

Bellefonte, Pa., March 9, 1928

THE OUTCAST.

There dwelt a man in Galilee Long centuries ago; He dreamed that men could live by love And for his dearest foe He had no thought except to teach The faith he grew to know

His faith was simple as a song, As fragrant as the May; He learned it as he gathered flowers Along the country way, He learned it thinking of the stars And toiling day by day.

He saw in God a Father Heart Who lived for every child, Whose love was boundless as the sky, Whose face forever smiled. What happy days God gave his son, By dawn and eve beguiled!

Alas! men spurned this friendly soul, Rebuked his dream sincere; They said he wronged almighty God, Who ruled by hate and fear; They cast him out, this son of love, And left him, with a sneer.

He sits without the gate today Amid the shadows dim, While haughty priests ignore his plea And chant their doctrines grim,-And sometimes he must wonder why Men turned their hearts from him! -Thomas Curtis Clark.

THE FABRIC OF ROYALTY.

Binks started up drowsily from the arm which he had rested-just for a moment-on the stair above him, and listened. Some one was in his house. He could smell the heavy aroma of tobacco; and as he waited, he heard the distant murmur of voices, men's

voices. Binks had called it his house for many months. There was no one to object, for no one else ever came here now. Indeed, it had never been occupied since he could remember. It was bolted and barred from the iron gates in the high stone wall that surrounded it to the tall wooden shutters at the windows inside; but Binks had no difficulty in getting in, in spite of the iron brace on his bad leg, since he had found the little door in the basement wall-an underground route thoughtfully provided by an early Pelham for his dogs, and happily overlooked when the house was closed in such hurry, years ago.

Binks came here often, and he always lingered for a moment at the foot of these stairs to throw back his gentleman with the lace collar and the sword who gazed so haughtily at him from the dark solventy up at the attention. Privacy! And this was a shoulders and look bravely up at the the sword who gazed so haughtly at him from the dark oak wall. Although there were other portraits staring or frowning or simpering at Binks from the panels of the wide hall, and lying in ambush in the rather daunting shadows through which the great stairway circled upward, he never felt any real lack of self-confidence before any but this one. But the gentlement of the lack of self-confidence before any but this one. But the gentleman with the lace collar was too overwhelming to be casually passed by. He did not need the legend, "His Highness Frederick George Louis," which was cut into the frame in tarnished gilt leters, to give him maj-That was the way a prince should look—that arrogant nose, those deep-set eyes, which seemed always about to flash in command, and that firm mouth, with just the quiver of a proud smile at the corners. Binks supposed that princes always looked like that. That was what er?" made them princes.

It was from Frederick George Louis that the Pelhams had boasted of their origin before the coming of the family to America, three centuries Over the fireplace in the vast hall was the family motto, Frederick spread before him, his hands deep in George Louis' motto, "We Never Turn our Backs." Binks loved the swagger despite the mocking smile that curled of that motto. It always made him feel as he did when his father read him at bedtime the story of the "Revenge"— about how the mad little ship ran the gauntlet of fifty-three never listened to that poem without a happy ache in his throat when his papa came to the line, "For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet;" and when he read, "For he said, 'Fight on! Fight on!' Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck," Binks had to swallow and blink very hard to choke down the hot, exultant tears that sprang. At a glance one saw that Frederick George Louis had never

turned his back. He was one reason why Binks loved his house. But there were other reasons. He loved the cool and quiet of the great, high chambers. Being there was like being in church without any minister to disturb you. There were intricately carved arches over the windows and doorways. There were also great arched beams supporting the lofty ceilings, which-lost as they were in the shadows of the close-shuttered rooms-seemed as limitless and mysterious as the night sky. As you lay on the cool floor and let your eyes follow their upward vault, you had the feeling of being very light and free, as if you could leap as powerfully and lightly as they from cornice to cornice. And as you sat here on the stairway, magic lights fell on your hands-rose and green and violet through the stained windows on the landing above. Sometimes, if you sat very still, you could even slip through the cool, gray-green tapestry on the opposite wall to an enchanted greenladies from nameless dangers. Then volumes about the shiny spot his trousers had polished through the dust eyes. Why, so one would expect a or years. There were alluring colored pictures in those volumes, and fascinating strange words like "necromancy" and "leman" and "donjon" and "leman" and "donjon" and "palfrey." After all, a bad leg and "palfrey." After all "palfrey." After all, a bad leg and "palfrey." After all "palfre

Today Binks had lingered for a long time before His Highness Frederick George Louis. He felt a heightened interest in princes. Only this morning at breakfast, his father had read a momentous paragraph from the pa-per. The Crown Prince Charles Otto of—couldn't quite remember the name was reported to have taken refuge in America from the Bolshevist assassins who had overthrown his government and killed his royal father. He was traveling in-cog-ni-to, but in Philadelphia he had been recognized by the sagacious press, with two to grir members of his royal household. It was assumed, father read, that the prince wished to avoid publicity by

Bink retiring to some secluded spot until he had recovered from his wounds and could rally his allies for a triumphant return to his kingdom. Binks wished very much that there had been a picture of the prince. He wondered if he

looked like Frederick George Louis. Now he realized that he must have father read it from the paper this gone to sleep there on the bottom morning. And--" step of the great stairway, thinking of Crown Prince Charles Otto. Of course, he couldn't still be dreaming, for the leaves of the carved pillar at the foot of the stairway were just as you say your father read you?" substantial as ever under their years of dust. Yet Binks clutched the edge of the step in a daze of incredulity.

The voice was thin, with a whine that made you sure you would not like andthe speaker. He must be just coming into the great parlor that opened upon the hall. Behind him another voice spoke. It was not at all loud rather lazy, in fact—but every word was distinct, like velvet with a crack-

"That's one of my secrets," the voice said. "Leave those shutters alone, Siebert."

"Oh sure," whined the thin voice.
"Anything Your Royal Highness commands." The speech ended with an

unpleasant, whinneying laugh.
Binks had to clap his hand over his mouth to smother a gasp. Prince! His Royal Highness! Why! Hardly breathing, he drew himself up to the railing and peered into the room.

Of the two men visible, only one was in uniform—a large, blond man whose stubble of short beard shone like gold wires against his heavy, his ey purplish face. He wore a uniform of he sai olive drab, with shining high boots but and wide-cuffed gloves, like Binks' papa's chauffeur-all with the appearance of having been intended for a smaller man. Now he turned an-

"Shut up," he rumbled. "If you're dying to advertise yourself to some huck constable, go out and set in that car you wrecked for us down the road. Prince don't need no advertising; he's out for privacy.'

dows through which spilled the beans at Buck's place? We

The speaker was a shabby, elderly man, with strangely restless, bright eyes in dark circles, and restless hands like ivory claws. He bit his nails incessantly—a thing even small boys in private life are forbidden to do. Distinctly perplexing in the no-ble follower of a banished prince.

"You're sure," the big man was addressing some one just beyond Binks' range of vision, "that you can see from here if we set off the signal on the hill there when things blow ov-

"Sure," said the crisp voice. Binks had to clutch the marble Venus at the foot of the stairs in a strangle-hold and lean far out and around to see the third man. He was sitting by the long, carved table at one side of the fireplace, his legs his lips. No, he did not look at all like Frederick George Louis. It was only that one missed the flowing cape draped with so dashing a gesture about the gentleman's shoulders, and mountain-like Spanish galleons. He the swagger boots and gauntlets and plumes. Even Binks missed, though he did not analyze the lack, that flash of high purpose, that air of invincibility which had so stirred him in the princely Jacobean. Then the man in the chair moved, and for the first time the bandage about his right wrist was visible, and the stain of fresh blood which hung free of the coat. He was wounded! Like a homing bird Binks' led, quivering, under the hand of the young man who stared, with such haunting pathos in his hollow eyes, into the great, empty fireplace.

"As Siebert graciously suggests," the young man was going on, "I did spill the beans, and you've done your share. No one has anything on you yet, and the farther you get from me, the better. If you'll take that path I showed you through the trees, you will get to the railway without being seen. Better beat it."

Now! Now they would fall upon their knees and, kissing their hands, protest that they would not leave him -But they did not! They were going; they were actually leaving the prince to stand between him and his wicked

foes! As their footsteps died away at the back of the big house, the young man rose and walked about the room, studying with that dark, brooding look of his, here the carved table with plumed knights and rescued beautiful ladies from nameless dangers. Then try between the windows. He was up the dark winding stairs ahead of try between the windows. He was up the dark winding stairs ahead of whistling to himself a gay little tune; Binks, as if he knew just what he the library. Binks had built a circular embattlement of red and black be turned, the tune was startlingly be-

romancy" and "leman" and "donjon" ing down the steps below him, made and "palfrey." After all, a bad leg a fittingly humble, if somewhat spechad its advantages; it gave you time to discover and dream over such delightful things.

After an, a bad leg tactingly numble, it somewhat spect wary cool and quiet and dark by contrast upon his face and stomach, and very badly winded.

the force of the exclamation with as if he were very tired, and turning which his entrance was greeted, but slowly, he put his hand on the knob it was evident, even to him, that he of the door behind him. had produced a gratifying sensation.

"I'm—I'm not crying," he protested in agonized gasps as he scrambled to his feet. "You—you can see for the script of t yourself that I'm not crying. But it-

it kind of s'prised me."
"It kind of surprised me," the tall young man told him curtly, but there was a flicker of something back in his tired eyes that encouraged Binks to grin up at him as he dusted his bruised hands on the seat of his ov-

Binks was hideously embarrassed. People in the stories he had read did not burst in upon princes headlong like that. 'Why, he might even be taken for a spy in pay of the enemy!

"Please," he gulped again, "please don't mind me. I'm really just a little boy. But I know all about you. My

He stopped in dismay. Hands had tightened painfully on his shoulders. "What," demanded the prince, and his face was very white, "what did

"Why, about how your father, the away the key. And then, that night, king, was shot before your eyes, but he died. It—it killed him—the thing you wouldn't leave the palace, even his—" when the Bol—Bol—the rabble beat "No. "Well, Prince, you sure picked neat quarters—eh, Royale. Where d'you hear about this?"

when the Bol—Bol—the rabble beat and yelled at the gates. And—and how your soldiers carried you by force to safety on a ship for America,

Abruptly the prince sat down at the table, almost as if his legs had given beneath him—the way Binks' bad leg did sometimes. He was laughing weakly and mopping his forhead. With his well hand he drew a paper from his pocket and scanned the headlines. Then he threw back his head and laughed again, a long time, wrinkling his nose delightfully and

wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. This informality on the part of royalty was reassuring. Binks became sunnily expansive.

"I s'pose the one in the uniform was the captain of the guard," he ventured. "And the little man who bit his nails—he was the prime minister? He didn't look just like a prime min-ister, but of course, when you're in— like the jester when Richard the Lionister, but of course, when you're in-

Again the prince choked and wiped his eyes. "A little out at the elbows," he said brokenly, "like the rest of us,

"Oh, but I know all about that," Binks hastened to reassure him. "My papa often reads to me about Bonnie Prince Charlie, and how he was often in rags and hungry. But you-why, with the rest. you aren't really ragged at all," he

added politely.
"You are very kind." The Prince
raised an arm and ruefully inspected cuffs which showed an indubitable fringe.

Again Binks was hideously embarrassed, but he edged a step nearer. "Well, anyhow," he told his guest eagerly, "you're quite all right here. This is an awful s'cluded spot. No one ever comes here now but me. No one's lived here for years."

into the empty fireplace as if—why, almost as if he were seeing things

"And I.—I think you would feel at home here," Binks hurried on.—It was just like a story. He felt like a noble vassal offering the refuge of his castle to his hard-pressed liege .-"Many, many years ago, the people that owned this house had a prince in the family. It's really a quite nice house, too, and I could bring you apples and things, the way Flora Mac-Donald did to Prince Charlie, and intoxicated by his triumphant excursion into heroic diction.

Passionately he yearned to swear allegiance on his bended knees. And now, Your Royal Highness," he suggested happily, "wouldn't you like me er as the bra to show you the castle? And you can would be mit. pick out the royal bedchamber.'

In the gloom of the hallway Binks beamed hospitably. This is the prince I told you about. died fighting. That's his motto over the fireplace, 'We never turn our trifle out of countenance as the eyes Bunny backs.' I think," cried Binks in a lyric focused on the generously loaded tray. Otto? burst, "it's the finest motto I ever heard, and I-I know you're just like that," he finished in a small voice.

Reverently and very sacredly he Prince Charles Otto was listening, for one. he did not answer at all. He was hero-worshipping heart flew and nest-led, quivering, under the hand of the erick George Louis—so hard that he you fixed goes faster than ever." seemed to be looking through and be-

"And all the Pelham men have been like that," Binks went on, glowing in lis role of feudal bard. "All brave, Binks had put his role of feudal bard. honorable men-all 'cept one maybe. Now, that one over the landing, with When the British soldiers wanted to live in his house he set fire to it and burned it down right before their did things for Charles Otto. live in his house he set fire to it and burned it down right before their eyes. And I call that being pretty brave, too, don't you, Your High-

"Very brave indeed, my Lord Bink-shop," agreed Charles Otto. But alalone, alone and wounded, with no one though the words were cordial, his eyes were somber. The newly-made peer wondered anxiously if he were boring his royal guest.

"Well, I guess you'd rather go to your roo—your chamber," he declared hastily. "I'll show you—"

But Charles Otto was not waiting Why, so one would expect a opening on the veranda at the back of

Binks told him quickly. "That one's been locked ever since. But there are

"Ever since?" cut in His Highness. He did not entirely turn around, and his voice was low, but there was

ness were afraid of something.

"Why, ever since—Oh, I guess I der didn't tell you about that. Ever since young Mr. Pelham went away. He—ly. he went kind of suddenly. It was funny, too, because he had just got home from college. But my father

never told me much about him."
"Perhaps," hesitated Charles Otto, still very low, "it was because he was —the exception." "Sir?" said Binks, blinking. "You said they never turned their

backs-the Pelhams-except one. was the one?"
"Well," Binks' manner was regretful, "I guess he did turn his back. And when his father heard, my father says, he locked this door and threw

"No." His Highness spoke with a hoarse sharpness. "Not that! He had been ill for a long time!"

Binks stared. "Oh, well, of course, you must have known all about them, to be coming here to stay," he said at last. "Well, there's the milk wagon. I'd better go now. You said milk and bread and apples, didn't you? And say, Your Highness, the cookies are

awful good this time.' Although he waited patiently, there was no response. "Well—all right," Binks said at last

rather vaguely, and turned. His Highness stirred, as if rousing from a bad dream. "You'll remem-ber, Lord Binkshop," he said hastily, "no one must know—no one. Better not come back if any one's about."
"I'll tell you what," Binks stopped,

eyes, elbows wriggling with the romance of his inspiration. "If I see Hearted was in the tower.'

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," sented Charles Otto. There was some delay about assem-

bling His Highness' lunch. Mrs. Bennet, the housekeeper, was of a suspicious nature and stoutly insisted upon Binks draining one whole glass of milk before allowing him to escape

Binks had hardly stepped into the open space beyond the hedge before he realized that something had gone vancing cautiously upon the house movement. Again his hand dis through the lane of lilac and willows peared in the pocket that bulged. that ran along side. The new Lord Binkshop's blood ran cold. If Prince Charles Otto should show himself! Now-now the signal!

that he gave voice to his warning. He should, of course, have chosen somenever find you here. The prince seemed not to be listening. He sat quite motionless, staring ing. He sat quite motionless, staring why the first thing that came to mind-an utterly forbidden bit of doggerel from the repertoire of the chauffeur.

"Oh, it ain't a-gun-a rain no more no more.

It ain't-a-gun-a rain no more But how in the heck Can I wash my neck

If it ain't a-gun-a rain no more?" The uniformed figure in the sane whirled. Binks almost dropped his tray in his relief. Not to have rec-Oh, you can trust me! You can trust ognized that trim, gray tunic, those me to the last ditch!" he ended, quite glossy boots! Binks had always considered their wearer splendid enough to figure as the hero of the most thrilling romances. Involuntarily he threw his head, stiffened his shoulders. and clicked his heels as nearly together as the brace on the right ankle

The tall young man with the stripes paused with a new impulse of hospitality. "Perhaps," he said, "you'd of a lieutenant of the state police tality. "Perhaps," he said, "you'd of a lieutenant of the state police "My humblest respects, Prince sery at College Park, where the seeds like to look at the pictures as we go. grinned, too, as he approached with a Charles Otto, alias Slim Prince, alias are extracted by University experts. speed and lightness remarkable in so His name is Frederick George Louis, big a young man. But he eyed Binks and he was a very brave man. He as if he wished him elsewhere. "My lunch," Binks explained, a

> I—I quite often bring it here."
> Though Binks' tone was light, his eyes were not quite steady, and his

receding color left his freckles high brushed his cheek against the empty and dry. Of course, the prince had sleeve that hung so still just by his nothing to fear from Bunny, but he on the shirt sleeve of the right arm, head. Then he wondered again if had said, "No one must know—no for a moment. Otherwise I might not

"Oh, and Bunny," pursued Binks

Binks had put down his tray to caress the shining buckle of Bunny's belt. It was funny how different he the high white collar and long, white hair is Augustus George Pelham. If elt about Bunny and the prince. Bunny is Augustus George Pelham.

in here today?"

had not seen any one come in.

"No sir," he said very loudly, but
he was glad he had put his tray down. It is hard to keep dishes from rattling

when your hands shake. Bunny looked at him steadily for a moment, before he took him by the shoulders and faced him about. Binks stood very straight, but his freckles twinkled out from an ashen face. It might have to be a lie now, and he

Bunny's voice came from far away, for it was at this moment that the one headline showed. It seemed to Binks, as he stared, that he must be screaming that headline aloud. It read "Prince Charles Otto Believed in and the ash of his cigarette grew to sire and dam were registered."

It is improbable that Binks caught he force of the exclamation with as if he were very tired, and turning hich his entrance was greeted, but slowly, he put his hand on the knob t was evident, even to him, that he ad produced a gratifying sensation.

Finally Charles Otto shut his eyes at the floor. "Siebert and Royle?" he asked at last without looking up. This Vicinity. Seeks Rest and Seclusion." Binks felt his whole head flush to lie to Bunny if he should understand a long, gray pencil as he stared at the floor. "Siebert and Royle?" he asked at last without looking up. Bunny's eyes twinkled, but his tone was produced a gratifying sensation. "It's no good, Your Highness can "It's no good, Your Highness," stand and ask him. But how was it inks told him quickly. "That one's that old song went, the one that made your eyes fill and your throat swell? "What matter wife and child to me?

My emperor, my emperor—in prison!"
Bunny, who had been watching him curiously, suddenly turned the paper something in it that made Binks and glanced at the headlines. For a jump. It was almost as if His High- moment he reflected with narrowed eyes; then he loosened Binks' shoul-

ders and turned away.
"Never mind, buddy," he said quietly. "It doesn't matter." gate and crossed to his side car. Now Bunny? You see, I felt kind of rehe would go on down the road to sponsible for him."

picked up his tray and sped towards waiting royalty.

He found the prince again in the great salon. When Binks entered, he was standing very stiffly facing the door, one hand resting, with knuckles bone-white, upon the table before him, der—would Your Highness rather—" the other in a pocket which bulged abnormally. When he saw Binks, he abnormally. When he saw Binks, he in Charles Otto with a quick glance laughed, a quick, short laugh, and sat at Binks, "if you will keep them for down abruptly at the table. Binks us until a more suitable occasion.' wondered why his hands were trem-

"Well?" asked the prince. "It was only a policeman I know," Binks explained cheerfully. "He asked had I seen any one come in here, and I said, 'No.' I hadn't. Say, I'm awful glad I didn't have to lie."

The prince looked at him strangely. "So am I," he said, almost as if he were surprised that it was so. Then he looked with pathetic interest at

the tray.
"Now," suggested Binks hopefully, don't I stand behind you and—and hand you things?"

"My dear Lord Binkshop," said His Highness, "in less time than you can imagine, there will be nothing to hand." It was almost true. Already Charles Otto was handing himself

things, quite as efficiently as if he where not a iprince, accustomed to myriads of liveried servitors behind his seat. Binks curled up on one of the armchairs by the fireplace and watched the feast in a gentle glow of self-approbation.

"Of course, he wasn't looking for you anyhow. Bunny hunts thieves a voice which he hoped did not betray and things—not princes. My papa the lump in his throat, "well, Bunny read me this morning about some men playing cards and shooting some one in a house down the road. I guess maybe—"

A timber creaked just outside the door. The prince turned in his chair, wrong. A man in uniform was ad- something stealthy and cat-like in the movement. Again his hand disap-"That's nothing, Your Highness," Binks assured him. "There are al-

ways noises here, like people walking It was in rather quavering tones you'll have to shoot." He sighed a bit

thing rich in heroic tradition—"Scots "I wonder," he went on dreamily, wha Hae." for instance, or "Will Ye "what there is about princes that tremity was great. Binks caught at makes them different from common Highness. That's because of my leg and not going to school with other boys, Bunny says. I have to make believe I'm not afraid lots of times when I'm honestly scared to death; but when I think of you, and how your enemies killed the king and took your throne and tried to kill you, I -why, I feel just like Joanne d'Arc, or Ivanhoe, or some one like that.

That's because you're Prince Charles Otto, and-" He broke off abruptly. Charles Otto was on his feet, his face tightened into a scowling mask, one hand in the coat pocket, the other supoprting his weight as he leaned across the table. Binks squirmed about in his chair.

In the doorway stood Bunny. Except that his right hand rested casually at his gun in his belt, he stood ould permit.

"Why, hello, Bunny!" he yelled and deferentially at attention. His blue eyes were clear and steady as he addressed the prince.

Benton the Slicker."

Binks listened with reverent attention. Alias. now-that must be some lofty foreign title. But what could trifle out of countenance as the eyes Bunny have to say to Prince Charles

"Ah," breathed His Highness and stood straight and still and white, to the state assistant forester, occurs looking at Lieutenant Bunstead. "So it was not just a board creaking."
"I hope Your Highness will excuse

me. I did take the liberty of listening have been able to address you by-by your proper title. And I have an important message for Your Highness." you fixed goes faster than ever."

"Fine!" said Lieutenant Bunstead rather grimly. "I wonder whose automobile I'll be dragging you out from best for you to come with me immediately

"Ah?" said the prince again. He was smiling now, a crooked smile, as if at something not entirely funny. "And if I don't?"

"I don't think Your Highness will loyal subject."

Although two men continued to look into each other eyes, it was al-Binks' scalp crinkled, then he gave most as if both had turned to glance a sigh of relief. Incontrovertibly he at Binks, standing there wide-eyed and intent.

"They left him, Bunny, both of them," almost sobbed Binks. "The prime minister and Captain Royleand he's wounded."

There was an instant's silence be fore Bunny said quietly, "You see for yourself. And Your Highness will let me advise you to remove the right hand from the pocket? Thank you."

Charles Otto's hand was visibly didn't want to lie to Bunny.

"Binks, old man, what's on your chest?"

trembling as he picked up a cigarette from the table and lighted it. "As a matter of curiosity," he said unstead-

set his mind at rest. The gentlemen are traveling, quite safe, under escort worthy of their—er—their rank and

reputations." Binks was proud of them both, standing there so straight and brave and pc'ite—proud, and quite shivery with excitement. It was just a like a scene from Ivanhoe or The Prison—

er of Zenda. "Never mind, buddy," he said quietly. "It doesn't matter."

Binks waited until, whistling loudly, Bunny passed out at the front ly, Bunny pass

headquarters, and he would not pass again until almost dinner time. That was all right then. Shakily Binks again to the prince. "I am instructed by my government to escort Your Highness to a—a more fitting estab-lishment until certain formalities are disposed of. I even have with me a

> "We shall be most grateful," put "Well, since that's settled," suggested the young lieutenant cheerful-

ly, "shall we start?"
"On one condition," replied Charles
"He Otto. He looked slowly about the great room, with the coat of arms over the carved fireplace, and the chairs and tables and tapestries which the first Pelhams had brought with them from England. Then, though there was something almost pleading in the eyes turned upon the young officer, he drew himself up proudly. "For reasons which you will readily understand," he went on, "we prefer

to preserve our incognito. Can't you manage the thing on that basis?" "I think I can promise you," Bunny spoke very gravely, "that our business can be carried on entirely-say,

under the name of Benton." "In that case," agreed His Highness, "we are ready to trust our person to your escort. Binks was delighted that these two,

his most distinguished friends, should have reached so amicable an understanding, but suddenly he was feeling very desolate.
"Well, Your Highness," he said, in

can take lots better care of you than I can. But I-I never had a prince before, you know, and we were just beginning to get acquainted, weren't we? Do I—do I kiss your hand?" Charles Otto came over to him where he stood, very high-headed and very solemn eyed. He took the small

brown fist clenched at Binks' side and shook it gravely. "Our gratitude for your loyal services is so great, my Lord Binkshop," he answered, and weary as his face was, his smile was very warming, "that we prefer to shake hands. And

now, Lieutenant you will doubtless wish us to precede you." Binks watched the two men down the elm-arched avenue to the great iron gate—Bunny, very alert and very straight in his smart uniform; His Highness, shabby and walking with a weary limp. Any one who didn't know might have taken Bunny for the prince. But Binks knew better now. It was the way they made you feel inside that made princes.

—Elinore Gowan Stone in Goods

Maryland Boys Sell Pine Cones.

Housekeeping.

Farmer boys of Maryland may develop, according to county agent J. P. Brown, an exceedingly profitable enterprise by following the lead of Dorchester county boys, who have founds something with a sales value which previously had been thrown away.

Acting under the direction of W. R.

McKnight, agricultural agent of Dorcester county, pine cones are being collected by farm boys of that county and shipped to the State forestry nur-

cones will be used in growing loblolly pine seedlings for future sale and distribution to farmers of the Eastern Shore, who in turn will use the trees to beautify highways and their own farms. A good seed year, according once in about three years and, therefore, it is necessary for the department to lay in a three-year supply of

A number of forest plantations started from seedlings from the state department are now growing well in various counties.

Seventeen members of the 4-H clubs, at Hooper's Island and Crapo, have just shipped 145 bushels of the cones to F. B. Trenk, assistant state forester, who is now settling with the shippers on a basis of 85 cents a bushel. It is said that from the standpoint of time expended the industry is the most profitable in which 4-H club members have been engaged dur-

ing the year.

Most of the cones are delivered to neighboring schools, whence they are sent to College Park.

Dorchester is said to be the first county in which 4-H club members have been engaged in actual forestry work with their other duties along agricultural lines, and it is said there are few States in which work has "The been done.

Thoroughbred Horses.

The bureau of animal industry says that as far back as it knows there are no race track regulations requiring that only thoroughbreds enter a race. However, a horse that is not a thoroughbred, unless he is exceptional, would stand little chance against ily, "we might parley. How did you come to look for me—for us—here?"

"Well, Your Highness," said Bunily, "we might parley. How did you a horse who has been bred from racing ancestors. Thoroughbred horses in this country are registered solely on the thoroughbredness of their ancestors: Registration in a thorough-