

OUR SERIAL

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Hairs and Masks," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.

It is rather difficult in these days for a man who takes such scant interest in foreign affairs—trust a whitom diplomat for that!—to follow the continual geographical disturbances of European surfaces. Thus, I can not distinctly recall the exact location of the Grand Duchy of Barscheit or of the neighboring principality of Doppelkinn. It meets my needs and purposes, however, to say that Berlin and Vienna were easily accessible, and that a three hours' journey would bring you under the shadow of the Carpathian range, where, in my diplomatic days, I used often to hunt the "bear that walks like a man."

Barscheit was known among her sister states as "the meddler," the "maker of trouble," and the duke as "Old Grumpy"—Brumbar. To use a familiar Yankee expression, Barscheit had a finger in every pie. Whenever there was a political broom making, whether in Italy, Germany or Austria, Barscheit would snatch up a ladle and start in. She took care of her own affairs so easily that she had plenty of time to concern herself with the affairs of her neighbors. This is not to advance the opinion that Barscheit was wholly modern; far from it. The fault of Barscheit may be traced back to a certain historical pillar of salt, easily recalled by all those who attended Sunday school. "Rubbering" is a vulgar phrase, and I disdain to use it.

When a woman looks around it is invariably a portent of trouble; the man forgets his important engagement, and runs amuck, knocking over people, principles and principalities. If Aspasia had not observed Pericles that memorable day; if there had not been an oblique slant to Calypso's eyes as Ulysses passed her way; if the eager Delilah had not offered favorable comment on Samson's ringlets; in fact, if all the women in history and romance had gone about their affairs as they should have done, what uninteresting reading history would be to-day!

Now, this is a story of a woman who looked around, and of a man who did not keep his appointment on time; out of a grain of sand, a mountain. Of course there might have been other causes, but with these I'm not familiar.

This Duchy of Barscheit is worth looking into. Imagine a country with telegraph and telephone and medieval customs, a country with electric lights, railways, surface cars, hotel elevators and ancient laws! Something of the customs of the duchy must be told in the passing, though, for my part, I am vigorously against explanatory passages in stories of action. Barscheit bristled with militarism; the little mar always imitates the big one, but lacks the big man's excuses. Militarism entered into and overshadowed the civic laws.

There were three things you might do without offense: you might bathe, eat and sleep, only you must not sleep out loud. The citizen of Barscheit was hemmed in by a set of laws which had their birth in the dark dungeons of the Inquisition. They congealed the blood of a man born and bred in a commercial country. If you broke a law, you were relentlessly punished; there was no mercy. In America we make laws and then hide them in dull-looking volumes which the public have neither the time nor the inclination to read. In this duchy of mine it was different; you ran into a law on every corner, in every park, in every public building; little oblong signs, enameled, which told you that you could not do something or other—"Forbidden!" The beauty of German laws is that when you learn all the things that you can not do, you begin to find out that the things you can do are not worth a hang in the doing.

As soon as a person learned to read he or she began life by reading these laws. If you could not read, so much the worse for you; you had to pay a guide who charged you almost as much as the full cost of the fine.

The opposition political party in the United States is always howling militarism, without the slightest idea of what militarism really is. One side, please, in Barscheit, when an officer comes along, or take the consequences. If you carelessly bumped into him, you were knocked down. If you objected, you were arrested. If you struck back, ten to one you received a beating with the flat of a saber. And never, never mistake the soldiery for the police; that is to say, never ask an officer to direct you to any place. This is regarded in the light of an in-

ult. The cub lieutenants do more to keep a passable sidewalk—for the passage of said cub lieutenants—than all the magistrates put together. How they used to swagger up and down the Konigsstrasse, around the Platz, in and out of the restaurants! I remember doing some side-stepping myself, and I was a diplomat, supposed to be immune from the rank discourtesies of the military. But that was early in my career.

In a year not so remote as not to be readily recalled, the United States packed me off to Barscheit because I had an uncle who was a senator. Some papers were given me, the permission to hang out a shingle reading "American Consul," and the promise of my board and keep. My amusements were to be paid out of my own pocket. Straightway I purchased three horses, found a capable Japanese valet, and selected a cozy house near the barracks, which stood west of the Volksgarten, on a pretty lake. A beautiful road ran around this body of water, and it wasn't long ere the officers began to pass comments on the riding of "that wild American." As I detest what is known as park riding, you may very well believe that I circled the lake at a clip which must have opened the eyes of the easy-going officers. I grew quite chummy with a few of them, and I may speak of occasions when I did not step off the sidewalk as they came along. A man does more toward gaining the affection of foreigners by giving a good dinner now and then than by international law. I gained considerable fame by my little dinners at Muller's rathskeller, under the Continental hotel.

Six months passed, during which I rode, read, drove and dined, the actual labors of the consulate being cared for by a German clerk who knew more about the business than I did.

By this you will observe that diplo-

and General Muerrisch, of the emperor's body-guard, who was, I'm sure, good enough—in his own opinion—for any woman. Every train brought to the capital some suitor with a consonated, hyphenated name and a pedigree as long as a bore's idea of a funny story. But the princess did not care for pedigrees that were squint-eyed or bow-legged. One and all of them she cast aside as unworthy her consideration. Then, like the ancient worm, the duke turned. She should marry Doppelkinn, who, having no wife to do the honors in his castle, was wholly agreeable.

The Prince of Doppelkinn reigned over the neighboring principality. If you stood in the middle of it and were a baseball player, you could throw a stone across the frontier in any direction. But the vineyards were among the finest in Europe. The prince was a widower, and among his own people was affectionately styled "der Rot-nasig," which, I believe, designates an illuminated proboscis. When he wasn't fishing for rainbow trout he was sleeping in his cellars. He was often missing at the monthly reviews, but nobody ever worried; they knew where to find him. And besides, he might just as well sleep in his cellars as in his carriage, for he never rode a horse if he could get out of doing so. He was really good-natured and easy-going, so long as no one crossed him severely; and you could tell him a joke once and depend upon his understanding it immediately, which is more than I can say for the duke.

Years and years ago the prince had had a son; but at the tender age of three the boy had run away from the castle confines, and no one ever heard of him again. The enemies of the prince whispered among themselves that the boy had run away to escape compulsory military service, but the boy's age precluded this accusation.



The Princess Hildegarde.

marcy had degenerated into the gentle art of exciting jaded palates and of scribbling one's name across passports; I know of no better definition. I forget what the largess of my office was.

Presently there were terrible doings. The old reigning grand duke desired peace of mind; and moving determinedly toward this end, he declared in public that his niece, the young and tender Princess Hildegarde, should wed the Prince of Doppelkinn, whose vineyards gave him a fine income. This was finality; the avuncular guardian had waited long enough for his willful ward to make up her mind as to the selection of a suitable husband; now he determined to take a hand in the matter. And you shall see how well he managed it.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that her highness had her own ideas of what a husband should be like, gathered, no doubt, from execrable translations from "Ouida" and the gentle Miss Braddon. A girl of 20 usually has a formidable regard for romance, and the princess was fully up to the manner of her kind. If she could not marry romantically, she refused to marry at all.

I can readily appreciate her uncle's perturbation. I do not know how many princelings she thrust into utter darkness. She would never marry a man who wore glasses; this one was too tall, that one too short; and when one happened along who was without visible earmarks or signs of being shop-worn her refusal was based upon just—"Because!"—a weapon as invincible as the fabled spear of Parsifal. She had spurned the addresses of Prince Mischler, laughed at those of the Count of _____ (the short dash indicates the presence of a hyphen)

The prince advertised, after the fashion of those times, sent out detectives and notified his various brothers; but his trouble went for nothing. Not the slightest trace of the boy could be found. So he was mourned for a season, regretted and then forgotten; the prince adopted the grape arbor.

I saw the prince once. I do not blame the Princess Hildegarde for her rebellion. The prince was not only old; he was fat and ugly, with little, elephant-like eyes that were always vein-shot, restless and full of mischief. He might have made a good father, but I have nothing to prove this. Those bottles of sparkling Moselle which he failed to dispose of to the American trade he gave to his brother in Barscheit or drank himself. He was 68 years old.

A nephew, three times removed, was waiting for the day when he should wobble around in the prince's shoes. He was a lieutenant in the duke's body-guard, a quick-tempered, heady chap. Well, he never wobbled around in his uncle's shoes, for he never got the chance.

I hadn't been in Barscheit a week before I heard a great deal about the princess. She was a famous horse-woman. This made me extremely anxious to meet her. Yet for nearly six months I never even got so much as a glimpse of her. Half of the six months she was traveling through Austria, and the other half she kept out of my way,—not intentionally; she knew nothing of my existence; simply, fate moved us about blindly. At court she was invariably indisposed, and at the first court ball she retired before I arrived. I got up at all times, galloped over all roads, but never did I see her. She rode alone, too, part of the time.

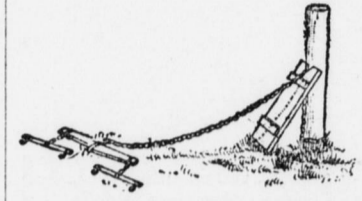
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



PULLING FENCE POSTS.

A Hard Task Made Easy by Use of Plank and Chain.

An easy and practical method of pulling posts, by which all digging and had labor is eliminated, is shown in cut. Take a plank, 1 ft. wide, 4 ft. long, and make a V-shaped notch at one end, nailing on several crosspieces to prevent splitting. This plank is used to change the horizontal draft to the vertical. Place



one end of the chain around the post close to the ground, incline the plank against the post so the lower end will be 1 1/2 ft. from the base of the post, place the chain in the notch of the plank, hitch the team to the post and start up. In a few seconds the post is clear of the ground. In moving fences, says the Farm and Home, the chain should be attached to the rear axle of the wagon so the posts may be loaded and hauled to the new location.

THE FARMER BOY.

Temper the Work to His Strength and Let Him Have His Play Time.

Every farmer desires to keep his boy at home as long as he can do so, that he may thus live a protected life as long as possible. This is right. It is a mistake to permit the farm boy to launch out for himself at too tender an age. The father of the boy must remember that the muscles of the boy are not hard like his own and that he cannot do the same amount of work as he himself can do, with equal ease. The muscles of a growing boy are soft, for they are constantly being increased in size by the addition of new material.

Many farm boys are driven from the farm by too hard work. They are made to take the place of a hired man at a very early age and the father often forgets that they have not the same indifference to pleasures as himself. The boy needs a good deal of recreation and a chance to mingle with other farm boys. The farm boy should have a fair chance at the pleasures of childhood and youth, as the city boy has. His work should be carefully limited.

The usual farm boy is a worker anyway. He early learns to do the most difficult tasks on the farm, says Farmers' Review, and is worth much more to his parents than any hired man is worth. His parents should therefore study him and his needs. His needs include many things besides the food he gets and the clothes he wears. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an old saying, but strictly true. Many a farm boy has been overworked into a dullness that has lasted him his life through.

POINTERS.

A hedgehog—the neighbor who won't keep up his fences.—Farm Journal.

Some farmers find great advantage in sowing rye at the last working of the corn. Might try a patch.

The manure spreader has decreased the number of rich barnyards and increased the number of rich fields instead.

Don't sell any clover hay if you have stock to feed it to. It is worth nearly as much for fertilizer as for feed.

Sow only the plumpest, nicest wheat this fall. Run it through the fanning mill and take all the foul stuff out. Good seed is half the crop.

The cost of a pair of farm scales will be saved the first year in preventing the losses from guessing at weights of other products bought or sold.

The hoe is one of the most useful implements on the farm, but it is not automatic in its operations. To be effective it needs a strong arm and a willing hand.

Seed Alfalfa in Fall.

On account of the more abundant growth of weeds and grass in the spring and early summer, late summer or early fall seeding of alfalfa is recommended by the Pennsylvania Experiment Station. If the land is cultivated during the early part of the season and seeded to alfalfa in July or August, ideal conditions, so far as the establishment of the young plants is concerned, will be most nearly approached.

Don't Break the Hammer.

Look out! You'll break that hammer handle trying to pull that rusty nail. Hit the nail a rap or two, driving it into the wood; then it will come out easy, says Farm Journal. When part way out, put a bit of hard wood under the head of the hammer for a fulcrum. See how nice it works.

The Provident Farmer.

"He doesn't have to soil his crops," is the way farmers speak of a neighbor who is getting ahead. There is a whole volume in that expression.

JUST A GENTLE HINT.

One Remedy Appearance Indicated Nobleman Had Never Tried.

The earl of Surrey, afterward eleventh duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker and a leading member of the Beef-steak club, was so far from cleanly in his person that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse and performed the needful ablutions.

He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism and tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied: "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

BRUTALITY OF MEDICAL ETHICS.

A Great Surgeon Barred from Membership in Medical Association.

(From the National Druggist for June, 1907.)

Dr. Augustus Charles Bernays, who died a few days ago in St. Louis, was, probably, the foremost surgeon in the United States. His fame was co-extensive with the civilized world. He was not only an operator of the highest order, but a tireless and exhaustive worker in the field of original surgery. He performed the first successful Caesarian section in 1859 in St. Louis, and also the first successful colostomy for gunshot wound of the abdomen and the first gallstone operation in Missouri. A record held by Dr. Bernays has never been equaled: Out of eighty-one successive cases of appendicitis which necessitated operations, seventy-one in succession were with perfectly satisfactory results, the seventy-second patient failing of recovery, but the subsequent nine cases were successfully treated.

And yet, with such a record, matchless as was his skill, varied and extensive as was his learning, wonderful as were his accomplishments, he was not considered, by the American Medical Association, as worthy of membership in that organization.

No charges were ever brought against him which, in the remotest degree, reflected on his qualifications as a surgeon; his moral character was never the subject of attack; he was never accused of having done anything unbecoming a man or a gentleman. "The head and front of his offending had this extent—no more!" He dared to think! He refused to mold his opinions and to govern his actions by the arbitrary rules which those whom he knew to be his inferiors had set up for his guidance! In other words, he could not regard the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association as being inspired, or having any binding authority on him where his judgment told him it was wrong. And so, twenty years ago or more, on account of some trivial infraction of this sacred "Code," a movement was started to expel him from the local association, which was only defeated by his hastily sending in his resignation. As membership in the A. M. A. is dependent upon membership in the local and State societies, his name was dropped by the national organization.

And so, though he had saved thousands of lives; though other physicians had profited by his art; this brilliant surgeon; this great and able man, has, during all these years, been an outcast—a medical "scab;" not recognized as "ethical" or worthy of fellowship by that body of physicians banded together in the American Medical Association!

And this is the association which, under pretense of working for the public good, is, in reality, only seeking to control Congress and the State Legislatures in the interest of their own selfish schemes; which is trying to create a Cabinet position and to place one of its members in that position; which is endeavoring by law to exclude from the use of the mails, all manufacturers of medicines who do not comply with the absurd requirements that they choose to set up; which, in short, is trying to put upon the statute books of State and nation laws that will, in effect, establish a kind of medical priesthood, to which only their own members will be eligible with power and control over the health and lives of the people!

God help the druggists, the drug manufacturers, physicians not members of their guild, and the people generally, if this association ever succeeds in its undertaking. If it does, it will, after the fashion of the labor unions, dictate a "closed shop," and say to doctors who prefer to be independent, "You must join our union or, failing to do so, compel them to get out of the business. It will say what medicines shall be taken, and how they shall be made. It will hedge the people about with a lot of petty regulations under pretense of protecting the public health. In fine, a medical bureaucracy will be established to tyrannize over the people.

Let no man call this a false alarm. If there are those who are inclined to do so, let them read the journal of the A. M. A. Let them scan the proceedings of the association, held always behind closed doors, and carefully edited, as they are, before they are published in its official organ. If they will do this they will see that we are not trying to create a bugaboo to frighten their timid souls.

This is true philanthropy that burles not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its human hospital in the human heart.—Thorold.

ALL HAIL PE-RU-NA.
A Case of **STOMACH CATARRH.**



Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna cured me in five weeks of catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctoring without effect. In common with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say, All hail to Peruna."

Mr. H. J. Henneman, Oakland, Neb., writes: "I waited before writing to you about my sickness, catarrh of the stomach, which I had over a year ago."

"There were people who told me it would not stay cured, but I am sure that I am cured, for I do not feel any more ill effects, have a good appetite and am getting fat. So I am, and will say to all, I am cured for good."

"I thank you for your kindness. Peruna will be our house medicine hereafter."

Catarrh of the stomach is also known in common parlance as dyspepsia, gastritis and indigestion. No medicine will be of any permanent benefit except it removes the catarrhal condition.

Gained Strength and Flesh.

Miss Julia Dutler, R. R. 4, Appleton, Wis., writes she had catarrh of the stomach, causing loss of sleep and appetite, with frequent severe pains after eating. She took Peruna, her appetite returned, she gained strength, flesh and perfect health.

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