



SYNOPSIS.

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The American consul to Barscheit, a incipality of Europe, tells how the igning grand duke had tried to find a isband for his rebellious niece, the incess Hildegarde, finally decreeing at she must wed the Prince of Doppelonn, an ugly old widower, and ruler the principality of Doppelkinn. Though had been in the country six months is American consul had never seen the incess, and when at last they met it as very much of a surprise to both.

CHAPTER I .- Continued.

The one picture of her which I was lucky enough to see had been taken when she was six, and meant nothing to me in the way of identification. For all I knew I might have passed her on the road. She became to me the Princess in the Invisible Cloak, passing me often and doubtless deriding my efforts to discern her. My curiosity became alarming. I couldn't sleep for the thought of her. Finally we met, but the meeting was a great surprise to us both. This meeting happened during the great hubbub of which I have just written; and at the same time I met another who had great weight in my future affairs.

The princess and I became rather well acquainted. I was not a gentle man, according to her code, but, in the historic words of the drug clerk, I was something just as good. She honored me with a frank, disinterested friendship, which still exists. I have among my fading souvenirs of diplomatic service half a dozen notes commanding me to get up at dawn and ride around the lakes, something like 16 miles. She was almost as reckless a rider as myself. She was truly a fanous rider, and a woman who sits well on a horse can never be aught but graceful. She was, in fact, youthful and charming, with the most magnificent black eyes I ever beheld in a Teutonic head; witty, besides, and a songstress of no ordinary talent. If I had been in love with her—which I solemnly vow I was not!—I should have called her beautiful and exhausted my store of complimentary adjec-

The basic cause of all this turmoil, about which I am to spin my narra tive, lay in her education. I hold that a German princess should never be educated save as a German. By this I mean to convey that her education should not go beyond German litera-ture, German history, German veneration of laws, German manners and German passivity and docility. The Princess Hildegarde had been edu-cated in England and France, which simplifies everything, or, I should say to be exact, complicates everything.

She possessed a healthy contempt for that what-d'-ye-call-it that hedges in a king. Having mingled with English-speaking people, she returned to her native land, her brain filled with the importance of feminine liberty of thought and action. Hence, she became the bramble that prodded the grand duke whichever way he turned. His days were filled with horrors, his nights with mares which did not have box-stalls in his stables.

Never could he anticipate her in anything. On that day he placed guards around the palace she wrote verses or read modern fiction; the moment he relaxed his vigilance she was away on some heartrending escapade Didn't she scandalize the nobility by dressing up a hussar and riding her famous black Mecklenburg cross-counwith the French attache and deliberately turned her back on the Russian minister, at the very moment, too. when negotiations were going on between Russia and Barscheit relative to a small piece of land in the Balkans? And, most terrible of all to relate, hadn't she ridden a shining bicycle up the Konigsstrasse, in broad dayand in bifurcated skirts, be sides? I shall never forget the indignation of the press at the time of this last escapade, the stroke of apoplexy which threatened the duke, and the room with the barred window which the princess occupied one whole week.

They burned the offensive bicycle in niously, too, and the princess had witnessed this solemn auto da fe from stolid German peasant, of drinking her barred window. It is no strain from steins uncracked these hundred the picture of her fine rage, her threatening hands, her compressed lips, her tached thereto. And often I have had coming as it did from the heart of this tearless, flashing eyes, as she saw her beautiful new wheel writhe and twist crumbling Schloss or castle and ask jewel song from Faust, too! How the deuce was a poor duke to do with a horse. with a refusal.

For a time I feared that the United

of American make, and the manufac turers wrote to me personally that they considered themselves grossly insulted over the action of the duke Diplomatic notes were exchanged, and finally prevailed upon the duke to tate that he held the wheel harmless and that his anger had been directed solely against his niece. This letter was duly forwarded to the manufacturers, who, after the manner of their kind, carefully altered the phrasing and used it in their magazine advertisements. They were so far appeased that they offered me my selection from the private stock. Happily the duke never read anything but the Fliegende Blatter and Jugend, and thus war was

Later an automobile agent visited the town-at the secret bidding of her highness-but he was so unceremoniously hustled over the frontier that his teeth must have rattled like a dancer's castanets. It was a great country for expeditiousness, as you will find, if you do me the honor to follow me to the end.

So the grand duke swore that his niece should wed Doppelkinn, and the

The Grand Duke-In two months' time you shall wed the Prince of Dop-

nose? Never! I shall marry only where I fove.

I will marry one of the people—a man. | fear from those outside. I grasped an

been completely worked out, and I was always imagining that at the very next Schloss or inn I was to hit upon some delectable adventure. only 28, and inordinately fond of my

I rode in gray whipcord breeches, tan boots, a blue serge coat, white stock, and never a hat or cap till the snow blew. I used to laugh when the peasants asked leave to lend me a cap or to run back and find the one I had presumably lost.

One night the delectable adventure for which I was always seeking came my way, and I was wholly unprepared

I had taken the south highway: that which seeks the valley beyond the lake. The moonfilm lay misty upon everything: on the far-off lake, on the great upheavals of stone and glacier above me, on the long white road that stretched out before me, ribbon-wise. High up the snow on the mountains resembled huge opals set in amethyst. I was easily 25 miles from the city; that is to say, I had been in the saddle some six hours. Nobody but a king's princess vowed that she would not. The man who had charge of my horses five miles an hour. I cast about for a said that one of the palace maids had recounted to him a dialogue which no tavern in sight, and the hovels I had taken place between the duke and had passed during the last hour offer-his niece. As I was anxious to be off ed no shelter for my horse. Suddenon the road I was compelled to listen to his gossip.

ly, around a bend in the road, I saw the haven I was seeking. It was a rambling, tottering old castle, standing in the center of a cluster of firs; and the tiles of the roofs and the ivy The Princess-What! that old red- of the towers were shining silver with

the heavy fall of dew.

Lady Chloe sniffed her kind, whin-The Grand Duke—Only where you love! (Sneers.) One would think, to hear you talk, that you were capable of loving something.

Lady Chick Similar her kink, while the control of the control The Princess—You have yet to myself. I tried the gate. The lock learn. I warn you not to force me. I promise to do something scandalous. Evidently those inside had nothing to



"I Shall Marry Only Where I Love."

The Grand Duke-Bah! (Swears | iron bar and pushed in the gate, Chloe

softly on his way to the stables.) hairs to the duke's scanty collection. somewhere in the rear of the castle. It was a mighty ingenious plan, too, Somebody must be inside, I reasoned.

duke stood alone. Behind his back his rounded by an empty moat, damp and ministers wore out their shoes in waiting on the caprices of the girl, while save by a ladder. There was a great deaf, openly worshiped her willful but wholly adorable niece, and abetted her in all her escapades. So far as the populace was concerned, she was the daughter of the favorite son, dead these 18 years, and that was enough for them. Whatever she did was right and proper. But the hard-headed duke had the power to say what should be what, and he willed it that the Princess Hildegarde should marry his old comrade in arms, the Prince of Doppelkinn.

CHAPTER II.

As I have already remarked, I used frequently to take long rides into the country, and sometimes I did not return till the following day. My clerk turn till the following day. My clerk was always on duty, and the work never appeared to make him roundshouldered

I had ridden horses for years, but to throw a leg over a good mount was to me one of the greatest pleasures in the world. I delighted in stopping at the old feudal inns, of studying the stolid German peasant, of drinking stolid German peasant, of drinking in my body tense and expectant. A voice, lifted in song! A upon the imagination to conjure up years, of inspecting ancient armor penetrating yet silkily mellow voice; a But what the for a night's lodging for myself and

States and the Grand Duchy of Barscheit would sever diplomatic relations. The bicycle was, unfortunately,

snow-capped mountains. I had a bit

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

following knowingly at my heels. I But the princess had in her mind plan which, had it gone through gloves. Chloe whinnied again, and safely, would have added many gray there came an answering whinny from There were lights in the left wing.

In his attitude toward the girl the but this part of the castle was surthe grand duchess, half-blind and half-central door, however, which had a modern appearance. The approach was a broad graveled walk. I tied Lady Chloe to a tree, knotted the bridle-reins above her neck to prevent her from putting her restless feet into them, and proceeded toward the door.

Of all the nights this was the one on which my usually lively imagination reposed. I was hungry and tired, and dare say my little mare was. wasn't looking for an adventure; I didn't want any adventure; I wanted nothing in the world but a meal and a bed. But for the chill of the night air -the breath of the mountain is cold at night-I should have been perfectly willing to sleep in the open. Down

around for the knocker. It was broken and useless, like the lock on the gate. And never a bell could I find. I swore softly and became impatient. People in Barscheit did not usually live this slovenly fashion. What sort of

Suddenly I grew erect, every fiber

voice rose, fell, soared again with in Seldom, if ever, did I meet toxicating waves of sound! What per meating sweetness! I stood there, possessed the whimsical habit of solitary listener, as far as I knew, be

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New in Natural History.

Not all English children are well posted on live stock. The following "howlers" are from essays exhibited at a recent show: "The young horses have long legs, so that it might keep up to its mother when wild lions like the lion and tiger are after them to devour them." "The fowl," declares still another, "when alive is used for occk-fighting and when dead for its beautiful feathers." "The pig gets its wool coat off in summer. Then we get the wool of it. The pig is regarded as a bad creature."

MEDICAL FAILURES.

An Authority Says Three-Fourths of Graduates Are Unfitted to Practice.

That 3,000 out of the 4,000 graduates turned out by the Medical Colleges each year are whollly unfitted to practice medicine and are menaces to the communities in which they set-tle was stated by Dr. Chester Mayer, of the State Board of Medical Examiners of Kentucky at a meeting of the American Medical Association's Committee on Medical Education, held in Chicago not long ago. Dr. Mayer said that only 25 to 28 per cent of the graduates are qualified. Fifty-eight per cent of the graduates examined in 28 states were refused licenses. With few exceptions these failures took a second examination in a few weeks and only 50 per cent of them passed.

"This does not mean that deficien-cies in their training were corrected in those few weeks," Dr. Mayer said. "It probably shows that experience showed them what the test would probably be and they 'crammed' for the examination. Dr. W. T. Gott, Secretary of the Indiana Board said: "The majority of our schools now teach their students how to pass examinations, not how to be good physicians."

At the session of the American Medical Association held in Atlantic City in June, Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medico Chirurgical College in Philadelphia said: "Many doctors turned out of the Medical Schools are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe for their patients!" Dr. Henry Beats, Jr., President of the Pennsylvania State Board of Medical Examiners, after scrutinizing the papers of a class of candidates for licensure said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine."

A great many more physicians and chemists might be quoted in support of the astounding charge that 3,000 incompetents are being dumped onto an unsuspecting public each year. What the damage done amounts to can never be estimated for these incompetents enjoy the privilege of diagnosing, prescribing or dispensing drugs regarding the properties of which they know nothing and then of signing death certificates that are not passed upon by anyone unless the coroner is called in. Probably there is not a grave yard from one end of the country to the other that does not contain the buried evidences of the mistakes or criminal carelessness of

incompetent physicians. During the last year there have been perhaps, half a dozen known cases where surgeons, after performing operations have sewed up the incisions without first removing the gauze sponges used to absorb the blood, and in some cases forceps and even surgeon's scissors have been left in the wound. How many of these cases there have been, where the patient died, there is no means of knowing and comparatively few of the cases where the discovery is made in time to save life become generally public. Reports from Sanita-riums for the treatment of the Drug Habit show that members of the medical profession are more often treated in these institutions than members of any other profession, and that a patients, excl physicians themselves, can trace their downfall directly to a careless physician.

How many criminal operations are performed by physicians is also a matter of conjecture. Operations of this class are, unfortunately, very frequent in large cities. Some gradu ated and licensed physicians, many of them of supposed respectability, make an exclusive practice of criminal medical and surgical treatment Dr. Henry G. W. Rheinhart, Coroner's physician of Chicago, estimates the number of criminal operations, annuallly, in Chicago alone at 38,000. How many resulted fatally are unknown, as when death results, the real cause is disguised in the death certificate, which the physician signs, and which no one but himself and a clerk sees.

Probably not one case of malpractice in 1,000 ever becomes the subject of a law suit but in the last year approximately 150 cases wherein the plaintiff has alleged malpractice have been reported in the newspapers, and owing to the social prominence and the favored positions of many physicians not more than half the new suits stated, probably, result in any newspaper publicity, but it probably not be an exaggeration to state that the total cases of malpractice, not involving criminal operations or criminal medical practice, amount to 150,000 or more than one ease to each physician in the country. This estimate is, of course, more or ess conjecture. Untimely deaths and permanent disabilities are frequent, Untimely deaths and

nd occur within the knowledge of allost every one, when life could have een saved, or health restored had the physician been skillful, careful

WHAT FATHER AND HARRY ACCOMPLISHED

AN ILLINOIS MAN WRITES RE-GARDING HIS SUCCESS IN WESTERN CANADA.

Change in Homestead Regulations Makes Entry Easily Accomplished.

"Nothing succeeds like success" is applications in Western Canada. The following letter is an illustration. The writer, Mr. Gerts, left Chicago a short time ago and the success he has achieved may well be gained by anyone having pluck and energy by locating on the free homestead lands in Western Canada. A change recently made in the Canadian Land Regulations concerning homesteads makes it possible for any member of a family to make entry for any other member of the family entitled to a homestead. For instance, a man may now make entry before the local agent for his father or for his brother or brothers, or for his son or sons, or for a sister or daughter who may be the head of the family having minor children depending upon her for support. A sister, daughter or mother are also entitled to make entry upon a home stead. The only fee required is \$10.00 for each entry. A great saving in railway expenses is thus made.

Read what Mr. Gerts has to say: Battleford, Sask., Aug. 4, 1907.

Thinking a letter from us Northwest settlers might interest you, and I write

a few lines and let you know we are progressing finely and well pleased with our new home.

When I think of the many hard working, industrious men east with families who are struggling for a liv-

ing and doing the strenuous, laying up practically nothing for old age and the thousands of acres of land here yet to be plowed and cultivated capable of raising sixty to eighty bushels of oats, thirty to forty bushels of wheat, it certainly seems a pity the two cannot be brought together. But I will repeat, this country is only for the industrious and thrifty; also I might add, it requires some capital to start.

A man should have at least a team of three good horses; better to have mares so as to have some colts coming along each year. It is best to bring them with him as work horses are high. He should be able to purchase plow, disc and drag, harrow, drill, binder and hay rake. Of course several taking up claims or buying land near together can divide up the purchasing of the above machinery and exchange work. This plan will work well for a few years or until crops will warrant each individual to purchase a full outfit.

We have 480 acres of as good farm land as lies in the famous Cut Knife district. Every foot can be plowed. Last year our oats run 60 bushels per acre. I sold them for 50c per bushel on the place.

The indications are for a good crop this year, though we were very late in seeding owing to the late spring. Last winter was the coldest known in this country by the oldest settlers (some who have been here 35 years), but with a comfortable house and plenty of firewood, which we hauled four miles, we passed the winter quite pleasantly. The air is clear and dry. Some of the days I came from work I was surprised to find the thermometer registering 40° below zero. Though we never keep fire at night, we had nothing freeze in our cellar.

Our stock and chickens wintered fine. I have a yearling heifer, who

Disillusion.

The American contractor stood at the base of the great pyramid and looked at the venerable monument in disgust.

"It's a big pile, all right," he said; and it may do well enough for Egypt, Broadway surface car, which was too should turn out a job of stone work ed the car seemed to take a fancy to

Turning away disappointed, he consoled himself by taking a ride on a camel, which animal he found fully up to all the descriptions he had read of

Nicknames for War Vessels

We had a ship called the Muriel, says the New York Press, and the sailors promptly dubbed her the Merry Hell. The Georgia, as everyone knows, is the Jaw-Jaw. The Pennsylvania is the Billy Penn. The Kearsarge is the Cuss-Age. The Washington is Papa George, and, singularly enough, commanded by John Adams. Indiana is Rea Annie. The Terror is the Tear Her. The Cleveland is Gro-The Des Moines is The Mine. The Galveston is Shirtwaist—a clever The Amphitrite is the Ample Tight. The Solace is the One Ace.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies, but a second of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies, and the second of the mucous linking of you have a rumbling sound or time for the second of the second o

Product of the Lowly Hen. Washington's monument is 555 feet high. The eggs shipped from 50 counties in this state, leaving 64 yet to hear from, if placed end on end would build a monument 221.882 times higher than the Washington shaft.—Kansas City Journal.

would hold her own in any "fat stock show." She has never had a drop of milk since she was four months old and has never had a mouthful of grain. A gentleman who saw her made the remark, "He bet that heifer had eaten her head off with grain," but would hardly believe she had never had any

This is a great country for growing all kinds of vegetables and we are certainly enjoying our garden. The flavor of the green peas is especiany fine. Last season Mrs. G. canned a lot of them, and we have enjoyed them up to the fresh crop.

I am sorry I did not have time this past season to attend to transplanting trees, but will keep the land I had prepared worked up for next season's planting. I received a number of small trees (ash and maple) from the Government Experimental Farm at Indian Head. I put them around the edge of the garden and they are doing fine. I also received quite a lot of other seeds, oats, wheat, potatoes and rhubarb roots which were acceptable.

It is useless for us to bother with garden flowers as wild ones grow in profusion. We are located near a fine creek, the water of which is soft and fine for bathing and washing. We have a well of water near the house, 32 feet deep and 21 feet of water all the time, though it is harder than the creek water.

Land which could be bought for five dollars per acre three years ago is now worth \$14 per acre and steadily advancing each year.

All kinds of improvements are going on. Steam plows and large threshing outfits are already in. Roads are being graded, bridges being built across rivers and creeks. Last year I took my family, also wagon, across the Saskatchewan river in a row boat, swam my team across and now the contract has been let for \$200,000 bridge at that place.

The C. N. R. have run their final survey from Battleford to Calgary, running west about one mile north of us. The C. P. R. have run a survey, which runs northwest passes about 500 feet from the northeast corner of our farm. The country will soon be covered with a net work of railroads and it will keep them busy hauling the output of grain. It is certainly encouraging to us settlers.

Two years ago, Harry, my son, and I as you know unloaded our car at Saskatoon and drove 130 miles to our claim. Last fall we had only 18 miles to haul our wheat to railroad and as you see, the prospects are we will have a railroad at our very door and a town near-by. This district can support a good town and it will be well patron-

Harry arrived home at 12 p. m. last night after going fourteen miles to blacksmith shop to get plowshares beat out. The shop was full of work and it was eight p. m. when Harry left for home and parties still in line to have work done. We will need stores nearer and good mechanics.

We are all enjoying the best of health which is a great blessing. When we left Chicago over a year ago my youngest son's (four years of age) health was so poor that I almost despaired of raising him, but he is certainly a hearty, healthy little fellow now. The pure fresh air has done him worlds of good.

So to sum up the whole. Why should we not be glad we made the break? A good farm, stock increasing, health and an independent life. What

more can we expect? Did we have to make an effort? You can bet we did and hustle, too. Should you pass this way with your shotgun this fall, we should be pleased to let you shoot prairie chickens off our grain stocks.

Respectfully yours, CHAS. M. GERTS AND FAMILY.

TRAGEDY OF A BROADWAY CAR.

Truly It Is "Everybody for Himself" in New York.

There were six in the seat of the like that the papers would roast him that particular seat, so some were also from Hoboken to Hegawisch." that particular seat, so some were also standing. A very small man sat crouched on the end seat, a pretty girl next to him. The small man seemed to be very restless, and no wonder, for all the rest were pushing the pretty girl, who necessarily pushed him in a way that seemed to infer that his room was better than his company. At length, unable to endure it any longer, he all at once shoved his shoulder under the rail and fell out, apparently. "Mercy!" screamed a nervous pas-

senger, "has he committed suicide?" "I don't know," answered the pretty girl, "but, anyway, I've got the end seat."—N. Y. Press.

No Grace.

Four-year-old Anna was invited to take luncheon with the family of one of her little friends. Before they par took of their meal, the head of house asked a blessing upon the food. during which time Anna chattered constantly. Not wishing to reprove the child, her hostess said, "I suppose you don't have grace at your house.

"Oh, nc," the little girl replied, "we have Bessie."—Harper's Magazine.

Her Idea of a Wooden Leg. Hewitt—Is your wife a woman of practical ideas?

Jewett-Well, I could imagine that if I lost a leg she would think that the vacancy could be filled by taking one of the legs out of a pine table that we no longer use."-Judge.

His'n.

Patient-If you'll allow me to speak -that tooth you insist upon pulling is not the one that aches.

Dentist-Confound it, sir-who's doing this job-you or me?-Harper's weekly.