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 ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—
 NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eirelign Nash, 1900); "Parson Croft" (Eirelign Nash, 1907.)

(Continued)
 CHAPTER VII.
 A Guest in Rohn.

The first thing I did, on staggering from a heap of brushwood against which I had stumbled, was to tear the sack from my head and shoulders with inward thanks that my hands were free. My men were not long in following my example and soon the three of us were blundering over faggots, empty casks and other obstacles of which we knew not the nature, in an eager search for the door. At length we gained it, not without many a bruise and stumble, to find it locked and the frame so stout that it withstood our united efforts to force it outward.

Then, as if struck by a common impulse, we listened in the pitchy darkness, listened intensely and in fear, for that, which we guessed must be taking place in the room, we would have detected with our lives. Heaven knows, in the blackness of that dark cellar I breathed a prayer for that lone old fighter at issue with his foe, for the child of the brave, true spirit. But evidence of struggle there was none—not a cry, not a groan reached us. Footfalls indeed we heard above us and on the further side of the door, and now and again low voices, but nothing else. What was like to befall us was as much a riddle as was the end of the wounded man. Momentarily we looked for the knaves' return and groping on the floor that formed the floor of the cellar, each chose a stick or billet of wood that we might play our parts when the time should come.

After waiting a weary while we caught the voice of the leader of the band, though what he said we could not hear. Then in the distance we fancied we heard other sounds, sounds fraught with evil import; the ring of a pick and the steady scrape of a spade.

As the night wore on, all grew still once more but for the scurry and equal of the rats about us, and as we leaned wide awake upon the piled-up faggots, hours must have slipped away, for at last, to our joy, it seemed that a dim light was breaking in our prison.

Yes, it was dawn, though for a moment I feared that my vision was playing me a trick. Gradually I could make out the outlines of a small window at the far end of the cellar beyond piles of sticks and brushwood, and as the light grew I was able to distinguish the features of my men, the grey walls of the vault, the heavy door through which we had been thrust with the lock upon its inner face. And strange to say, almost the first object upon which my glance fell in the morning light, was a key hanging upon a nail high in the wall, and not above a yard from the entrance. Eagerly I grasped it, hardly daring to hope that it could give us liberty, but with an ease that I had never expected the bolts shot back, and slowly the door swung open and we were free.

Bright shone the sun through the entry as we sprang into the hall, but for the wreck of the main door there were no signs of the rough work of the night. The broken framework, shattered panels and some splinters strewed the flags, but for these the place was empty.

It was then we turned to the stair. Willingly would I have yielded pride of place to my followers as slowly and in dread for that which might meet my gaze I clambered upwards, strode across the landing and threw back the door of the chamber wherein I had last set eyes on old Johann Schalk.

There lay the bed with the coverings upon it, there the stool on which I had sat, and there stood the table, not where I had placed it, however, but drawn to wards the middle of the room. There was no sign of struggle, of grim defence, of villains' handiwork, nor of father nor child.

The place was bare, a few ashes lay on the hearth in the further room, a candle was hanging above them, and upon a table beneath the window, that was wide open and shutterless, lay three Austrian sabres, two whole and one in halves—the troopers' swords and mine that I had broken in the forcing of the window on my entrance into the house.

Of violence or bloodshed there was not a trace, nor a clue to what had become of old Schalk and his child, till I returned to the other chamber, and happening to glance out of the window, which was unshuttered, a piece of ground new-dug in the centre of the open space before the house, caught my notice. With the dew glistening upon it, that patch of brown earth was in strange contrast to the emerald turf of the clearing, yet its shape was familiar, unmistakable; it was a new-made grave.

At the thought of him whom I knew must rest beneath, of her, who for aught I knew, lay sleeping at her father's side, my cheeks grew hot. Coolly planned, as coolly performed was these peasants' revenge, yet as to what must have passed in that room but a few hours before, I could not hazard a guess.

There lay the earth, eloquent of a tragedy of whose latest details I knew nothing. It was the sight of the troopers, who had tramped downstairs again, that roused me from my reverie, the sight of my troopers leading out three chargers. I hurried down and out into the sunlight. Whatever their guilt, these ruffians had been scrupulous in the matter of our lives and property.

The beasts seemed little the worse, as they nibbled the grass, and seeing as little could be learned as gained by prolonging our stay at the place, I gave the word to mount, and with one last look at that lonely grave at the yawning entrance to the house, led the way down the path to Rohn.

An hour in the morning air went far in dispelling the gloom with which the events of the night had filled me. An adventure that at one time bid fair to cost us dear, had ended with no worse than the breaking of a sword, and a few bruises, the result of our resistance to those who had disarmed us.

In less than three hours we were in sight of the castle, and it was with no small relief that about ten in the morning, I drew rein in the lower courtyard to receive my corporal's report.

Blank was my face at the news with which the man met me. It was bad enough that I should have been absent for a whole night—all in Rohn must know it further, it might reach as far as Vienna to Her Majesty's ears—but it was unfortunate indeed, that during my unlooked-for absence there should have arrived at the castle an officer of Colonel zu Netter's staff from Salzburg.

Of his name Karl Knecht could not tell me—the man's brain was a very sieve for names—he told me how the new comer had seen fit to inspect the guard on the preceding evening, how he had inquired most minutely of my whereabouts and how, to crown all, he had supped with the Countesses of Rohn. The man's tale took my breath away. That these headstrong ladies, who had sworn deepest hatred for all things Austrian, could sup with one who wore the hated uniform, passed my belief. In a moment it flashed across my mind that the newcomer must be a spy, and, closely, say, harshly, I questioned my corporal. But in spite of my doubts and ill-humor the man's excuse was admissible; I admitted that he could have scarce refused entrance and lodging to one of our armies, who demanded speech with the officer in command and bore despatches from his immediate superior.

With uniform soiled, boots mired, unshaven and in woeful disarray, but bent upon learning the stranger's business, I sprang hastily up the stairway to the upper court, to stand stock still on gaining the topmost step.

Had the spirits of the dead von Rohms been marshalled beneath the famous Karl the Red to welcome my return, I could not have confessed to greater astonishment. There in this courtyard, wherein I had never seen in my life before, sat the ladies Inez and Elsa, beneath the shadow of the spreading bay-tree with one in the white uniform of a regiment of Austrian grenadiers. It was upon this latter and not upon the sisters, however, that my eyes were fixed; nor their beauty, nor the ripple of their laughter could hold my attention. Wide-eyed I gaped at their companion, this fortunate gentleman with whom the fairest in Bavaria appeared on such excellent terms, and who was none other than Captain von Wegen, the whom I had met in the tavern of the Three Kings in the capital, and whose aid I had had in my mind to seek at Seekirchen.

At that instant the three became aware of my presence; the Countess Inez started slightly, her sister's face grew grave and von Wegen, rising as I advanced and saluting me without a glance of the faintest recognition, at once sought to make himself known.

"I have the honor of addressing Captain von Leaky of Her Majesty's Regiment of Sagedin," said he. "My name's von Wegen of His Highness' staff and having business of late in Salzburg, with the permission of Colonel zu Netter I journeyed here for the sake of renewing my acquaintance with the ladies of the castle."

So this man, with whom I had come near to crossing swords in a tavern brawl, was a friend of these von Rohms, nay, was more, was their distant cousin as he found occasion to tell me later in the day. And whether prompted by jealousy I know not, there suddenly welled in my heart, a deep unreasoning hatred for the man who stood smiling and erect before me, the very antithesis of the disreputable figure I cut.

Awkwardly, in a few broken sentences I bade him welcome to the castle, inquired of his journey and of his entertainment in his absence.

Story the lonely guard.

"Thanks to these ladies," he replied with an elaborate bow to each. "I could not have supped better in Vienna—no, on my faith, nor have passed so pleasant an evening elsewhere in the world."

I had to confess to some astonishment that the sisters should have been thus gracious to an officer of our service.

(To be Continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



Charming hat for youthful bride

WOMAN AND MAN GET KNIFE WOUNDS

Adam Cunningham Slashed When
 Fellow Boarder Sought to
 Quiet Him

HAD BEEN DRINKING

Michael Hughes Grappled With
 Him in Erin Street House,
 Others Interfered and Miss
 Mary McKinley and James Dil-
 lon Received Injuries.

Two people—one a woman—were stabbed with a knife in the hands of Adam Cunningham, on Saturday night in a house at 61 Erin street, occupied by Susan McKinley. The row started between Cunningham and Michael Hughes, another boarder in the house and ended with Cunningham drawing a knife on Hughes.

Miss Mary McKinley, James Dillen and others rushed in between and the two named received cuts on their arms. Dillen was but slightly scratched but Miss McKinley received a flesh wound on her fore arm, and was obliged to have it dressed, by a doctor. Cunningham was placed under arrest by Policemen Totten and Bowes, who were called into the house.

It is said by those in the house that Cunningham had been drinking and refused to go to bed; that when 11 o'clock came Michael Hughes ordered him to lay down and keep quiet, so that the rest could sleep. He replied that he wanted a drink and went out, coming back later. Hughes says he stood in the middle of the room and proclaimed as loudly as he could, the glories of the English flag. Hughes says he listened for a time in patience and then got up and grappled with the Englishman. A few blows were exchanged and Miss McKinley, her mother and some others came in and interfered. They parted the combatants and forced Cunningham into his own room. Then he is said to have caught up his jack knife and, running out, declared he would kill Hughes. When the others interfered he struck out and inflicted the wounds as told.

One of the boarders ran for the police and when they arrived Cunningham submitted quietly.

He is fifty-nine years of age, and unmarried. He works in the cotton factory and has been boarding with Mrs. McKinley for about a month. When not drinking he is said to be very quiet and respectable and his fierce outbreak on Saturday night came as a great surprise to his fellow-boarders. The wound in Miss McKinley's arm was dressed by Dr. G. O. Baxter, and she was able to be about yesterday though the wound was very painful. Dillen made light of his injury.

VICTORIAN HERE

The Allan R. M. S. Victorian, Captain Pickering, from Liverpool via Halifax, arrived off the island yesterday morning at 3 o'clock and anchored until noon when she docked at No. 5 berth. The steamer left Liverpool on March 13, with 513 passengers, a heavy mail and 3,000 tons of cargo. For the first three days out the steamer encountered strong gales which kicked up mountainous seas.

The Victorian reached Halifax on Friday afternoon and landed most of her passengers, 1,000 tons of cargo and a heavy mail consisting of 1,100 bags and 270 parcels of post. The Victorian left Halifax on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock and brought around 297 passengers and 2,000 tons of cargo for local firms here and for the west. B. Hopkinson, of Charlottetown, was a passenger on the steamer. The passengers were forwarded west by special train last evening.

This was the Victorian's first trip here this season. Her master, Capt. MacNicol, died a fortnight ago, and the steamer is now in command of Captain T. Pickering.

BURGLARY, UNION CLUB THE SCENE

Tin Box Broken Open and \$60 and
 Some Cigarettes Stolen.

Sometime between midnight Saturday and Sunday morning a box in the Union Club containing \$60, was rifled of its contents and left in the basement of the building. So far as can be learned there is no trace of anyone having broken in from the outside, and the yard man, who sleeps on the premises, says he heard no suspicious noise.

The box, a tin one, was commonly kept in what is known as the bell room on the first floor, and to get at it a drop shutter, which was fastened down, was pried open. The box was found yesterday morning in the basement broken open and the money gone.

Besides the money the only other things missing were two packages of cigarettes. The police are working on the case.

TOM LONGBOAT TO RACE IN ST. JOHN

Fleet-footed Indian to Start in Port-
 land Y. M. A. Road Race.

Tom Longboat, the world's greatest long distance runner, will be seen in St. John in June, as he has been entered in the Portland Y. M. A. road race to be held on June 1. The road race committee have been in communication with the Indian's manager for some time.

A number of local runners are already getting into shape for the race. George Stubbs will be a competitor. Coram, Sterling, Everett, Thorne, Smith and others will also likely enter. The course will be from Spruce Lake to the Fort Howe railing.

OBITUARY.

Peter Lawson Cosman.

Peter Lawson Cosman died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Burgess, Kingston, Kings county, yesterday morning, aged ninety-one years. He was born in Kings county and lived there all his life engaged in farming.

He was a prominent member of the Baptist church and was deacon for many years. He leaves one son, Rev. H. H. Cosman, of Beale's Island (Me.), and two daughters, Mrs. Robert Burgess and Mrs. William Sherwood. Three brothers, Elsie, of this city, and Shalor and George Cosman, of Kings county, now survive.

Mrs. Thomas Hatheway.

The death of Mrs. Helen Scoullar Hatheway, widow of Thomas Hatheway, and daughter of the late Elias Bates of Eastport (Me.), occurred yesterday at the residence of her son-in-law, H. E. Wardroper. Mrs. Hatheway, who was in her ninetieth year, leaves three sons—Henry A. and Thomas G. of Missoula (Mont.) and George A. of Boston; also three daughters—Mrs. Edwin L. Perkins and Mrs. Herbert E. Wardroper of this city, and Mrs. Charles W. Lombard of Missoula. Mrs. Hatheway also leaves twenty-one grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren living.

Mrs. Robert Crilley.

Mrs. Mary Crilley, widow of Robert Crilley, died at the residence of her son, William, in Fairville, last evening, after ten days' illness at the age of sixty-seven years. Mrs. Crilley is survived by five sons—Robert of Boston; Charles and Michael of St. John, and William and James of Fairville; and two daughters—Mrs. John Perry of Fairville and Mrs. Charles Marcell of Boston.

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COLD SETTLED ON THE LUNGS.

Mrs. Irwin Bennett, Parrsboro, N. S., writes: "I feel it my duty to write a few words in praise of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I took a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, and made it almost impossible to breathe at times. I coughed constantly and could not sleep at nights. A friend told me how Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup had helped her, so I procured some, and before I had taken one bottle my cough was gone and I could lie down and sleep at night."



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