

## Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

(Continued.)

As the slow autumn approached, it became apparent that Dantzig no longer interested the watchers. Vilna became the base of operations. Smolensk fell and, most wonderful of all, the Russians were retreating on Moscow. Dantzig was no longer on the route. For a time it was of the world forgotten, while, as Barlasch had predicted, free men continued at liberty, while innocent persons in prison were left to rot there.

Desiree continued to receive letters from her husband, full of love and war. For a long time she lingered at Konigsberg, hoping every day to be sent forward. Then he followed Murat across the Niemen, and wrote of weary journeys over the rolling plains of Lithuania.

Toward the end of July he mentioned the arrival of de Casimir at headquarters.

"With him came a courier," wrote Charles, "bringing your dear letter. I don't believe you love me as I love you. At all events, you do not seem to tell me that you do so often as I want to tell you. Tell me what you do and think every moment of the day—!" And so on. Charles seemed to write as easily as he talked, and had no difficulty in setting forth his feelings. "The courier is in the saddle," he concluded. "De Casimir tells me that I must finish. Write and tell me everything. How is Mathilde? And your father? Is he in good health? How does he pass his day? Does he still go out in the evening to his café?"

This seemed to be an after-thought, suggested perhaps by conversation in the room in which he sat.

The other exile, writing from Stockholm, was briefer in his communications. "I am well," wrote Antoine Sebastian, "and hope to arrive soon after you receive this. Felix Meyer, the notary, has instructions to furnish you with money for household expenses."

It would appear that Sebastian possessed other friends in Dantzig, who had kept him advised of all that passed in the city.

For neither Mathilde nor Desiree had obeyed Barlasch's advice to write to their father. They did not know whether he had fled, neither had they received any communication giving an address or a hint as to his future movements. It would appear that the same direct and laconic mind which had carried out his escape deemed it wiser than left behind should be in no position to furnish information.

In fairness to Barlasch, Desiree had made little of that soldier's part in Sebastian's evasion, and Mathilde displayed a small interest in such details. She rather fastened, however, upon the assistance rendered by Louis d'Arragon.

"Why did he do it?" she asked.

"Oh, because I asked him," was the reply.

"And why did you ask him?"

"Who else was there to ask?" returned Desiree, which was, indeed, unanswerable. Perhaps the question had been suggested to her by de Casimir, who, on learning that Louis d'Arragon had helped her father to slip through the Emperor's fingers, had asked the same in his own characteristic way.

"What could he hope to gain by doing it?" she had inquired, as she wrote to Mathilde's side, along the Pfaffenegasse. And he made other interrogations respecting d'Arragon which Mathilde was no more able to satisfy, as he accompanied her to the Pfaffenegasse.

Since that time the dancing-lessons had resumed to the music of a hired fiddler, and Desiree had once more taken up her household task of making both ends meet. She approached the difficulties as impulsively as ever, and danced the stout waltzes round the room with undiminished energy.

"It seems no good at all, your being married," said one of these, breathlessly, while Desiree laughingly attended to her dishevelled hair.

"Why not?"

"Because you still make your own dresses and teach dancing," replied the pupil, with a quick sigh at the thought of some smart burch in the Prussian contingent.

"Ah, but Charles will return a colonel, and I shall bow to you in a silk dress from a chaise and pair—come, left foot first. You are not so tired as you think you are."

For those that are busy, time flies quickly enough. And there is nothing more absorbing than keeping the wolf from the door, else assuredly the hungry thousands would find time to arise and rend the overfed few.

August succeeded a hot July, and brought with it Sebastian's curt letter. Sebastian himself, however, had returned to his home a few hours later. He was not alone, for a heavier step followed him into the passage, and Desiree, always quick to hear and see and act, coming to the head of the stairs, perceived her father looking upward toward her, while his companion, in rough soldier's clothes, turned to lay aside the valise he had carried on his shoulder.

Mathilde was close behind Desiree, and Sebastian kissed his daughters with that cold repression of manner which always suggested a strenuous past, in which the emotions had been relinquished for ever as an indulgence unfit for a stern and hard-bitten age.

"I took him away, and now return him," said the soldier, coming forward. Desiree had always known that it was Louis, but Mathilde gave a little start at the sound of the neat clipping French in the mouth of an educated Prussian, so rarely heard in Dantzig—so rarely heard in all broad France today.

"Yes—that is true," answered Sebastian, turning to him with a sudden change of manner. There was that in voice and attitude which his hearers had never noted before, although Charles had often evoked something approaching it. It seemed to indicate that, of all the people with whom they had seen their father hold intercourse, Louis d'Arragon was the

only man who stood upon equality with him.

"That is true—and at great risk to yourself," he said, not assigning, however, so great an importance to personal danger as men do in these careful days. As he spoke, he took Louis by the arm and by a gesture invited him to precede him upstairs, with a suggestion of camaraderie somewhat startling in one usually so cold and formal as Antoine Sebastian, the dancing-master of the Pfaffenegasse.

"I was writing to Charles," said Desiree to d'Arragon when they reached the drawing-room, and crossing to her own table she set the papers in order there. These consisted of a number of letters from her husband, read and re-read, it would appear. And the answer to them, a clean sheet of paper bearing only the date and address, lay beneath her hand.

"The courier leaves this evening," she said, with a queer ring of anxiety in her voice, as if she feared that for some reason or another she ran the risk of failing to despatch her letter. She glanced at the clock, and stood, pen in hand, thinking of what she should write.

"May I enclose a line?" asked Louis. "It is not wise, perhaps, for me to address a letter—since I am on the other side. It is a small matter of a heritage which he and I divide. I have placed some money in a Dantzig bank for him. He may require it when he returns."

"Then you do not correspond with Charles?" said Mathilde, clearing a space for him on the larger table, and setting before him ink and pen and paper.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," he said, glancing at her, with that light of interest in his dark eyes which she had glimpsed once before by a question on the only occasion that they had met. He seemed to detect that she was more interested in him than her indifferent manner would appear to indicate. "No, I am a land correspondent. If Charles and I, in our present circumstances, were to write to each other, it could only lead to intrigue, for which I have no taste and Charles no capacity."

"You seem to hint that Charles might have such a taste then," she said, with her quiet smile, as she moved away, leaving him to write.

"Charles has probably found out by this time," he answered, with the bluntness which he claimed as a prerogative of his calling and nation, "that a soldier of Napoleon's who intrigues will make a better career than one who merely fights."

He took up his pen and wrote with the absorption of one who has but little time and knows exactly what to say. By chance he glanced toward Desiree, who sat at her own table near the window. She was stroking her cheek with the forefinger of her pen, looking with puzzled eyes at the blank paper before her. Each time d'Arragon dipped his pen he glanced at her, watching her. And Mathilde, with her needle-work, watched them both.

### CHAPTER XII.

From Borodino.

However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

War is the gambling of kings. Napoleon, the arch-gambler, from that southern sea, where men, lacking cards or dice and the money to buy either, will yet play a game of chance with the ten fingers that God gave them for another purpose—Napoleon had taken a hand with every monarch in Europe before he met for the second time that northern adversary of cold blood, who knew the waiting game.

It is only where the stakes are small that the leisurely players, idly fingering the fallen cards, return in fancy to certain points in their trick, triumph, or that chance missed, playing the game over again. But when the result is great it overshadows the game, and all men's thoughts fly to speculation on the future. How will the loser meet his loss? What use will the winner make of his gain?

The results of the Russian campaign were so stupendous to history that the historians of the day, in their bewildered, sought rather to preserve these than the details of the war. Thus the student of today, in piecing together an impression of bygone times, will inevitably find portions of his picture missing. As a matter of fact, no one can say for certain whether Alexander gently led Napoleon onward to Moscow or was himself driven thither in confusion by the conqueror.

A hundred years ago celebrated generals fought a great death and talked much less than they do today. There were then no bazars to be opened, nor anniversary dinners to be attended. Neither did the shorthand writer find a ready welcome in high places. Thus a successful warrior who had carried out, tank, then equal, and insignificant campaign, or an insignificant portion of a campaign, was not compelled to make modest speeches about himself for the rest of his life.

Napoleon's generals were scarcely social lights. Ney, the hero of the retreat, the bravest of the brave, was a rough man who ate horse-flesh without troubling to who ate horse-flesh without troubling to cook it. Rapp, whose dogged defence of an abandoned city is without compare in the story of the war, had the manners and the mind of a peasant. These gentlemen dealt more in deeds than in words. They had not much to say for themselves.

As for the Russians, Russia remains at this time the one European country unhampered and unharassed by a cheap press—the one country where prominent men have a quiet tongue. A hundred years ago Russians did great deeds and the rest was silence. Neither Kutusoff nor Alexander ever stated clearly whether the retreat of Moscow was intentional or unavoidable; and these are the only men who knew. Perhaps Napoleon knew; at all events, he thought he did, or pretended to think it long after at St. Helena; for Napoleon the Great was a consummate liar.

Be that as it may, the Russians retreated, and the French advanced farther and farther from their base. It was a great army—the greatest ever seen. For Napoleon had eight monarchs serving with the eagles; generals innumerable, many of them immortal names; the greatest strategists; Prince Eugene, the incomparable lieutenant; Ney, the fearless; four hundred thousand men. And they carried with them only twenty days' provision.

They had marched from the Vistula, full of shipping, across the Pregel, loaded with stores, to the Niemen, where there was no navigation. Dantzig, behind them—that Gibraltar of the north—was straddled with provision enough for the whole army. But there was no transport; for the roads of Lithuania were unsuitable for the heavy carts provided.

The country across the Niemen could

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scarce sustain its own sparse population, and had nothing to spare for an invading army. This had once been Poland, and was now inimical to Russia; but Russia did not care, and the friendship of Lithuania was like many human friendships which we make sacrifices to preserve—not worth having.

All the while the Russians retreated, and, stranger still, the French followed them, eking out their twenty days' provision.

"I will make them fight a big battle, and beat them," said Napoleon; "and then the emperor will sue for peace."

But Barclay de Tolly continued to run away from that great battle. Then came the news that Barclay had been deposed; that Kutusoff was coming from the south to take command. It was true enough; and Barclay cheerfully served in a subordinate position to the new chief. September brought great hopes of a battle, for Kutusoff seemed to retreat with less despatch, like a man choosing his ground.

—Kutusoff, that master of the waiting game. Early in September, Murat, the impetuous leader of the pursuit, complained to Napoleon that a cavalry charge had not been pushed home.

"The horses have no patriotism," he replied. "The men will fight on empty stomachs, but not the horses." As an ominous reply at the beginning of a campaign, while communications were still open.

At last, within a few days' march of Moscow, Kutusoff made a stand. At last the great battle was imminent, after a hundred false alarms, after many disappointed hopes. The country had been that hitherto. The Borodino, running in a wider valley than many of the rivers, which are merely great ditches, seemed to offer possibilities of defence. It was the only hope for Moscow.

"At last," wrote Charles to Desiree, on September 26th, "we are to have a great battle. There has been much fighting the last few days, but I have seen none of it. We are only eighty miles from Moscow. If there is a great battle tomorrow, we shall see Moscow in less than a week. For we shall win. I have found out from the emperor's own lips that the emperor says and remembered the day he passed us in the Pfaffenegasse—our wedding day, dearest. Nobody is too insignificant for him to know. He thought that my marriage to you (for he knows against the work I have been given to do in Dantzig, so he gave orders for me to be sent at once to Konigsberg and to continue the work there. De Casimir tells me that the emperor is pleased with me. De Casimir is the best friend I have; I am sure of that. It is said that under the walls of Moscow the emperor will dictate his terms to Alexander. Everyone wonders that Alexander and Russia did not propose a peace when Vilna and Smolensk fell. In a week we may be at Moscow. In a month I may be back at Dantzig, Desiree."

And the rest would have been for Desiree's eyes alone, had it even been present. For next in sacredness to heaven-inspired words are mere human love-letters; and those who read the love-letters of another, cannot but be a scelerate. But Charles never finished the letter, for the dawn surprised him where he wrote in a shed by the miserable Kaluzha, a streamlet running to the Moskwa. And it was the dawn of September 7, 1812.

(To be Continued.)

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## A STOCK MARKET VIEW

Las Week's Transactions in New York Reviewed—The Money Situation a Puzzle But Should Prove a Brake on Speculation.

Robert Goodbody & Co., of New York in their weekly market letter, say:

The market has been of an unusual character. Money has been very dear and yet the dealer money the stronger were prices, especially of the manipulated stocks. It would seem as if the buyers were careless as to what they might have to pay for a stock, and money. It is not an apparently natural mode of action, and must, we suppose, arise from one of two reasons: either the buyers feel sure that prices will be higher on account of intrinsic merit, or the market is in the hands of rich and daring speculators who expect to get the public in, and want to be sure the level is not too low to start with when the time comes. Of course, the question is, are stocks worth the present prices. We would answer these by saying that in our opinion good railroad stocks are no generally overvalued (given good management). In fact, as a class such stocks are lower than they were months ago. The speculation has been in a few industrial. Trade is very active and many of these companies are doing really fine business. That Coal & Iron stock is a good thing to invest in, but we believe it is a mistake to be so sure. No doubt the buyers are rich and that is a great extent of the market. The Stock Exchange story is that a few rich men have bought enough stock to give them control, and that the present management also believe that they have control. Of course, if there is any basis for the tale it means that the whole story is a mistake. The story is that there is only half as much of the stock in existence as the figures of the Coal & Iron. Therefore, no matter how excited the dealings, and no matter how

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## A MONTH OF BARGAINS

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### RAILWAY CASH

A Lot Of It Is Loaned On Call On Wall Street—Over \$11,000,000 Last Week.

(Wall Street Journal, Monday.)

Last week one banking house loaned on call in Wall street over \$11,000,000 of money owned by railroad corporations. It is estimated by a railway chairman that there is over \$35,000,000 of railway money loaned on call in Chicago and New York at the present time.

The loaning of railway money on call in Wall street is a usual practice. Rock Island, Canadian Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific and Pennsylvania are at times very heavy lenders in the street. When these companies sell bonds, unless the proceeds are to be used immediately it is not at all an unusual thing to put in the hands of the professional lenders to keep it earning sufficient revenue to pay the interest on the securities sold. During the tight money period two years ago the Canadian Pacific's loans in Wall street were reported to average heavier than the combined loans of any other three roads in the country. The Canadian Pacific, being an active building corporation, and a frequent issuer of securities, generally has a heavy cash account to keep.

These loans are heavy at the present time, because money is high. When call money rates are below the per cent, 5 per cent or 6 per cent, which the road pays for its money, the money is not usually put into call loans. Some companies loan a considerable portion of their normal cash surplus on such terms.

Such amount of the railway money as is carried in bank is, of course, used by the banks in loans at all times. The railways become direct lenders occasionally. This is merely one of the cash reserves that come into service when the money market is tight, at a time when the call money rates take to soaring.

much we may think either stock has discounted or overvalued in the future, any man would be a fool to sell them short. And yet it would be for the interest of the market that this sort of speculation should come to an end, for no experienced banker can look upon it with favor. As we have said, however, it does not extend to a general list. It has not even extended to the stocks of the United States Steel Co., probably because they are too large to be made the football of any speculator who wants to make a quick market turn. Indeed, until money gets more plenty there are not funds enough for a general speculation.

What the market will do over the close of the year is hard to say, or rather it is hard to say where any case will come from. No doubt high rates bring money from the interior and from Canada. So far they have not brought money from Europe, as they themselves prevent anyone from being willing to buy exchange, except at a very low figure, as those here who have the money available prefer to lend it at present rates, and none of the European banks or financial institutions have so far been anxious to finance the metal in transit. It is to be hoped that Mr. Shaw will not try any of his nostrums as to depressing funds in the banks, for the treasury price of gold is not so high as it was, and his "high" to do it by no means unobtainable. The present situation in money is merely the natural result of good trade. Mr. Shaw seems to imagine that some sort of, if it is not to fancy that some sort of emergency currency would be an improvement, though it would merely result in setting in motion enough speculation to use up whatever emergency currency could be had, and then we should be in the same position, with the disadvantage of being more extended. When we should be in the same position, with the disadvantage of being more extended. When we should be in the same position, with the disadvantage of being more extended.

seems to us to savor of quackery.

## TERRIBLE PAINS ACROSS BACK

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