

### BY ROBERT BARR.

## IX.— An Unlooked For Encounier

[Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.]

"There," she whispered, with a tiny sigh, for she was giving up the fruits of her greatest achievement; "put that in your dispatch box and see that i doesn't leave there un til you reach London. I hope the Russians will like the copy of The Daily Bugle they find in their envelope."

The telegram of the princess was handed to Lord Donal at Berlin. "I congratulate you most sincerely," she wired, "and tell Jennie the next time von see her"-Lord Donal laughed as he read this aloud-"that the Austrian government has awarded her £30,000 for her share in enabling them to recover their gold, and little enough I think it is, considering what she has done."

"Now, I call that downright handsome of the Austrian government." said Lord Donal. "I thought they were going to fight us when I read the speech of their prime minister; but, instead of that, they are making wedding presents to our nice girls."

"Ah, that comes through the good heartedness of the princess and the kindness of the prince," said Jennie. "He has managed it."

"But what in the world did you do for the Austrian government, Jennie?" "That is a long story, Donal, and I

think a most interesting one.' "Well, let us thank heaven that we

have a long journey for you to tell it and me to listen.

And, saying this, the unabashed, for ward young man took the liberty of kissing his fair companion good night right there amid all the turmoil and bustle of the Schlesischer Bahnhof in Berlin.

It was early in the morning when the two met again in the restaurant car.

It was quite evident that Jennie had slept well, and, youth being on her side, her rest had compensated for the nightmare of the Russian journey. She was simply but very effectively dressed and looked as fresh and pretty and cool and sweet as a snowdrop. The enchanted young man found it impossible to lure his eyes away from her, and when, with a little laugh, Jennie protested that he was missing all the fine sconery he answered that he had something much more beautiful to look upon, whereat Jennie blushed most enticingly, smiled at him, but made no further protest. Whether it was his joy in meeting Jennie, or the result of his night's sleep, or his relief at finding that his career was

not wrecked, as he had imagined, or all

young wan, "that one person's success generally means another person's failare! If I were the generous, whole couled person I sometimes imagine myself to be, I should refuse to accept success as the price of your failure. You have actually succeeded, while I have actually failed. With a generosity that makes me feel small and mean, you hand over your success to me, and I selfishly accept it. But I compound with my conscience in this way. You and I are to be married; then we will be one. That

failures of each. Isn't that a good idea ?'' "Excellent," replied Jennie. "Nevertheless I cannot help feeling just a little sorry for poor Mr. Hardwick."

"Who is he-the editor?" "Yes. He did have such faith in me that it seems almost a pity to disappoint him."

"You mustn't trouble your mind about Hardwick. Don't think of him at all. Think of me instead."

"I am afraid I do and have done for some time past. Nevertheless I shall get off at Liege and telegraph to him that I am not bringing the document to London.'

"I will send the telegram for you when we reach there, but if I remember rightly what you told me of his purpose he can't be very deeply disappointed. I intend to publish the document even if he got it."

"That is quite true. He wished to act as the final messenger himself and was to meet me at Charing Cross station, secure the envelope and take it at once to its destination.

"I must confess," said the young man, with a bewildered expression, "that I don't see the object of that. Are you sure he told you the truth ?"

"Oh, yes! The object was this: It seems that there is in the foreign office some crusty old curmudgeon who delights in baffling Mr. Hardwick. This official-I forget his name; in fact, I don't think Mr. Hardwick told me who he was-seems to forget The Daily Bugle when important items of news are to be given out, and Mr. Hardwick says that he favors one of the rival papers, and The Bugle has been unable so far to receive anything like fair treatment from him, so Mr. Hardwick wanted to take the document to him, and thus convince him there was danger in making an enemy of The Daily Bugle. As I understood his scheme, which didn't commend itself very much to me, Hardwick had no intention of making a bargain, but simply proposed to hand over the document and ask the foreign office man to give The Bugle its fair share in what was going."

"Do you mean to say that the official in question is the man to whom I am to hand this letter ?"

would have been a stunning blow to Sir

down at the tablecloth, "that I'd rath-

"Of course not," answered the man

quickly. "What was I thinking about?

It will be a family meeting, and we

don't want any outsiders about, do

Jennie laughed, but made no reply.

sage across from Calais to Dover, and

the train drew in at Charing Cross sta-

tion exactly on time. Lord Donal rec-

for him, and on handing the young

pied the old man himself closely scru-

tinizing the passengers. Sir James, on

catching sight of him, came eagerly

forward and clasped both his nephew's

"Donal," he cried, "I am very glad

indeed to see you! Is everything

Then he said slowly, "Ab, Donal, Donal,

you always had a keen eye for the beau-

"Oh, I say!" cried the young man,

abashed at his uncle's frankness. "I

don't call that a diplomatic remark at

· Eller Barris Marker Barris Marker

"As right as can be, uncle."

promising to be my wife."

They had a smooth and speedy pas-

er not have Mr. Hardwick meet us."

"Үев."

quarter."

we?"

hands.

right ?'

the east."

tiful!"

all, you know."

"Indeed. Sir James." said the girl, langhing merrily, "it is better than diplomatic; it is complimentary, and I assure you I appreciate it. The first ing the document was Lord Donal Stirtime he met me he took me for quite another person.'

dear." replied the old man, "I'll guaran tee that she was a lovely woman, and have no advantages which he refused hurst's ball proved for much for all you mustn't mind what I say; nobody else does, otherwise my boy Donal here would be much higher in the service

than he is. But I am pleased to tell you one shall be heir to all the successes of that the journey he has now finished each of us and shall disclaim all the will prove greatly to his advantage." "Indeed, uncle, that is true," said

the young man, looking at his betrothed, "for on this journey I met again Miss Baxter, whom, to my great grief, I had lost track of for some time. And now, uncle, I want you to do me a great favor. Do you know Mr. Hardwick, editor of The Daily Buglet" "Yes, I know him, but I don't like

him or his paper either." "Well, neither do the Russians, for

for his action and for the promptness suit of the unknown. of a member of his staff I should have failed in this mission. I was drugged by self up indignantly. the Russian police and robbed. Miss

and succeeded most deftly in despoil-

ing the robbers. I was lying insensible me when we had crossed the frontier, himself by"--

leaving in the hands of the Russians a

stead of letting me hand it to him ?" "That is a long story. To put it briefly, it was because the messenger carry-

"Then whoever that person is, my Donal promised that he would persuade pression on his face. the old man to let other newspapers document to Sir James. I gave it back to Lord Donal."

> "Lord Donal Stirling-Lord Donal Stirling," mused the editor. "Where bave I heard that name before?"

"He is a member of the British embassy at St. Petersburg; so you may have seen his name in the dispatches.' "No; he is not so celebrated as all that comes to. Ah, I remember now ! I met the detective the other night and asked him if anything had come of that romance in high life to solve which he had asked your assistance. He said the search for the missing lady had been abandoned and mentioned the name of that matter, by this time, and I merely, Lord Donal Stirling as the foolish young wish to tell you that if it hadn't been man who had been engaged in the pur-

Jennie colored at this and drew her-

"Before you say anything further Baxter, who was on the train, saw against Lord Donal," she cried hotly, something of what was going forward |"I beg to inform you that he and I are to be married."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the understood you to say that he did not at the time and helpless. She secured editor icily. "Then, having failed to the document and handed it back to find the other girl, he speedily consoled

"There was no other girl! I was the similar envelope containing a copy of person Mr. Cadbury Taylor was in The Daily Bagle. Therefore, andle, if search of! I willingly gave him valu-

able assistance in the task of failing to find myself. Having only a stupid man to deal with, I had little difficulty in accomplishing my purpose. Neither Mr. Taylor nor Mr. Hardwick ever suspected that the missing person was in their own employ."

"Well, I am blessed i" ejaculated Hardwick. "So you baffled Cadbury Taylor in searching for yourself, as you baffled me in getting hold of the Russian letter. It seems to me, Miss Baxter, that where your own inclinations do not coincide with the wishes of your employers the interests of those who pay you fall to the ground."

"Mr. Cadbury Taylor didn't pay me anything for my services as amateur By Frederic Reddall detective, and he has, therefore, no right to grumble." As for the St. Petersburg trip, I shall send you a check for all expenses incurred as soon as I reach home.'

- "Ob, you mistake me," asserted Mr. Hardwick earnestly. "I had no thought of even hinting that you have not carned over and over again all the monoy The Daily Bugle has paid you; besides. I was longing for your return, for I

The old man scribbled a most cordial in- want your assistance in solving a mystery that has rather puzzled us all. in future you can do anything to oblige Paris is in a turmoil just now over Mr. Hardwick, you will belp in a meas- the"---



The mystery of the Duchem of Chief to The Daily Bugle. I did not give the as the search for the missing lady had proved too much for Mr. Cadbury Tay-



## Here are Two Pairs of Lovers and a Chaperone

They formed a party who made a trip across the American continent in a special car. The car was stolen by a band of robbers who held the wealthy occupants for a ransom. The experience was exciting and novel. It is all told in the charming story

# Romance of the Rail

You can read it, as it will be published in this paper, beginning soon. You will like it, too,

The moment a man discerns that this earthly experience is part of an endless life, that he is open to heavenly as well as earthly influences, that behind the apparent order there is another and a spiritual order, mystery remains, but confusion and contradiction vanish.

The Treasure of Rathree. Antiquarians interested in the monuments of our forefathers will and a Lehlah.



## AWONGERINE

Elevated Party one To U. S. Army snd Navy T. No. 27 East 14h St. J. Sirs-J. sgala write is yo can make any use of this less can make any me of the disease choose. I wrote you semetime a my wile was a great sufferer, fre stomach and that your. Table doing her very much good toll you now that my wile spe he entirely cured after taking you lats less than a mouths, at an to me of not over \$1,00 whereas to file of not over 31,000 will search in the last 33 years spent moving dref, follars for doctors and med which did not do her any good, close you \$2.00 for which kir div ne Tablets. They are not for fa-my wife not requiring any more that to be a search of the factors. are for friends of mine.

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three together. Lord Donal seemed his old self again and was as bright, witty and cheerful as a boy home for the holi days. They enjoyed their breakfasts with the relish that youth and a healthy appetite give to a dainty meal well served The rolls were brown and toothsome; the butter, in thick corrugated! spirals, was of a delicious golden color, cool and crisp guarantee that I am the especial pro-

The coffee was all that coffee should be, and the waiter was silent and at tentive Russia, like an evil vision. was far behind, and the train sped through the splendid scenery swiftly to ward England and home

The young man leaned back in his chair, interlaced his fingers behind his head and gazed across at Jennie, drawing a sigh of deep satisfaction.

"Well, this is jolly, " he said.

"Yes," murmured Jennie, "it's very nice. I always did enjoy foreign travel especially when it can be done in luxury, but, alas, luxury costs money doesn't it ?''

"Ob, you don't need to mind! Yo are rich.

"That is true. I had forgotten al about it."

"I hope, Jennie, that the fact of my traveling on a train de luxe has not de luded you regarding my wealth. should have told you that I usually travel third class when I am transport ing myself in my private capacity. am wringing this pampered elegance from the reluctant pockets of the British taxpayer. When I travel for British government, I say, as Pooh Bab said to Koko in 'The Mikado, ' 'Do it well, my boy,' or words to that effect.'

"Indeed, "langhed Jennie, "Iam in a somewhat similar situation-the newspaper is paying all the expense of this trip, but I shall insist on returning the money to The Bugle now that I have failed in my mission.

"Dear me, how much more honest the newspaper business is than diplomacy! The idea of returning any money never even occurred to me. The mere suggestion freezes my young blood and makes each particular hair to stand on end lady out of the railway carriage he eslike quills of the fretful porcupine. Our motto in the service is, 'Get all you can and keep all you get.' "

"But, then, you see, your case is different from mine. You did your best to succeed, and I failed through my own choice, and thus I sit here a traitor to my paper."

"Well, Jennie, "said the young man, picking up the dispatch box, which he never allowed to leave his sight, and, placing it on the table, "you've only to say the word, and this contentious letter is in your possession again. Do you regret your generosity ?"

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"Ohino; no, no, no! I would not have it back on any account. Even looking at the matter in the most materialistic way, success means far more to you than it does to me. As you say, I am rich; therefore I am going to give her hand in his for some moments beup my newspaper career. I suppose that fore he spoke, gazing intently at her. is why women very rarely make great successes of their lives. A woman's career so often is merely of incidental interest to her; a man's career is his whole life."

"What a pity it is." mused the

"Ob, my prophetic soul, my unclei ure to cancel the obligation which our Why, that is Sir James Cardiff, the family owes to him.' elder brother of my mother! He is a

vitation to Hard wick.

dear old chap, but I can well understand an outsider thinking him gruff uncivil to him. If you wish it, I shall from what I know of it already, it will and uncivil If the editor really means go at once and apologize to him." what he says, then there will be no dif- \*\*Ob, no, " cried Jennie, "ycu m ficulty and no disappointment. If all do that, but if you can belp him with. St. Petersburg journey, for, after all, it that is needed is the winning over of old out jeopardizing the service I for one proved to be a rather personal excur- den in the rath of Rathroe, he regulat-Jimmy to be civil to Hardwick, I can | would be very glad."

\*\*So should I." said Domal.

tege of my uncle. Everything I know I The old man took out his cardcase in tonight to hand you this card from have learned from him He cannot un- and on the back of his card scribbled a Sir James Cardiff, and I also desired to comfortably at Watsh's fire prior to derstand why the British government most cordial invitation to Hardwick, tender to you personally my resigna- the fateful expedition, let ma digress does not appoint me immediately emasking him to call on him. He handed tion, and so I must bid you goodby, Mr. for a moment to point out that the baseader to France Jimmy would do it this to Jennie and said:

tomorrow if he had the power. It was \*\*Tell Mr Hardwick that I shall be throw, hhim that I heard of this letter. pleased to see him at any, time." and I believe his influence had a good 1 "And now," said Lord Donal, "you deal to do with my getting the commis-; must let us both escort you home in the

sion of special messenger. It was the carriage." chagrin that my uncle Jimmy would .... No. no. I shall take a hansom and his chair bewildered by the suddenness have felt had I failed that put the will go directly to the office of The of it all, the room looking empty and drop of hitterness in my cup of sorrow i Bugle, for Mr. Hardwick will be there dismal, lacking her presence. when I came to my senses after my en-

by this time." counter with the Russian police. That "But we can drive you there." "No, please."

James Cardiff. We shall reach Char-She held out her hand to Sir James ing Cross station about 7:80 tonight, and said, with the least bit of hesitaand Sir James will be there with his tion before uttering the last word, brougham to take charge of me when I "Good night-uncle."

arrive. Now, what do you say to our "Good night, my dear, " said the old settling all this under the canopy of man, "and God bless you," he added Charing Cross? If you telegraph Mr. ; with a tenderness which his appear-Hardwick to meet us there, I will in- ance, so solemn and stately, left one troduce him to Sir James, and he will unprepared for. never have any more trouble in that

hansom, protesting all the while at thus placed personage desired to honor the "I think," said the girl, looking having to allow her to go off unprotect-

> mured Jennie, ignoring his protests, that this elevated personage had been then got bigger and bigger till he look-"I think if Mr. Hardwick had allowed me to look after the interests of the pa- service which Lord Donal had recently per at the foreign office Sir James rendered him, but then, of course, one would not have snubbed me."

"If the foreign office dared to do such society press. However, the man of other and more courageous men. a thing, it would hear of something not elevated rank was there, and so people to its advantage from the diplomatic said that perhaps there might be someservice. And so, good night, my dear." And, with additions, the nephew repeat- was a great turn out of embassadors ognized his uncle's brougham waiting ed the benediction of the uncle.

> The Daily Bugle, and mounting the George's, Hanover square. The Prinstairs entered the editorial rooms. She cess von Steinheimer made a special sprang up quickly on seeing who his this occasion she brought the prince visitor was.

> "You didn't telegraph to me; so I sup- | fellow and that the bride in her sumppose that means failure."

"I don't know, Mr. Hardwick. It all lovely for anything. depends on whether or not your object "Then I am glad of that, too, for we was exactly what you told me it was." have some very disquieting bints from you that my desire was to get possession and America. "They were quite justified, as I shall of the document which was being transtell you later on; but meanwhile, uncle, mitted from St. Petersburg to London." allow me to introduce to you Miss Baxter, who has done me the honor of the foreign office." Jennie blushed in the searching rays

of the electric light as the old man turnject. of course." ed quickly toward her. Sir James held

station less than half an hour ago." The editor took the card, turned it man had scribbled on the back of it. Hardwick. "You got the document, vitation you gave me to visit again. But why did you give it to Sir James in- your castle at Meran."

Jennie's clear laugh rang out. "I am going over to Paris in a day

"My dear boy, I shall be delighted to or two, Mr. Hardwick, to solve the do so. I am afraid I have been rather mystery of dressmaking, and I think, require my whole attention. I must in- usual dreams of gold being burled. "Oh, no," cried Jennie, "you mustn't sist on returning to you the cost of the and, having in the old fashioned way sion, and I couldn't think of allowing | tioned his brother and a friend to come the paper to pay for it. I merely came indeed for having given me a chance to work on your paper."

Before the editor could reply she was gone, and that good man sat down in and to the division-namely, Rathroe,

"Confound Lord Donal I" he muttered under his breath, and then, as an with his night's work.

• , • • • It was intended that the wodding should be rather a quiet affair, but cir-

cumstances proved too strong for the young people. Lord Donal was very popular, and the bride was very beautiinvite a great many people, and he in-Lord Donal saw his betrothed into a timated to Lord Donal that a highly function with his presence, and thus the event created quite a little fintter "What an old darling he is !" mur- in society. The society papers affirmed particularly pleased by some diplomatic can never believe what one reads in the

thing in the rumor. Naturally there and ministers, and their presence gave Jennie drove directly to the office of color and dignity to the crush at St. with her. The general opinion was that "Ab, you have returned!" he cried. the bridegoom was a very noble looking

tuous wedding apparel was quite too The princess was exceedingly bright

and gay, and she chatted with her old "And what was that? I think I told friends, the embassadors from Austria "I'm so sorry," she said to the em-

bassador from America, "that I did not "No; you said the object was the have time to speak with you at the mollifying of old Sir James Cardiff of Duchess of Chiselburst's ball, but I was compelled to leave early. You should "Exactly; that was the ultimate ob have come to me sooner. The count here was much more gallant. We had a most "Very well. Read this card. Sir delightful conversation, hadn't we, James gave it to me at Charing Cross count? I was with Lord Donal, you remember."

"Oh, yes!" replied the aged Austrian, over in his hands once or twice and bowing low. "I shall not soon forget read the cordial message which the old the charming conversation I had with your highness, and I hope you, on your "Then you have succeeded !" cried part, have not forgotten the cordial in-

ine of the Line

rath at the summit of Shellbaggan hill. says the Enniscarthy Guardian. It is one of the most perfect in South Wexford. Convenient to the rath lies a hard working inborer. He had the thrice dreamed of "a crock" being hiddown on a certain night to unearth the treasure. Leaving the two sitting Hardwick," said the girl, holding ont wath is a magnificent piece of ancient her hand, "and I thank you very much | engineering round which in olden times the Osslans and others had historic encounters. This precious landmark gives the name to the parish

Tradition says that a treasure lies in the bosom of the mystic circle, Being satisfied by his nocturnal foreshadows as to the location of the gold, the dreamer set out for the rath a few editor should, he went on impassively nights ago, attended by his friends. preceded by his better half carrying a lantern. It was then the witching hour of night, and darkness, like a pall covered the earth. Arriving at the rath, the treasure hunters carefully made their dispositions and then backed and delved, shoveled and cleared away the ful. Sir James thought it necessary to earth so as to have the treasure lifted before cockcrow, after which the precious metal turns to common clay. They were only half an hour digging when something like a rabbit appeared, and, lanna machree, it grew grallually larger till it became a call and ed for all the world like a bull. The party could stand the strain no. longer. The lantern was dropped, and they fled. The treasure remains for

A Day's Talk,

Few of us probably ever think seriously about the amount of talking we do in a day and how large a factor mere talk is in the life of the world for both good and evil. It, has been eath mated that a public speaker utters in one hour, on an average, what, if printfound Mr. Hardwick at his desk, and he journey from Vienna to attend, and on | ed, would occupy 15 octavo pages. Or dinary conversation is, even more pro lific.

Let us suppose, says The Winoniam. that all the talk of one day be estimated as equivalent to four hours' consecutive speaking. In a single week the amount woold make what, if printed, would be an octavo of 820 pages. In a year a man would complete 59 such volumes, and in 80 years he would have accumulated a library of 1,560 volumes of his own Lehigh talk. What value would most of us place on such a library! How many of us could endure to read it? How many would feel satisfied to have such book go on the market?

It is related of Dean Swift that at an MERENICE evening party, on one occasion, he re-tired to a corner of the room and commenced noting down the talk of the company. Being asked what he was doing, he produced a verbatim report of the conversistion which had just taken place. Most of the speakers, it is added. felt no musil humilistion over the se period 13 and a trialing schemeses of attended to the scheme sche



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