

At Swords' Points;

OR,
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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CHAPTER IV.

"Hoch! The American!"
It was indeed a pretty sight, if one could only overlook the disfigurement of the principals necessitated by their armament, and both men handled their rapiers in tierce and guard with a cleverness that would have brought out cheers from an American audience to make the very rafters ring, while three score of Germans sat or stood around, watching every move, with a grim silence that was only broken by the clash of steel upon steel, or the sharp cries of the umpire directing the affair.

Those lights had never shone upon a more gallant fight, and each student hugged himself with delight because fortune had been kind enough to make him a witness to it.

Those most experienced in such matters saw, however, that when ten minutes of this terrific work had passed by with but a few slight cuts on either side, Hoffman was gathering his forces and preparing to end the duel with one of his hitherto invincible tactics, and they trembled for the brave American.

To Karl's eager inquiries during an interval between the bouts, Paul only gave a short laugh and assured his second he was but playing with his opponent.

Again the rivals faced, but this time Paul was in deadly earnest, and amid a clash of steel it was seen that Hoffman's face was covered with blood.

Then the sonorous voice of the umpire was heard calling a halt while the surgeons ascertained just how serious the Prussian's wound might be. Hoffman seemed to be wildly pleading with him to tell the battle to go on—it was his first defeat and unusually bitter—the doctor, realizing the gravity of the wound, was inexorable. "Abfuhr!" he called out, signifying that the Prussian should be allowed to fight no more.

The umpire repeated the word, and in a loud voice declared the result in the stereotyped phrase:

"Saxo-Prussian is led away."

Then something occurred that had, perchance, never been heard upon a similar occasion—the glorious result, the signal downfall of the proud duelist who had lured it over them so long, was too much for the students to witness without giving relief to their pent-up feelings.

"Hoch, hoch, hoch the American!" they shouted. And "hoch, hoch, hoch" it was while they bore Rhinelander, bloody as he was, into the ante-room to resume his street dress.

Paul had received a few slight scratches, but fortune had been very kind to him in this respect, for none of them were more than bagatelles.

As he, dressed again for the street, was about to break away from the admiring groups that surrounded him, he saw a tall figure pressing through the throng, and recognized the Englishman who had been assisting the surgeon who attended his bout. His eyes, blue as the summer skies, beamed with good nature, and Paul was drawn to him unconsciously.

Then, too, the impulsive clasp of his hand, how hearty it was after almost formal congratulations of the Germans! Well, blood seems thicker than water, after all, and the day is surely coming when these cousins may stand shoulder to shoulder for peace throughout the whole world.

"A thousand congratulations, my dear boy. It was beautifully done, and I am proud to have been a witness to your victory. I hope we may meet again. Sir Noel Travers in my name, and I am probing into the colleges and hospitals of our German cousins."

Paul was dragged away by his comrades at this juncture, but he had a singular premonition that he would run across this big, frank Briton again at some uncertain future date.

To Paul's lodgings they rode. The day passed as had others, but Paul discovered what he had not known before, that he had many warm friends in the university.

And, of course, he was by courtesy compelled to accept their invitation to be a guest of honor at the grand meeting in the Kneipe or corps drinking hall that night, where the famous Salamander with its chorus and pounding of empty beakers on the table opened and closed the festivities.

Still he was glad when the end came and he could leave the hall without giving offense, for other matters of a more personal nature demanded his attention.

One of the objects that had brought him to Europe—to Germany—gave promise of being attained.

He had seen the one he sought, the sister who had for so many years been lost to him.

How the memory of her thrilled him, and what agony swept through his mind as he remembered in whose company he had seen her.

The name of Hoffman, what a curse it had been to his father. Was the son fated to perpetuate his sire's infamy?

CHAPTER V.

A Serpent in the Dovecote.
It was night again in Heidelberg when Paul wandered about the streets of the classical city. Rhinelander was

not aimlessly wandering. The little god Cupid had to do with his wanderings. Paul was thinking of Hildegarde.

That haunting face, with its melting, brown eyes, was the lodestar that drew the recluse from his den.

And pray, who was Hildegarde? Truth to tell, Paul would not have been wholly able to have given a definite answer to that question had he been asked.

Some weeks ago he had met her in rather a strange way that bordered a little on the romantic. Chance had allowed him to do her a favor, slight enough in its way, but when she thanked him so sweetly, the mischief was done, for with the modest grace of those velvety brown orbs the little god of love had shot an arrow true to the mark, and ever since Paul had felt its point in his heart.

Several times he had seen her since, and on each occasion had received a bow and a blush of recognition. But no more.

However, on the occasion of their meeting, she had dropped a small kerchief, which Paul had discovered, and now he was on his way to her house to, he hoped, become definitely acquainted.

He found the house readily enough, and was shown into a small, dimly lighted parlor where he was to await the coming of the lady of the house. It was just at this moment that his ear caught the sound of laughter.

It came from the next room, and was as merry and free from care as any sound he had ever heard—fresh, girlish laughter that quickened his pulse, since he could give a very good guess as to the source from whence it came.

Few temptations arise that there does not also appear the means of gratifying the desire, and in this case he noted the fact that the connecting door between the room in which he awaited the pleasure of the tardy aunt and the adjoining apartment was ajar. Utterly unconscious of what awaited him, he advanced eagerly toward the opening, and with eager eyes sought the object of his solitude.

Success immediately attended his efforts, for he discovered the nymph of the hazel brown eyes in direct range. She had evident cause for merriment, and as Paul turned his eyes toward her companion he saw that it was a man.

The party's back was turned to him so that he could not discover whether he were young or old, comely or ugly, though he hoped the latter.

While Paul stood there wondering what all the fun was about and chagrined to think he was not in it, the man faced about, and the American felt a cold chill chase up and down his spinal column when, amid the multi-banded he discovered the handsome, sinister countenance of his bitter enemy, Conrad Hoffman.

CHAPTER VI.

Paradise Lost.

Probably in all his adventurous life up to date young Rhinelander had never before experienced such a chill as beset him when he made this astounding discovery, and saw his hated enemy apparently quite at home in the apartments occupied by Hildegarde and her aunt. The familiarity with which she received Conrad, the lack of conventionalities, declared that they must be related in some way.

And if so, what must follow? His very blood ran cold at the thought—this fair, angelic creature connected with ties of kinship to the family, father and son, whom he had such reason to curse!

The idea was appalling. In that minute of time Paul had as severe a mental struggle as comes to most men.

He conquered his weakness, too, and resolved to meet the emergency just where he stood.

There had been time to leave the house and avoid the encounter, but Rhinelander was not the man to shirk a duty, no matter at what expense to his feelings.

And when the lady entered, presently, with apologies for keeping him waiting, Paul was himself again, resolved to play his part to the bitter end, no matter what the cost.

After a few minutes' conversation the good lady begged him to excuse her for a brief interval while she brought her niece into the room, saying she knew the young people would be friends since they seemed to have many views in common.

The time, then, had come, the fateful moment which but a short while back he had been anticipating so eagerly, while now, alas, he dreaded it still more.

He felt his courage oozing from his finger tips when Hildegarde entered with her aunt, and he saw the sudden wave of crimson that suffused her face and neck as she caught a first sight of him.

Ah! that telltale color would have brought amazing satisfaction to Paul but for the wretched discovery he had made.

Then he saw Hoffman, bandaged and all, looming up in the doorway. Paul was quite composed and ready to give and take fully as cheerfully as he had done when, sword in hand, the Saxo-

Prussian leader slashed and hewed in the endeavor to down him in the schlager combat of the arena, but Hoffman promised to enlighten matters speedily enough.

He was rapidly working himself up to a white heat, when an explosion would follow.

Meanwhile the good lady of the house had introduced the young people and at least Paul might henceforth have the privilege of addressing Hildegarde upon their meeting, unless she took up Hoffman's quarrel and cut him direct.

Knowing what was coming Paul actually felt relieved when the man of bandages advanced to have his little say.

Hoffman was a man whose talents lay somewhat in the line of oratory. Consequently, when he let loose his vials of wrath upon the American he said some very bitter things in his tongue lashing.

The ladies were aghast.

Paul smiled through it all. Wearying at length of the tirade, which he could not answer, he put up his hand as if to signal that enough had been said.

And Hoffman actually stopped, though in all probability it was more on account of his lack of breath than any desire to humor his enemy that influenced him.

Having gained the floor, Paul stated his case in a frank and manly way, calculated to gain the respect of the gentler sex.

"Ladies, I am sure you will believe me if I say I had not the remotest suspicion when I came here to-night that I should find this gentleman present, or that he was connected with you in any manner whatsoever."

"Unfortunately he chose to take offense in the concert garden recently, accusing my friend and myself of an action of which we were entirely innocent, and as you doubtless know there followed the passage-at-arms in which I had to take part."

"I do not regret my action in the premises, but deem it my misfortune that I should have been compelled to disgrace any relative of yours. Since my presence here is evidently unwelcome to Myneher Hoffman, I shall insist upon withdrawing myself without further ceremony."

The effect of this manly speech was evident from the fact that both ladies smiled upon him.

Seeing which, the miserable Hoffman, smarting in the bitterness of his first defeat, snarled:

"One of you did insult the lady, and a German knows how to resent such things."

Then it was the American turned upon him with flashing eyes, fully aroused.

"I say you know that is a base lie, since you should be aware of the sacred bond between that young woman and myself—that I would sooner cut my right hand off than offer her the slightest harm. I will even go further and solemnly declare, as you well know in your cowardly soul, that your presence in her society was the basest insult she could receive. I shall stand by these words always."

"And now, ladies, since this scene is painful to you and to me, permit me to retire with the hope that possibly we may meet again under other and more agreeable conditions."

Hoffman looked almost as white in the face as the bandage that padded his split cheek.

Evidently he knew to what Paul referred, and the consciousness cut him to the quick.

He glided over to the door, and as the other, having bowed politely to the ladies, was passing through, the Teuton said in a low but passionate tone: "This is only the beginning between us."

(To be continued.)

A MAN OF INTUITION.

Investment of a Small Sum of Money to Good Advantage.

"I had just come back to the store from my lunch one day," said the merchant, as burglar-proof safes were under discussion, "when a middle-aged man with a hard-up look entered my private office after me. The object of his call was to strike me for half a dollar, and I am surprised yet that I didn't at once turn him down. I guess it was because he had the look of a first-class mechanic out of a job, and because trade was rushing with me. To accede to his request I had to open my big safe, and as I handed him two quarters he thanked me and added: 'Excuse me, sir, but isn't that safe of yours too dead easy?' 'How do you mean?' I asked. 'Why, it's a four-number combination, but you have it set only on two. I think I could open it in a couple of minutes.' 'If you can I'll give you \$5,' I said, feeling a little nettled at his disparagement. I shut and locked the door and stood back for him, and in less than forty seconds he had swung it open. 'I told you it was dead easy,' he said, without a smile. 'But how did you get on to the combination?' 'Oh, it's intuition, I guess. Better call it a man and have the lock set on four numbers. It could be opened then, but it might take an hour or two. Thanks again, and good day.' I didn't let the grass grow under my feet," continued the merchant, "and from that day on I carried a heap less money in the safe. The man might have been a mechanic, but somehow I've always had the idea that he was a safe-cracker, and that I made a good investment when I handed over the \$5.50. He might have got \$2,000 that night as easy as rolling off a log."—Detroit Free Press.

A Tonawanda (N. Y.) milkman has been struck three times by the same train at the same railroad crossing.

WHAT MONOPOLY IS.

W. J. BRYAN IN THE COMMONER GIVES A DEFINITION.

Suspension of the Laws of Competition the Essential Thing—Public Has No Protection From Their Creed and Selfish Interests.

A reader of The Commoner asks for a definition of a private monopoly. According to one of the dictionaries "monopoly" is defined as "the exclusive right, power, or privilege of engaging in a particular trade or business, or the resulting absolute possession or control; especially, in political economy, such control of a special thing, as a commodity, as enables the person or persons exercising it to raise the price above its real value or above the price it would bring under competition."

The essential thing in monopoly is the suspension of the law of competition. If an individual, or a group of individuals acting in concert control all of a certain product, or a sufficient amount to enable them to arbitrarily fix the price of the thing produced, they have what is called a monopoly. When such a monopoly is in private hands, the public has no protection from the selfish interest and greed of those at the head of the monopoly. It is because human beings cannot be entrusted with such power that the Democratic party has denounced a private monopoly as indefensible and intolerable.

The same reader asks whether there is any difference between the private monopolies complained of by the Democratic party and the "private monopolies of land values." There is no analogy between the private ownership of land and the private monopolies so generally complained of. Whether there should be private ownership of land, and whether the whole people, acting through the government, should collect a tax equivalent to the rental value—these questions can be decided upon their merits, but they ought not to be confused with the question of private monopoly. If so much of the land was owned by one person, or by a group of persons acting in concert, that competition between land owners was practically suspended—in such a case there would be an analogy between the land monopoly and the private monopolies against which legislation is being considered. At present there is no competition between individual owners of land, and this competition makes it possible to secure land at a price which is proportionate to the income that can be derived from it.

It has been the policy of the government to grant to inventors a limited monopoly upon their product in order to encourage invention. When an inventor brings into existence a new and useful appliance, he has as a reward the exclusive sale of it for a period of years. The fact that this monopoly is limited, is evidence that the general principle of monopoly is objectionable. A value limit ought to be added to the time limit so that a patent would become null and void as soon as a reasonable amount, a sum to be fixed by law, is realized from the invention.—The Commoner.

The President and Schley.

The Chicago Tribune is responsible for the statement that Mr. Roosevelt "has given it out that he will veto any resolution or act of congress proposing to revive the grade of vice admiral for Schley, or to give him the thanks of congress, or in any other way to recognize Schley by statute. In taking this position the president is not influenced in any way by his own personal feelings in the matter, but merely by his desire to put an end to a disturbance which has scandalized both the army and the navy." As the president is "not influenced in any way by his own personal feelings" in this matter, how did it happen that everything he has done so far, with the single exception of Macley's discharge, and everything which is predicted the president may do, is clearly antagonistic to Admiral Schley? Does Mr. Roosevelt really imagine that it is possible even for him to settle a controversy without the slightest regard to its merits? Does Mr. Roosevelt imagine that with the memory of the "figure on the bridge of the Brooklyn" clearly distinguishable to the public he can put an end to the Schley case simply by setting himself resolutely against every act of justice sought to be done for the hero of Santiago bay?

Grotesquerie in the Senate.

It seemed as though the proposition by Senator Burrows of Michigan to "spot" alien anarchists seeking admission to this country by "examining their persons for marks indicative of membership in anarchistic societies" were sufficiently grotesque. It is outdone in absurdity, however, by Senator Hoar's advocacy of an international scheme by which all countries having lawful governments should deport anarchists to some island, "where they could put their theories to the test." If the Massachusetts senator were given to jesting we might ascribe his speech of yesterday to a desire to show how ridiculous the current cures for anarchy really are.

Bowing to Public Opinion.

After much beating of the air and winding and unwinding of red tape President Roosevelt finds himself constrained to take up for final settlement the naval controversy dealt with last month by a high court of inquiry. Edmund Burke's notion in regard to framing an indictment against an entire people seems to apply in some sense to this unfortunate affair. The officials concerned have to do with something more than mere opinions and orders in this or that department—they must conform in the end to the dictates of popular sentiment.

Senator Wellington's Position.
Some of the Republican papers are speaking unkindly of Senator Wellington. Among Republican leaders it seems to be an offense for a public man to have a conscience. Senator Wellington honestly opposed imperialism and militarism, and he allowed his convictions to control his political conduct. He will lose his place in the Senate, but he will doubtless enjoy his exile more than he would enjoy fellowship with the Republicans if purchased by the suppression of what he believed to be right.

Workingmen and Pensions.
If the American workingman, in whatever position he may be, is inclined to lay up something in store for a rainy day and is getting wages that will enable him to do so there are plenty of opportunities without the creation of service pension funds, and the assumption that interference of government or of employers to compel him to take proper care of his earnings is necessary or wise is not creditable to the common sense or ability of the man.

Temptation to Extravagance.
One of the questionable advantages of an overflowing public treasury is that it renders easy and leisurely the prosecution of any schemes of exacting deeded polittic and safe by an unstrained majority in congress. Legislators are not concerned with what is unduly drawn from the pockets of the people, but rather with what may figure as substantial concessions to organized greed or as partisan shewings of war for future political campaigns.

The Overgrown Sugar Infant.
In opposition to the policy of humanity and decency toward Cuba in the matter of the tariff there has appeared at Washington a party of fat, sleek, rich citizens who announce that they represent the "infant industry" of beet sugar. In 1893 its leaders, Messrs. Cutting and Oxnard, sent a circular letter to the farmers, in which they said they were doing so well that even if sugar were free they would make at least \$3 a ton net!

Neither Dignified Nor Popular.
The president is a strong man, but he is capable of making mistakes. One of these certainly was when he administered a verbal rebuke to General Miles in addition to the one that was given by the letter of reprimand. The president will probably be able to see at some time in the future that this was neither a very dignified nor popular proceeding.—Peoria Journal.

Initiative and Referendum.
If any one disputes the principle involved in the initiative and referendum, let him inquire whether we do not now endorse the principle when we submit constitutional questions and other important questions to the people. The closer the government gets to the people the more sure is its foundation and the more free from corruption is its administration.

A Significant Admission.
Lord Rothschild thinks that if President Roosevelt's suggestion of the publication of the profits made by the trusts were acted upon it would merely inflame popular opinion against them. Is this to be taken as an admission that the profits of trusts are so large that they would arouse the protests of the public which has to pay them?

When the Truth Comes Out.
When the time arrives for the opening of the books and the revelation of the extravagances of the last four years there may also come a revulsion of public sentiment that will make it easy for Mr. Roosevelt to refuse a nomination for president with even more firmness than he evidenced when named for second place on the ticket.

Abuse of Injunction Power.
It is a sad commentary upon a republican form of government to have the masses who toil and produce petitioning the nation's executive and federal congress to restrain the courts from flagrant abuse of injunction power. And yet labor is doing this in Chicago and elsewhere—those who toil are also getting what they voted for.

Will the President Surrender?
When the trusts took President McKinley in hand he recanted his belief in the "plain duty" of the United States and signed the Porto Rico tariff bill which congress thrust at him. Is President Roosevelt getting ready to imitate the complacency of his predecessor?—Boston Post.

The Trusts and Anarchy.
Anarchists want no government and some would herd them on an island. Trusts object to being governed, but it is to be noted that no Republican has suggested the island remedy. It seems that Republicans prefer to give the trusts the whole continent.

Original Principles Lost.
It is said that the original Declaration of Independence is fading, so that it can now hardly be read. For a long time the principles have been forgotten, yea, lost, and the politicians of to-day are not making a vigorous search to find them.

MARKETS CORRECTED DAILY.

Kansas City.			
CATTLE—	Choice to heavy	4 85	5 00
WHEAT—	No. 2 hard	5 05	5 45
CORN—	No. 2 mixed	61 1/2	75
MEAT—	Choice timothy	13 50	14 00
BUTTER—	Choice prairie	18 00	18 50
EGGS—		31	32 1/2
Chicago.			
WHEAT—	No. 2 hard	77	79
CORN—	No. 3	58 1/2	59 1/2
OATS—	No. 2	41 1/2	41 1/2
St. Louis Live Stock.			
BEEVES—		4 00	4 25
STOCKERS & FEEDERS—		3 80	4 00
TEXAS FED STEERS—		3 90	4 10
Cotton.			
LIVERPOOL—	Uplands	15-200	
NEW YORK—		8-100	9-100
GALVESTON—		7-15-100	
Wichita Grain.			
WHEAT	Open	High	Low
Jan.	78 1/2	79 1/2	78 1/2
May	79 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
July	80 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2
OATS	Open	High	Low
Jan.	61 1/2	62 1/2	61 1/2
May	62 1/2	63 1/2	62 1/2
July	63 1/2	64 1/2	63 1/2
Chicago Live Stock.			
GOOD TO PRIME—		4 10	4 25
COGS & HEEFERS—		1 00	1 05
STOCKERS & FEEDERS—		2 25	2 30
TEXAS FED STEERS—		4 00	4 10
EGGS—		3 10	3 25

THE LATEST NEWS IN BRIEF

Twelve Boer prisoners have just arrived at Hamilton, Bermuda.

The Boers deny that there are any negotiations for peace going on.

Jas. H. Dryden, president of an insurance company, is to be United States Senator for New Jersey.

Admiral Schley's appeal to the president is finished and presented. It covers 129 type written pages.

Six thousand troops from various regiments in India are about to start from Calcutta for South Africa.

The official census gives Canada a population of 5,369,000, an increase in ten years of more than half a million.

Mother Joseph founder of the Sisters of Charity in the Northwest, died at Vancouver, B. C., on Jan. 30 at the age of 80 years.

The H. Wetter Manufacturing company's stove foundry at Memphis, Tennessee, is burned, with a quarter million dollar loss.

A plantation of 50 acres is proposed for the growing of henbane in Colorado, which sells for \$3,000 a pound. The planters figure on a \$3,000,000 export.

The Illinois Central railroad is to have a system of telephones connecting all principal stations for use of officials and employees in transmitting orders.

A slight shock of an earthquake was felt at St. Louis on the morning of Jan. 21. It was felt at some surrounding towns and extended to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Quincy and Leavenworth.

The charges made by Miss Merideth, a friend Assistant Secretary and treasurer of the United Mine Workers Union, against President John Mitchell were not sustained by the Indianapolis convention of the Union.

A. Dean Cooper, treasurer of the Graham Paper Company of St. Louis, was killed in his bath house for his diamonds. A negro named Strother, who had charge of the bath house is thought to be the guilty party.

And still there are eastern men who have not found out that there are no forced mortgage sales in Kansas. Officials frequently receive letters from these men asking for newspapers which publish decrees for such sales.

John L. Sullivan, while playing the part of Simon Legree in Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Academy of Music in Boston, whipped the man who represented Uncle Tom until he screamed and fainted. The old bloot was probably drunk.

Captain Hobson, of Santiago fame, asked for retirement from the navy on account of his eyes. The examining board decided that his eyes would soon get well.

Shipments of cattle from Texas to Cuba are resumed. Shippers have been heretofore handicapped by quarantine regulations.

It is a curious fact that at the trial of Mrs. Richardson, of Savannah, Mo., for killing her husband, that every relative of the dead man are her most loyal defenders.

Prof. Cialek, an Austrian authority, predicts that the United States will conquer the economic supremacy of the world, and will succeed in organizing the capital of the world to create a trust thereof.

Four armed tramps took possession of a Denver and Rio Grande freight train and locked up the train crew in the caboose. Pueblo officers were ready for them and now they have commenced serving 150 days each for vagrancy. Then they will be prosecuted on graver charges.

Earthquakes continue in Mexico. A number of large cities have been shaken up, with great losses of life and property.

The records of the temperature at Honolulu for 1901 shows the highest recorded was 89 and the lowest 57 degrees, while the prevailing temperature was between 70 and 80 degrees.

Kaiser William has asked the people of Berlin not to illuminate the city on his birthday, January 27, but use the money they would expend in that way for helping the unemployed and needy.