

ceive them in military array. He will of course, be disguised as an Indian”.

“Bill, that is good; he durst not again escape us”, the chief said, who immediately uttered a shrill whistle which brought to the spot two young men whom he ordered to bring the horses and then remain quiet until further orders.

“Very likely we shall return in company with our royal highnesses inside of twenty-four hours”, the chief said.

The two young men were hostlers and had nothing to do with the objects pursued by the sleuths. They had allowed themselves to be persuaded to take part in the expedition, of which they had gotten heartily tired, as they had to look out for provisions for man and beast, cook and look after the dishes and the tent. They had to render implicate obedience. The horses they had to take care of were like the Indian’s ponies, but better fed and stronger.

In ten minutes the bold knights were on their way to the hostile Indian village, where on the morning of that day such sweet and peaceful songs had been sent to heaven by the children. The four fellows pretended to be fur-traders. As it was the season of the year in which the Indians sold their surplus furs and hides, none of the settlers considered it anything out of the way to give them information about the way to the Indian camp, their number etc. No one, however, could give them any information about an old white man.

Yellowbird and Kaan had reached their camp in less than two hours. While Kaan was unloading the horse, Yellowbird rode directly to Solomon and counseled with him. She then stopped before Caqua’s wigwam. The latter emerged out of it unbidden like a lion out of his den. Yellowbird extended her hand which the savage caressed and spoke to him. What she said, must have been something extraordinary, for his frightful face beamed with joy and death and destruction blazed from his eyes. Yellowbird rode to her wigwam as unconcerned as though nothing unpleasant had happened. She was certain that the stranger had accomplices, but their number was unknown to her.

## XVI. THE FUGITIVE.

In the vicinity of Sheboygan Falls, which is a suburb of Sheboygan and is situated on the Sheboygan River where the latter has a considerable fall, there stood a log cabin. Its environment betrayed signs of cultivation. The land had been partially cleared. The interior of the cabin was marked by extraordinary neatness and orderliness. The lower story comprised a kitchen, parlor and two sleeping rooms. Of the latter there were six in the upper story. It was to be seen at a glance that feminine hands had here created a cozy home. In the parlor two old men sat at a common table. They had just finished a game of cards. Schlicht, the owner of the house,

was the winner. While putting the cards away, he said: "Now, Fichte, we are square again", and turning to the kitchen, "Elisa, if you please, Fichte and I have concluded an armistice until to-morrow noon".

Mrs. Schlicht, a woman of fifty-eight years, who was well preserved and still showed traces of former extraordinary beauty, stepped out of the kitchen and brought in coffee and biscuit on a tray. The two old men would not permit her to go to the trouble of spreading a table-cloth. Mrs. Schlicht passed around the coffee cups and the trio emptied them while conversing freely.

Since the death of his wife, year in year out, Fichte appeared regularly every afternoon at the home of his dear friend and neighbor and played pique with him. Although stakes were never put up, they enjoyed the game as much as ever.

"Did I understand you correctly, Reinhardt? Has Konrad Weber turned up again?" Mrs. Schlicht asked.

"No, dear wife; he has not turned up; but now and then we read about him in the New York Staatszeitung", Schlicht answered.

"The report says nothig further than that the old Von Ferdung, in spite of his bodily infirmity, perseveres in having Konrad Weber persecuted with the same fury as in former years, regardless of cost. His heart will not stop beating until Weber is captured and surrendered — dead or alive — to justice. In this country little attention is paid to the political red tape, which in Germany is close on the verge of fetish-worship, nor to the death of isolated individuals, the victims of political friction. That in Philadelphia Dr. Weber had to kill three men in order to defend himself, must be ascribed to the persistent persecution to which he was subjected even on this side of the Atlantic. You say, my dear Fichte, that our land, that is, our government, does not pay much attention to such things. Weber was persecuted as a murderer by Germany. There was no question about politics. Germany and the United States extradite heavy offenders. In Philadelpyhia, where Weber was living under an assumed name peacefully and contentedly with his attractive little niece, he was attacked in a moment when he was giving little Meta instructions in music. Volkward, a Berlin detective, brought with him to this country the oneeyed Pottgiesser, who had been in this country before, travelled through California, where he lost an eye, and lived in Hamburg. These two searched for Weber and at last called in as an aid the Irish policeman Mike Quinn, after they had made sure that their man was living in Philadelphia. In his own house Weber shot Volkward and dashed out the Irishman's brains with a chandelier, when the latter tried to arrest him".

"That was the way it was, Schlicht", Fichte interrupted; "but it never came to a trial in this country. If it would have come to a trial, Weber could have shown that Walter von Ferdung, son of

Gustave Adolph von Ferdung, was slain by him as a result of a political altercation, when the waves of the suppressed revolution of 1848 were still surging high. In that case Weber would not have been delivered up by the government of the United States”.

Schlicht replied: “Fichte, you are mistaken and very seriously. The warrant charged murder, committed by Konrad Weber upon Walter von Ferdung in a restaurant at Oldenburg and all the papers in the case had been sanctioned by the consul. If the sleuths had captured Weber, he would have been compelled to travel back with them without mercy to Germany. Political criminals are not delivered up, but murderers do not come under that category.”

“I do not call Weber’s action murder”, Fichte replied, indirectly defending himself.

“Neither do I, my dear Fichte”, said Schlicht.

“I cannot understand”, Mrs. Schlicht now said, “how two such educated men as Lieutenant von Ferdung and Dr. Konrad Weber can have become so excited in a coffee house about political questions that they get resort to murderous weapons”.

Fichte, a very thin man with white hair, arose and told the story of the affair with such pathos that the fire which drove him from his old home became very comprehensible: “Neighbors! just think of a man like Dr. Weber, a man who spent his life doing useful things, a man who told the servants of a Count von Schalten who were sent to bring him to his lordship’s bedside in a carriage “Gottlieb Kermer, one of our blacksmiths, comes first, for he is of some use to society”; but your gracious lord is not. After Kermer has been attended to, I will come to the count afoot”. He was a man who could attend a day laborer in preference to a king; a man whom his oppressed fellows almost deified. Such a man should calmly pocket from a scamp like Lieutenant von Ferdung words like these. “If he did not close his fodder-trap, he would get boxed on the ears”?

This theme was frequently discussed in Schlicht’s house, where otherwise perpetual harmony reigned. It never failed to strain every nerve of Fichte’s worn-out body. The haggard old man raised himself to his full height. Once more the fire of youth seemed to animate him and as loudly as he could he rehearsed the scene between the lieutenant and the doctor in the restaurant. Fichte continued his recital as follows: “Come here, you fellow”, said the doctor; “you unfledged booby! If you were none, you would respect a man of my age, who became what he is through restless striving. You like others of your ilk fancy that nobler blood courses through your veins. Insanity seems to be hereditary. The Jews, who are otherwise very prudent people, buy an inkspot out of your fool’s pond and carry on likewise. It seems to delight them. But if this noble blood is subjected to an exact analysis, one will find it equal to that of a Gypsy that is, if the noble drop is as fresh and healthy as a Gypsy’s. If,

then, such a young fellow has nothing else to show up than that noble blood flows in his veins, for which he has nothing to show but a meaningless birth certificate — a ridiculous monkey certificate would express it more truly — which is even an object of barter, such a young man is a booby and does not belong to the society of men of action. If you still entertain any desire to box ears, do not do violence to your feelings. You know, I am a physician and know many remedies, among others an excellent ones for young fools. “So saying, Weber made a strong pantomime motion with his right hand, symbolic of a forceful slap”.

“The lieutenants face turned purple. He seemed to have fallen into catalepsy while Doctor Weber was thus lecturing to him from another table. All of a sudden life appeared to return into the inert mass. The lieutenant drew his sword and rushed toward the physician, who sat calmly on his chair, and exclaimed: “You revolutionary coward and quack for dog rabble”!

“When Weber beheld the enraged fellow rushing toward him, he grasped his half-emptied wine bottle, dodged the lieutenant’s wild blow and hit him on the uncovered head with all his might. The lieutenant expired after remaining in a condition of unconsciousness for four days. And for this deed I will bless him with my dying breath”.

The recital had exhausted Fichte. He was no longer young and fate had played him many a prank. Excitement wore him out and his days were almost numbered.

“It is too bad that the young man did not regain consciousness. Perhaps he might have gotten this Gustav Adolph into a more placable mood with the confession that he himself provoked the quarrel, especially as an investigation later on showed that Dr. Weber and Professor Ulerich had carried on a harmless conversation on scientific topics”, Mrs. Schlicht said.

“Dear Elisa”, Schlicht replied; “it was even proved that the fellow was itching for an opportunity to start a quarrel with the doctor”. The cause of the animosity was said to have been due to the fact that the doctor bestowed upon the lieutenants father even less of his scant courtesy than he did upon Count von Schalten. He handed the body-servant of the lieutenant’s father a note inscribed with the words: “Eat and drink less and work more! I do not treat loafers. Dr. Weber”.

“My God! what language from a scholar”! Mrs. Schlicht exclaimed.

“But these expressions contain truth, Mrs. Schlicht”, Fichte said; “the entire lazy brood of vermin, which can do nothing but eat and drink should be exterminated. About a fortnight thereafter another physician, a professor on the University of Bonn, was called in. It was said that he could cure anything and had swallowed wis-

dom by the bushel basket. Yet whenever a really critical operation had to be performed, the hated Dr. Weber was invariably called in. Professor Ulerich paid no attention to the rabble" by the grace of God "and maintaining very friendly relations with his colleague, Dr. Weber, whose great abilities and learning he publicly acknowledged, to the disgust of the overbearing drones".

Fichte had worked himself into a very tender mood and closed his effusion with an allusion to the doctor's noble actions, accentuating the fact that he frequently sent his bill to rich people with the remark to remit the account to the poor-fund. His object was to invite the rich to assist the needy.

The small assembly of good old people were in a mild frame of mind. They knew the good doctor personally and loved and respected him.

"Yes", Mr. Schlicht added, "it is so. Such a great, noble, and able man is hounded by sleuths as though he were a cannibal. All on account of a whim arising in the mind of a bloated good-for-nothing".

Mrs. Schlicht then said: "I wonder where the poor doctor is now staying. As long as he lives, he will probably remain a hounded fugitive, for the large sums promised by Gustav Adolph to his captors will make the sleuths even in this free country anxious for the blood money. I am convinced that the doctor will never recross the ocean alive. His fate is to be deplored for two reasons, for it is linked to that of his very pretty little niece. Whenever they speak of Dr. Weber, I must think of the handsome and intelligent pretty little Meta. What pains did not the doctor take to educate the girl! When barely nine years old she was even then very proficient on the piano and violin. The little southern girl delighted me".

"That is true, my dear wife", Schlicht added; "but you must also consider that her uncle, the doctor, was an instructor the like of whom can not easily be found. My God! how rapturously the man could play the violin! Do you remember, Fichte, how in 1847, in the famine year, he arranged a charity concert in Oldenburg, at which he contributed his share for the benefit of the sufferers"?

"Certainly I remember", Fichte replied; "it is strange that in some persons many talents will develop so splendidly while in others there will be an absolute dearth of them. Nature at times distributes her gifts in a very stepmotherly fashion. Talent seems to be hereditary in the Weber family. What did not Bernhard Weber, Konrad's father, accomplish in the line of mechanics? How many extraordinary improvements did not owe their origin to his skillful hand"? "What an excellent mariner was not Gerhardt Weber, Meta's father"; Schlicht added, "if he had remained alive at least his poor, helpless child would not be effected by the persecution of Weber. She will not leave her uncle".

"O God! the poor thing"! Mrs. Schlicht said in a tone which

betrayed that her motherly heart was deeply moved and added that Meta's mother died shortly before her father. "I would like to have seen the woman. She is said to have been of a rare beauty and either a Portuguese or a Creole".

Schlicht replied that she was very likely a Creole. He had seen women of that type, among whom there were some of ravishing beauty, and that Meta's eyes and hair gave evidence of Creole descent.

"We are always speaking of a child", Mrs. Schlicht remarked; "but do you know that she is now fully nineteen years old, or about three years older than our Johanna".

"I guess that's right, Elisa" Schlicht confirmed the calculations of his wife; "whether the woman was Portuguese or Creole or even a quadroon, the fact remains that her death broke his heart. Without his Pedrea his life was devoid of purpose. His wealth offered him no consolation and he soon followed her into the realms beyond".

Fichte, who appeared very feeble and seemed to be dreaming, hastily put the question: "Will the innocent girl be robbed of her property in Germany as we were robbed of ours"?

Schlicht was able to give some information on the subject, for he had ascertained that Meta's fortune was guarded by Professor Ulerich, who, he said, was well posted on the affairs of Dr. Weber and his niece and, since he could do nothing further for his colleague, took the more interest in the girl. He administered her estate according to law and the wishes of Dr. Weber himself, who was Meta's guardian.

"How old was little Meta when her father brought her to his brother to take care of her"? Mrs. Schlicht asked her husband.

"A trifle over four years", he replied.

"We thought that the doctor would leave the care of the little one entirely to his housekeeper, because he had never been married and did not care to busy himself with children, but O! how we were deceived! How the man clung to the child! Perhaps he is doing better than we imagine. — The old von Ferdung is said to have become crazed by the death of his son. Reinhardt! consider he was his only son; think of our own children who rest beneath the sod", Mrs. Schlicht said.

Here again the mother was speaking and the voice of politics and even science must then remain silent.

Schlicht, the thick, short, good-hearted man, seized his wife's hand, saying: "It is true, Elisa; let them all rest. The sleepers are to be envied. Our good friend Dr. Weber will undoubtedly be able to get along very well in spite of the persecution. While fleeing from this old man, he palmed himself off as the husband of a shoemaker's wife who was following her husband. In a railway depot he discarded his own suit for a faded one belonging to the

shoemaker, for which the woman had no room in her trunk and which she therefore carried in a bundle. Thus disguised the doctor was able to deceive the inspectors and land safely at New York as Shoemaker Metzger, father of ten children, exclusive of his Meta. I am convinced that the shoemaker's wife had no reason to regret the event. He showed the passports whenever they were demanded and generally held one or even two of the Metzger hopefuls on his knees".

Schlicht now came to speak of the recent events in Kiel. Young Kleinschmidt had come on horseback to Sheboygan Falls and brought the news that their son Herman was improving in health; also of the break in the dam, where Friedrich Fichte had distinguished himself in a heroic manner. Schlicht took his old friend by the hand and said: "Your Friedrich has been a source of great joy to you, Fichte. His energy and practical sense promise a bright future for him in this country".

The messenger reported that besides the settlers even Indians assisted in saving the dam. A chief's daughter by the name of Yellowbird had heard the first alarm and come upon the scene with the entire band of Indians roaming about Kiel. The Indians are said to have toiled like beavers.

Fichte thought that somebody must have put a flea into the boy's ear, as Indians never worked. "I am glad, however", Schlicht said, "that all went well, for I know what efforts it cost Behl to build the dam. In about fourteen days the plankroad is expected to be in a passable condition. The bridge is also to be completed at that time. Our children will visit us then. A team can now get through from here to Howard's Grove. We will have to wait until then for detailed news. Our Johanna will teach school. The school year will embrace two more months this season. Although our experiences in the old country were terrible, yet the pleasure we take in our children is equally great, here or elsewhere, and that is about all that keeps up old age. It is a pleasure permeating equally deep into the breast of the parents, whether they reside in a palace in some great capital or in a log cabin in the forest depths of strange lands".

"I am glad that they are all doing well", said Fichte; "Johanna is a neat and good child and will as a teacher do more than her duty. I would like to live until the day when I could hail her as a daughter-in-law, but here" — pointing to his breast — "it is going down grade with giant steps". So saying, he pointed out at an opening, and continued: "The hummock under yonder tamarack, where my dear Dora rests, draws me all too powerfully to it". The old man wept. Schlicht and his wife were also deeply moved. Fichte continued: "Thither you will soon convey me, without song and noise, to my Dora, my dear Dora. During life we clung firmly and faithfully together. We belong together also in far America, under the tamarack".

The feeble old man who occupied a log cabin at the edge of the clearing and after whose wants his dear old friend Friedrich looked, staggered back to his lonely abode, after pressing the hands of his friends. Schlicht silently grasped his wife's hand and stepped with her to the window, from which Mrs. Fichte's grave could be seen. Fichte walked tottering to his cabin, took a glance at the hummock containing the remains of her who was dearest to him in life, and entered his dwelling, muttering to himself: "I will soon be with you, Dora".

To his wife Schlicht said: "Who would believe that in the breast of that faded old man there once glowed such fiery passion for his fellow beings and his country"!

Fichte's words proved true. Six weeks later his neighbors carried him from his lone log cabin to that tamarack, beneath whose shade he now rests in peace and quiet with his spouse.

#### XVII. THE DUEL.

Deep quiet reigned in and about the Indian village. Nature, too, was at rest. Not a leaf was stirring. The needles of the pines had ceased their whispering. The moonless sky displayed a few isolated stars whose faint and distant light was unable to penetrate the dense foliage of the forest. The gurgling of the brook, which flowed past near the village and had been swollen by the recent rains, was the only sound that interrupted the nightly stillness.

Towards evening a pock-marked fur-trader had visited the village. He was bound to see the queen and inspect the mysterious wigwam, but the queen was "not at home" and the wigwam remained closed to him. Pona and Kaan stood guard at the two wigwams and attended to their business earnestly and courageously. The wigwams were as sacred to them as their palaces are to millionaires.

"Our pelts and furs are already sold to Milwaukee", Kaan said fearlessly; "the traders are cheaters; they do not get our furs".

"Pup, guard your snout; otherwise I shall take your hide with me and cut it up into strings", the trader replied.

The frivolity of the rough customer's remarks was unable to intimidate the boys. They were as unsusceptible to his arguments as were the surrounding groves. The pretended fur-trader was courageous as well as crafty. The unconcerned attitude of the boys, who spoke a surprisingly good English, led him to suppose that gunbarrels were aimed at him from ambush and that he was liable to become personally acquainted with their contents as soon as he handled any of the lads roughly. He had no desire, however, for a perforated body and there was no course left open to him except to retreat.

Some twenty minutes later the sleuth and his companions were gathered at an appointed spot. Exchanging their discoveries, they had to confess that thus far they had made no headway. The only hope they still cherished was that Konrad Weber was still sojourning