At Swords' Points;

OR,

A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER IV.

"Hoch! The American!"

It was indeed a pretty sight, if one could only overlook the disfiguration of the principals necessitated by their armament, and both men handled their rapiers in tierce and guard with a cleverness that would have brought out cheers from an American audience to make the very rafters ring, while three score of Germans sat or stood around, watching every move, with a grim silence that was only broken by the clash of steel upon steel, or the sharp cries of the umpire directing the affair.

Those lights had never shone upon a more gallant fight, and each student hugged himself with delight because fortune had been kind enough to make him a witness to it.

Those most experienced in such matters saw, however, that when ten minutes of this terrific work had passed by with but a few slight cuts on either side, Hoffman was gathering his forces and preparing to end the duel with one of his hitherto invincible tactics, and they trembled for the brave American.

To Karl's eager inquiries during an interval between the bouts, Paul only gave a short laugh and assured his second he was but playing with his opponent.

Again the rivals faced, but this time Paul was in deadly earnest, and amid a clash of steel it was seen that Hoffman's face was covered with blood.

Then the sonorous voice of the umpire was heard calling a halt while the surgeons ascertained just how serious the Prussian's wound might be. Hoffman seemed to be wildly pleading with him to tell the battle to go on—it was his first defeat and unusually bitter—but the doctor, realizing the gravity of the wound, was inexorable.

"Abfuhr!" he called out, signifying that the Prussian should be allowed to fight no more.

The umpire repeated the word, and in a loud voice declared the result in the stereotyped phrase:

"Saxo-Prussian is led away."

Then something occurred that had, perchance, never been heard upon a similar occasion—the glorious result, the signal downfall of the proud duellist who had lorded it over them so long, was too much for the students to witness without giving relief to their pent-up feelings.

"Hoch, hoch, hoch the American!" they shouted. And "hoch, hoch, hoch" it was while they bore Rhinelander, bloody as he was, into the ante-room to resume his street dress.

Paul had received a few slight scratches, but fortune had been very kind to him in this respect, for none of them were more than bagatelles.

As he, dressed again for the street, was about to break away from the admiring groups that surrounded him, he saw a tall figure pressing through the throng, and recognized the Englishman who had been assisting the surgeon who attended his bout. His eyes, blue as the summer skies, beamed with good nature, and Paul was drawn to him unconsciously.

Then, too, the impulsive clasp of his hand, how hearty it was after almost formal congratulations of the Germans! Well, blood seems thicker than water, after all, and the day is surely coming when these cousins may stand shoulder to shoulder for peace throughout the whole world.

"A thousand congratulations, my dear boy. It was beautifully done, and I am proud to have been a witness to your victory. I hope we may meet again. Sir Noel Travers is my name, and I am probing into the colleges and hospitals of our German cousins."

Paul was dragged away by his comrades at this juncture, but he had a singular premonition that he would run across this big, frank Briton again at some uncertain future date.

To Paul's lodgings they rode. The day passed as had others, but Paul discovered what he had not known before, that he had many warm friends in the university.

And, of course, he was by courtesy compelled to accept their invitation to be a guest of honor at the grand meeting in the Kneipe or korps drinking all that night, where the famous Salamander with its chorus and pounding of empty beakers on the table opened and closed the festivities.

Still he was glad when the end came and he could leave the hall without giving offense, for other matters of a more personal nature demanded his attention.

One of the objects that had brought him to Europe—to Germany—gave promise of being attained.

He had seen the one he sought, the sister who had for so many years been lost to him.

How the memory of her thrilled him, and what agony swept through his mind as he remembered in whose company he had seen her.

The name of Hoffman, what a curse it had been to his father. Was the son fated to perpetuate his sire's infamy?

CHAPTER V.

A Serpent in the Dovecote.

It was night again in Heidelberg when Paul wandered about the streets of the classical city. Rhinelander was not aimlessly wandering. The little god Cupid had to do with his wanderings. Paul was thinking of Hildegarde.

That haunting face, with its melting, brown eyes, was the lode star that drew the recluse from his den.

And pray, who was Hildegarde? Truth to tell, Paul would not have been wholly able to have given a definite answer to that question had he been asked.

Some weeks ago he had met her in rather a strange way that bordered a little on the romantic. Chance had allowed him to do her a favor, slight enough in its way, but when she thanked him so sweetly, the mischief was done, for with the modest grace of those velvety brown orbs the little god of love had shot an arrow true to the mark, and ever since Paul had felt its point in his heart.

Several times he had seen her since, and on each occasion had received a bow and a blush of recognition. But no more.

However, on the occasion of their meeting, she had dropped a small kerchief, which Paul had discovered, and now he was on his way to her house to, he hoped, become definitely acquainted.

He found the house readily enough and was shown into a small, dimly lighted parlor where he was to await the coming of the lady of the house. It was just at this moment that his ear caught the sound of laughter.

It came from the next room, and was as merry and free from care as any sound he had ever heard—fresh girlish laughter that quickened his pulse, since he could give a very good guess as to the source from whence it came.

Few temptations arise that there does not appear the means of gratifying the desire, and in this case he noted the fact that the connecting door between the room in which he awaited the pleasure of the tardy aunt and the adjoining apartment was ajar.

Utterly unconscious of what awaited him, he advanced gently toward the opening, and with eager eyes sought the object of his solicitude.

Success immediately attended his efforts, for he discovered the nymph of the hazel brown eyes in direct range. She had evident cause for merriment and as Paul turned his eyes toward her companion he saw that it was a man.

The party's back was turned to him so that he could not discover whether he were young or old, comely or ugly though he hoped the latter.

While Paul stood there wondering what all the fun was about and chagrined to think he was not in it, the man faced about, and the American felt a cold chill chase up and down his spinal column when, amid the multi bandages he discovered the handsome sinister countenance of his bitter enemy, Conrad Hoffman.

CHAPTER VI.

Paradise Lost.

Probably in all his adventurous life up to date young Rhinelander had never before experienced such a chill as beset him when he made this astounding discovery, and saw his hated enemy apparently quite at home in the apartments occupied by Hildegarde and her aunt. The familiarity with which she received Conrad, the lack of conventionality, declared that they must be related in some way.

And if so, what must follow?

His very blood ran cold at the thought—this fair, angelic creature connected with ties of kinship to the family, father and son, whom he had such reason to curse!

The idea was appalling.

In that minute of time Paul had a severe a mental struggle as comes to most men.

He conquered his weakness, too, and resolved to meet the emergency just where he stood.

There had been time to leave the house and avoid the encounter, but Rhinelander was not the man to shirk a duty, no matter at what expense to his feelings.

And when the lady entered, presently, with apologies for keeping him waiting, Paul was himself again, resolved to play his part to the bitter end, no matter what the cost.

After a few minutes' conversation the good lady begged him to excuse her for a brief interval while she brought her niece into the room, saying she knew the young people would be friends since they seemed to have many views in common.

The time, then, had come, the fateful moment which but a short while back he had been anticipating so eagerly, while now, alas, he dreaded it still more.

He felt his courage oozing from his finger tips when Hildegarde entered with her aunt, and he saw the sudden wave of crimson that suffused her face and neck as she caught a first sight of him.

Ah! that telltale color would have brought amazing satisfaction to Paul but for the wretched discovery he had made.

Then he saw Hoffman, bandages and all, looming up in the doorway. Paul was quite composed and ready to give and take fully as cheerfully as he had done when, sword in hand, the Saxo-Prussian leader slashed and hewed in the endeavor to down him in the schlager combat of the arena, but Hoffman promised to enliven matters speedily enough.

He was rapidly working himself up to a white heat, when an explosion would follow.

Meanwhile the good lady of the house had introduced the young people and at least Paul might henceforth have the privilege of addressing Hildegarde upon their meeting, unless she took up Hoffman's quarrel and cut him direct.

Knowing what was coming Paul actually felt relieved when the man of bandages advanced to have his little say.

Hoffman was a man whose talents lay somewhat in the line of oratory. Consequently, when he let loose his vials of wrath upon the American he said some very bitter things in his tongue lashing.

The ladies were aghast.

Paul smiled through it all.

Wearying as length of the tirade, which he could not answer, he put up his hand as if to signal that enough had been said.

And Hoffman actually stopped, though in all probability it was more on account of his lack of breath than any desire to humor his enemy that influenced him.

Having gained the floor, Paul stated his case in a frank and manly way calculated to gain the respect of the gentler sex.

"Ladies, I am sure you will believe me if I say I had not the remotest suspicion when I came here to-night that I should find this gentleman present, or that he was connected with you in any manner whatsoever.

"Unfortunately he chose to take offense in the concert garden recently accusing my friend and myself of an action of which we were entirely innocent, and as you doubtless know there followed the passage-at-arms in which I had to take part.

"I do not regret my action in the premises, but deem it my misfortune that I should have been compelled to disfigure any relative of yours. Since my presence here is evidently unwelcome to Mynheer Hoffman, I shall insist upon withdrawing myself without further ceremony."

The effect of this manly speech was evident from the fact that both ladies smiled upon him.

Seeing which, the miserable Hoffman, smarting in the bitterness of his first defeat, snarled:

"One of you did insult the lady, and a German knows how to resent such things."

Then it was the American turned upon him with flashing eyes, fully aroused.

"I say you know that is a base lie, since you should be aware of the sacred bond between that young woman and myself—that I would sooner cut my right hand off than offer her the slightest harm. I will even go further and solemnly declare, as you well know in your cowardly soul, that your presence in her society was the basest insult she could receive. I shall stand by these words always.

"And now, ladies, since this scene is painful to you and to me, permit me to retire with the hope that possibly we may meet again under other and more agreeable conditions."

Hoffman looked almost as white in the face as the bandage that padded his split cheek.

Evidently he knew to what Paul referred, and the consciousness cut him to the quick.

He glided over to the door, and as the other, having bowed politely to the ladies, was passing through, the Teuton said in a low but passionate tone:

"This is only the beginning between us."

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY OF CONTRASTS.

Free and Pastoral Life Lived by the Bulgarian Peasant.

It is a strange country of contrasts, this Bulgaria that people have so long watched as a danger spot. The peasant is a heavily built fellow, with a Kalmuk nose, if he happens to be pure bred from the original Samoyede stock, which is not likely. His language has become Slavic, which means a language in which "beefsteak" is "mpiphteki" and "omelet souffle" is "omlet cuphle." The Bulgarian is a peasant or a soldier; he knows no other trade. As a farmer the sheep is all in all to him, food and clothing and companionship, says a writer in the Era. He lives in a hovel, does not understand why he should be taxed, and makes his women slave in the field. He is called close-fisted, churlish and suspicious, and has some of the virtues that often go with those qualities. When Bulgaria became practically free of the sultan there were many Turks left in the country. These are gradually being crowded out, but there is still a mosque in Christian Sofia, and in the palace of the Sobranje, or Parliament, where the members have better accommodations than the lords of Britain on the Thames embankment, some twenty Turkish deputies always sit together and exert an influence that they never could do in their own land by voting always with the party in power. Every Saturday the members of the Sobranje are paid at the rate of fifteen francs a day, all in silver five-franc pieces. These peasant lawmakers knot it up in handkerchiefs, grin slowly and shake the jingling pieces playfully in one another's faces. They are playing at statesmanship yet, but fairly well, upon the whole.

WATER CURE FOR LUNATICS.

Peculiar Belief Which Was Widespread in the Dark Ages.

The monks were the physicians during the dark ages, and the monasteries offered quiet retreat and seclusion for many insane, together with sympathy and protection which could not be found elsewhere. Spiritual agencies were everywhere popularly believed to be more efficacious in the cure of madness, and many and long were the pilgrimages made to the shrines of those saints who were believed to have special influence over the mentally afflicted, and many miraculous cures were said to have been brought about through exorcism and prayer. There were many wells throughout Europe and the British Isles, each with its particular saint, to which the insane were brought to bathe and to pray. At St. Nim's Pool in England it was the custom to plunge the patients backward into the water and drag them to and fro until their excitement was subdued. If they showed signs of recovering thanks were offered in a neighboring church but if not the treatment was continued until no hope remained. From the seventh century even to the present day lunatics have made pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Dymphna, at Gheel, and here the first colony for the insane originated through a slow process of evolution, and stands to-day as the best representative of the community or family system of caring for the insane.—Popular Science Monthly.

William Waldorf Astor is to be invited to accept the mayoralty of Maidenhead for the coronation year. The holding of this office will not, however, entitle him to an invitation to attend the ceremonies at Westminster.

Money makes the mare go and women make the money go.

EUROPE'S FUTURE QUEENS.

Richest Is Princess of Denmark, the Prettiest of Roumania.

The future queen of Denmark is one of the richest princesses of Europe. She is the daughter of the late King Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, and inherited enormous wealth from her mother, nee Princess Louise of the Netherlands. She possesses the distinction of being the tallest princess of Europe, and is a strong-willed woman with any amount of pluck and determination.

The prettiest of crown princesses is the wife of Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, in whom English people feel a special interest since she is the eldest daughter of the late duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Prince Ferdinand is nephew to the present king of Roumania, who has no children.

Another granddaughter of Queen Victoria's who is a crown princess is the duchess of Sparta, wife of the crown prince of Greece. Her mother was the late Empress Frederick, and she herself is, of course, sister to the German emperor.

Princess Sophia is tall and good looking, fond of an amiable disposition. A brilliantly accomplished woman is the crown princess of Sweden, who unfortunately suffers from delicate health. She is the daughter of the grand duke of Baden and Princess Louise of Prussia—an only daughter of the late Emperor William I. and a sister of the late Emperor Frederick—and married Crown Prince Oscar Gustave of Sweden in 1881.

Their marriage became quite unintentionally an act of historic restition, for it happens that Princess Victoria of Baden is the great granddaughter of the banished Swedish King Gustave IV. (Adolf); and thus the great-grandson of Bernadotte led back to Scandinavia the relative of the monarch whom his forefather had chased from the throne.

The young princess who was married toward the end of last year to Prince Albert of Flanders, and who will in the natural course of events one day share with him the throne of Belgium, is the third daughter of Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria, who lives in Munich and is famous as an oculist. He has performed over 1,000 serious operations.

The fourth daughter of Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria—Princess Marie Gabrielle—is also the wife of an heir presumptive. She is married to Prince Rupert of Bavaria, and is considered quite the prettiest and most attractive of the Bavarian princesses.

WHAT SETTLERS IN SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY HAVE TO SAY.

Formerly from the United States.

Rosthern, July 8th, 1900.

Frank Pedley, Esq.,

Superintendent of Immigration.

Sir:—We, the undersigned settlers in Saskatchewan, Township 43, Range 6, beg to submit the following letter. We came from Springfield, Bonhomme County, S. Dakota, in the spring of 1899, and settled where we now reside. We had considerable crop last year we put in on new breaking, and it was very good, and this year, 1900, our crop is excellent. Our wheat will yield about twenty bushels to the acre, the oats and barley are also very good, and our potatoes and root crop all that could be desired. We consider this a fine country and are glad we came, as our prospects could not be better. A poor man will get a start in this country much quicker than in Dakota.

We are, yours respectfully, John H. Schultz, H. A. Goshen, S. Gors, B. H. Dirks, C. D. Unry, P. Unry, and A. Ratzlief. All from South Dakota, U. S. A.

Among the effects which were burned in one of the apartments of a New York hotel through the carelessness of one of the hotel employes, the full value of which has been recovered in the courts by the occupants of the apartment from the hotel proprietor, were three short stories, which were scheduled at $50 each. The verdict reminds us of the literary genius who once confided to us the information that the only successful novel he ever wrote was burned up in a fire just prior to its publication. The contemplated edition was thus entirely exhausted, and it was fully insured.

Miles of Potatoes.

Everybody knows that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., are the largest seed potato growers in the world, so when their President, Henry A. Salzer, recently purchased 21,000 acres more of ideal potato land, all wondered what for. Well, it is for potatoes—miles and miles of potatoes.

George H. Phillips Fails.

George H. Phillips failed to pay the margins demanded of him at Chicago and instructed Secretary Stone of the Board of Trade to order all his deals closed. A notice to that effect was posted at the opening of the board Tuesday and for the first half-hour after the pits opened there was considerable excitement, with a drop in grains as a result of Phillips' unloading 7,750,000 bushels of his holdings.

Living Down a Reputation.

Members of the Sigma Chapter of the Delta Gamma Society, at Northwestern university, Chicago, are tired of being called man-haters, and in their official organ say, after announcing the engagement of three former members of the chapter: "The Sigma girls have somehow acquired a reputation for not marrying, but we are resolved to live it down, and if we all support the cause as these three have done we can make people forget that such a reputation was ever ours."

Better Late Than Never.

Jedediah—"When a man gets to be a hundred years old the papers tell all about it; and we read of them every week now. They're gettin' thicker 'n flies around a cider mill. And what does it show?" Hezekiah—"It shows how tarnal slow the papers are in recognizin' merit in a man."—Puck.

Kentucky's Poor Counties.

Of the 119 counties in Kentucky eighty-four receive more money from the state than they pay into the treasury.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it.—Menelus.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 20.—For many years Garfield Tea, the Herb Cure, has been earning a reputation that is fareit is UNIVERSALLY praised! This remedy presents unusual attractions to those in search of health. It is made of HERBS that cure in Nature's way—by removing the cause of the disease—it is PURE, it cleanses the system, purifies the blood and restores a perfect action of the digestive organs. It is equally good for young and old.

Cut a piece from the top of old kid shoes and insert it inside the iron holder you are going to make.

The orange grows wild all over tropical Asia, and is everywhere regarded as indigenous.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Warm dishes for the table by immersing them in hot water, not by standing them on a hot stove.

Don't Suffer From Rheumatism.

Take MATT J. JOHNSON'S 6.88. It is a positive cure. Try it. All druggists.

It keeps some women so busy trying to preserve their charms that they haven't time for anything else.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. **FREE $2.00** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The most useful of trees which have a milky juice is the ficus elastica, which produces India rubber.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS

use Rub-a-Dub Bleaching Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

The graveyard population would be vastly increased if it wasn't against the law to kill people.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When a young man tells a girl a lot of yarns she can't help being flattered by his attentions.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Roseman, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Handsome men gifted with good sense are equally as scarce as clever pretty women.

Domestics Win a Victory.

Copenhagen dispatch: The servant girls of that city, aided by the social democrats, have scored an important political victory. The new government bill creating elective parish councils for church matters excluded servants from the franchise. The domestics immediately organized a strong agitation and competition, and the committee of the folketing to drop the disfranchising clause. The victory gained by the girls is regarded as a remarkable manifestation of the virility of the Danish democracy.

"To the Shade of the Palms."

The C. H. & D. Ry. have inaugurated through car service from Detroit to St. Augustine, Fla., commencing January 7th. Through cars will leave Detroit, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday during the Florida Resort season. The trains are made up of through Pullman Sleepers, Parlor and Cafe cars, offering the public the finest type of modern train service. For particulars and rates address J. A. Williamson, D. P. A., Toledo, O.

Uniformity is not essential to unity.

Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans. has This to Say of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Your Vegetable Compound cured me of womb trouble from which I had been a great sufferer for nearly three years. During that time I was very irregular and would often have intense pain in the small of my back, and blinding headaches and severe cramps. For three months I used **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and aches and pains are as a past memory, while health and happiness is my daily experience now. You certainly have one grateful friend in Emporia, and I have praised your Vegetable Compound to a large number of my friends. You have my permission to publish my testimonial in connection with my picture. Yours sincerely, Miss Marion Cunningham, Emporia, Kans."

$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its always beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

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