

# The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



[Continued from last week.]

He was not fifty paces from the house with the green blinds when the most diabolical outcry suddenly arose out on the stillness of the night. Mechanically he stood still; another passenger followed his example. In the neighboring floors he saw people crowding to the windows. A conflagration could not have produced more disturbance in this empty quarter. And yet it seemed to be all the work of a single man, roaring between grief and rage, like a lioness robbed of her whelps, and Francis was surprised and alarmed to hear his own name shouted with English imprecations to the wind.

His first movement was to return to the house; his second, as he remembered Miss Vandeleur's advice, to continue his flight with greater expedition than before, and he was in the act of turning to put his thought in action when the dictator, bareheaded, bawling aloud, his white hair blowing about his head, shot past him like a ball out of the cannon's mouth and went careering down the street.

"That was a close shave," thought Francis to himself. "What he wants with me and why he should be so disturbed I cannot think, but he is plainly not good company for the moment, and I cannot do better than follow Miss Vandeleur's advice."

So saying, he turned to retrace his steps, thinking to double and descend by the Rue Lepic itself while his pursuer should continue to follow after him on the other line of street. The plan was ill devised. As a matter of fact, he should have taken his seat in the nearest cafe and waited there until the first heat of the pursuit was over. But besides that Francis had no experience and little natural aptitude for the small war of private life. He was so unconscious of any evil on his part that he saw nothing to fear beyond a disagreeable interview, and to disagreeable interviews he felt he had already served his apprenticeship that evening; nor could he suppose that Miss Vandeleur had left anything unsaid. Indeed, the young man was sore both in body and mind—the one was all bruised, the other was full of smarting arrows, and he owned to himself that Mr. Vandeleur was master of a very deadly tongue.

The thought of his bruises reminded him that he had not only come without a hat, but that his clothes had considerably suffered in his descent through the chestnut. At the first magazine he purchased a cheap wide-awake and had the disorder of his toilet summarily repaired. The keepsake, still rolled in the handkerchief, he thrust in the meanwhile into his trousers pocket.

Not many steps beyond the shop he was conscious of a sudden shock, a hand upon his throat, an infuriated face close to his own and an open mouth howling curses in his ear. The dictator, having found no trace of his quarry, was returning by the other way. Francis was a stalwart young fellow, but he was no match for his adversary whether in strength or skill, and after a few ineffectual struggles he resigned himself entirely to his captor.

"What do you want with me?" said he.

"We will talk of that at home," returned the dictator grimly.

And he continued to march the young man up hill in the direction of the house with the green blinds.

But Francis, although he no longer struggled, was only waiting an opportunity to make a bold push for freedom. With a sudden jerk, he left the collar of his coat in the hands of Mr. Vandeleur and once more made off at his best speed in the direction of the boulevards.

The tables were now turned. If the dictator was the stronger, Francis, in the top of his youth, was the more fleet of foot, and he had soon effected his escape among the crowds. Relieved for a moment, he walked briskly until he debouched upon the Place de l'Opera, lighted up like day with electric lamps.

"This, at least," thought he, "should satisfy Miss Vandeleur."

And, turning to his right along the boulevards, he entered the Cafe Americain and ordered some beer. It was both late and early for the majority of the frequenters of the establishment. Only two or three persons, all men, were dotted here and there at separate tables by the hall, and Francis was too much occupied by his own thoughts to observe their presence.

He drew the handkerchief from his pocket. The object wrapped in it proved to be a morocco case, clasped and ornamented in gilt, which opened by means of a spring and disclosed to the horrified young man a diamond of monstrous bigness and extraordinary brilliancy. The circumstance was inexplicable, the value of the stone was plainly so enormous, that Francis sat staring into the open casket without movement, without conscious thought like a man stricken with idiocy.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder lightly, but firmly, and a quiet voice, which yet had in it the ring of command, uttered these words in his ear: "Close the casket and compose your face."

Looking up, he beheld a man, still young, of an urbane and tranquil presence and dressed with rich simplicity. This personage had risen from a neighboring table and, bringing his glass with him, had taken a seat beside Francis.

"Close the casket," repeated the stranger, "and put it quietly back into your pocket, where I feel persuaded it should never have been. Try, if you please, to throw off your bewildered air and act as though I were one of your acquaintances whom you had met by chance. So! Touch glasses with me. That is better. I fear, sir, you must be an amateur."

And the stranger pronounced these last words with a smile of peculiar meaning, leaned back in his seat and enjoyed a deep inhalation of tobacco.

"For God's sake," said Francis, "tell me who you are and what this means? Why I should obey your most unusual suggestions I am sure I know not, but the truth is I have fallen this evening into so many perplexing adventures, and all I meet conduct themselves so strangely, that I think I must either have gone mad or wandered into another planet. Your face inspires me with confidence. You seem wise, good and experienced. Tell me, for heaven's sake, why you accost me in so odd a fashion?"

"All in due time," replied the stranger. "But I have the first hand, and you must begin by telling me how the rajah's diamond is in your possession."

"The rajah's diamond!" echoed Francis.

"I would not speak so loud if I were you," returned the other. "But most certainly you have the rajah's diamond in your pocket. I have seen and handled it a score of times in Sir Thomas Vandeleur's collection."

"Sir Thomas Vandeleur! The general! My father!" cried Francis.

"Your father?" repeated the stranger. "I was not aware the general had any family."

"I am illegitimate, sir," replied Francis, with a flush.

The other bowed with gravity. It was a respectful bow, as of a man silently apologizing to his equal, and Francis felt relieved and comforted, he scarce knew why. The society of this person did him good. He seemed to touch firm ground. A strong feeling of respect grew up in his bosom and mechanically he removed his wide-awake as though in the presence of a superior.

"I perceive," said the stranger, "that your adventures have not all been peaceful. Your collar is torn, your face is scratched, and you have a cut upon your temple. You will perhaps pardon my curiosity when I ask you to explain how you came by these injuries and how you happen to have stolen property to an enormous value in your pocket."

"I must differ from you," returned Francis hotly. "I possess no stolen property, and if you refer to the diamond it was given to me not an hour ago by Miss Vandeleur in the Rue Lepic."

"By Miss Vandeleur of the Rue Lepic!" repeated the other. "You interest me more than you suppose. Pray continue."

"Heavens!" cried Francis. His memory had made a sudden bound. He had seen Mr. Vandeleur take an article from the breast of his drugged visitor, and that article, he was now persuaded, was a morocco case.

"You have a light?" inquired the stranger.

"Listen," replied Francis. "I know not what you are, but I believe you to be worthy of confidence and helpful. I find myself in strange waters. I must have counsel and support, and since you invite me I shall tell you all." And he briefly recounted his experiences since the day when he was summoned from the bank by his lawyer.

"Yours is indeed a remarkable history," said the stranger after the young man had made an end of his narrative, "and your position is full of difficulty and peril. Many would counsel you to seek out your father and give the diamond to him, but I have other views. Waiter!" he cried.

The waiter drew near.

"Will you ask the manager to speak with me a moment?" said he. And Francis observed once more, both in his tone and manner, the evidence of a habit of command.

The waiter withdrew and returned in a moment with the manager, who bowed with obsequious respect.

"What," said he, "can I do to serve you?"

"Have the goodness," replied the stranger, indicating Francis, "to tell this gentleman my name."

"You have the honor, sir," said the functionary, addressing young Scrymgeour, "to occupy the same table with his highness, Prince Florizel of Bohemia."

Francis arose with precipitation and made a grateful reverence to the prince, who bade him resume his seat.

"I thank you," said Florizel, once more addressing the functionary. "I am sorry to have detained you for so small a matter."

And he dismissed him with a movement of his hand.

"And now," added the prince, turning to Francis, "give me the diamond." Without a word the casket was handed over.

"You have done right," said Florizel. "Your sentiments have properly inspired you, and you will live to be grateful for the misfortunes of tonight. A man, Mr. Scrymgeour, may fall into a thousand perplexities, but if his heart be upright and his intelligence unclouded he will issue from them all without dishonor. Let your mind be at rest. Your affairs are in my hand, and with the aid of heaven I am strong enough to bring them to a good end. Follow me, if you please, to my carriage."

So saying, the prince arose and, having left a piece of gold for the waiter, conducted the young man from the cafe and along the boulevard to where an unpretentious brougham and a couple of servants out of livery awaited his arrival.

"This carriage," said he, "is at your disposal. Collect your baggage as rapidly as you can make it convenient, and my servants will conduct you to a villa in the neighborhood of Paris where you can wait in some degree of comfort until I have had time to arrange your situation. You will find there a pleasant garden, a library of good authors, a cook, a cellar and some good cigars, which I recommend to your attention. Jerome," he added, turning to one of the servants, "you have heard what I say. I leave Mr. Scrymgeour in your charge. You will, I know, be careful of my friend."

Francis uttered some broken phrases of gratitude.

"It will be time enough to thank me," said the prince, "when you are acknowledged by your father and married to Miss Vandeleur."

And with that the prince turned away and strolled leisurely in the direction of Montmartre. He hailed the first passing cab, gave an address, and a quarter of an hour afterward, having discharged the driver some distance lower, he was knocking at Mr. Vandeleur's garden gate.

It was opened with singular precautions by the dictator in person.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"You must pardon me this late visit. Mr. Vandeleur," replied the prince.

"Your highness is always welcome," returned Mr. Vandeleur, stepping back. The prince profited by the open space and without waiting for his host walked right into the house and opened the door of the saloon. Two people were seated there. One was Miss Vandeleur, who bore the marks of weeping about her eyes and was still shaken from time to time by a sob. In the other the prince recognized the young man who had consulted him on literary matters about a month before in a club smoking room.

"Good evening, Miss Vandeleur," said Florizel. "You look fatigued. Mr. Rolles, I believe? I hope you have profited by the study of Gaboriau, Mr. Rolles."

But the young clergyman's temper was too much inhibited by speech, and he contented himself with bowing stiffly and continued to gnaw his lip.

"To what good wind," said Mr. Vandeleur, following his guest, "am I to attribute the honor of your highness' presence?"

"I am come on business," returned the prince—"on business with you. As soon as that is settled I shall request Mr. Rolles to accompany me for a walk. Mr. Rolles," he added, with severity, "let me remind you that I have not yet sat down."

The clergyman sprang to his feet, with an apology, whereupon the prince took an armchair beside the table, handed his hat to Mr. Vandeleur, his cane to Mr. Rolles and, leaving them standing and thus menially employed upon his service, spoke as follows:

"I have come here, as I said, upon business. But had I come looking for pleasure I could not have been more displeased with my reception nor more dissatisfied with my company. You, sir," addressing Mr. Rolles—"you have treated your superior in station with discourtesy. You, Vandeleur, receive me with a smile, but you know right well that your hands are not yet cleansed from misconduct. I do not desire to be interrupted, sir," he added imperiously. "I am here to speak and not to listen, and I have to ask you to hear with respect and to obey punctiliously. At the earliest possible date your daughter shall be married at the embassy to my friend, Francis Scrymgeour, my brother's acknowledged son. You will oblige by offering not less than £10,000 dowry. For yourself, I will indicate to you in writing a mission of some importance in Siam which I destine to your care. And now, sir, you will answer me in two words, whether or not you agree to those conditions."

"Your highness will pardon me," said Mr. Vandeleur, "and permit me, with all respect, to submit to him two queries."

"The permission is granted," replied the prince.

"Your highness," resumed the dictator, "has called Mr. Scrymgeour his friend. Believe me, I have known him with proportionate respect."

"You interrogate idly," said the prince, "but it will not serve your turn. You have my command. If I had never seen that gentleman before to-night, it would not render them less absolute."

"Your highness interprets my meaning with his usual subtlety," returned Vandeleur. "Once more, I have unfortunately put the pole upon the track of Mr. Scrymgeour on a charge of theft. Am I to withdraw or to uphold the accusation?"

"You will please yourself," replied Florizel. "The question is one between your conscience and the laws of this land. Give me my hat, and Mr. Rolles, give me my cane and follow me. Miss Vandeleur, I wish you good evening. I judge," he added to Vandeleur, "that your silence means unqualified assent."

"If I can do no better," replied the old man, "I shall submit, but I warn you openly it shall not be without a struggle."

"You are old," said the prince, "but years are disgraceful to the wicked. Your age is more unwise than the youth of others. Do not provoke me or you may find me harder than you dream. This is the first time that I have fallen across your path in anger. Take care that it be the last."

With these words, motioning the clergyman to follow, Florizel left the apartment and directed his steps toward the garden gate, and the dictator, following with a candle, gave them light and once more undid the elaborate fastenings with which he sought to protect himself from intrusion.

"Your daughter is no longer present," said the prince, turning on the threshold. "Let me tell you that I understand your threats, and you have only to lift your hand to bring upon yourself sudden and irremediable ruin."

The dictator made no reply, but as the prince turned his back upon him in the lamplight he made a gesture full of menace and insane fury, and the next moment, slipping round a corner, he was running at full speed for the nearest cab stand.

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Here, says my Arabian, the thread of events is finally diverted from "The House With the Green Blinds." One more adventure, he adds, and we have done with "The Rajah's Diamond." That last link in the chain is known among the inhabitants of Bagdad by the name of "The Adventure of Prince Florizel and a Detective."

(To be continued.)

### Sad Ending to Romance.

A pretty romance that had its beginning some years back in a western university culminated with a sad finale a short time ago in Manila, P. I. Miss Jeannette Williams of Denver traveled across the Pacific to join her fiancé, Rudolph Zunstein, who was engaged as teacher in Narcalang Saguna. Guided by his "lends in Manila, she hastened to his house and found him in a dying condition. A clergyman was summoned at once and the wedding ceremony was performed, the young schoolmaster hardly whispering the replies to the ritual. Within a few hours he was dead, the disease being diagnosed as Asiatic cholera.

### REMARKS HAD BAD EFFECT.

Made Unregenerate Sinner Decide to Wait a While.

Some of Camden's "practical" politicians were talking Pennsylvania politics the other evening on the porch of the West Jersey Hotel, and the conversation naturally drifted into a discussion of the reform movements that have marked the campaigns here in recent years. One of the group said that Philadelphia's reformers always reminded him of the village tippler whose wife, after trying for years to cure him, felt impelled to call in the services of the local minister. The minister exhorted, argued and moralized for a half-hour or more and wound up with the sage observation: "Remember, good brother, it is never too late to mend!"

"Do you really mean that, parson—that it's never too late?" asked the unregenerate one.

"Surely, brother—it's never too late," replied the parson.

"Well, if that's the case," rejoined the tippler, "I believe I'll wait a little while longer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### DEVIL IN THE PRESS.

New Hampshire Publisher Makes Unique Apology to Patrons.

We owe an apology to our readers. For the past three nights we have been laboring at great disadvantage in getting out our paper. The result has been late delivery and some of our patrons have been forced to go without any paper at all. It has been a time trying not only to the patience of these readers, but one of extreme hard work for those employed in our pressroom. As to the trouble, it would appear as though the evil one had located himself in our web press, and was bending all of his energies to thwart our efforts in getting out our edition. The press has balked, and notwithstanding constant grooming and nursing, has only performed its accustomed rapid work in an intermittent way. We are in hopes, however, that the expert machinist now studying its mechanical features will unravel the cause of the machine's mysterious actions, and that henceforth we shall have no more trouble with it.—Foster's N. H. Democrat.

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

City Hotel for rent. Stephen Vasaly

### A Relic of a Century Ago.

In Battery place, between West at Washington streets, New York, where a foundation was dug to a depth of forty-five feet below the curb line, 41 diggers encountered a wooden cellar floor of remarkable construction. It was built of white pine timbers 18x18 inches, a size that would be impossible to get now, if the country were searched from sea to sea. The timbers were held with brass spikes at the seams between them were caulked after the manner of a ship's side to exclude water from the cellar where the tide rose. This is a relic of arctic New York of a hundred years ago.

### All Pre-Empted.

A gentleman had been absent for some time, and during his absence he raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, mustache, etc. On returning home he visited a relative, whose little girl he was very fond of.

The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss as was usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle Will a kiss?"

"Why, ma," returned the little girl with the utmost simplicity, "I don't see any place."

### Could Explain the "Thrill."

"Ah!" sighed the dreamy poet "what peace, what restfulness there here in the placid solitudes, communing with nature. Do you not also find that many things come to you unsought—that you consciously realize that something has touched you, mysteriously—that some invisible power has thrilled you unexpectably?"

"Why, I don't know," answered the young woman with a nervous start "but I did think I felt a mosquito bite minute ago."—Detroit Free Press.

### Perils of the Far East.

The "wild critter of the hills" has been roaming about Hudson's lake, where he is old, and chewed a dog owned by Orson Bennett. A young man reports that the critter, which recently appeared at J. T. Hadsell's door, right here in the village, and after devouring two pans of feed slunk away into the darkness with a fearsome yow turned out to be a stray calf. We come, fierce beast. Your yowls are better than curfew's notes to keep youngsters home at night.—Worcester (N. Y.) Times.

Read the Smart-Martin ad.

# RICHARD BROS.

We invite you to come and see our beautiful stock of spring goods, it will be interesting to you even if you don't buy. We have never shown as pretty a lot of wash goods, woolen goods, appliques, laces and fancy trimmings of all kinds. As we are running our business in proportion to its size, so much cheaper than any other firm in the city, you will find that we can make you quite a large saving, and in the meantime furnish you good reliable goods.

## Muslin Underwear

Don't buy your muslin underwear without first seeing what we have. We know that we can please you. We have everything in this line that a lady wants, and carry a good assortment for girls, and we sell them cheaper than you can buy the cloth and make them.

We quote you a good night gown, yoke neatly trimmed with tuckings, all sizes for .....45c  
Another one trimmed with tuckings and embroidery for.....50c  
We have them all prices up to \$1.50

## Ladies Kid, Silk and Lisle Gloves.

We have just received an assortment of gloves which we know will not be equaled in the city.

Our kid gloves run in three prices, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, and we guarantee them to give satisfaction. All colors.

Silk and Lisle Thread gloves are going to be very popular again this season, and we can show you an immense line. Our silk gloves all have double tipped fingers, and will wear splendidly. Try them.

# Great Shoe Sale.

We have the best shoes in town, without any exception. This is a fact. We have a good assortment of men's and boys' shoes, and we have the best assortment of ladies' and children's shoes in the city. This is also a fact. The numerous customers who buy our shoes are acquainted with these facts. But there are a great many people who never tried them, and are not aware of their excellence. To induce these people to give them a trial, we will for a few days give the following cut in prices:

- All our \$3.50 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$3.00
- All our \$3.00 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$2.40
- All our \$2.50 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$2.10
- All our \$2.25 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$1.90
- All our \$2.00 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$1.75
- All our \$1.75 shoes for Ladies and Men at \$1.50
- All our \$1.50 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$1.25
- All our \$1.40 Shoes for Ladies and Men at \$1.15

And all our boys' and children's shoes to be sold in proportion. Don't miss this chance of saving some money, and please remember that our goods are all marked in plain figures, and that we have only one price.

Yours respectfully,  
**Richard Bros.**

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