

THE EVENING NEWS.

Thursday, May 11, 1871.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

A TRADITION OF SWEDEN.

[CONTINUED.]

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I want to put you on your guard," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "The police have sent to say they have reason to believe that young man is concealed somewhere in my castle."

"Know it?" answered Ida, coolly.

"I concealed him."

"You!" exclaimed the astonished Baron. "Who is he?"

"Gustavus Reinold."

The Baron uttered a dismal groan.

"Ida, you have murdered me!" he cried, and sank feebly into a chair.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," she replied smilingly.

"Tell you who ever harbors the traitor is to be shot—and so must I!" and the Baron groaned again.

"What made you take so fatal an interest in this young man?"

"His misfortunes," replied Ida.

"He is innocent; I know it; and my mother, your dear sister, knew it also."

By a cruel and impulsive stroke he flew from his country, he found refuge to fly to ours."

"Then why the deuce did he leave it?"

"To follow me when you sent for me.

Finding the pursuit so hot, I thought the best asylum for him was your chateau."

At this moment a servant entered the room, announcing the Count d'Ollie.

The Baron's visage brightened with a hopeful idea.

"There is but one chance for us all!" he exclaimed; "marry the Count and then—"

"He checked himself abruptly.

"If it depends on that, our chance is small," she returned roguishly; "but listen to me—obey me, and all will yet be well."

"I am in love with him, and in desperate game; but if I win, I shall have a life far more valuable than my own."

She had a rapid conference with the Baron; and though he listened to her at first with astonishment and alarm, she finally won him over to her purpose, and he promised to assist her, though it was with fear and trembling.

He withdrew and Charles the Twelfth, a Count d'Ollie, entered the room.

"Ida, the Tartar; he shall find one," she thought.

"What Count?" she exclaimed, "in regiments? How devoted you are to the King!"

"Well, I am," he exclaimed; "but I came here, as well as I can recollect, to tell how devoted I am to you."

"Why, Count you must be the very counterpart of the King," cried Ida, exclaimingly.

"They say he hates women."

"He does no such thing," replied Charles quickly.

"How do you know?" she asked archly.

"Oh, I know you at all events. I know what a talking, striking, bewitching little creature you are. Above all, I know how I love you. Do you love me?"

"I must have proof of your love before I answer that."

"What proof?"

"Would you grant any little whim of mine?"

"Certainly, I will."

"Don't make any rash promises."

"I swear it."

"I have handed gleefully, waistcoat, an adjutant's room, and brought forth an antique costume, such as had been worn by the dames of fifty years ago."

"I have the greatest desire to see how you would look dressed as my grandmother," she cried.

The King was appalled.

"Death and day!" he began.

"Or die not swearing in a lady's presence," she said, shocking him. "But I have discovered what your love amounts to."

He expostulated with her, and ended, as most mortals do, in submitting to a woman's will.

She then dressed him in a heavy broad-cloth dress, and tied the high starched cap tightly under his chin.

"Faugh," he cried in disgust, "this dress doesn't smell like a muskrat."

"No—yes; once I might have liked perfume that; I'm like Charles the Twelfth; and there's no perfume for me but gunpowder."

"Oh, I wish I were his wife exclusive of Ida forever."

He regarded her in pleased surprise.

"What are you in love with, the King?"

"Oh, dear, no! Only one might be interested in me, and that's not the love of one's country."

Charles scolded grimly.

"You are vastly condescending," he replied.

"And pray who else would you do for the good of your country?"

"I would soften his character—I would tame this lion; and he should be as much behaved as he is already admiring."

"And how is this to be accomplished?" inquired Charles.

"Sit down and let me tell you. There now, you must fancy yourself Charles the Twelfth."

"Well, I do," he replied with a significant smile.

"Consider me the Queen," she continued, and drew a chair beside him.

"On, on," he replied, rather pleased with the compliment.

"I should devote my life to obtaining and securing his entire confidence."

"We will suppose you have it."

"Then I should use it to make him submit, on all fitting occasions, to my sovereign will. I would teach him the true value of his noblest prerogative."

"What?"

"Come, come; Charles the Twelfth is never I know, but he's just."

"Not always. Witness the case of Captain Reinold."

Charles started, and glanced at her suspiciously.

"What do you know of the culprit?" he cried.

"His sentence is unjust," she answered firmly, "and therefore a fit object for the interference of the Queen." She rose from the chair, and took a paper from her. "Now, if I were you I would approach the King, and do so with this paper in my hand."

He walked up to him with dignity. "I would say to him 'Sir, your honor and your glory both require that you should put your name to this sign,'"

He took the paper in surprise, and looked at it.

"A paper for Captain Reinold?" he exclaimed, and his brow darkened angrily.

"Indeed, then, my dear little friend, if I were Charles the Twelfth this would be my answer."

To be continued.

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