscar has great literary gifts; he has published more than one volume of verse, and he is never happier than when surrounded by literary

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## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Charlie did not spare himself one iota.

He had recovered his senses just as the baron, who had been engaged looking after the security of the fair captive, entered the prison.

The baron stormed and raved more or less when he discovered how they had been taken in so neatly by this ex-sailor, whom he looked upon as a bungler.

Charlie begged the baron to trouble himself no longer about Capt. Brand, since Arline was doubtless by this time safe on board the steamer.

"Very good," was the baron's reply, with a sigh of relief, for he seemed to be overburdened of late with official cares, or something that pressed upon his mind; "but if you hope to get aboard before the steamer leaves you must hurry, for there is just a scant half hour."

Charlie called for a cab and said good-by to his friend, the baron. He would always have a lingering suspicion Peterhoff was glad to get rid of him, as though he thought Charlie and his affairs took up too much of his precious time, which should be devoted to matters of more serious consequence.

He managed to get aboard just as the order to draw in the last gang-plank was given. This sailing at night was something quite out of the usual run, but there was a special reason for it, quite satisfactory to the officials of the line, and all intended passengers had been warned to be on board in time.

It happened that Charlie discovered Capt. Brand in the smoking saloon in time to keep beyond the range of his vision.

To Charlie's astonishment, when Brand took a notion to retire, he blundered into the wrong stateroom, which chanced to be the one that had been assigned to Stuart.

This might have been deep design; but, after carefully considering it from all sides, Charlie felt disposed to call it an accident.

He found rest in another room which the steward opened for him.

And now here they were, with an elephant on their hands, so to speak, bound to come into daily and hourly contact with the strange man whom they strongly suspected, and with good reason, of being a most stupendous fraud.

CHAPTER XI.  
Off Fire Island Light.

Charlie had written from Antwerp to certain quarters in London, from which he might expect to receive positive information regarding Captain Brand.

He had done this to satisfy Arline.

So far as he himself was concerned his mind was already made up most positively.

If Brand was surprised to see Charlie on board, he gave no evidence of it.

He concocted some affecting story, which he spun in Arline's ears, and with such success that he actually gained a little of his former ascendancy in her mind, since she was haunted by doubts which it seemed impossible to dispel.

Artemus amused himself studying the old mariner. He even played a few games with him in the smoking-room, where men of all degrees are socially inclined.

Captain Brand was the same as of yore.

The tales he spun of his wonderful adventures in the African deserts were weird enough to take one's breath away.

Artemus listened, almost charmed; and his interest grew apace until one day it struck him that the personal adventures which the captain so modestly ascribed to himself had a somewhat musty flavor, as became ancient chestnuts.

This aroused suspicion.

Artemus set about an investigation. Lo and behold, upon secretly looking into the captain's stateroom, while the gentleman was holding forth among his cronies above, Artemus discovered a well-thumbed volume of "Adventures and Explorations in the Dark Continent."

The captain's secret was out.

For once he had carelessly omitted to keep the source of his knowledge under lock and key.

Artemus borrowed the volume and took copious notes, intending to have a little fun as Brand's expense from time to time.

He took occasion to relate all this to Charlie, who, in turn, told Lady Arline.

Strange that even this new and blackening evidence could not wholly convince her. Filial love must have had a strong hold indeed upon the tender heart of this girl who had from childhood known so little of parental affection.

She even invented excuses for him—a desire to see in print the map of the country where he had so long been a prisoner, and to have his recollection of names revived.

The voyage was on the whole, a stormy one, but to Charlie it ended all too soon.

As they neared the shores of America the old captain seemed to lose a goodly portion of his loquacity, and became unusually reserved.

Artemus flattered himself that he was the main cause of this collapse

but Charlie was rather inclined to believe Capt. Brand had started in to work up some new scheme looking to the acquisition and sequestration of his daughter's gold.

Charlie hoped to discover how this fellow—whom he believed he had known as Capt. Kledge, and Artemus pretended was a third-rate actor named Frederick Davenport Macauley—had ever come into possession of the facts connected with Capt. Brand of the lost ship Hesperia.

The fog hung about them exasperatingly, and the monotonous hoarse-throated whistle kept up its warning notes until they were close to Fire Island Light, when suddenly the vapor gave way and the shore of Long Island appeared in view, already showing the first signs of spring.

Charlie had perfected what few arrangements remained. They would all go direct to the old Windsor, and there await the coming of Aleck, when an interview between him and Arline must result in happiness all around.

It seemed simple enough, yet none of them for an instant suspected what tremendous things awaited them in this magnificent capital of the New World, or the forces which might yet be arrayed against them through the energy and scheming of the man who would not accept defeat.

Here, then, the last dramatic scene was to be played. Here Charlie was to win his bride, or lose her forever—in this city of restless energy, of wonderful buildings and unequalled magnificence, Charlie and his enemy would come face to face for the last time.

Heaven be on the side of the right and strengthen the arm of this warrior bold who dared all in defense of what was innocent and true.

Capt. Brand had almost reached the end of his rope, and would doubtless husband the remainder of his resources for one last desperate, masterful stroke by which he would win or lose all.

As usual, there was the customs trial to be passed through, but when the gantlet had been successfully run they were free.

The great and wonderful city stretched before them.

To Arline it was all new, and the sights that were strange to her eyes she found to be numerous, from the lofty buildings to the electric cars that dashed along at an apparently reckless speed.

Capt. Brand accepted everything philosophically.

He had seen the world; his checkered career had embraced every clime, and the startling events that had fallen to his share would have laid the foundation for a very fair second edition of Munchausen or the Arabian Nights.

Arline was deeply concerned about wayward Aleck, whom she had not seen in so long a time.

His whole future was at stake.

If she missed him now, all might be lost.

Yes, this had been wearing upon her mind so long now that it affected her nerves. There may have been something more, which neither of them suspected—a premonition of the startling events destined to take place in their experience; for some minds seem gifted with an almost supernatural power to anticipate coming changes, even as the mercury in the barometer's tube indicates a change in the weather hours before it occurs.

Taking a carriage, they were all speedily located at the reliable old Windsor.

Upon inquiry Charlie learned that some one had called for him only the day before, and he was constrained to believe it must be the young fellow who had been his companion in the Antwerp jail, and whose escape had rivaled that of Monte Cristo.

This was good news.

He had left word he would call again, so that all they had to do was to leave a message for him at the desk, and await developments.

Arline was not recovered from the effect of the voyage; at least, she was in no humor for sight-seeing until this long-anticipated interview with her half-brother were over.

So she kept her room much of the time.

When the so-called Capt. Brand set foot again in New York, he faced new dangers.

There were those upon the Rialto, actors of greater or lesser degree, who must have had dealings with Frederick Davenport Macauley during the palm days of yore, when he played his little part in the drama, and manfully plod his way, footsore and weary, over the railway ties back to New York after an unsuccessful tour of the provinces.

Some of these worthies could be depended on to recognize their old comrade of those halcyon days, despite the radical change prosperity might have made in his personal appearance and bearing.

Thus evening found them.

Charlie had the pleasure of dining with Lady Arline.

He exerted himself to cheer her up.

Several times she seemed to temporarily throw off the strange stupor that had settled upon her spirits, and for a short period appeared to be her old self, when, by degrees, the melancholy crept back again.

"To-morrow," said Charlie, when she was leaving him to go to her rooms, "I hope we will have Aleck here with us, and then all must be well. You can dismiss doubts and fears, to be happy once more."

"You will forgive my foolish fancies. You are always so cheerful and kind," she murmured, while he was holding and ardently squeezing her hand, perhaps quite unconsciously.

"Until to-morrow, then."

"Shall I see you at breakfast?" he asked, eagerly.

"If I am feeling quite well, I will have dinner."

So he watched her, his soul in his eyes, as she walked to the elevator.

Was there ever a more generous girl than Lady Arline; one with a greater share of beauty concentrated in each figure and mind?

First the elevator car shot toward the upper realms she waved her hand to him and gave him a ravishing smile.

And that smile haunted him a long time, for it was the last time he was fated to look upon her face until destiny had been utterly fulfilled, the drama carried to its concluding scene, most terrible of all.

Sauntering into the rotunda of the hotel Charlie lighted a weed and then began to remember there were others in the world besides himself and Arline Brand.

Where was Artemus for instance?

And Capt. Brand? Who had now been ashore long enough to get his bearings and figure on some desperate move.

Perhaps it would be best, as his good sense suggested, to seek assistance in outwitting the great schemer.

Clever minds could be controlled for money, detectives who were able to cope with even such a remarkable scoundrel as he conceived this man to be, and who would speedily put him on his back in the first round.

And yet the wretched result of his arrangement with the great Baron Peterhoff aroused serious doubts in his mind. If the fascinating presence of a woman could so upset a sagacious master of finesse and diplomacy, who could be trusted?

There was apparently time.

Brand would hardly get his column in motion under a day or two.

Charlie could be governed by circumstances and the trend of events.

Besides, there was Artemus, whose wits were of the brightest, and who might be depended on, to accomplish more than a little, looking toward the exposure of the great fraud.

These soothing reflections came in some degree through the influence of the magic weed, for to its devoted votaries tobacco seems to be an incense which creates optimists where only pessimism had previously reigned.

And of course our Charlie contemplated with more or less complacency the high degree of happiness that would be his portion when the blessed time arrived for him to claim Arline Brand as his own darning wife, with no one, not even a haunting memory of the buried past, to say him nay.

He had figured it all out, and decided that he would make full and free confession regarding his one forlorn experience in Cupid's realm.

No doubt Charlie took considerable pleasure in speculating upon the various ways in which he might bring these important matters to a focus, but never once did he dream of the wonderful and fearful event by means of which the desired end would be swiftly attained.

Again and again he looked toward the Fifth Avenue entrance as the door swung behind new comers, but Artemus remained only conspicuous by his absence.