

# A Feudal Courtship

...By HENRY F. KEENAN

CHAPTER IV.

ACTON never looked up as the count withdrew, nor did he move. No words of his aid the historian in recounting his sensations; but, for that matter, how easy to realize them! What stands out most strikingly, however, is that Acton couldn't credit his own hearing and really didn't grasp the full meaning of the atrocity in its details and significance. He vaguely realized that if the jewels had been stolen, as his tormentor declared, his own absence might be the vulgarly constructed suspicion. But—Kitty—he shrieked out a maniacal laugh of scorn and agony.

Presently he was released from his straps and informed that the count would come to him when he felt able to converse. A day of maddening perplexity followed. Sometimes he could see the hand, almost within his distance; sometimes other yachts passed so close that he tried to make himself heard through the barred windows.

Was the atrocious story of the ring true? Why had he given it? Had this nefarious comedy been prearranged? Obviously—since the carriage was at the door, the yacht within reach and the craftiest precautions taken to divert chase and put suspicion upon him. What ought he to do? If the fatal ring were in Kitty's possession, she might be wearing it, she might even at this moment be poisoned! He groaned in horror. But would the count spare her life, even if the incriminating letter, his ruin, were signed? He would sign it and show himself. Yes, that was the only way out of this hideous coil. Days of reflections and tortures like this passed. Finally he said hoarsely to the steward, "Ask the count to come to me."

But instead of the count, the steward returned in a few minutes and handed Acton a note. On opening it read:

I know what you want. Here is the letter. Sign it and return it.

VON MALSTERN.

With almost paralyzed fingers the hideous fabrication was signed, the letters sprawling and almost indecipherable. The wretched man, now irretrievably ruined, flung himself on the bed in a paroxysm of anguish. The door opened again, but Acton didn't move.

"I'm sorry to say this won't do," the count's voice sounded deprecatingly. "No one who knows your signature would accept this. Try to do it better—Himmel!" As the count's easy, almost genial, accents went on, Acton, fairly maniacal in his fury, threw himself out of the bed, seized his torturer by the neck and in an instant wrenched him from his feet. He fell at the threshold and across the closed doorway. Holding him down with his knees, Acton slipped the bolt into the door, then, releasing his hold, despoiled the count of the pistol he had carried rather obtrusively as part of his naval attire.

"Get up!" Teddy cried hoarsely. "You're a very strong young man," the count vouchsafed, as if the most ordinary tussle had just discomfited him. "I had no idea you were so strong. It's too bad you gain nothing by the vantage."

"I gain all I want. You don't leave this cabin until you sign what I shall compose. Just sit yourself under the window there while I write."

The count laughed.

"Not a bad imitation, only you forget. I'm master of forty men. Listen." He put a whistle to his lips before Teddy could guess what he meditated and blew a shrill blast. It had barely sounded when there came a violent wrench at the door.

"You see, it's all quite useless. Any man is justified in fighting for liberty, though, for that matter, yours is not in question. Yes, break in the door," he answered in response to an inquiry from outside. In a second the whacks of an ax were heard. Teddy took up the pistol.

"If you break that door open, the instant the first man appears I'll blow the count's head off!"

For an instant the count looked Acton in the eye. There was no mistaking the meaning there. He snatched slightly, half smiled and called out in German:

"There, Caesar, that will do. I'll give you further orders in a minute. Leave a guard at the gangway and withdraw to your post. Now," he continued, "the besieged have drawn off. What's your purpose?"

"Just what I said."

"But how can you compel it?"

"You shall never leave the cabin alive unless this paper is signed."

"And this paper?"

Acton replied rapidly: "I, Conrad von Malstern, had the Van Gueldres' jewels carried off. I abducted Theodore Acton, to dishonor and disgrace him by making it seem that he was a thief."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, you must give orders that the yacht touch at the nearest port."

"Is that all?"

"For the moment, yes."

"Well, I refuse to sign your document. It could serve no purpose. You are already published over the United States as the thief. Even with the actual facts in their possession the Van Gueldres would never consent to have you for a son-in-law. Miss Van Gueldres, it is needless to say, would not dream of taking a tarnished name when she can have the best for a mere son."

Acton seated himself with studied deliberation upon the stool nearest him, keeping the revolver in threatening evidence. When the count came to an end of his argument Acton looked him in the eye and retorted coldly:

"I don't choose to discuss my personal affairs with a person of your rank."

certain light at the lawyer, then roared in German.

"The me this criminal, hands and feet. Stick him in the hold and then I'll tell you what to do with him."

The first man that tries will get a bullet in his skin," cried Flint, who understood German perfectly. "Furthermore, I forbid any man here to obey this fellow. He is a malefactor. Here is the warrant for his arrest. Let any man dare molest me!"

But even as he held the folded paper where the broad seal of the court could be seen glistening, the infuriated count shot at the lawyer's upraised arm, seized the paper and tore it into fragments.

"Do you hear me?" he vociferated. "Blind me this swine. Hurl him into the hold!"

The half panic stricken group edged unhesitatingly toward the lawyer—those on the gangway trying to retreat, those who had come to the cabin crowding behind the count. They were blocked by Acton, who had been dropped to the floor when the altercation began. Flint, heedless of the momentary awkwardness, shoved the men back and attempted to reach his friend.

"Must I perform the work myself?" the count roared, his eyes aflame.

"Here we are, Flint. What's up?" came a voice from the gangway above. "Bring down a half dozen men. There's a madman here," Flint called out, bracing his back against the stanchion.

Malstern glared at his shrinking men, ferocity in his eye, but with the best will they could do nothing. The gangway was barely wide enough for a man by close squeezing. Under such conditions a fight was out of the question. Furthermore the big seal of the court had done its work effectually. The German lower ranks are superstitiously terrified by the symbols of authority. Malstern evidently realized the futility of a contest and, glancing backward, sprang over the protruding body of Acton, thrust him out of the cabin, and closed the door.

"That's all right," Flint cried, rushing to Acton, whom he began to lift. But the wounded man groaned so piteously that he laid him back to wait assistance.


That substantially ended the affair. Flint, though he really had no legal authorization, commanded the yacht back to New York. His first care was for Acton, whom the surgeon pronounced in grave danger. The bullet had entered between the third and fourth ribs and made the lower one a sort of a viaduct to carry its evil favor around the chest.

Meanwhile food was ordered served to Malstern, but he refused to answer to the repeated attempts of the stewards. Finally, after twenty-four hours, Flint grew suspicious. The door was broken open. The count lay peacefully in the bed, stone dead. The post-mortem revealed poison in the blood, but none in the stomach. Flint examined the count's hand. The central nail alone out in ghastly vividness. It had rescued the last of the evil race from the disgrace of a felon's cell. In consequence of the count's death no proceedings were instigated. Teddy's condition, when his friends were permitted to see him, corroborated the statement made when the wedding was postponed, and no hint of the momentous drama, involving the secret circles of the metropolis, ever got beyond the most intimate friends of the family.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### A Smart Fall Suit.

Shirt waist suits of lightweight cloth bid fair to become just as popular during the fall as those developed in wash goods were all summer. A smart suit is shown here developed in gray and white cheviot with cut steel buttons for trimming. The waist blouses over a soft grade of bright red taffeta. The skirt is shaped with seven gores. Shirt waist suits in this style are made of cashmere, French flannel, voile, serge, alpaca, challis or serge and trimmed with lace motifs or squares of silk and velvet at the tops of the plaits. To make the shirt waist in medium size will require three yards of material forty-four inches wide. To make the skirt in medium size will require three yards of material forty-four inches wide.



SHIRT WAIST SUIT.

There's a run of gold and silver braid on fall gowns.

From now on the mohair family will move in the best society.

An elaborately fitted coat is fashion's favorite for autumn.

Trimnings, it is said, should harmonize rather than contrast with gowns.

All authorities agree on the inevitableness of log of mutton sleeves.

Peasant waists laced up both back and front are appearing once more.

Plaited skirts are still very fashionable, the plaits being variously arranged.


It is nip and tuck between brown and navy blue for autumn wear.

### Short Skirts the Mode.

All sensible women will rejoice in the well settled fact that short skirts are here to stay, even the Parisian, who has been anything but practical in respect to the length of her skirts, having capitulated, says the New York Times. The instep length skirts are not only to be worn for walking, but for reception gowns, and those who look best in skirts of that length will wear them, and in many instances evening gowns of round length for dancing will be seen.

### A Popular Garment.

The tourist coat has taken a firm hold on popular fancy and will be much worn during the fall season by young girls as well as by grown women. This one is peculiarly desirable because of its simplicity.



POCKET COAT FOR A MISS.

The red backed teetee, or squirrel monkey, is by far the most beautiful in form and color of the New World. It is lean monkeys, as well as being an interesting pet in captivity. The length of the head and body is about twelve inches, and the tail is about the same length. In color the whole skullcap is black. The ears, face, neck and throat are white. The back is reddish brown. The sides of the body, forearms, hands and feet are ochre yellow, and the arms, thighs and upper two-thirds of the tail are olive and gray. The tail is not prehensile, and the outer third of it is covered with rather bushy black hair, being longest at the end.

### Queer Snuffboxes.

In the days when a snuffbox was considered a necessary attribute to the possessor of a beau or a belle much ingenuity was brought to bear upon the manufacture of these dainty trifles. The results were often very novel. Those with a taste for the world could buy boxes made from the wood of scaffolds, chairs that murderers had sat upon or parts of their houses.

### Encouraging Him.

"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think that I have experienced every kind of misfortune except hanging."

"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," rejoined the optimist. "It is always desirable, you know, to remember the old adage, 'While there's life there's hope.'"

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

### THE JACK-AT-WORK.

One Way of Utilizing the Power of a Convection Current.

Have you ever heard of a convection current? It is the current of heated air that is bound to rise from any heated place or object. To prove the existence of a convection current take a gas flame, for instance, or a hot air grating in a sidewalk on a cold day.

You may see the hot air shimmering up from the grating, which makes the objects just beyond it lose the exact outlines of their shapes and look wab- bly. Here is one way of utilizing the power of this heated air by applying it to a toy which you can make yourself.

First cut out a circle of tin. Then cut almost to the center on the dotted lines, as shown in Fig. 1. Bend each cut section to an angle of forty-five degrees.

Now secure a length of strong, tough wire that won't bend with heat and form with it the angle shown at A (Fig. 2). Twist a small, round loop eye at the end of the upper horizontal piece, which is marked B, C, and fasten that wire to the gas pipe or to a wall if the gas pipe is not convenient.

Run a second, longer horizontal wire at D, E, terminating it in a loop just too small for the vertical wire to slip through. This loop is to act as a socket for it to turn in. Now fix the tin wheel to the top of the vertical wire, as shown, after having inserted the wire into the position in the socket and loop.

Now we are ready for Jack.

Draw his head and body in one piece on a sheet of hard paper. Now on another sheet draw his legs and hips in the position shown in the picture. On a third sheet draw one arm, for Jack needs only one. Place your drawings on a thin sheet of tin and cut around the edges of the paper till you have the outline of the drawings reproduced in tin.

Now lay Jack's tin body on a block of wood and join his tin legs to it so that the edges overlap. Drive a nail through both pieces of tin at this point and join the pieces together by passing a wire through the nail hole and then twisting the ends together behind Jack's back. Put on his arm in the same manner, and in the same way fasten his feet to the horizontal wire.

Next connect Jack's outstretched arm by a wire loop with the point of the angle of the vertical wire.

Turn on the gas; the convection current arises; it strikes the tin wheel, sending the wheel round at a great rate, which in turn sets Jack in motion.

### Measuring the Rain.

The simplest form of gauge consists of a funnel with a definite area, say twelve inches, the neck of which fits in a bottle. The rain that falls into the funnel runs down into the bottle, of course, and the quantity is measured by means of a graduated glass.

Any boy can measure the rainfall for himself. Having provided the funnel and the bottle—the metal cylinder outside is not essential—let him fit them as described, and then put them in a level, open place, away from trees and buildings, with the mouth of the funnel about a foot above the ground.

The bottle should be fastened in position to avoid being overturned by the wind and should rest perfectly level.

When the measure is to be taken the water should be poured into a graduated glass, and the number of cubic inches calculated, which will give the amount of the fall in proportion to the area of the top of the funnel.

### Coconut Shell Toys.

For the children the coconut shell has its uses. Delightful boats can be contrived from it, the shell being cut oblong and the inside fitted with a little wooden block, through which passes the mast, fitted with canvas sails. Little doll's carriages can also be made from a half shell, with a crosspiece, which is fastened to the bottom of the shell, connecting the wheels.

### Dolly Cracked Her Head.

I'm just as sad as I can be, and I don't want to play.

My dolly's gone and cracked her head, and she's sick today.

I don't know how it happened—guess she tumbled out of bed;

I wish my dolly'd hurry or the poor thing will be dead.

I covered her all up last night, and she was sleeping sound;

When I crawled in my trundle bed, but when I woke I found her lying there and upside down upon the bedroom floor.

I don't believe she'll ever be the doll she was before.

For once I heard my papa say he knew it was a fact

That folks who are not very bright have heads that have been cracked.

Yet mamma says when doctor comes he'll bring with him some glue.

And when he gets the head fixed up it will be good as new.

Oh, well, perhaps it will; I'll see what doctor has to say.

But, when I'm in bed to-day, and I don't want to play.

—Exchange.

### The Poetical Farmers of Korea.

The Korean, who is a poet before he is a cultivator, speaks of his rice as "the golden sand." When it sprouts it is "the bright green field." It then becomes "the blue green plain." When it begins to ripen—it is "the mottled jade wave," when ripe, "the yellow gold wave." When cut it is "the yellow ice," and, when harvested it is "the home of the golden child."

### What a Baby Can Do.

Friend—I don't understand why you and your husband should have separated so soon.

Mrs. Aftermath—it was all owing to the baby's temper.

"Mercy on us! How could that be?"

"We couldn't agree as to which one of us the baby took after."—New York Weekly.

### Better be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

—Plato.

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### Bit of Politics.

Several men were talking with Assemblyman Newcome of New York about the last legislature and some of its acts which are not of fragrant memory to all men, and nobody was throwing bouquets at the remains, says the New York Herald. "Some of the work done was so rank," said Mr. Newcome, "that it reminds me of a story. A man saw a lot of boys coming licker-split down the road, making a tremendous fuss. He asked what the trouble was, and one boy yelled as they rushed by that they were playing automobile. A short distance behind them came one boy alone.

"Hello, bub," inquired the man, "what are you doing back here? Why ain't you with the other boys playing automobile?"

"I'm playing automobile," asserted the boy stoutly.

"How's that?"

"I'm the smell!"

### Why Vest Left Kentucky.

Senator Blackburn at the banquet given to Vice President Morton after he had laid down the gavel as president of the senate playfully explained why Senator Vest did not remain in Kentucky, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. He said that Mr. Vest gave himself up a good deal to the gaudies of society. One night as he and a friend were returning from the homes of two young women they espied a light on an old wharf boat which was moored to the bank of the river. They knew that inside the boat some of the old residents of the town were playing draw poker.

The mayor was the chief of the nightly gamblers. He was held in very great respect from the fact that he had killed a good many men. That night he had won all the money of the crowd and had "jumped" the game.



THE MAYOR SHOULDERS HIS RIFLE.

To all protests and all appeals to him to give the others a chance to win back their money, by allowing them to stake their "I. O. U.'s" he replied that it was impossible. His wife was sick and sent him downtown to get some medicine, and he had forgotten it. The mayor was loaded down with sliver.

Just as he was getting ready to go home Vest and his friend had made up their minds to play a practical joke on the gray haired gamblers. They took out their knives and sawed through the bow and stern lines of the craft, and she drifted out into the stream and toward Cairo. When the old mayor issued from the cabin he walked straight overboard in the middle of the Ohio. Fortunately he was fished out with a rope, and the next morning the party was rescued by a passing steamer.

No sooner had the mayor landed than he went to his house, took down his squirrel rifle, cleaned it and loaded it carefully, put it on his shoulder and went downtown, telling everybody that he intended to find the man who had cut the cable boat loose.

"Thereupon," said Mr. Blackburn, "Mr. Vest left the state and never came back. That's the way he got to be United States senator. If he had never gone to Missouri that probably would not have happened."

### Usually Efective.

General Leonard Wood attended in his boyhood a school in Middleboro, and in Middleboro they still speak of the direct and original mind that the boy had.

"I remember one day in school," said a Middleboro man recently, "Wood was called up in the grammar lesson. The teacher said:

"Leonard, give me a sentence, and we'll see if we can change it to the imperative mood."

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard.

"Very good. The horse draws the cart." Now change the sentence to a neat imperative."

"Get-up," said young Wood.—Boston Sunday Post.

### Two Kinds of Law.

General Appraiser Eugene G. Hay, who used to be a prosecuting attorney out in Minnesota, tells a story of one of the most successful members of the Minnesota bar, says the New York Times. He was discussing the legal learning of his colleague with one of the judges at a dinner one evening and remarked, "Smith knows a lot of law."

"Yes," replied the judge, "he knows a lot of law, and he knows a whole lot of law that ain't so."

### A Different Thing.

"I didn't suppose that Cupid could move a stony hearted man like Jones."

"Cupid has nothing to do with it. Cupidity is what moved him."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Part Never Is the Whole.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake."

"What is it?"

"Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

It has been reported that the international congress of railroad men, which will meet in Washington next May, will ask congress to pass a resolution authorizing the use of the White Lot for the display of railroad equipments and supplies. The best things that have been shown at St. Louis pertaining to the railroads will be brought here if congress grants this permission and an exhibition maintained in connection with the sessions. The treasury department could not grant the permission, but congress may do so if it sees fit.

### Damages at Manassas.

So great is the task of settling the damages inflicted on property in the region of the recent Manassas maneuvers that Colonel John Hull of the judge advocate general's department has settled on the battlefield to camp there until about the middle of October. It is calculated it will require a month to adjust all claims.

### A Society Event.

Social Washington is deeply interested in the wedding of Miss Rebecca Page Knox, daughter of Senator (late attorney general) Knox, and James Robert Tindle of Pittsburgh, which will take place on Oct. 15 at Valley Forge, the country home of the Knox family. Miss Knox while a member of the cabinet circle here was admitted not alone for her personal charms, but because she had the faculty of being gracious to every one in official society and not devoting herself to this or that set or clique.

### Oysters and Disease.

A great burden has been lifted from the minds and appetites of the large oyster eating population of Washington by the official assurance that oysters do not transmit disease. General Gruener sends the information to the department of commerce and labor from Frankfurt, Germany. Last year, it will be recalled, Paris waged a campaign against the oyster, which was charged with transmitting typhus and various bacilli. The investigations of the French sea fishery commission have shown that the oyster can be eaten with impunity at all seasons and cannot transmit disease to human beings.

### Army Desertions.

There have been so many desertions from the army during the past six or eight months that considerable uneasiness has been occasioned among high department officials. The inspector general has been requested to institute an inquiry to ascertain the causes, but before numbers have been issued to the various commanding officers to thoroughly investigate every instance of desertion.

### The Climbers.

During August the elevator in the Washington monument was not running because of needed repairs. Visitors nevertheless persisted in seeing the capital from the top of the big white shaft. The report of Colonel Bronwell, engineer officer in charge of public buildings and grounds, for August shows that 7,533 persons climbed to the top of the monument in that month.

### Philippine Leper Colony.

The government has planned to establish the largest leper colony in the world on the island of Culebra, in the northeast of Paragua, the idea being to concentrate all the numerous lepers of the Philippines there. It is estimated that there are 10,000 lepers in the archipelago, and the task of segregating even the larger part of them from the rest of the population will be a huge one. The civil government intends to establish the makes and to separate leper colonies in the hope that leprosy will die out in a generation. The proposed leper settlement will be much larger than the famous colony of the Hawaiian group.

### Vacations Over.

The return of the president was the signal for the return to Washington of his so-called "official family," with the exception of those who are detained by active field work in the campaign. A tendency seems to be growing for officers of prominence in the government service to take longer vacations than formerly. Aside from "the example" to the working forces of the government there is little advantage in having the administrative heads here during the dull season, since the telegraph and the long distance telephone make it possible to transact in one place almost as well as another all the business which custom has decreed shall be done during the summer.

### The President Fond of Tennis.

The president intends to play a great deal of tennis this fall, and Secretary Morton is down on his slate as one of his most formidable opponents. Mr. Morton, who is six feet tall and an athlete, is getting himself in shape for the contests by going upstairs at the navy department two steps at a jump. He never uses an elevator and declares that going upstairs on the run is splendid exercise. The private tennis court at the White House, which cost \$2,000, has been placed in perfect condition.

### New White House Labor.

A change in ushers at the White House has taken place. Charles Mastor, who has been an usher in the private part of the mansion for nearly three years, has resigned and gone to New York. He has been succeeded by William M. Johnson, a Pullman car conductor. Mr. Johnson was the conductor who had charge of a majority of the trips made by the president to different parts of the country, and his service was so satisfactory to the president and Secretary Loeb that at the first opening he was given a place on the usher force. Three former Pullman car conductors are now ushers at the White House as a result of trips made by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

### Spreading Gloom.

No accusation is commoner among intimates than that of spreading gloom. Each member of a family naturally feels how chery he or she would be if only the others would make an effort to be cheerful too.

"I am naturally of a gay disposition," said a young man to his friend as they walked sadly along together, "but I require an echo."

"And I can be very gay, too," said the other, "but I also require an echo." They continued their walk in dreary silence.—London Outlook.