

# The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



[Continued from last week.]

"Ere we have done with this," said he, "we may expect our famous He-brew."

It would be impossible to deplete the confusion and distress of Francis Scrymgeour. He saw foul play going forward before his eyes, and he felt bound to interfere, but he knew not how. It might be a mere pleasantry, and then how should he look if he were to offer an unnecessary warning? Or, again, if it were serious, the criminal might be his own father, and then how should he not lament if he were to bring ruin on the author of his days? For the first time he became conscious of his own position as a spy. To wait inactive at such a juncture and with such a conflict of sentiments in his bosom was to suffer the most acute torture. He clung to the bars of the shutters, his heart beat fast and with irregularity, and he felt a strong sweat break forth upon his body.

Several minutes passed.

He seemed to perceive the conversation die away and grow less and less in vivacity and volume, but still no sign of any alarming or even notable event.

Suddenly the ring of a glass bell was followed by a faint and dull sound, as of a person who should have fallen forward with his head upon the table. At the same moment a piercing scream rose from the garden.

"What have you done?" cried Miss Vandeleur. "He is dead!"

The dictator replied in a violent whisper, so strong and vibrant that every word was audible to the watcher at the window.

"Silence!" said Mr. Vandeleur. "The man is as well as I am. Take him by the heels while I carry him by the shoulders."

Francis heard Miss Vandeleur break forth into a passion of tears.

"Do you hear what I say," resumed the dictator in the same tones, "or do you wish to quarrel with me? I give you your choice, Miss Vandeleur."

There was another pause, and the dictator spoke again.

"Take that man by the heels," he said. "I must have him brought into the house. If I were a little younger, I could help myself against the world, but now that years and dangers are upon me and my hands are weakened I must turn to you for aid."

"It is a crime," replied the girl.

"I am your father," said Mr. Vandeleur.

This appeal seemed to produce its effect. A scuffling noise followed upon the gravel, a chair was overset, and then Francis saw the father and daughter stagger across the walk and disappear under the veranda, bearing the inanimate body of Mr. Rolles embraced about the knees and shoulders. The young clergyman was limp and pallid, and his head rolled upon his shoulders at every step.

Was he alive or dead? Francis, in spite of the dictator's declaration, inclined to the latter view. A great crime had been committed, a great calamity had fallen upon the inhabitants of the house with the green blinds. To his surprise, Francis found all horror for the deed swallowed up in sorrow for a girl and an old man whom he judged to be in the height of peril. A tide of generous feeling swept into his heart, he, too, would help his father against Jan and his accomplices, against fate and justice, and, casting open the shutters, he closed his eyes and threw himself with outstretched arms into the foliage of the chestnut.

Branch after branch slipped from his grasp and broke under his weight. Then he caught a stalwart bough under his armpit and hung suspended for a second, and then he let himself drop and fell heavily against the table. A cry of alarm from the house warned him that his entrance had not been effected unobserved. He recovered himself with a stagger and in three bounds crossed the intervening space and stood before the door in the veranda.

In a small apartment, carpeted with matting and surrounded by glazed cabinets full of rare and costly curios, Mr. Vandeleur was stooping over the body of Mr. Rolles. He raised himself as Francis entered, and there was an instantaneous passage of hands. It was the business of a second. As fast as the eye can wink the thing was done. The young man had not the time to be sure, but it seemed to him as if the dictator had taken something from the curate's breast, looked at it for the least fraction of time as it lay in his hand and then suddenly and swiftly passed it to his daughter.

All this was over while Francis had still one foot upon the threshold and the other raised in the air. The next instant he was on his knees to Mr. Vandeleur.

"Father!" he cried. "Let me, too, help you. I will do what you wish and ask no questions. I will obey you with my life. Treat me as a son, and you will find I have a son's devotion."

A deplorable explosion of oaths was the dictator's first reply.

"Son and father?" he cried. "Father and son? What dashed unnatural comedy is all this? How do you come in my garden? What do you want? And who, in God's name, are you?"

Francis, with a stunned and sham-

faced aspect, got upon his feet again and stood in silence.

Then a light seemed to break upon Mr. Vandeleur and he laughed aloud.

"I see," cried he. "It is the Scrymgeour. Very well, Mr. Scrymgeour. Let me tell you in a few words how you stand. You have entered my private residence by force, or perhaps by fraud, but certainly with no encouragement from me, and you come at a moment of some annoyance, a guest having fainted at my table, to besiege me with your protestations. You are no son of mine. You are my brother's bastard by a fishwife, if you want to know. I regard you with an indifference closely bordering on aversion, and from what I now see of your conduct I judge your mind to be exactly suitable to your exterior. I recommend you these mortifying reflections for your leisure, and, in the meantime, let me beseech you to rid us of your presence. If I were not occupied," added the dictator, with a terrifying oath, "I should give you the unholiest drubbing ere you went."

Francis listened in profound humiliation. He would have fled had it been possible; but as he had no means of leaving the residence into which he had so unfortunately penetrated, he could do no more than stand foolishly where he was.

It was Miss Vandeleur who broke the silence. "Father," she said, "you speak in anger. Mr. Scrymgeour may have been mistaken, but he meant well and kindly."

"Thank you for speaking," returned the dictator. "You remind me of some other observations which I hold it a point of honor to make to Mr. Scrymgeour. My brother," he continued, addressing the young man, "has been foolish enough to give you an allowance. He was foolish enough and presumptuous enough to propose a match between you and this young lady. You were exhibited to her two nights ago, and I rejoice to tell you that she rejected the idea with disgust. Let me add that I have considerable influence with your father, and it shall not be my fault if you are not beggared of your allowance and sent back to your scrivening ere the week be out."

The tones of the old man's voice were, if possible, more wounding than his language. Francis felt himself exposed to the most cruel, blighting and unbearable contempt. His head turned, and he covered his face with his hands, uttering at the same time a tearful sob of agony. But Miss Vandeleur once again interfered in his behalf.

"Mr. Scrymgeour," she said, speaking in clear and even tones, "you must not be concerned at my father's harsh expressions. I felt no disgust for you. On the contrary, I asked an opportunity to make your better acquaintance. As for what has passed tonight, believe me it has filled my mind with both pity and esteem."

Just then Mr. Rolles made a convulsive movement of his arm, which convinced Francis that he was only drugged and was beginning to throw off the influence of the opiate. Mr. Vandeleur stooped over him and examined his face for an instant.

"Come, come!" cried he, raising his head. "Let there be an end of this. And, since you are so pleased with his conduct, Miss Vandeleur, take a candle and show the cur out!"

The young lady hastened to obey.

"Thank you," said Francis as soon as he was alone with her in the garden.

"I thank you from my soul. This has been the bitterest evening of my life, but it will have always one pleasant recollection."

"I spoke as I felt," she replied, "and in justice to you. It made my heart sorry that you should be so unkindly used."

By this time they had reached the garden gate, and Miss Vandeleur, having set the candle on the ground, was already unfastening the bolts.

"One word more," said Francis. "This is not for the last time. I shall see you again, shall I not?"

"Alas," she answered, "you have heard my father. What can I do?"

"At least that it is not with your consent," returned Francis. "Tell me that you have no wish to see the last of me."

"Indeed," replied she, "I have none. You seem to me both brave and honest."

"Then," said Francis, "give me a keepsake."

She paused for a moment, with her hand upon the key, for the various bars and bolts were all undone, and there was nothing left but to open the lock.

"If I agree," she said, "will you promise to do as I tell you from point to point?"

"Can you ask?" replied Francis. "I would do so willingly on your bare word."

She turned the key and threw open the door.

"Be it so," said she. "You do not know what you ask, but be it so. Whatever you hear," she continued, "whatever happens, do not return to this house. Hurry fast until you reach the lighted and populous quarters of the city. Even there be on your guard. You are in a greater danger than you fancy. Promise me you will not so much as look at my keepsake until you

face in a place of safety."

"I promise," replied Francis.

She put something loosely wrapped in a handkerchief into the young man's hand, and at the same time, with more strength than he could have anticipated, she pushed him into the street.

"Now run!" she cried.

He heard the door close behind him and the noise of the bolts being replaced.

"My faith," said he, "since I have promised."

And he took to his heels down the lane that leads into the Rue Ravignan.

(To be continued.)

## EAST DARLING.

Many from here intended going from here to the Falls to appear before the commissioners, but very few got down. So Randall had his own way about the town division. But the commissioners rejected the proposed county road change and saved the county much expense.

Darling will have a postoffice, and we expect to get mail twice a day.

March 24.—All of the Engdale family have been sick.

If Randall didn't fear town division why was a petition circulated against it? As far as the village being a benefit to the town, we never noticed any benefit around here. If it is true that one-fourth of the village money is spent outside, we don't see where it's been any benefit to us. Keep the money. The roads are poor as ever, perhaps because the work wasn't properly supervised. We don't know but that there may be other reasons but the money spent might as well be given to a charitable institution. It has done us no good. The reason the town should be divided is so it can be run right. The Randall man speaks of soreheads, and one who wanted an office, and says the village people don't particularly care about division. If you don't care, why not let the project go through and not block it? The Darling crowd is not after offices, but wants to see something of where the money goes paid in for taxes, wants things run right. — That's all.

## FT. RIPLEY.

March 27.—Edward Martin and Edna Gillette were married Thursday evening at the home of the bridegroom's father. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will go at once to nonsekeeping. We wish the newly married couple much happiness and success in life.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clute were in town Tuesday.

M. A. Clouse has a fine stock of goods this spring.

John Schamp lost his brag dog, "Sport" this week. He was a valuable dog, \$50 would not have bought him. We expect to see traps on Schamp's hat unless the dog is found.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillet of Clear Lake were in town Tuesday to attend their daughter Wednesday.

H. P. Cook has sold out.

Miss Jane Cook is visiting friends in the Fort this week.

The Swanson children who have diphtheria are about well again. No new cases.

Captain Miller of the Salvation Army of Brainerd conducted a meeting in the church Thursday night. The new converts' meeting will be at L. G. Rose's Friday night, with Hattie Wilson to act as leader.

Ed. Wilson returned home Brainerd Thursday.

## TWO RIVERS.

March 30.—Roads in this vicinity are in bad condition.

Mrs. Henry Armstrong and daughter visited at the home of Mr. Johnson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johns of Elm Dale and Mike Casey, Ernest Hanson, John Casak, visited at E. J. Armstrong's Sunday evening.

Miss Maggie Gessner visited Misses Mura McCloud and Jane Boyle Sunday.

Miss Agatha Schwartz spent Saturday and Sunday here.

John Schwientek raffled off a gun last Sunday. Mr. Bacon held the lucky number.

Miss Maggie Gessner visited Miss Schwartz's school Monday.

Norman and Robert McCloud spent Sunday at Schwientek's.

Robert Gessner and Frank Booth visited at Paul Stanek's Sunday evening. They say the road is long, but not very wide, but two pretty girls waited for them on the other side.

George Armstrong has been employed at Nate Simons the past week.

Hattie Gessner visited her sister Mrs. D. Hansen of Elm Dale, Monday.

City Hotel for rent.  
Stephen Vasaly

OPENING DAYS, APRIL 2, 3, 4.  
EVERYTHING MUST GO THIS SEASON

This is good for 25 cents with every \$2.00 worth of Hats, Caps, Tams, Flowers, Buckles, Ornaments, Traps, Baby Bonnets, Etc., bought at

Mrs. Stuart Martin's  
Millinery Store, Little Falls, Minn.

## RIPLEY

March 30.—Miss Mary Pusc, who has been quite ill, has almost recovered.

A number of children received their first holy communion Sunday at the Belle Fraits Catholic church.

Nelson Ledoux is working for John Odette.

David Laboury, Sr., and daughter, Lucy, made a trip to Little Falls Thursday.

Willie Beverage expects to move his family to Little Falls soon.

No sign of seeding yet.

Adolph Ballard visited friends here Sunday.

Victor Donette visited at the Falls Friday.

Jerome Martineau bought a fine span of horses last week.

Henry Baldwin is able to be out of doors.

Ezra Ledoux of Little Falls visited friends and relatives Sunday.

Henry Brosseau bought several young cattle from Louis Odette.

## SULLIVAN LAKE.

March 25.—Spring has come at last, if one is to judge by the weather today.

All are preparing for Easter services to be held at Sucker brook school house. A program is in the course of preparation. All are invited to come.

A. W. Cook is somewhat under the weather, an attack of the grip.

Mrs. Cook and Miss Heim visited Mrs. Thomas Randall Friday and Saturday.

E. Look, who has been sick with grip the past month, suffered a relapse, but is getting better at this writing.

Master Merle and Miss Mazie are staying with their grandmas, Mrs. Ford.

W. A. Wilson and F. Walworth were at Pierz on business Wednesday.

## WEST NORTH PRAIRIE.

March 30.—Land buyers are in our town from Wisconsin this spring.

John Schwientek is over from the West visiting his parents.

Jack Yorek came home from Minneapolis to visit his friends.

Miss Mary Masog who was working at J. T. Tuomes, will come home for a few days visit.

John Kroll of Swan River attended church here Sunday.

Miss Agnes Kniskott went to Royalton today.

John Karoll of Bellevue called on his best girl Sunday, but she was not at home.

Leat will soon be over. Anyone wanting to engage music for a dance inquire of Jack and George.

Mike Zelotry, the carpenter, will ply the hammer and saw this spring.

Frank Ragi of Opole, called at his old friend's at North Prairie Sunday.

August Janek of the village had a well drilled this week. It was completed Saturday.

The water is at the depth of 85 feet.

A. A. Carlton visited at Elm Dale Sunday afternoon.

Our village creamery is going full blast.

## RUFF

March 31.—Miss Julia Oby and Mrs. W. S. Gish were Little Falls visitors Wednesday.

Oscar Neff and wife, who left a few days ago for Iowa, returned last Thursday night satisfied to remain here a while longer.

Mrs. John Brown went to Little Falls Friday.

S. S. Martin went to Swanville Friday.

Wm. Bailey and wife went to Little Falls Thursday.

Wm. Bailey went to Swanville Saturday.

Wm. Schmidt is home from Ferguson attending to business as usual. We wish him success.

Farmers are preparing to sow their grain.

Ducks and geese are moving.

Get paints, varnishes, stains, floor finishes, house paints, paint brushes of all kinds, kalsomining brushes, all new stock, at

A. FLEIG'S.

For SALE—Some good cows. Inquire Herald office. 3c.

# FREE FARM

## OF 160 ACRES IN THE FAMOUS SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY OF WESTERN CANADA.

To the Renter, the Farmers' Sons, the Poor Man, this is a chance of a life time to secure a GOOD FARM ABSOLUTELY FREE in a country where WHEAT IS KING and crop failures are unknown. . . . .

Stop Working For Some One Else!  
BE INDEPENDENT and OWN YOUR OWN FARM

DON'T WAIT! THESE FARMS WILL BE TAKEN UP FAST! WRITE NOW.

We furnish Free Liveries and Experienced Men to show the lands and locate you.

We have a colonization arrangement with the Canadian Government to locate a limited number of settlers on our lands, and as soon as this contract is completed this offer will be withdrawn. Remember, you have nothing to pay excepting a homesteader's fee of \$10.00, which is paid to the Government of Canada. You do not pay us a penny.

Reduced Railway Rates any day. Write us for full information, Maps and Descriptive matter.

The Saskatchewan Valley Land Co. Ltd.  
305 Jackson St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

NOTE.—This Company and its proposition has the hearty endorsement of this paper.—Ed.

Sole agents for  
Buttericks Patterns

# RICHARD BROS.

Sole agents for  
Buttericks Patterns

The spring goods are always very attractive but it seems that this season the manufacturers and importers have surpassed themselves in placing before the public the prettiest and daintiest fabrics ever shown. We have received within the last two weeks a beautiful line of spring goods comprising the very latest in Wash Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Appliques, Galoons, Medallions, etc. And what will be even more interesting to the public is the assurance that they can buy these novelties from us at reasonable prices, not at the fancy figures generally asked for them by other merchants. It will certainly be to your interest to examine what we have to offer before purchasing and we cordially invite you to do so.

## Wrappers

Great snap on wrappers. 20 dozen fine Percale Wrappers, elegantly made and trimmed, the regular \$1.00 wrapper, Our price while they last

69 cents

We have also a fine line of other wrappers on which we give unusual values. Give us a trial.

## Ready-made Skirts

We have the largest line in the city of Ladies' Ready-to-wear Skirts in the walking or dress styles. Our prices run all the way from

\$1.50 to \$8.50

But whether you buy a cheap one or a better one we can surely save you some money. Buying in large quantities we get them at very low figures and we sell them to you at a very small advance.

# Shoes

If you have never tried our shoes you have missed a very good thing as our shoes are known by many people to be the best fitters and wearers in town. Don't delay any longer but give us a trial and we will convince you that it will be to your interest to buy your shoes of us. If you want something that will wear like a rock try our line of Youths' Boys' and Men's Gibraltar shoes. If you want a stylish and easy shoe try our Ladies' Julia Marlowe shoes. We can show you a larger variety of ladies' and children's shoes than any other firm in the city. Sole agents for the celebrated Butterick Patterns.

Yours Respectfully,

# Richard Bros.