

How the Brigadier Played for a Kingdom

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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SYNOPSIS. [After the disastrous retreat of the Army of Napoleon from Moscow, Brigadier Gerard was sent to the German territory, nominally friendly, but really ripe for revolt, to raise troops in France. On his way he has observed with some dismay the black locks of the hostile peasants, who in one place drank a mysterious toast to the letter T. A little later he is warned of his peril by a terror-stricken man hidden by the roadside. It means death to me if I am seen helping you, the man says. "Death! From whom?" asked the brigadier. "From the Tugendlosen. From Lutnow's night-riders," replied the fellow. Soon after the brigadier meets a French officer, almost expiring from a ghastly wound—indeed, he dies before he has finished what he sought to say, yet succeeds in transmitting a message from Napoleon's own hand, to be delivered, at any hazard, to the prince of Saxe-Felstein. On this mission Gerard proceeds, and manages to avoid the riders. Detained, however, at a small inn by an accident to his horse, he is started by a woman's cry, and hastens to her aid.]

CHAPTER III.

The heavy-checked landlord was there and had taken down the two men from the stables, a chambermaid and two or three villagers. All of them, women and men, were flushed and angry, while there in the center of them, with pale cheeks and terror in her eyes, stood the lovely woman, who had ever a soldier would wish to look upon. With her queenly head thrown back, and a touch of defiance mingled with her fear, she looked as she gazed round her like a creature of different race

With Her Queenly Head Thrown Back, from the vile, coarse-featured crew who surround her. She had taken two steps from my door before she sprang to meet me, her hands resting upon my arm and her blue eyes sparkling with joy and triumph. "A French soldier and gentleman!" she cried, "now at last I am safe!" "Yes, madame, you are safe," said I; and I could not resist taking her hand in mine in order that I might reassure her. "You have only to command me," I added, kissing the hand as a sign that I understood what she meant. "I am Polish," she cried. "Countess Palotta is my name. They abuse me because I love the French. I do not know what they might have done to me had Heaven not sent you to help me. I kissed her hand, and she should have should about my intentions. Then I turned upon the crew with such an expression as I knew how to assume. In an instant the hall was empty. "Countess," said I, "you are now under my protection. You are faint, and a glass of wine is necessary to restore you." I offered her my arm and escorted her into a side room, where she sat by my side at the table and took the refreshments with I offered her. How she blossomed out! Her cheeks were a shade too long. And then I had a manner. Some women are to be approached in some way and some in another, just as a siege in an affair of fascines and gabions in hard weather. But she was in soft. That the man who can mix danger with timidity, who can be outrageous with an air of humility, and presumptuous with a tone of deference, that is the man whom mothers have to fear. For myself I felt that I was a guardian of this lovely lady, and knowing what a dangerous man I had to deal with I kept a strict watch upon myself. Still even a guardian has his privileges, and I could not neglect them.

But her talk was as charming as her face. In a few words she explained that she was traveling to Poland and that her brother, who had been her escort, had fallen ill upon the way. She had more than once met with ill treatment from the country folk because she could not conceal her good will towards the French. Then, turning from her own affairs, she questioned me about my own exploits. They were familiar to her, she said, for she knew several of Bonaparte's officers and they had spoken of my doings. Yet she would be glad to hear them from my

own lips. Never have I had so delightful a conversation. Most women make the mistake of talking too much about their own affairs, but this one listened to my tales just as you are listening now, even asking for more and more and more. The hours slipped rapidly by, and it was with horror that I heard the village clock strike 11, and so hurried the emperor's business. "Pardon me, my dear lady," I cried, indignantly to my feet. "But I must on instantly to Hof." She rose and looked at me with a pale, reproachful face. "And me?" she asked. "What is to become of me?" "It is the emperor's affair. I have already stayed far too long. My duty calls me, and I must go." "You must go? And I must be abandoned alone to these savages. Oh, why did I ever meet you? Why did you ever teach me to rely upon your strength?" Her eyes gazed ever, and in an instant she was sobbing upon my bosom. Here was a trying moment for a guardian! Here was a time when he had to keep a watch upon the forward young officer. But I was equal to it. I smoothed her hair, brown hair and whiskered such consolations as I could think of in her ear, with one arm around her, it is true, but that was to hold her in my arms, lest she should faint. She turned her head towards my domain. "Water," she whispered. "For God's sake, water." I saw that in another moment she would be senseless. I laid the drooping head upon the sofa, and then rushed furiously from the room, hunting from chamber to chamber for a carafe. It was some minutes before I could get one and hurry back with it. You can imagine my feelings to find the room empty and the lady gone. Not only was she gone, but her cap and her silver-mounted riding switch, which lay upon the table, were gone also. I rushed out and roared for the landlord. He knew nothing of the matter, had never seen the woman before, and did not care if he never saw her again. Had the peasants at the door seen anyone ride away? No, they had seen nothing. I searched their chambers and searched there till at last I chanced to find myself in front of a mirror, where I stood with my eyes staring and my jaw as far dropped as the chin strap of my shako would allow. Four buttons of my pelisse were open, and I had to pull my hand up to know that they were fastened. It was gone. W, the depth of cunning that lurks in a woman's heart! She had robbed me, this creature, robbed me as she clung to my breast. Even while I smoothed her hair and whiskered her face, she had been at work beneath my domain. And here I was at the very last step of my journey deprived of the power of carrying out this mission which had already deprived one good man of his life, and was likely to rob another of his credit. What messenger could I send when he heard that I had lost his dispatches? Would the army believe of Etienne Gerard? And when they heard that a woman's hand had coaxed them from me, what laughter there would be at the mess table and at camp fire! I could have roared upon the ground in despair.

But one thing was certain—all this affair of the francs in the hall and the possession of the so-called countess was a piece of acting from the beginning. This villainous imposter must be in the lot. From him I might learn who she was and where my papers had been. I searched my satchel from the table and rushed out in search of him. But the peasants had guessed what I would do, and had made his preparations for me. It was in the corner of the yard that I found him, a blunderbuss in his hand and a pistol in his belt. He considered that I might force an answer with my sword point at the throat of this fat rascal, still I should have no means of knowing whether that answer was the truth. It would be a struggle then with much to lose and nothing certain to gain. I looked into his face and saw a cunning, a crafty, a man who had learned his trade from the French. He had a few words she explained that she was traveling to Poland and that her brother, who had been her escort, had fallen ill upon the way. She had more than once met with ill treatment from the country folk because she could not conceal her good will towards the French. Then, turning from her own affairs, she questioned me about my own exploits. They were familiar to her, she said, for she knew several of Bonaparte's officers and they had spoken of my doings. Yet she would be glad to hear them from my

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held them—a meeting which, as my instincts told me, was to decide this very question of war and peace. It was possible that I might still be in time to turn the scale for the emperor and for France. As to the major domo, he looked blackly at me; and showing me into a small antechamber he left me. A minute later he returned to say that the prince could not be disturbed at present, but that the princess would take my message. The princess? What use was there in giving it to her? Had I not been warned that she was German in heart and soul, and that it was she who was turning her husband and her state against us? "It is the prince that I must see," said I. "Nay, it is the princess," said a voice at the door, and a woman swept into the chamber. "Von Rosen, you had better stay with us. Now, sir, what is it that you have to say to either prince or princess of Saxe-Felstein?" At the first sound of the voice I had sprung to my feet. At the first glance I had thrilled with anger. Not twice in its lifetime does one meet that noble figure, that queenly head, those eyes as blue as the Garonne, and as chilling as her winter waters. "Time presses, sir," she cried, with an impatient tap of her foot. "What have you to say to me?" "What have I to say to you?" I cried. "What can I say save that you have taught me never to trust a woman more. You have ruined and dishonored me forever."

She looked with arched brows at her attendant. "Is this the raving of fever, or does it come from some less innocent cause?" said she. "Perhaps a little blood letting—" "Ah, you can act!" I cried. "You have shown me that already." "Do you mean that we have met before?" "I mean that you have robbed me within the last two hours." "This is not all, bear in," she cried, with an admirable affectation of anger. "You claim, as I understand, to be an ambassador, but there are limits to the privileges which such an office brings with it." "You brazen it admirably," said I. "Your highness will not make a fool of me twice in one night." I sprang forward and, stooping down, caught up the hem of her dress. "You would have done well to change it after you had ridden so far and so fast," said I. "It was the down upon a snow peak that set her ivory cheeks flush suddenly to crimson. "Insolent!" she cried. "Call the foresters and have them thrust from the palace." "I will see the prince first." "You will never see the prince. Ah! Hold him, Von Rosen, hold him!" She had forgotten the man whom she had to deal. Was it likely that I would wait until they brought their rascals to the door? No, I would stand between me and her husband. Mine was to speak face to face with him at any cost. One spring took me out of the chamber. In another I crossed the hall. An instant later I had burst into the great room from which the murmur of the shooting had come. At the far end I saw a figure upon a high chair under dais. Beneath him was a line of high dignitaries, and then on every side I saw vaguely the heads of a vast assembly. Into the center of the room I strode, my sabre clanking, my shako under my arm, and the messenger of the emperor. "I shouted, 'I bear his message to his highness, the prince of Saxe-Felstein.' (To be concluded.)

INDUSTRIAL. Owing to the falling off in the demand for anthracite coal, the Reading coalfield are working only nine hours a day. It is the intention of the company to keep down its stock, and it is thought that if the trade gets worse, some of the mines will be put on shorter time. The Reading has stopped shipments of coal by the lake to Chicago and points in the west. Two cargoes were forwarded to Buffalo on Monday and after all the coal was placed on board, there were only 42 cars of coal remaining on the docks. This coal will be forwarded by all routes to Chicago.

A large coal area, twelve miles long and six broad, has been discovered on the new line of railway to the west coast of New-England. The geological survey estimates that one seam alone, which is four feet wide, contains 11,000,000 tons of excellent coal. Six other seams have not yet been traced.

The announcement that the Philadelphia and New England Railroad company, better known as the Poughkeepsie Bridge system, is to be divorced from the Reading company under the new plan of reorganization, has caused considerable curiosity as to the ultimate fate of the Bridge.

The car movement of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad for the first week in December shows an increase of 30 per cent, or 15 per cent, more than the corresponding period of last year.

The production of pig iron by Great Britain in the first half 1895 was 3,712,750 gross tons, which is at the rate of 7,425,500 tons for the year. The production in 1894 was 7,427,312 tons.

Toledo Grain Market. Toledo, O., Dec. 14.—Wheat—Receipts, 5,000 bushels; shipments, 7,000 bushels; easy; No. 2 red ash and December, 65c; May, 67c. Corn—Receipts, 47,000 bushels; shipments, 22,000 bushels; No. 2 mixed cash, 27c; No. 3 do, 26c; Oats—yellow, 25c; No. 3 white, 25c. Oats—nothing doing. Cloverseed—Receipts, 275 bags; shipments, 12 bags; dull; March, 45c.

Oil Market. Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 14.—Oil opened \$1.50 bid; highest, \$1.51; closed, \$1.51 offered. Standard's price, \$1.50. Oil City, Pa., Dec. 14.—Oil opened and lowest, \$1.50; highest, \$1.52; closed, \$1.52 offered.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Dec. 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 600 head; market steady; common to extra steers, \$2.70-\$3.05; Hog—Receipts, 16,000 head; market firm and slightly higher; heavy packing and shipping lots, \$3.60-\$3.70; common to choice mixed, \$3.35-\$3.50; choice sorted, \$3.50-\$3.75; light, \$3.60-\$3.75; pigs, \$2.40-\$2.55; Sheep—Receipts, 2,500 head; market steady; inferior to choice, \$1.50-\$1.60; lambs, \$2.00.

Philadelphia Tallow Market. Philadelphia, Dec. 14.—Tallow is weak and dull. We quote: City prime, 10c; heads, 4c; country, prime, in barrels, 4c; country, dark, in barrels, 3c; cakes, 4c; grease, 3c.

Chicago's English Diamond Brand PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sufferers from BRUISES, SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.

DR. LOBB'S WOLF FREE. To all sufferers of ERRORS OF YOUTH, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Reddened, Inflamed, Crippled, Nervous, Neuritic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

Moosic Powder Co., Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bld'g, SCRANTON, PA. MINING and BLASTING POWDER. MADE AT MOOSIC AND RUMBLEDALE WORKS. Latin & Rand Powder Co.'s Orange Gun Powder. Repanno Chemical Co.'s High Explosive.

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS. DONT BE WOOLY FAULTLESS PEPSIN PASTILLES. THE GUM THAT'S ROUND.

E. Robinson's Sons' LAGER BEER BREWERY. CAPACITY: 100,000 Barrels per Annum.

French Injection Compound. Cures promptly, quickly, (not merely checks) cure of money refunded. A cold dangerous pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza, etc. (will cure nervous cases) sent prepaid, secure from observation, with only scientific name strings, to any address for \$2.00.

Christmas Attractions. BEAUTIFUL GOODS AT LOW PRICES. JEWELRY SILVERWARE DIAMONDS, in rings, scarf pins, etc. WATCHES CLOCKS OPERA GLASSES, ETC. Also an exceptionally fine line of GOLD-HEADED CANES AND UMBRELLAS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS. NO GOODS MISREPRESENTED. C. LUTHER, 107 Wyoming Ave. Established 1856.

OLD WHITE PINE TIMBER For Heavy Structural Work. ANY SIZE, AND UP TO FORTY FEET LONG. RICHARDS LUMBER CO.

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CAUTION. Washburn-Crosby Co. wish to assure their many patrons that they will this year hold to their usual custom of milling STRICTLY OLD WHEAT until the new crop is fully cured. New wheat is now upon the market, and owing to the excessively dry weather many millers are of the opinion that it is already cured, and in proper condition for milling. Washburn-Crosby Co. will take no risks, and will allow the new wheat fully three months to mature before grinding.

MEGARGEL & CONNELL Wholesale Agents. HORSEMEN! DO NOT WAIT FOR SNOW AND ICE. Have your Horses' Shoes prepared with proper holes for "Hold Fast" Calks.

ASK YOUR SHOER ABOUT THEM. BITTENBENDER & CO. SCRANTON, PA. Agents for Northern Pennsylvania and Southwestern New York.

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RESTORE LOST VIGOR. Sexins Pills. When in doubt what to use for Nervous Debility, Loss of Sexual Power, etc., other than the usual remedies, try these Sexins Pills. They are the only pills that cure the disease. They are the only pills that cure the disease. They are the only pills that cure the disease.