

The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



"Come, come! I must be a man," he thought, "and tear myself away."
At the corner of Box court three men fell upon Prince Florizel, and he was unceremoniously thrust into a carriage, which at once drove rapidly away. There was already an occupant.
"Will your highness pardon my zeal?" said a well known voice.
The prince threw himself upon the colonel's neck in a passion of relief.
"How can I ever thank you?" he cried. "And how was this effected?"
Although he had been willing to march upon his doom, he was overjoyed to yield to friendly violence and return once more to life and hope.
"You can thank me effectually enough," replied the colonel, "by avoid-

ing all such dangers in the future. And, as for your second question, all has been managed by the simplest means. I arranged this afternoon with a celebrated detective, Secrecy has been promised and paid for. Your own servants have been principally engaged in the affair. The house in Box court has been surrounded since midnight, and this, which is one of your charges, has been awaiting you for nearly an hour."
"And the miserable creature who was to have slain me—what of him?" inquired the prince.
"He was plucked as he left the club," replied the colonel, "and now waits your sentence at the palace, where he will soon be joined by his accomplices."
"Geraldine," said the prince, "you have saved me against my explicit orders, and you have done well. I owe you not only my life, but a lesson, and I should be unworthy of my rank if I did not show myself grateful to my teacher. Let it be yours to choose the manner."



THREE MEN FELL UPON PRINCE FLORIZEL.

There was a pause, during which the carriage continued to speed through the streets, and the two men were each buried in his own reflections. The silence was broken by Colonel Geraldine.
"Your highness," said he, "has by this time a considerable body of prisoners. There is at least one criminal among the number to whom justice should be dealt. Our oath forbids us all recourse to law, and discretion would forbid it equally if the oath were loosened. May I inquire your highness' intention?"
"It is decided," answered Florizel. "The president must fall in duel. It only remains to choose his adversary."
"Your highness has permitted me to name my own recompense," said the colonel. "Will he permit me to ask the appointment of my brother? It is an honorable post, but I dare assure your highness that the lad will acquit himself with credit."
"You ask me an ungracious favor," said the prince, "but I must refuse you nothing."
The colonel kissed his hand with the greatest affection, and at that moment the carriage rolled under the archway of the prince's splendid residence.
An hour after, Florizel in his official robes and covered with all the orders of Bohemia received the members of the Suicide club.

forth upon his travels under the supervision of Mr. Geraldine and a pair of faithful and adroit lackeys well trained in the prince's household. Not content with this, discreet agents were put in possession of the house in Box court, and all letters or visitors for the Suicide club or its officials were to be examined by Prince Florizel in person.
Here, says my Arabian author, ends "The Story of the Young Man With the Cream Tartar," who is now a comfortable householder in Wigmore street, Cavendish square. The number, for obvious reasons, I suppress. Those who care to pursue the adventures of Prince Florizel and the president of the Suicide club may read "The Story of the Physician and the Saratoga Trunk."

The SUICIDE CLUB

PART II

Story of the Physician and the Saratoga Trunk



MORE was a young American of a simple and harmless disposition, which was the more to his credit as he came from New England, a quarter of the new world not precisely famous for these qualities. Although he was exceedingly rich, he kept a note of all his expenses in a little paper pocketbook, and he had chosen to study the attractions of Paris from the seventh story of what is called a furnished hotel in the Latin quarter. There was a great deal of habit in his penmanship, and his virtue, which was very remarkable among his associates, was principally founded upon diffidence and youth.

The next room to his was inhabited by a lady, very attractive in her air and very elegant in toilet, whom on his first arrival he had taken for a countess. In course of time he had learned that she was known by the name of Mme. Zephyrine and that whatever station she occupied in life it was not that of a person of title. Mme. Zephyrine, probably in the hope of enchanting the young American, used to flatter him on the stairs with a civil inclination, a word, of course, and a knockdown look out of her black eyes and disappear in a rustle of silk and with the revelation of an admirable foot and ankle. But these advances, so far from encouraging Mr. Scuddamore, plunged him into the depths of depression and bashfulness. She had come to him several times for a light or to apologize for the imaginary depositions of her poodle, but his mouth was closed in the presence of so superior a being, his French promptly left him and he could only stare and stammer until she was gone. The slenderness of their intercourse

did not prevent him from throwing out insinuations of a very glorious order when he was safely alone with a few maids.

The room on the other side of the American's for there were three rooms on a floor in the hotel—was tenanted by an old English physician of rather doubtful reputation. Dr. Noet, for that was his name, had been forced to leave London, where he enjoyed a large and increasing practice, and it was hinted that the police had been the instigators of this change of scene. At least he, who had made something of a figure in earlier life, now dwelt in the Latin quarter in great simplicity and solitude and devoted much of his time to study. Mr. Scuddamore had made his acquaintance, and the pair would now and then dine together frugally in a restaurant across the street.

Silas Q. Scuddamore had many little virtues of the more respectable order and was not restrained by delicacy from indulging them in many rather doubtful ways. Chief among his foibles stood curiosity. He was a born gossip, and life, and especially those parts of it in which he had no experience, interested him to the degree of passion. He was a pert, invincible questioner, pushing his inquiries with equal pertinacity and indelicacy. He had been observed when he took a letter to the post to weigh it in his hand, to turn it over and over and to study the address with care; and when he found a flaw in the partition between his room and Mme. Zephyrine's, instead of filling it up, he enlarged and improved the opening and made use of it as a spy hole on his neighbor's affairs.

One day, in the end of March, his curiosity growing as it was indulged, he enlarged the hole a little further, so that he might command another corner of the room. That evening when he went as usual to inspect Mme. Zephyrine's movements he was astonished to find the aperture obscured in an odd manner on the other side and still more shocked when the obstacle was suddenly withdrawn and a titter of laughter reached his ears. Some of the plaster had evidently betrayed the secret of his spy hole, and his neighbor had been returning the compliment in kind. Mr. Scuddamore was annoyed to a very acute feeling of annoyance. He could not blame Mme. Zephyrine unmercifully. He even blamed himself, but when he found next day that she had taken no means to balk him of his favorite pastime he continued to profit by her carelessness and to gratify his idle curiosity.

That next day Mme. Zephyrine received a long visit from a tall, loosely built man of fifty or upward whom Silas had not hitherto seen. His two feet and colored shirt, no less than his shaggy side whiskers, identified him as a Britisher, and his dull gray eye affected Silas with a sense of cold. He kept screwing his mouth from side to side and round and round during the whole colloquy, which was carried on in whispers. More than once it seemed to the young New Englander as if their gestures indicated his own apartment, but the only thing definite he could gather by the most scrupulous attention was this remark made by the Englishman in a somewhat higher key, as if in answer to some reluctance or opposition:
"I have studied his taste to a nicety, and I tell you again and again you are the only woman of the sort that I can try my hands on."

In answer to this Mme. Zephyrine sighed and appeared by a gesture to resign herself like one yielding to unqualified authority.

That afternoon the observatory was finally blinded, a wardrobe having been drawn in front of it upon the other side, and while Silas was still lamenting over this misfortune, which he attributed to the Britisher's malign suggestion, the concierge brought him up a letter in a female handwriting. It was couched in French of no very rigorous orthography, bore no signature and in the most encouraging terms invited the young American to be present in a certain part of the Bullier ball at 11 o'clock that night. Curiosity and timidity fought a long battle in his heart. Sometimes he was all virtue, sometimes all fire and daring, and the result of it was that long before 10 Mr. Silas Q. Scuddamore presented himself in unimpeachable attire at the door of the Bullier ballrooms and paid his entry money with a sense of reckless delirium that was not without its charm.

It was the carnival time, and the ball was very full and noisy. The lights and the crowd at first rather astonished our young adventurer, and then, mounting to his brain with a sort of intoxication, put him in possession of more than his own share of manhood. He felt ready to face the devil and strutted in the ballroom with the swagger of a cavalier. While he was thus parading he became aware of Mme. Zephyrine and her Britisher in conference behind a pillar. The cut-like spirit of eavesdropping overcame him at once. He stole nearer and nearer on the couple from behind, until he was within earshot.

"That is the man," the Britisher was saying. "There—with the long blond hair—speaking to a girl in green."

Silas identified a very handsome young fellow of small stature, who was plainly the object of this designation.
"It is well," said Mme. Zephyrine. "I shall do my utmost. But, remember, the best of us may fall in such a matter."
"Tut!" returned her companion. "I answer for the result. Have I not chosen you from thirty? Go, but be wary of the prince. I cannot think what cursed accident has brought him here tonight. As if there were not a dozen balls in Paris better worth his notice than this sort of students and counter jumpers! See him where he sits, more like a reigning emperor at home than a prince upon his holidays."
Silas was again lucky. He observed a person of rather a full build, strikingly handsome and of a very stately and courteous demeanor seated at a table with another handsome young man, several years his junior, who addressed him with conspicuous deference. The name of prince struck gratefully on Silas' republican hearing, and the aspect of the person to which that name was applied exercised its usual charm upon his mind. He left Mme. Zephyrine and her Englishman to take care of each other and, threading his way through the assembly, approached the table which the prince and his companion had honored with their choice.

"I tell you, Geraldine," the former

was saying, "the action is handsome. Yourself, I am glad to remember it, chose your brother for this perilous service, and you are bound in duty to have a guard upon his conduct. He has consented to delay a many days in Paris. That was absolutely an imprudence, considering the character of the man he has to deal with, but now, when he is within eight and forty hours of his departure, when he is within two or three days of the decisive trial, I ask you is this a place for him to spend his time? He should be in a gallery at practice; he should be sleeping four hours and taking moderate exercise on foot; he should be on a rigorous diet, without white wines or brandy. Does the doctor imagine we are all playing comedy? The thing is as plain as the nose on my face."

"I know he had too well to interfere," replied Colonel Geraldine, "and well enough not to be alarmed. He is more cautious than you fancy and of an indomitable spirit. If it had been a woman, I should not say so much, but I trust the president to him, and the two valets without an instant's apprehension."

"I am gratified to hear you say so," replied the prince, "but my mind is not at rest. These servants are well trained spies, and already not this miscreant succeeded three times in ending their observation and spending several hours on end in private, and most likely dangerous, affairs? An amateur might have lost him by accident, but if Rudolph and Jerome were thrown off purpose, and by a man who had a coherent reason and exceptional resources?"
"I believe the question is now one between my brother and myself," replied Geraldine, with a shade of offense in his tone.
"I permit it to be so, Colonel Geraldine," returned Prince Florizel. "Perhaps, for that very reason, you should be all the more ready to accept my counsels. But enough. That girl in yellow dances well."

And the talk veered into the ordinary topics of a Paris ballroom in the carnival.
Silas remembered where he was and that the hour was already near at hand when he ought to be upon the scene of



"THAT IS THE MAN," THE BRITISHER WAS SAYING.

his assignment. The more he reflected, the less he liked the prospect, and as at that moment an eddy in the crowd began to draw him in the direction of the door he suffered it to carry him away without resistance. The eddy stranded him in a corner under the gallery, where his car was immediately struck with the voice of Mme. Zephyrine. She was speaking in French with the young man of the blond locks who had been pointed out by the strange Britisher, not half an hour before.

"I have a character at stake," she said, "or I would put no other condition than my heart recommends. But you have only to say so much to the porter, and he will let you go by without a word."

"But why this talk of debt?" objected her companion.
"Heavens!" she said. "Do you think I do not understand my own hotel? And she went by, clinging affectionately to her companion's arm.

This put Silas in mind of his billet. "Ten minutes hence," thought he, "and I may be walking with as beautiful a woman as that and even better dressed, perhaps a real lady, possibly a woman of title."

And then he remembered the spelling

and was a little downcast.
"But if I may have been written by her maid," he imagined.

The clock was only a few minutes from the hour, and this immediate proximity set his heart beating at a curious and rather disagreeable speed. He reflected with relief that he was in no way bound to put in an appearance. Virtue and cowardice were together, and he made once more for the door, but this time of his own accord and battling against the stream of people which was now moving in a contrary direction. Perhaps this prolonged resistance worried him, or perhaps he was in that frame of mind when merely to continue in the same determination for a certain number of minutes produces a reaction and a different purpose. Certainly, at least, he wheeled about for a third time and did not stop until he had found a place of concealment within a few yards of the appointed place.

Here he went through an agony of spirit in which he several times prayed to die for help, for Silas had been devoutly educated. He had now not the least inclination for the meeting. Not-

ing kept him from night but a silly fear lest he should be thought unmanly. But this was so powerful that it kept him against all other motives, and, although it could not decide him to advance, prevented him from definitely running away. At last the clock indicated ten minutes past the hour. Young Scuddamore's spirit began to rise. He peered round the corner and saw no one at the place of meeting. Doubtless his unknown correspondent had waited and gone away. He became as bold as he had formerly been timid. It seemed to him that if he came at all to the appointment, however late, he was clear from the charge of cowardice. Nay, now he began to suspect a hoax and actually complimented himself on his shrewdness in having suspected and outmaneuvered his mysterious. So very idle a thing is a boy's mind! Armed with these reflections, he advanced boldly from his corner, but he had not taken above a couple of steps before a hand was laid upon his arm. He turned and beheld a lady cast in a very large mold and with somewhat stately features, but bearing no mark of severity in her looks.

"I see that you are a very self-confident lady, killer," said she, "for you make yourself expected. But I was determined to meet you. When a woman has once so far forgotten herself as to make the first advance, she has long ago left behind her all considerations of petty pride."

Silas was overwhelmed by the size and attractions of his correspondent and the suddenness with which she had fallen upon him. But she soon set him at his ease. She was very gracious and lenient in her behavior. She led him on to make pleasantries and then applauded him to the echo, and in a very short time, between blandishments and a liberal exhibition of warm brandy, she had not only induced him to fancy himself in love, but to declare his passion with the greatest vehemence.

"Alas," she said, "I do not know whether I ought not to deplore this moment, great as is the pleasure you give me by your words. Hitherto I was able to suffer. Now, poor boy, there will be two. I am not my own mis-

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

For Similar Signature of

NEW YORK

5 DROPS 15 DROPS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable as far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains operate so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first class service ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Direct connections at Chicago and MILWAUKEE for all Eastern points. For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write

JAS. C. POND, JR. or JAS. A. CLOKE, General Agents, Milwaukee, Wis. 246 Stark

Portland Markets.
Wheat—Walla Walla, 72c; bluestem, 77c; valley, 74c.
Flour—best grades, \$3.35@3.65 per barrel; Graham, \$3.15@3.55.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.17@1.20; gray, \$1.15 per cental.
Barley—Feed, \$2.10 per ton; \$2.10 brewing, rolled, \$2.25 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$2.25; middlings, \$2.75; shorts, \$2.35; chop, \$1.80.
Hay—Timothy, \$20@21; clover, \$17.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20c@22c; dairy, nominal; store, 17c@18 per pound.
Eggs—fresh 16@17c.
Cheese—Full cream twins, 16c@17c; Young American, 17c@18c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 12c@13c per lb.; hens, 13c@14c; roosters 10c@11c; broilers 16c@17c, fryers, 14c@15c; ducks 14c@15c; geese, \$5.50@7; turkeys, live 17c, dressed 18c@19c per lb.
Hogs—Gross, heavy, \$6.50@7; light, \$4.75@5; dressed, \$5.85@6 per pound.
Veal—Small, 7c@8c; large, 7c@7.5c per pound.
Beef—Gross to steers, \$4.50@5.50; Hops—19@20c per pound.
Wool—Valley 15c@16c; Eastern Oregon, 8c@14c; mohair, 35c@38c per pound.
Potatoes—\$4.50@5.00 per sack.
Onions—40, 50c per cental.

E. W. Howe
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

\$2.00

Padishah

The Best Low Priced Wrist Watch Made

Non-Magnetic
Magnet Safe Case
Fully Guaranteed
For sale by
ALL JEWELERS

Illustrated Booklet on request, showing

COLORED FANCY DIALS

The New England Watch Co.
Factories—Waltham, Conn.
Offices—New York, Chicago, San Francisco

At the window, which was faintly visible, he knew he must be at the foot of the bed and had only to feel his way along it in order to reach the table in question.

To be Continued.