

# THE HOUSE OF ISSTENS.

By Sir D'Arctan Istens, Cadet of a Great House, Knight of the Royal Order of Wassmark and One Time Ambassador to the Court of Charles I of England.

MADE INTO A ROMANCE BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

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"I am very sorry," I replied, "but it was your own fault."

"She went off at that and for several miles we bumped and rolled along in silence."

"I felt very sorry for this pretty girl in distress and was about to tell her so when she looked up and cried:

"Oh, you pity me, sir?"

"I admitted that I did."

"And you to carry me away—oh, cruel, cruel!" And she bent and looked at me with her tear stained eyes.

"You are the enemy of my king and country!" I cried as steadily as I could. She did not answer.

"And you are worse than a spy, madame, though I give you my word of honor that you shall not be hurt," I continued.

"Oh, how kind, how gallant of you, sir!" she cried with mocking lips.

"I saw that she, too, was a lady of heart and mind, and I thought I would be kinder to her than she was to me."

"But in a softer tone she whispered: 'How can one so young be without a heart?'"

"Before I had time to tell her that it was usually the ones so young who lost their hearts she gave a little moan and fell against my shoulder."

"The devil! She is fainting," I said and was about to call for help when up went her white hand, holding a pistol, and the hammer clicked within four inches of my face. This made me very cool.

"I am afraid, madame, that some one has drawn the load. It is very provoking, is it not?" I remarked.

"She gave me the pistol and blushed. 'I am glad it would not fire,' she said, and we spent the remainder of the ride in entertaining conversation."

"It is well to be polite when riding with a lady who comes from Bohemia and carries pistols."

"We entered Blatenburg in the morning and took our prisoner, our letter and our story to the king."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DUEL IN THE GARDEN.

He bowed to me on being shown into his closet, and, taking the paper, tore it open and read. I noticed him bite his lips in anger. "Dastardly!" he said and thrust it in his belt.

"Then he looked at the lady who was clinging to my arm."

"This is the prisoner, sire, whom Captain Castletree captured on the road," I said.

"His face was ashen."

"Barbara! Great heavens, is it you?" he cried.

"We bowed ourselves out, and at the door met Harry. His face was flushed. 'That is Princess Barbara of Colburg, the king's betrothed,' he whispered in my ear."

"I was staggered at that, thinking of the ride we had together and the sweet things I had said to her."

"We four went down stairs, and Harry ordered us breakfast in the royal parlor, as if he were our prince at least."

"We talked over our adventures, and Harry smiled warmly, especially at the capture of the lady. But he seemed to have something bothering him."

"When the meal was finished, the captain and Red Harding went out to see about the men, and Harry drew me into a corner where he could talk privately. He put his fingers on my sword hilt and said: 'Brother, I have a little engagement for tonight behind the statue of Cicero in the king's garden. It is with Colonel Angus Macdonald, the Scotch free lance. Will you come with me?'"

"My dear boy, that foolishness is this," I said, "the lowest of my voice. 'He is the best sword in Wassmark.'"

"Not quite, I think," Harry answered, with a smile. "But what of that? He insulted me, the Viscount Istens. Will you come or shall I get some German or wild man from Bohemia because my own brother is afraid?"

"I flushed at that. 'You lie there,' I said."

"He clapped my back. 'Good, old fire eater! I lied on purpose to get your blood up. Now, will you second me?'"

"Yes, to the hilt," I swore.

"As we went down the marble paved hill to the city I asked after the Lady St. Armand."

"She is enjoying very good health, thank you," he replied.

"Which is more than her cavalier is," I retorted, for I felt sore about this.

"He frowned, but neither looked at me nor spoke, so I kept silence for awhile."

"In a narrow street, smelling vilely of garlic and roasted sausages, we ran across Red Harding, cheek by jowl with another grizzled veteran."

"They were evidently well freighted with wine, for they passed with tipsy salutes and went waddling down the gutter, shouting a song."

"At last Harry stopped to talk about the army, the city and the king, as if nothing uncommon was in the air, and, after all, a quiet passage with swords was nothing among gentlemen. But the thought of the big Scotchman hung like a cloud on my heart."

"Presently we came to a little street with fine stone houses on each side and glimpses now and then of green terraces. While going along here I noticed something fall past my face, and looking down found a red rose on the pavement. Around its stem was twisted a little slip of paper. While I stood and surveyed this mysterious bloom open mouthed, Harry snatched it up and unwound the note."

"His face was all a golden smile again, as it had been that night when he told me of the court of Blatenburg and again at the king's feast in the palace."

"I must leave you, Dart, for a little while," he said hurriedly, "but don't wait for me. Remember, the statue of Cicero at midnight." And, pressing my hand, he was gone.

"The green eyed lass, I bet my sword," I thought to myself, and, turning, was about to strike my eyes when who should I see across the cobblestones but Captain Castletree, with the big Scotch colonel, Angus Macdonald."

"I crossed over and joined them, and we moved down the street together, talking of everything but the duel. At the door of a gaming house the Scotchman bid us adieu, using that French term significantly, and we went on together."

"Have you heard about the duel?" I inquired as soon as we were clear of the colonel."

"Yes," replied the captain; "I am Macdonald's second."

"I looked at him in amazement. What the devil could he mean?"

"Don't you see, Dart," he said impatiently, "there was both a man to knock up your sword and her first blood, and I don't think they will turn on us. The colonel has seen me fence in England, and the viscount would never cross with you."

"God bless you, captain, for your keen wit and unflinching temper," I answered humbly.

"He laughed softly and said, 'You are a regular fire eater, cadet.'"

"I am afraid so, for twice already since the 1st of June I offered to draw on Harry, and now I am clapping hands to hilt at the father of"—Here the words died on my lips.

"Zounds! What had I said?"

"I looked at the captain, and he looked at me with a twinkling eye, but a grave mouth."

"Did you speak, cadet?" he drawled in an indifferent voice.

"It was nothing of importance," I murmured.

"There was no moon when we met behind the statue in the garden, but our two lanterns threw a very fair light on the turf. Harry seemed nervous at first, and when I was helping him off with his upper clothes whispered: 'She loves me, Dart! She is worth dying for.'"

"Live for her, my boy. Keep cool and live for her," I replied.

"Presently they saluted and crossed blades."

"The first thrust, the first parry, showed that two masters of the art were at each other."

"The colonel talked away in his grating Scotch dialect, as if fencing with the Viscount Istens was a game of draughts. The captain and I followed every side of foot, shift of ground, with our naked rapiers before us. Harry, as cool now as the statue above him, played with a hanging guard—at first very slowly, then lifted as quickly as possible under the circumstances: 'What is the matter, Lord Harry? Have I put bars in your pony's tail or eaten your tart?'"

"He flung his sword on the ground. 'I forgot myself, Dart,' he cried and straightaway threw his arms about my neck."

"We left Harry at the palace, where he had rooms, and took the sullen Scotchman down to the tavern in the city. The beds were wide, the sheets fresh, and I was soon dreaming. In what seemed to me a few minutes I was awakened by some one shaking me. It was a servant in the royal livery with a note which ran: 'The king wishes you to stay awhile with us, so do not go back with the others to Istens today. Your loving brother, HARRY.'"

"The sun was bright at my window. So, dressing quickly, I went down and told the captain that I had to stay for awhile."

"I flushed at that. 'You lie there,' I said."

"He clapped my back. 'Good, old fire eater! I lied on purpose to get your blood up. Now, will you second me?'"

"Yes, to the hilt," I swore.

"As we went down the marble paved hill to the city I asked after the Lady St. Armand."

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married at Christmas."

"Good!" I replied. "Now tell me what the king wants of me, brother, for I long to get back to Istens."

"What a promising creature you are, Dart," he said gaily.

"Then it is by accident and not by design, if I am, for Blatenburg is dull and empty to me already, saving your presence, old boy."

"I can believe that; I do not think I would be so energetic a courtier myself if my heart's desire were away at the end of a 80 mile road," he said softly.

"Silently!" cried I. "Who spoke of heart's desire?"

"Your eyes and manner, my dear cadet," Harry answered.

"We went up to the palace together, and the viscount interviewed the king in my behalf. He came back to me shortly, where I had waited in one of the withdrawing rooms, to say that his majesty could get along without me in time of peace, but not in time of war. There was also a little gold ring from the king, and a grace the brown digit of the young cadet."

"I was overjoyed at being able to leave the city, or perhaps it was at being able to return to Istens."

"If you will wait three days, I will go home with you," Harry remarked, as we stood on the terrace and stared across at a mounted party of ladies and cavaliers."

"I can't risk it," I said, "for your three days will lengthen out like a stirrup strap in a rain."

"We embraced in farewell, and he went off to order his horse to ride out with the Lady St. Armand, and I returned to the tavern to see if Hagart was fit for the saddle."

"He was in the best of spirits. So I told a fellow to have him ready within a half hour, and called for my dinner."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CAPTURE OF THE CADET.

Merrily on the afternoon of the same day I swung into the saddle, flocked good Hagart with my gloves and set the tall houses and noisy streets slipping behind me. Out of the gates, past the starting sentries and silent towers, I rode with a cheer."

"The mud had dried up wonderfully since our advent to the city, and Hagart tossed his mane back into my face with the sheer joy of the open road."

"We passed through the outlying villages and into the open country in less than an hour. Then I drew rein and walked Hagart up a hill. The willows and poplars were so full of leaves and green that they seemed to me to be the air—not grass vegetables with their roots deep in the ground. The fields were bright with young grain, and the woods with birds."

"So we went, forgetting the scenes of battle, both man and horse glad of the fullness of life."

"Dark was drawing down when far to the north I made out the blue heads of the mountains and knew that Istens, with all its towers and towers, lay not five miles in front of me."

"Then I fell to dreaming and entered the firwood of the Monk's Cross at a slow walk, with no thought of rapier or sword, and, as in an ugly dream, Hagart was thrown back on his haunches, and I was dragged from the saddle."

"I swore a full mouthed oath and kicked over some of the men who held me. Hagart jumped clear, battered down to his hooves, and I was left to my own devices. Swearing mightily at Hagart's escape, they bound me viciously and tied me astride a mountain pony. What a joy of finding this, to all my dreams! Then a looking of the feeling of sickness came over me, and I, shivering with cold chill, my wound, which before I had thought little of, now began to pain and my head to swim. I swooned, and upon re-awakening consciousness I found the pony upon which I rode picking its way over rocks and around gullies. Owing to the darkness I could not make out the number of the fellows about me, but by their fierce and mixed jargons I knew them to be robbers from the north mountains."

"Presently a fellow at my stirrup said, 'Now, lordling, what do you think your father will pay to get you back?'"

"Dog!" I muttered.

"Keep that talk for the dead bodies of the men hanged by the neck and answer my question," he growled in a threatening voice."

"Not a penny if I can help it. A sword and a well aimed dag would set me free of you in half a minute, you scum of the pot!"

"He laughed at my words, though I think they suited him none too pleasantly."

"You are a gay little cock," he retorted, "and worth about 1,000 crowns to the baron."

"I was faint, but this speech touched me to the anger of a child."

"Little cock! you canaille! Just let me down, and I will show you my six feet of littleness," I raved.

"After that, for what seemed to me years, we rode in silence. Our path became steep and rough, and three lanterns had to be lighted. Dizzy though I was, I managed to count 19 men in the party around me."

"I am surprised that such brave men make such poor horse catchers," I said, thinking of the valiant Hagart."

"They were both at this, and one fellow said he would knock my head off if I didn't keep quiet. When we halted and they unbuckled me from the saddle, I fell prone with exhaustion. Some one took me by the heels and dragged me into a little burrow floored with straw and there let me lie. I was hungry and tired, but as nothing came in the way of food I fell into a fitful sleep."

"When I opened my eyes, the sun was shining brightly on my rough shaggy coat, and my hands were free. At my elbow stood a can of water and a small loaf of black bread. I drank the water greedily and tried to eat a few crumbs of the loaf, but could not. My head ached, and my limbs trembled."

"A loud armed to the teeth strolled up and down in front of my door. From all around came the shrill laughter and vile jests of slatternly women."

"The captain and Red Harding and the men reached home shortly after noon, bringing word that you were going to stay a few days in the city at his majesty's command. In the evening one of the men, Hagart, was brought and nervous, standing at his stable door, with saddle all askew. There was wonder in the house at first, then panic; for we impudently that our old enemies had been up to their eyes in it. But Hagart had escaped and why he had taken the road so soon after the captain we could not imagine. Within half an hour of the horse's appearance 18 of us were well on the road to the mountains."

"But we had not traveled far before we came face to face with a stalwart rogue on a long haired pony. He told us what ransom his chief wanted and that if he did not return to the camp before dawn, you would be established in your sleep. For a moment we thought of falling upon him and making him guide us to the camp, but he leaped back and clapped a pistol to his head. It was no use promising him the money; he refused to let us see his hands on the fourth hour of the afternoon two days later."

"If any man follows me, he boy dies, and with these words he galloped away. The Pierre, the woodchopper, sprang from his horse and followed swiftly and noiselessly on foot while we turned and rode home. Thanks to Pierre's wonderful endurance, the trick served, and next night he was back at Istens with the rest of the robbers' camp clear in his memory."

"The captain, with all the sound me could gather and Pierre for guide, next morning started on foot. I waited till the afternoon and then, with a bag of gold and a letter addressed to meet the fellow of the previous interview. On my way I made many plans for giving the gold and then a bullet, but on arriving at the meeting place I found the fellow dead in the ditch. He was a horrible sight. Near by stood an old peasant, who pressed one hand to a wound in his side and gripped a bloody scythe blade with the other."

"I dressed the old fellow's wound, which was not very serious, and helped him home. His name is Bangs. You remember that the horse was shot while working in the harvest fields two years ago."

"I was afraid to search for my own party, or the camp of the robbers without a guide, knowing that I might set all the captain's plans of ambush at naught, so I came back to the house. We waited in the dining hall all night, and when the sun was well up the party returned, carrying you on a litter of branches. The fight had been well timed and sharp, and that band of devils is

broken utterly. The captain found you lying on the bank of a stream sound asleep."

"When my father ceased, mother and Marion entered the room with the captain and Red Harding on their heels. Marion did not look at me."

"The captain and the lieutenant were overjoyed at my recovery. The old vet even took one of my hands in his."

"Himmel, comrades! It is whiter and weaker than my body. And he crept up his scarred face, while tears welled into his eyes."

"Castlere laughed at the other's remark and said: 'You will find it broad and strong enough to loiter your ground inside a month.'"

## (CONTINUED.)

### Grain-O Brings Relief.

To the coffee drinker. Coffee drinking is a habit that is universally indulged in and almost as universally injurious. Have you tried Grain-O? It is almost like coffee but the effects are just the opposite. Coffee upsets the stomach, ruins the digestion, affects the heart and disturbs the whole nervous system. Grain-O tones up the stomach, aids in digestion, and gives you a good appetite. There is nothing but nourishment in Grain-O. It can't be otherwise. 15 and 25c per package.

### A Curious Case.

The catfish uses his lungs as an organ of hearing. The needless lung becomes a closed sac filled with air and commonly known as the swim bladder. In the catfish it is in the stomach, and most brook fish, the air bladder is large and is connected by a slender tube, the remains of the trachea, to the oesophagus. At its front it fits closely to the vertebral column. The anterior vertebrae are much enlarged, twisted together, and through them passes a chain of bones, which connects with the hidden cavity of the air. The bladder therefore assists the ear of the catfish as the tympanum of the human ear, and its bones assist the ear of the higher animals. An ear of this sort can carry little range of variety in sound. It probably gives only the impression of jars or disturbances in the water.—Popular Science Monthly.

### To Convince.

As an honest remedy, Foley's Kidney and Bladder Cure is the only one in advanced stages, but truthfully claims to give comfort and relief in the very worst cases, and in the early stages to effect a cure.—Gregg & Ward.

### His Reason For Remorse.

Dr. Poundtree—"You say, my friend, that you never held out false hope in advanced stages, but truthfully claims to give comfort and relief in the very worst cases, and in the early stages to effect a cure.—Gregg & Ward."

### Her Dear Friend.

Dr. Poundtree—"That was a terrible deed, sir. I hope you are sorry for it. Moonshine Jim—Sorry for it, he was my rival for the hand of the ole 'oman wot I married."

### The Most Fatal Disease.

More deadly than any other disease. When the first symptoms of this disease appear, no time should be lost in taking Foley's Kidney Cure, which is guaranteed to money refunded. 50-8100.—Gregg & Ward.

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Why be bothered with this annoying complaint when Banner Salve will cure you. 25c.—Gregg & Ward.

### Plies! Plies!

Why be bothered with this annoying complaint when Banner Salve will cure you. 25c.—Gregg & Ward.

### STORE FOR RENT.

The store formerly occupied by W. W. Ford and known as the Backed Store, will be for rent November 1st. Address the undersigned at Dubuque, Iowa. J. F. MERRY, Dubuque, Iowa.

### NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

STATE OF IOWA, Delaware County.—As Nathan H. Hartung, late of the undersigned, has been duly appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of EMILIA STEWART, late of Delaware County, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated to the undersigned, at the residence of THEO. MAX STEWART, Dubuque, Iowa, on or before the 15th day of October, 1899.

### Race Meeting, Nutwood Driving Park Club, Dubuque, Iowa, Aug. 28, to Sept. 2, 1899.

For this race meeting, the most memorable one of Chicago, the Chicago Great Western Railway will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from all stations on its line. The size of the purse, and the fame of the horses to be run, will make this meet a most memorable one. Tickets will be on sale on and after August 27th, good to return Sept. 4th. For further information inquire of any Chicago Great Western agent, or at the office of J. L. General Pass & Ticket Agent, 113 Adams St. Chicago. 32w4

### HOUSE TO RENT.

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TO THE

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\$105,000 IN PURSES.

On account of this great race meet the Illinois Central Railroad will sell round trip tickets to Dubuque, Iowa, from all points as far west as Ft. Dodge, August 27th to the 30th, inclusive, and from all points west of Ft. Dodge August 27th, and 28th, only, all limited to September 4th for return at a rate of

### One Fare For The Round Trip.

J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

## ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

### HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

IN