

# At Words Points

OR,  
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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"Oh! as you please. You will always find me cheerful and agreeable, though next time the result may be something more serious to you than a mere sabbat's sleep."  
His carriage, almost flippant tone grated on the nerves of the vanquished.  
"Yes, next time it will be to the death," he growled.

And Hildebrand, looking at him squarely in the eyes, replied slowly:  
"You are right, Herr Hoffman, this big world is far too small to contain both you and I. One of us must leave it. You know where I am to go. A speedy recovery, then, to your wound, Ladies' good-night!"

It was a most singular and unlooked-for termination to his visit. He had for once anticipated such a disagreeable contentment when laying out his plans.  
In surveying the wreck of his hopes the only satisfaction he had was in the fact that he had managed to bear himself with a fair amount of dignity in the painful process.

And Hoffman must have correspondingly lowered himself in the estimation of the ladies.

After all, what did it matter? The Hildebrand could do nothing to him if she were in any way related to that family whose very name haunted him as a synonym of all that was evil.  
He granted to himself that if it would be an insult to his father's sacred memory if he condoned the sin of the past by marrying one of that hated family.

The young American might not know it, but he left a sore heart behind him when he quitted the stage of the worthy fraufräulein.  
Hildebrand had been building her chateaux d'Espagne, too. Even the strict German rules of etiquette governing the actions of young unmarried females cannot prevent a warm-hearted girl from indulging in sweet day-dreams, and the attachment had really been as strong on her part as on his.

The fact that Paul had turned out to be the rival of her cousin Conrad in the faithful duel that brought disaster to the proud young Prussian was not an element in the game that gave her pain.  
Indeed, perhaps she could be secretly pleased to know that after all his beautiful reign Hoffman had at length met a master from over the sea, and that the victor, who had never been settled by a star—had even desired to know sooner cut his right hand off the hand that had so deviously wielded the blade that dashed Conrad's brains than offered her. That could mean only one thing: He loved her, this unknown.

And Hildebrand realized that such a condition of affairs brought unutterable bleakness and woe to her, for try as she might she could not drive his image from her heart.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
What It Degraded Saw.  
For several days after his visit Paul moved more or less in seclusion, however, he conquered his gloomy spirit, and arose out of the quagmire.  
Other things were crowding fast upon past events—the talk of military university had turned upon the prospect of sudden war between France and Germany and the whole country had assumed a condition of suspense in awaiting the action of Louis Napoleon.

In every town and hamlet of the Fatherland, together with the provinces of the south, were ready to cast their lot with Prussia, quiet but determined action was being taken to gather the reserves, and everywhere was waiting for the word to move.

Battle hymns were popular in Baden in those days of uncertainty, as well as the protest of further removal from the boiler, and many times "hoch" greeted the "War-horn on the Rhine," which stirred the pulses of those who listened, as little else could.

As Paul sat one night in a concert garden his eyes by accident fell once more upon the face of the girl he had come to Germany to see—his true love. As before, B.atrix was in the company of the middle-aged madam, but Hoffman did not appear to be in sight.

Paul's resolution was taken. He must learn whether B.atrix remembered the ever had a brother. He more he considered the matter, the greater he was mystified. The stronger grew his resolution to discover the whole truth.  
Once again fortune stepped into aid him. It was only a case of wind nothing particular in its way, and yet serving to play the game directly into the young man's hands.

For this same frollesome wind, rolling up behind the stout matron, as a gust, snatched off the wonderful bonnet of a young girl who came with ribbons and gawgaws, that she wore, and sent it flying into the air.  
Hildebrand saw his chance, and knew that if he saved it he would understand himself to the matron's heart.

He recognized the distinct favor of Providence, since all he had to do was to open his arms wide, and gently embrace the fugitive headgear as it softly settled against his heart.

Another instant and he was bowing with the grace of a Chesterfield before the Waldce.  
Madam, allow me to return your beautiful hat," he said seriously.  
That clinched matters. Here was a man who as best appreciated a thing of beauty and a joy forever in the millinery line when he saw it, and with

reminded Paul of a tigress about to pounce.  
"What was there familiar about that mouse? While the quick, supple motions seemed to haunt him as with a faint recollection of a former past. Paul's curiosity overcame his prudence, and he resolved upon a bold move to discover the truth.  
He held a consultation with one of the waiters and a couple of colts changed hands. And presently, he followed in a dignified manner the veiled lady, bearing his hand full of empty beer mugs and breakers.  
It might have been sheer accident. Since no other eye was apparent on the surface, but the waiter certainly managed to catch the offending veil upon a pin or button, and for a brief instant he was able to get a glimpse of the garish lights of the garden.

Paul's breath faltered him, and while the audience chattered the conclusion of a patriotic air, he sat and stared and gaped, until the waiter who had been seen a spectre of his dead past arose.  
"I look did it."  
The young girl's eyes were glued upon his face, while red and white chased across cheeks and brows, and into her eyes crept a startled look, as though she were struggling to solve great mysteries that had puzzled her often of late.

Thrilled by the emotion that welled up in his heart, he sat down and said: "B.atrix—B.atrix!"  
Then she knew him, and, leaving her seat, came to his side and put a hand on his arm, looking into his face as she said:  
"Oh! now I know you are Paul—my own brother. I am so glad to see you. It was undoubtedly a miserable freak of fortune that caused Hildebrand to pass by just at this juncture. In company with my aunt, and the chat of Paul standing here, holding another by the hands and bending down to look into his face so eagerly gave her a shock from which she was not soon to recover."

"Phew! what can this mean? Why is Almee, the Countess, in Heidelberg? Somehow I fear complications. The Countess is peculiarly given to hating Hildebrand—it can't be because I love the girl?"  
And while he crunched these in his mind, he saw again the peculiar circumstances under which he had been thrown into the society of this dashing young French widow, whose black eyes were eloquent with the ardor of emotions.

It was in Paris, and the conditions while not far removed from the result of being judged for upward appearances.  
And Paul was fated to suffer in the same way when he was of age. His planation would have altered the complexion of things.  
"You remember me, then?" he asked.  
"You are here, then, for a happy moment only, although you were such a little thing?"

"I remember, Paul. The other night your face started me, and I have been thinking so much, trying to recollect. But where have you been? Why have I not seen you? It is all so very strange."  
And then Paul groaned, knowing that this sweet girl was in almost utter ignorance of the fatal truth which he must tell her.

**CHAPTER VIII.**  
Paul Makes a Boy Move.  
What Paul had to say was of too great importance to be dealt with in so great haste. He had a concert given. He had had winter years. Surely a few hours more or less could not matter much.  
"I must see you tomorrow, when we can have a long talk and a full explanation. All the dreadful mysteries of the past must be explained. But I will say nothing to any one about me."

The young girl looked disappointed. "Tomorrow is a long way off, and I have waited long to see you, but it shall be as you say, brother. You will tell me all, you promise, and take away the dreadful mystery that has haunted my whole life."  
"I promise you faithfully, though the truth may pain just as severely as the uncertainty does now," he answered, as for his own part.

"Anything is better than maddening doubt," came the quick reply.  
So Paul sat down with them, and he had to wait until the next morning, his feet sinking to the ankles in velvet carpets, and every word reflected in the polish of the mahogany tables and chairs, and in the plain congressionary ornaments of the west, must have felt mighty out of place amid such surroundings of luxuriance and regal splendor.

They fell in the ceiling of the speaker's room, by way of decoration, and that a third of a million dollars has been taken in by the mahogany, leather, gilt and painted.  
"Well I reckon after all these ain't nothin' too good for the great American," he said, "and I reckon that some people think that many things might have turned out very differently had Newman been born two years earlier, might become a royal tutor, might in fact have won the Nobel prize. Henry Newman of the second generation on the beach—London Chronicle.

**Hold Down Government Clerks.**  
Secretary Gage has made a rule that clerks of the treasury department must be at their desks at 8:30 o'clock in the morning and stay there until 4 in the afternoon, with only half an hour's interval for lunch and none for visiting, and that they are to be working on their jobs. This rule is generally disliked by the employes, the women clerks especially objecting to the last clause.

"A most unnatural child—sulphur, glugging, sneaking," the rector affirmed, punctuating the indictment with pauses to his effort to brace a shadow of protest fitted over his wife's face. First, Billy was motherless. Secondly, under cover of a garden hose he had been seen to steal a pair of shoes. Thirdly, he was a thief, and they were angry at his lack of aim at a crow, and his eyes, eager sweet and blue as larkspur, had appealed to her unforgetfully. Decidedly, but to very real regret, the rector counted.

It was said of the rector that he knew every man, woman and child in the country, and they were aware of his sweet cordiality of manner, knew and loved him. The rector owed his popularity more to a single grace than to the long list of virtues he possessed in a grace of sympathy so rare, so discriminating, so replete with charity as to make him quite unconditionally, of course, but to very real regret, the confessor of his people.

But with Billy the rector could make no headway. Billy was his own worst enemy. He had no sympathy, but dodging every expression of it with the elusiveness of a phantom. His kindliest words were greeted with a shrug of his child's resolve. One day the rector took him perforce to a drive, hoping to thus stifle unresponsiveness by a change of air, but he returned unthwarted. The rector was approaching a state of actual discomfiture when Billy himself snatched the reins and drove him to the stable door. He disappeared in the brush like a scared rabbit. The rector decided to bid him time.

He was not until the next time that Billy's mother breathed her last, swiftly, tranquilly, meekly grateful for her release. Billy's father had bullied her into a stilted resignation. His father, a burly, irascible farmer, had long since died of his sickly wife. But he was doubtless glad of his release. But he felt a fresh displeasure against Billy, who had died in his arms, and he had not consulted his convenience.

Billy's conception of death was very different. He observed the funeral preparations with a sort of morbid interest, though the unwonted stillness and darkness made his heart flutter. It was not until the next time that Billy's mother breathed her last, swiftly, tranquilly, meekly grateful for her release. Billy's father had bullied her into a stilted resignation. His father, a burly, irascible farmer, had long since died of his sickly wife. But he was doubtless glad of his release. But he felt a fresh displeasure against Billy, who had died in his arms, and he had not consulted his convenience.

**LUXURY IN THE HOUSE.**  
The Member is Amused at High Equipment and Decorations.  
"Shade of Old Holman! It's enough to make the old man turn over in his grave!" And a snicker of merriment here he drew forth a tin of ointment.

He stood in the hall of the house of representatives contemplating the rich trappings of the rector's office. The cushions, the gilt and decorations, with a choleric and deprecatory eye. He was attired in black broadcloth, and he wore a watch chain with a wide range of unstarred short front, crossed by a black string. His thin, lined boots of soft leather were carefully polished, and he held a black slouch hat in his hand.  
"It was in congress in the days of 'retrenchment and reform,'" he said, "and I had no such things as these. Them chairs, with a little reaming, was good for ten years longer, and there wasn't nary an initial carved in the desks. They were plain mahogany and plush sofas in the lobby was a dream of Oriental splendor, but I see they must have fine leather sofas now. And as for such things as 'armchairs,' the appropriations in particular, they air a scene of imperialistic sumphustness that the 'Cezars never imagined.' I had a chair, and every morning, my feet sinking to the ankles in velvet carpets, and every word reflected in the polish of the mahogany tables and chairs, and in the plain congressionary ornaments of the west, must have felt mighty out of place amid such surroundings of luxuriance and regal splendor.

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**Newman Was Too Young.**  
Mr. Justice J. J. O'Brien was a tutor at Oriel in the old days when Newman was a boy. Newman was a boy when Newman was a boy. Newman was a boy when Newman was a boy. Newman was a boy when Newman was a boy.

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# "BILLY"

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carried in a safe inner pocket a nickel which he kept partly for the lack of a suitable investment and partly because of his fondness for the coin. He expressed in dollars and cents as so sweet to the boy. Now Billy had so fallen under the spell of the pug's enchantments that he cheerfully spent his nickel penny by penny, for the toothsome commodity which was the price of the dog good will. And the weeks of Billy's nothing to regret in his bargain. Billy's new-found happiness came to a sudden end, however, when he saw the minister signs of departure about the rector's. The rector's guests were going, and the impending separation from his dear, canine playfellow filled him with despair. Now, Billy could not know that the dog had been given to the rector's wife. He assumed that as it had arrived with the strangers, it would also depart with them.

Billy thought the situation over in bitter rebellion. Gradually he evolved a way out of his trouble. He remembered with a thrill his long-distant shanty in a clearing in the woods, where he kept a rusty, old market and other valuables safe from the vandals of the neighborhood. It was simpler than to secret the dog in the safe place—yes, indeed! Billy would bring his own portions of food with him, and he would have there were a few corn sacks in the barn which would do admirably for the dog's food.

He decided to bid him time. He was not until the next time that Billy's mother breathed her last, swiftly, tranquilly, meekly grateful for her release. Billy's father had bullied her into a stilted resignation. His father, a burly, irascible farmer, had long since died of his sickly wife. But he was doubtless glad of his release. But he felt a fresh displeasure against Billy, who had died in his arms, and he had not consulted his convenience.

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**TOLD ON MILWAUKEE.**  
Social Process of Getting Acquainted in This City Illustrated.  
The teacher, in a faint, intermediating grade in a Milwaukee school the other day was "showing off" her pupils before a number of visitors.  
The first of the pupils was on the floor and one small, red-headed boy was given the word, "Introduction."  
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