

THE BREAKFAST AT GENERAL ARNOLD'S

By CLINTON ROSS. Author of "The Scarlet Coat," "The Meddling Hussy," etc.

SYNOPSIS

The Sicur de la Renne is a young French nobleman, who has brought poverty and disgrace upon himself through dissipation and extravagance. He has been disinherited by the Regent of France, and is now a penniless wanderer in the forest of Fontenay-le-Comte. He is attracted to the beautiful girl, Marie de la Renne, who is the daughter of a nobleman who has been disinherited by the Regent. Marie is attracted to the young French nobleman, and they fall in love. The Regent of France is determined to marry Marie to a young man of his own choice, and Marie is forced to accept the match. The young French nobleman is heartbroken, and he goes to the forest of Fontenay-le-Comte, where he meets Marie. They are discovered by the Regent, and Marie is forced to marry the young man of the Regent's choice. The young French nobleman is heartbroken, and he goes to the forest of Fontenay-le-Comte, where he meets Marie. They are discovered by the Regent, and Marie is forced to marry the young man of the Regent's choice.

As the clatter of their boots died, I still stood motionless, and the light and at Louise Moncreiff's contempt. Some part of the plot had been developed with unexpected suddenness, and I knew not what to follow. But I had no time for reflection. Two horsemen spurred up. One was a messenger with a dispatch for Gen. Arnold, the other was the greatest haste, he said, breathing hard. "Close behind came Von Wadom. Throwing himself into a girth, he advanced toward me before the officer could say another word. "I wish to speak to you, Capt. de la Renne, in a moment." "The greatest haste!" emphasized the messenger, as if he were particularly impressed with the importance of his mission. But Von Wadom pulled me into the house. "Have something for Capt. de la Renne's ear," he said. The dispatch-reporter followed. "Possibly I would better follow up his excellency to West Point. I was told this should be given to no one else—of Col. Hamilton, at least," he said, as if he had just received a commission. "I am from West Point. His excellency, whom I passed, will send Col. Hamilton back. The marquis, Capt. de la Renne is his excellency's authorized representative," Von Wadom insisted. "Yes," said the messenger, but still fully. "Haven't you Wadom wishes a private word, sir; I will be at liberty presently." I followed Von Wadom. He passed into the inner room, closing the door carefully. "Give me that paper," he said quickly. "This was no longer my private, resolute man speaking communitively. "Not I, baron," I retorted. "What do you mean?" he asked. "That the dispatch belongs to his excellency." "What?" he began in amazement. You hired by me?" "By his excellency," said I. "Pooh!" he cried. "Have you turned traitor?" I looked at him a moment steadily, holding the letter behind me. "I am not content to play longer a blind man, my dear baron," I cried. "You must explain more particularly. What has happened?" "Curse you!" he said, walking rapidly to and fro, and glancing at me as he walked. Suddenly he began to fawn. "I beg your pardon, De la Renne. It's a dance, that led me to this manner. But you must not hinder. The time has come, all unexpectedly." "Well?" "Gen. Arnold's affair has miscarried. He is a fugitive now. If his excellency does not have these letters, he may not be able to escape." "And our affair?" I said breathlessly. "Great consternation will exist when this is known," said the baron. "We shall do it by making the commander-in-chief disappear. You are to be in readiness for this purpose." "Story?" I said. "I am going to be friendly you, to give you a chance. You have left me without a shred of honor. And now I choose to act for myself. I will tell his excellency all I know, and he will give me a chance. I give you one—discretion. Follow Gen. Arnold—now, while you have time! You will not have too much time for it!" He looked at me, his rosy face ashen, his teeth chattering. "You—traitor!" "Traitor and that too!" I said, bitterly. "The Vityr took advantage of my position and gave me a chance, which I embraced, because I was weak. Now at last I see clearly. I will extract my honor as best I may. But I give you, too, a chance. Take it, I say." He saw, I think, the resolution in my eyes, as well as heard it in my tone, and he looked me over with utter hate. Yet, as I say, I liked him, and I trembled at his part. But I was resolved, and at the mo-

I was desperate, and a fool. I became one of a band of conspirators. "And you tell me this because you are betraying your comrades?" "No, not to gain my pardon. When a man puts his hand in the fire, he must expect to be burned." He looked at me intently. "I believe you," he said at last. "At least you are a brave man. But go on with your story." I went on—telling all, explaining word for word, detail by detail. Many times he interrupted with question—making no expositation, listening gravely. It madened me that he said nothing I had expected. Yet though he had my measure and despised me, he did not show his feelings. He was debating the situation, and deciding with that evenness of mind which was, I believe, the main reason of his success. He had extricated himself from many difficult situations, first and last. "I think, I think," he said, "that this is a personal affront of any man I ever knew; if he possessed vanity he would be outraged at it to his judgment. Back of all he had his faith in his cause, in himself; that broad patriotism was the main motive governing all his acts. It was offered the crown which I believe he might easily have worn bears out this view. If he had not been intensely patriotic, why did he make himself the trouble of this hard service? No, I do not believe that he wished for mere personal fame; he did not desire it. I know, whatever his delusions may be—and what a great fame without its detractors—that there was patriotism animating most of this cool, intellectual mind; that really he would have preferred the quiet of his Virginia estate to the life of a rich proprietor always has after all more comfortable than any fame however great." Now he coolly regarded the possibilities of the situation. He saw instantly, knowing human nature, that I told him nothing more than this, the impression of keeping the matter quiet, that the full extent of the plot might be found. I knew in America only two names, Von Wadom and Berner's. I told him, too, that the plotters doubtless had had Gen. Arnold in their power. "But I did not believe he knew their plans," he began, as if he were a theologian, and looking me over with critical coolness. "You have decided to betray your comrades, why did you not decide sooner, when this scandal of West Point almost surrendered might have been avoided?" "I thought, I thought," he answered moodily, "that I was not a single exception, and in this I really was tactful." "Because I was a coward, your excellency." "Being a coward, how did you at last become brave enough to defy your patrons?" "Because when it was put to me—I could not do it." "And why did you let Von Wadom escape?" he said, continuing the inquiry. "Even had I wished, I knew nothing could escape those calm, blue eyes." "Because I like him. I believe him a very brave man, and that offended vanity led to the position." "Like Arnold's case—that and that," he acknowledged. "But it is not extending. As it is, an English gentleman and officer, Major Andre—who was obeying his superior's orders—thoughtless will have to suffer for Arnold's debt seems to make a deal of difference, Capt. de la Renne." He paused as if in deep meditation; stepped to the window and looked out. I thought I could hear his heart-beats. "You, too, should suffer," he said, turning about. "I am quite ready, your excellency." "But you doubtless say that I could not punish you now. You doubtless intend to make terms for yourself." "Your excellency," I cried passionately, and then as calmly as I could, "I have made up my mind, and I will stand by it. That is all that is left, the only way I have to vindicate the name my father gave me." "Yes, you have atoned that name, De la Renne. But—now you can be useful to me." "If I may be of any use to you?" "You must not utter a word of this to a soul." "Can you believe my word?" "I can," he said, simply. "I understand your nature now." "I thank your excellency." "You need not thank me—only my self-interest. I am glad to see that in the time of the publication of Gen. Arnold's plot, the other most not so much as he suggested. Besides my knowledge of it will enable me to watch for the unknown hands in it—individuals I believe you do not know." "Thank you, your excellency." "If you can do me any small one shall give you of this, excepting you and me; not even Col. Hamilton, nor the marquis or Gen. Knox, who know now of the Arnold incident. But you will be detached from your temporary position of aide-de-camp. You will receive some duty, an exacting one, and you must be sure you shall stand by it. You need not thank me. It is but expediency. Were it not for that you should be court-martialed, and probably shot, but now, as it is, I am rather in your power. Your part is simply not to breathe a word of this to any soul; and to do what may be asked of you, as you may. Incidentally, you see, my circumstances give you a small chance of redeeming yourself." I bowed humbly. "In the meantime you are apparently what you seemed when you came here." "Most thank when I came here, your excellency." "Yes, I think, more than when you came here," he assented coldly. A knock interrupted. "I, Hamilton." "Presently," Washington said; and then continuing to tell me all that I had heard. This conspiracy leaves me doubtful of many in high places. I must, first, and examine—must know better how far it reaches. And so, Monsieur de la Renne, despite your pretensions, I am compelled to make an ally of you." He smiled, as suddenly he extended his hand. He had divined my nature exactly as I say; he had divined my past as he now could be sure of me. Yet now in reviewing these incidents, I saw how policy enters into justice; how expediency and chance keep many as sorry knaves from punishment as ever those whom march in shame to the gallows. I shudder now as I think of my own desperate hazard. Just as it was, I had still the chance of redeeming my name. What has been done by me since is an open book for the world to read; yet in telling this story I will tell you no more than I wish; I will make myself appear as deplorable as I was at twenty-three. Yet, I had really an honest heart; and it was that, in the end, enabled me to redeem my name—allied to the expeller of the hour, in 1789, when the plot Gen. Arnold's flight had revealed, and seemed to have many intricate complications. "Bernier," he said, speaking that name, as if thoughtfully. "I always have had my mistrust of him," and then aloud, as he turned the key. "You may go, Capt. de la Renne to wait my order. Well, Hamilton!" "It is true; he has escaped. Here is a letter he has sent from the future," I heard Hamilton say. "But two were killed." "Ah, I know," said Washington; "Von Wadom—Berner." "Your excellency knows," Hamilton cried. "Gen. Arnold," he said, "through our agent, Capt. de la Renne." "I don't believe I ever was more surprised than by his statement, but calmly, which at once showed that he had decided. Yet what Hamilton said meant more than this. It meant that the two in America who were

without a word, and I noticed how thin their were the knuckles bunched up like marbles and the veins swelling purple under the skin. I mistrusted her at first, through constant rippings after the extras, and I must say I had taken a grudge against the girl, because she was the daughter of the chief, and she was in the habit of frequent have I twisted Jerry, stage manager, he were, and as good a man as ever drew breath when that breath was sober, twisted him because of his keeping. Clotary in the regular chorus, when extras as round as polins and pretty as pink could be counted on to sing away. But Jerry was as firm as rocks, once he made up that mind of his, and he always stuck to it. Jones was like them poems that get into waste baskets when by rights they ought to have frontispieces and be bound in blue and gold. "I found out that the poor thing couldn't sew much better than she could act, but she showed great talent for peeling up scraps and pulling out bastings, so we worked together off and on until along comes the Easter Monday rehearsal. It was a long time, and I had to finish the rest of my work without her. I had got the costumes all folded and ticketed and was sitting after supper, as I am now, with a bit of sewing on my lap waiting for the chorus girls to come and get their things. Any one who has cut up on the stage and Mason, the janitor, was whistling as he went around lighting the gas in the theater and turning the jets down dim. Presently heard steps rushing down the narrow passage leading to my room, and in bolts Choparty came out, and she was always so solemn and slow that it startled me to see her standing there with her mouth open and her eyes set, and when I jumped up and caught her by the hand—I think my intention was good to shake her—it fairly put my heart into a flutter. She was so pale and how it dripped with sweat. "Then, she whispered, in words that came out jerky-like between her chattering teeth, "I passed them on my way from the green room—and they made me—scared." "Dear me, how foolish of you," chirped out Amy, jumping up with wide, excited eyes. "I'm not a bit afraid of them, and I have to strike them with my wand—Bunny, Mommy, I am waiting to dress." "You will just wait your turn, young lady," I answered, for a batch of faces as pale and as staring as mine were looking at me with many a gasp, and I was already filling my arms with skirts and wands and wings. "Let Jones wait on the girls," insisted Amy, almost nervous enough to cry. "You know I'm to be discovered—" "Oh, but she's no account—nobody will notice her, her name isn't even on the bills—and, oh Mommy, there are the looks of horses. The Demon Huntsman has come." "It seems that Amy will always have her own way in the end," said the time Jones, who was in the habit of pecking off the chorus. Amy was dressed in white frosted tulle with big silver wings served at her back and a star-tipped wand in her hand. She looked very beautiful, dear heart, and I could see that poor Jones felt the difference between them, though she pretended the children what I took to be a downright heartful way. "Yes," said Amy, with a friendly nod at herself in the glass, "I am a pretty little thing, and I'm going to make the bit of the evening, just you see." "Suppose you were ugly and scary," said poor Jones, frowning at his own reflection. "I might stay forever and no one would ever notice me." "But the fiddles down in the orchestra had commenced to hunt for the key to turn on, and Amy shot off like a star. "You love her very dearly, don't you, Mr. Bailey, sir?" asked Jones, in a soft, wailing way. "Lo!" she said, but no more than her mother loves you, I reckon. "I haven't got any mother—no mother." "That's bad," I said, shaking my head. "You ought to be glad to have a mother, and I should like to see a little child of your own for between you and me, you'll go going to get along in the profession as you said yourself a minute ago." "I never expect to get along at anything," she said, more to herself than to me, I reckon, for she picked up her skirts and slowly walked to the door. She looked so forlorn and childish, though almost in her twenties, that I had a notion to offer to help her dress, but I was so dead tired, and there was so much to do. "What a crowded house it was! How the lights blazed and the music swelled and the crowd of every color under the sun! How proud I was of my Amy, "Queen of the Fairies," the play bills called her, as she rode in a tiny chariot with dozens of pink and green fairies about her, waving their golden wands. "There was Jones among them, waving his wand as if he were a god, and I was looking for all the world like a wilted cabbage in her gas-green skirts; and then, when Amy's song was over, there came changed and brought on the Demon Huntsman and his dogs. "I am not afraid of dogs in general, but when I saw them so mottled monsters, with their bloodshot eyes and slobbering mouths, I shook to that extent that Moggs had to hold me by my garters. "Woman," he growled, "do you want to spile the evening by falling down into the fiddles? That ferociousness is only high air, besides, don't you see the dogs are chained?" Maybe they were, but I felt heaps easier when Moggs had rung the curtain down three times without anything going wrong. I even blamed Jones for putting the scare in my head; and was glad I hadn't dressed her. It was a long, tedious scene, piece by piece, and transformations and dresses and Lor's knows what else, but it ended at last in fairyland, with Amy on a shining throne and the huntsman in chains at her feet. I remember there was a bit of speech to be made, and then the child tripped in her pretty, feathered mantles, and she struck at them with her wand. "Then every man and woman in the whole theater began shouting together, and I heard Clotary's voice ring out in a scream that cut through the noise like the sweep of a sword blade. I somehow got the idea that the chemicals had set the scenes ablaze, for Moggs had clasped his hands before my eyes and dragged me back to my room—" "There, I knew it! Just as sure as I'm sitting alone in the dark, sitting there, with you going on your pale face and your shabby frock; and oh, my dear, when I remember that it shines tonight on a grave that might have been my child's, what can I, her ignorant mother, say to you, except that I have always tried to do my best for you, and that the life you saved worthy of the awful price it cost you?" NANNIE LANCASTER.

Probably She Wouldn't

She—Marry John Jonesmith! If there wasn't another man in the world I wouldn't have him. Uncle George—Considering the opportunities that would give him for selection, I think you are right.—Boston Traveller.

What Did She Do?

"You say you have brought me here to propose to me, but why do you want to do through it so deliberately?" "Well, you see, I've got a friend in the kinetoscope here, and I wanted him to make the movements slow and distinct. Now, all ready"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Some Dangerous Playfollows

During my seven years in the Indian civil service I was for a time engaged with the land survey, being assistant to the surveyor of a large district and having a gang of my own. In this connection we were often called to survey lands far away from villages, lay out roads through the jungles, and camp out for weeks at a time. Every man went well armed, to protect himself from robbers and wild beasts, and now and then we took a day off and potted a tiger or panther. When I first landed in Bombay I took my way to do it with a small service. He was assaulted in the street by a drunken soldier, and although he did not defend himself, he was carried off to jail and subsequently put on trial and charged with felonious assault. But for my extensive knowledge of the law, I should have been in jail. In giving a true account of the affair I won the enmity of the military and the native's gratitude. When he found I was going on country and would be exposed to the perils of serpents and wild beasts, he insisted on providing me with a mascot. It was a little big mad of the skin of a cobra, and was to be worn about the neck by a gold chain of curious workmanship. As to the contents of the bag, he would not say, but I charged it over and over again not to open it or part with the chain. I allowed him to put it around my neck with his own hands, and when he had clasped it, he said: "Sahib, you can now travel anywhere in India and fear neither serpents nor wild beasts. You have only to look out for bad men." "Dear me, that the native felt grateful and wanted to give me a proof of it, but attached no importance to his declaration. I don't remember that I mentioned the fetish to any one until one day six months later, when taking a swim in a pool with a military officer, a native of the chain, I allowed him to close inspection. I laughed at the idea, but he seriously said: "There are strange things in India, and after you have been here for a year or two you will smile at nothing with a mystery attached to it. I'll guarantee that if you will allow me to look at your chain, I will show you a cobra which has been used for a mascot. I have been using it for 200 years. Just continue to wear the fetish and see what will come of it." Two weeks later I was sent to survey the boundaries of a small village situated in the middle of the jungle, and I pitched our tents on the west side of the village, and every evening the natives beat around to see that no serpents were lurking near. One night, while I was sitting up beyond the usual hour to catch up with my field notes and a native of the chain, I suddenly felt something touch my knee and looked down to find a large cobra at my feet. To say that I was frightened does not half express it. I was simply paralyzed. I could see and think, but I could not move a finger. When I looked at the serpent and saw that it was a cobra, I was so terrified that I could not utter a word. The cobra wriggled across the tent and disappeared under its edge. He had been in the tent for some time, and I had heard my own gang declared that I must have been dreaming. It is not impossible for one to fall asleep for a moment in the saddle, or the march, or while holding a pen at his desk, and the men were so sure that I had fallen asleep, that I finally gave up to them. Next day, however, the chief of the village, who was a very old man, asked me as to the conduct of the serpent, and when I gave him particulars, he said: "I see how it is. You are wearing a charm and the cobra made friends with you. You hid it, just as you say, and if you had not had a fetish he would have bitten you." I neither admitted nor denied, but I began to have faith that I was protected. A month or so later, as the men were running along a creek, I sat down on the stump of a freshly cut tree to take a rest. I had not been there above five minutes when I felt a snake crawling over my feet, which were both square on the ground. I had been schooling myself for this kind of adventure, and though my heart went to my throat with a jump, I managed to sit quiet. As I looked over the edge of my book a cobra's head came into view, and its fiery eyes looked full into mine, from a distance of only twelve inches. There could be no mistake in the glare of the sun, and I could almost count the spots and the scales. For a minute the dreaded pest of India waved his head from side to side, with his tongue continually flicking out and in, as if he were looking for some possession of his that I fear took such possession of his that I closed my eyes. I felt his head at my bosom, and the odor which he exhaled gave me a terrible nausea. It may have been two, three or five minutes that I sat there with closed eyes, and that serpent wriggled about and touched me here and there, but at length one of the men came tramping back. As he came within twenty feet the snake hissed and darted away, but the man had a plain view of him. Believing that I had been bitten, he gave the alarm, and I was weak enough to go into a faint. There was no ridicule this time, and I thought best to exhibit my fetish and tell the story of how I came by it. That proved to be an unwise action on my part. Our native chain bearers gossiped to the other natives, and within a week no less than ten persons came to see me, and I refused to enter discuss the matter, and the natural result was that some of those who could not secure it by fair means determined to have it by foul. Some ten days or so after the incident above related we had to survey for a bridge across a gully. While engaged in this work, the hour being 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all the men crossed over to the north side and left me temporarily alone. I stood in the path watching them, with my rifle leaning against a nearby tree, when a sign of things to come was noticed. I caught my attention, I saw a moving object, but indistinctly, but as I reached for my weapon, three evil-looking natives, each armed with a knife, broke cover and dashed at me. I brought the gun up and fired without taking aim, and one of the men dropped. The others, who had finished me, but they lacked sand and ran away. The man had received my bullet in the side, but was more scared than hurt. Had I put a bullet through his head the civil authorities would not have made me the slightest trouble, but I wasn't cocked up to be a robber and I suspected that he was a robber and that my charm was the object aimed at, and he promptly confessed that such was the case. The three had been hired to kill me to get possession of it, and had dogged me about for several days before the chance came to make a dash. Who had bribed them he would not tell. We were thirty miles from the nearest magistrate, and so I took the law into my own hands. We spat upon him and degraded his caste in several other ways, and then gave him fifty blows with a switch, thinking that that would draw it out. I was sure that my charm preserved me from men as well as beasts, and from that time on I was not molested. As the stories circulated over the country I got a notoriety which was far from pleasant. Natives came a hundred miles

CHICAGO'S NEW SHIRT.

It Has Six Bosoms That Can Be Revolved at Will.

A firm on Canal street is about to startle the world with a shirt which has six bosoms. It has six bosoms on one shirt and no two alike! And the wonder does not end there. The wearer of this shirt can change from one bosom to the other without removing his coat or vest. For the new kind of shirt bosom is circular and has a single fastening in the center, and the circle is divided into six equal parts on the same lines that a pie is cut. Thus, there are six wedge-shaped bosoms and they may be selected so as to present any variety of color and design. The new bosom can be used with a very low-cut vest, as two or more of the designs might show at the same time, and the effect would be rather distracting. Vests are cut very high nowadays, however, and most men will find the small bosoms to be plenty good enough. A few square inches of bosom need be exposed. As the whole bosom is fastened in the center by a button, it can be turned by the wearer whenever he desires a quick change. By putting his hand into the armhole of his vest, he can get hold of the edge of his stiffened bosom and turn it as many degrees as he chooses, or until he comes to a pattern that pleases him. Of course it is important that the button on which the bosom revolves shall be fitted rather tightly, otherwise the circular bosom will slip off its accord. A two-leaved revolving arm against the collar is the best style of collar by wear with a revolving shirt bosom. The edge of the bosom slides along the collar and is hidden from view. With a few levers the bosom can be turned to any angle and suspicion be aroused. Gentlemen who expect to wear the revolving bosoms are advised to wear the bosoms, since the bosom can be changed at any moment without the least disarrangement of neckwear. The advantages claimed for the revolving shirt bosom are: First, saving of laundry bills. In Chicago the exposed portion of a shirt bosom becomes badly soiled after one day's wear. The remainder of the bosom is perfectly clean. Because of the two streaks, showing where the vest has rubbed the bosom, the whole shirt must be sent to the laundry. By the use of the revolving shirt bosom a clean section can be moved up to the public view. Second—By the use of the revolving bosom a man can adapt his shirt to the particular strain of society in which he happens to find himself.—Chicago Record.

A Bohemian Bachelor.

I wonder how many bachelors of this city there are who have had the same experience that I have just been through. I am living in a house all alone, taking care of my own room. Consequently, since the first week after the "folks" went away at home, I have had to do the work of a winter in a small stove were not only in the stove, but all around it. There was a general laxity about everything in the room, which is quite Bohemian, you know, but decidedly "shabby." So I turned with a sigh to the door and looked into the hall. I got back several hours later, and have since been trying to figure out how it all happened. I wanted some pins yesterday morning. I found them in the bottom drawer of the bureau, when they were generally on the window sill or rather on the table. I haven't found the clothes brush yet, or the blacking brush, either, for that matter. A picture of a girl I once used to love I found turned upside down behind the washboard on the washstand. That room won't get any more care for some months to come.—Boston Post.

Pass Mr. Swindle.

"A Swindle" is the name that appears over the office door of a struggling lawyer in the city of Stratford. One of the friends of the unfortunate gentleman suggested the advisability of his writing out his first name in full, thinking that either "A Swindle" or "Swindle" would be better and look better than the significant "A Swindle." When the lawyer, with tears in his eyes, whispered to him that his name was Adam, the friend understood and was silent.—Wisconsin Blade.