

Chatfield-Taylor's Book

"The wavy folds of Titian hair, the delicate skin with its mystery of tints, the arched brows, the curling lashes, the dreamy blue eyes, with a look of longing for the unattainable—the face was beautiful, but he could not help thinking it was pathetic. She saw him watching her and her expression quickly changed to the hunted look which women have when they have had to fight with the world."

"War is not declared," laughed Clotilde Berthon. "Let me introduce the Count von Leun-Walram, who speaks French like a boulevardier."

"He clicked his heels together and bent at the waist."

"At last," he said, "I meet la belle Marguerite Clairon, of the Palais Royal. From admiration to adoration is, I fear, but a step."

In this fashion Capt. Ludwig von Leun-Walram, military hero, is introduced to a celebrated French vaudeville actress, on the second page of "The Crimson Wing," a stirring melodramatic novel by Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, the Chicago millionaire novelist, published and copyrighted by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is nothing if not startling. In his latest piece of fiction, of which the scenes are laid in Germany and France, at the period of the Franco-Prussian war, he upholds the reputation he won in "Two Women and a Fool" and "The Idle Born."

"The Crimson Wing" is full of fighting and romance, mixed in suitable proportions of about half and half, and spiced with the aromatic flavors of a Parisian cafe-chantant atmosphere. Etched against a background of battles and sieges and love-making are thumb-nail sketches of the chief figures of the tremendous conflict—the King, Napoleon, Bismarck, Benedetti and Gen. Sheridan, a picture from military America of the time.

Capt. von Leun-Walram is a Prussian officer who has been reared in Paris and whose mother was an American and a Puritan.

His cousin, Marcelle, is daughter of the Marquis de Lembach, a general of the French army, who was retired before the beginning of the Franco-Prussian conflict.

Marguerite Clairon, vaudeville actress and star in the Parisian half world, is as she has been described in the opening paragraph. Her lover, Paul D'Arby, dark, unsavory, with the habit of hissing his words from between clenched teeth, is the villain of the story, a mountebank at cards and a man whom every chivalrous reader is rejoiced to find foiled at last.

Capt. von Leun-Walram, through the fortunes of war, vibrates between his splendid cousin Marcelle, with whom he is madly in love, and Marguerite Clairon, whom he pities and who bewitches him.

When hostilities are declared he becomes an enemy of France, while Marcelle, from Lembach Castle, in Alsace, rides forth to become a nurse, and on one occasion, Joan of Arc for the French army.

In the end one of the heroines commits suicide, and the Prussian captain, hero of his regiment and winner of the iron cross, marries the other (presumably, for he drives out of the book in an ambulance ostensibly to the wedding), and upon the whole justice appears to have been meted out with fair impartiality.

The story opened at Ems during the days of negotiation between Benedetti, the French minister, and the King of Prussia.

Here is the description of the famous meeting between Benedetti and the king on the gravel walk at Ems: "A dignified old gentleman with the bearing of a soldier was coming toward them, and by his side was a pompous little man, talking and gesticulating excitedly. Following at a respectful distance was an officer in uniform. The crowd had stepped aside and Marcelle and Ludwig were standing alone in the centre of the walk. She drew him hurriedly away."

"The King," she whispered.

"Ludwig sprang to attention and touched the visor of his cap with his white gloved hand; but the King of Prussia was too absorbed in what his companion was saying to notice the salute. A troubled look crossed his face and he stopped suddenly near the place where they were standing. The little man in the brown suit of clothes was Count Benedetti, the French Ambassador. Ludwig had seen the face but once, yet he remembered it well—the straight, thin nose, the smooth-shaven lips, the hollow cheeks partly covered by gray side whiskers."

"King William held a newspaper in his hand, the special edition of the Cologne Gazette. When Benedetti finished speaking he handed him the paper, with a manner in marked con-

trast to that of the high-wrought diplomat.

"Prince Leopold has withdrawn his candidature," he said in a quiet tone. "The news is already printed." The ambassador took the paper without glancing at it.

"Your majesty," he protested, "Prince Leopold's desistance will not appease the excitement which has been aroused in France."

"Ludwig stared in amazement at the little Corsican. An ambassador waylaying a monarch in a public park, in times like these, to transact business of state! It seemed incomprehensible, and when he listened to Benedetti's reply, rolling from his lips with Latin volubility, he was appalled by the insolence of the request."

"I beg to be authorized to transmit to my government the assurance that your majesty would, if necessary, exert your authority to prevent any attempt to resume the candidature that has been abandoned." (German candidature for the throne of Spain.)

Marcelle rides out one afternoon late from Lembach Castle to visit an old nurse. As the two women talk two spies from the Prussian Hussars invade the Alsatian hut and forage good-naturedly for food. Hidden in a closet, Marcelle, peeping out, discovers, with mingled emotion, that the leader of the band is her cousin-lover Ludwig—Capt. von Leun-Walram.

"Ludwig laid the map beside him and studied it carefully between mouthfuls."

"Eight or nine kilometers to the frontier," he said finally, and the enemy in force at Wissembourg."

"But," said the other, "one division twenty miles from supports. By jove! Think of it! Bathner and our advance at Bergzabern, only five miles from the frontier. If we can get through with the news before those Frenchies are reinforced the Crown Prince ought to bag the whole lot!"

"The girl remembered her father's words. Ah, how thankful she was that she understood English! It was duty now—absolute and well defined."

"Guy," cried Ludwig, striking the table resolutely, "one of us must get through!"

"Ludwig catches sight of Marcelle's riding whip, which she has left on the table. Marcelle, breathing short and trembling, watched him spring from his seat and stride quickly to the kitchen door; watched him drag shaking Grete to the room: "Where is the owner of that whip?" he cried.

"How—how should I know, Herr Herr Rittmeister?" spluttered the woman.

"By God, you shall know!" and he shook her till she screamed for mercy.

"My dear chap," drawled Egerton, "I'll lay a pony the lady is in the wardrobe."

"Ludwig wheeled toward the clothes press, when, with a cry of fright—or was it joy?—the girl sprang through the doors."

"The Englishman had the tact to mumble something about looking to the cattle. "Come with me," he granted, dragging the stupefied Grete from the room."

"Marcelle!" he cried.

"Inwardly the torrent swept her on; but duty showed a bold front above the whirling eddies and she drew back quickly."

"Remember, Ludwig," she said, in a low, frightened voice, "we are enemies!"

"Am I to say that I care more for Prussia than I do for you?" he asked. "Very well, I shall go through this war without a word of sign, but all the patriotic sentiments you can string together won't make me stop loving you."

"Ludwig," she murmured, "forgive me!" and she bent her head to him and stretched out her hands.

"He drew himself up to his full height and folded his arms. "Come, my little enemy," he answered, laughing, for he had seemed to touch paradise, "I am a Prussian officer and I found you hiding in the clothes press, spying upon our movements. I shall have to order your arrest."

"Can't you," she said, looking up at him with her clear, trembling eyes, "can't you see I have surrendered?"

"Then, mademoiselle, I accept your sword," he answered, throwing his heels together and swishing her riding whip to the height of his chin, in military salute. But she did not hear him.

"Listen!" she cried, with a look of terror.

"A shot—then another; hoarse shouts in the night outside; the rushing of many feet and the clatter of steel."

The hut was surrounded by a detachment of French Chasseurs. After an exciting skirmish Ludwig escapes by dashing away in the darkness, on Marcelle's spirited horse.

"She heard the ring of the spurs. 'No trace of them, my lieutenant,' mumbled a marechal de logis. 'The barnyard gate is open; they must have got away.'"

"Marcelle's heart gave a throb of joy. Then as quickly the smile left her lips."

"Abel Douay at Wissembourg and unsupported! And Ludwig speeding with the news!"

"Like a goaded creature she sprang to her feet."

"A traitor to France!" she cried with shame, and the hot cheeks seemed to burn the hands that hid her face."

Here is the thrilling part that Marcelle played when the battle came next day on the Heights of Schweigen:

"The railway yards where the brave Turcos (French regiment of Turks) had stood off an army corps, and the struggling streets of Wissembourg were swarming now with dull black Prussians and blue Bavarians with chenille-crested casques, and not a single chasse-pot left to answer the bark of the needle guns."

"Down in the valley, too, they were forming long sombre lines, like crawling worms, and up the valley side they came, nearer, always nearer, while Prussian batteries by the railway fork hurled shrapnel at the wavering blue-red ranks upon the Geisbourg."

"The danger had a fiendish charm. Would the French line hold? The crashing of a shell into the Turco ranks gave answer. When the smoke cleared she saw upon the ground beyond the three slim trees the Turco sergeant, dead, with the banner of his faith grasped in stiffened hands."

"She saw the brown Kabyles, too, waver and fall back. Frenzied with despair, the girl sprang toward them. 'Halt!' she cried, 'Halt!'"

"With lips half parted and cheeks aglow she ran crouching to the dead man on the ground and wrenched the green banner from his grasp. Back toward the skulking Arabs she went, waving the Moslem flag."

"Children of the Faith," she cried in the Arab tongue, "you are cowards to flee before the Prussian swine. Charge! Charge for Mohammed, the Prophet!"

"Awd and trembling, the brown men, veterans of the Napoleonic wars, bowed before this apparition of the battle-field, then fell upon their faces at her feet."

Above the roaring of the battle her voice rang clear: "Sons of the Prophet, I have come to lead you. I want no cowards. Only brave men shall follow me!"

"With a wild shout of defiance they sprang to their feet and hurled their red checias heavenward."

"Proud and erect, with eyes flashing and head thrown back, she led them toward the firing line."

"While the castle stood France stood; so she led her Turcos there."

"Crouching they went, dodging nimbly from tree to tree and cover to cover, but following always the girl with the green-red banner of the Prophet. A hour, she seemed, leading them to Paradise."

P. S.—The lady was not hurt. —New York World.

Government Doomed

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, April 30.—The Dominican revolutionists are at present in the vicinity of Cotuy and Santo Domingo, which latter city they propose attacking tomorrow. All the Cibao region except Puerto Plata is in the hands of the revolutionists and a sympathetic rising is reported from the southern portion of the Dominican Republic. The government seems doomed.

An Excuse

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, April 30.—Capt. Dayton, of the cruiser Chicago, telegraphs the state department the reason why the officers resisted arrest at Venice was the pressing in of the crowd and their not understanding the language. Resisting arrest is a very serious crime under Italian laws.

London Races

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, April 30.—Sceptre won two thousand guineas at Newmarket in the presence of the king today. Pistol second, Ard Patrick third. The winner started favorite at 3 to 1 Derby betting, Ard Patrick being at 5 to 1 on Candidate.

Bridegroom of Eighty

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, April 15.—Amos H. Brainerd of Hyde Park, who is well known in the business world as the inventor of the Brainerd milling ma-

chine, is a prospective bridegroom of over eighty. His bride-to-be, Miss Blanche E. Darpenier, is barely twenty and has but lately come to Hyde Park. She is a native French girl and first met Mr. Brainerd while acting as nurse for his wife, who died a little over a year ago.

Till recently but few persons in Hyde Park suspected that there was anything more than friendship existing between the young woman and the wealthy widower. Now, however, the secret is out and from the lips of the elderly lover himself.

"Yes, I am going to be married," he admitted with a gleeful chuckle. "Miss Darpenier is a very fine girl, but I suppose there will be a good deal of talk about this. My daughters and sons-in-law of course, don't want to see their father married again."

"Why shouldn't I get married? I'm not so very old, you know. They say I'm eighty, but I am not quite that yet. I'm old enough to know my own mind, anyhow."

Mr. Brainerd is one of Hyde Park's earliest settlers, and his home with the advent of its youthful mistress will take on again the air of social splendor which characterized it some years ago. He is one of the largest real estate owners in town.

President Captured

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, April 30.—General Gonzales, president of the District of Cuamana, was made prisoner by Venezuelan revolutionists during the fighting at San Antonio when the government sustained severe defeat. Revolutionists are marching on the city of Cuamana. Panic prevails in Caupano and Barcelona.

Packers May Combine

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Chicago, April 30.—A billion dollar packing trust is possible if United States government succeeds in maintaining its contemplated injunction proceedings. Large packers will be forced to combine if made defendants under the Sherman anti-trust law.

Two Years for Princess

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Cape Town, April 30.—Princess Radzwill, for forging the endorsement of the late Cecil Rhodes on certain notes, was today sentenced to two years in the house of correction.

Time Extended

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, April 30.—No tenders being received for the equipment of two wireless telegraph lines in Alaska, the time for receiving tenders is extended until May 6th.

Report Denied

Special to the Daily Nugget.
London, April 30.—Official denial is made of the report that Delary and three Boer commands surrendered.

Heavy Liabilities

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Toronto, April 30.—Thomas Dunn & Co.'s liabilities to Toronto firms alone aggregate a quarter of a million.

Miller's Job

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Toronto, April 30.—W. G. Miller of the Kingston School of Mining, has been appointed provincial mineralogist.

Beats Dawson

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, April 30.—The year's estimated expenditures for Greater New York total \$98,000,000.

Woman Suicides

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Mono Centre, Ont., April 30.—Mrs. John Turnbull committed suicide here yesterday.

Burned Yesterday

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Dunnville, Ont., April 30.—John Brown's flouring mills were burned yesterday.

Left for Scotland

Special to the Daily Nugget.
New York, April 30.—Andrew Carnegie and family and Chas. Schwab left today for Scotland.

Elevator Lost

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Markham, Ont., April 30.—Hill & Co.'s elevator and 1600 bushels of wheat burned last night.

Arbor Day in Quebec

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Montreal, April 30.—Arbor day is being honored throughout the province with much ceremony today.

Waller Retired

Special to the Daily Nugget.
Washington, April 30.—Major Waller is to be retired for alleged barbarities in the Philippines.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.
Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.
FOR
Copper River and Cook's Inlet
YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.
FOR ALL POINTS In Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails From Juneau on First of Each Month
OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

Unalaska and Western Alaska Points
U. S. MAIL
S. S. NEWPORT
Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orca, Ft. Licum, Valdes, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Katmai, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Belkofsky, Unasaska, Dutch Harbor.
—FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO—
Seattle Office - Globe Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street
San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

\$3.00 Will Do It!
Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the
DAILY NUGGET
The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for
\$3.00 Per Month!

Japan American Line
Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Ports.
Steamer Every 2 Weeks
For Japan, China and All Asiatic Ports.
Ticket Office - 612 First Avenue, Seattle

Burlington Route
No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read
Via the Burlington.
PUGET SOUND AGENT
M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

THURSDAY
ANOTHER
In Which
gre
From Write
Regarding
G
Editor Nugget
Often times
to be hyperc
look better
When Lora B
was published
Review brog
to task, char
things, with
terms in his
"Scotchman"
in his work,
same errors
author of "L
among other
word "Messia
In your iss
pears a rev
new book, e
Glenary,"
"Cronicle,"
his endeavor
tions of the
says:
"The Man
scribed on th
of Western C
ter of fact,
pages of the
all 440, hav
ing Western
term Mr. Cor
umbia. The
story lies in
Glenary itse
of country
St. Lawrence
"Indian Lan
dian reservat
by men of
early years
As a matte
the Chronicle
rather ignora
matter which
eise. And,
benefit of the
tice to the p
respondent b
following sta
Glenary is
try running i
rence." It v
"Indian Lan
"Indian reser
a county in
fronting on
The "Indian
the book is
two miles
from the St.
joining Glen
said strip
first instanc
reservation,
included in t
gary, which
Scottish Hig
close of the
war. The
masterly por