

OUR SERIAL

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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

(Copyright, 1905, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

The American consul to Barscheit, a principality of Europe, tells how the reigning grand duke had tried to find a husband for his rebellious niece, the Princess Hildegarde, finally decreeing that she wed the Prince of Doppelheim, an ugly old widower, ruler of the neighboring principality. Though he had been in the country for six months the American consul had never seen the princess. While horseback riding in the country night overtakes him, and he seeks accommodation in a dilapidated old castle. While seeking admission he is startled by a beautiful voice breaking into song.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Had I stumbled upon one of my dreams at last? Had Romance suddenly relented, as a coquette sometimes relents? For a space I knew not what to do. Then, with a shrug—I have never been accused of lacking courage—I tried once more, by the aid of a match, to locate a bell. There was absolutely nothing, and the beating of my riding crop on the panels of that huge door would have been as noisy as a feather. I grasped the knob and turned it impatiently. Behold! the door opened without sound, and I stepped into the hallway, which was velvet black.

Silence! The song died. All over that great rambling structure not even the reassuring chirp of a cricket! I stood perfectly still. What the deuce should I do? Turn back? As I formed this question in my mind a draft of wind slammed the door shut. I was in for it, sure enough; I was positive that I could never find that door again. Heaven knows how long I waited.

Soon I heard a laugh, light, infectious, fearless! Then I heard a voice, soft and pleading:

"Don't go, in mercy's name, don't go, Gretchen! You may be killed!"

"Nonsense, Betty! I am not afraid of any ghost that ever walked, rode or floated."

"Ghost? It may be a burglar!"

"Or Steinbock! We shall find nothing."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing but a rat, buzzing about in the armor." The laughter came again. "You are not afraid, Betty?"

"Only cautious. But how can you laugh? A rat?" cried a voice rather anxiously. "Why, they are as big as dogs!"

"But arrant cowards."

So! one of these voices spoke English as its birthright; the other spoke with an accent, that is to say, by adoption. Into what had I fallen? Whether had my hunger brought me? I was soon to learn.

There came a faint thread of light on one side of the hall, such as may be likened to that which filters under a door-sill. Presently this was followed by the sound of jangling brass rings. A heavy velvet portiere—which I, being in darkness, had not discovered—slipped back. My glance, rather blinded, was first directed toward the flame of the candle. Then I lowered it—and surrendered for ever and for ever!

I beheld two faces in profile, as it were, one side in darkness, the other tinted and glowing like ancient ivory. I honestly confess to you that in all my wanderings—and they have been frequent and many—I never saw such an enchanting picture or two more exquisite faces. One peered forth with hesitant bravery; the other—she who held the candle—with cold, tranquil inquiry.

All my fears, such as they were, left me instantly. Besides, I was not without a certain amount of gallantry and humor. I stepped squarely into the light and bowed.

"Ladies, I am indeed not a ghost, but I promise you that I shall be if I am not offered something to eat at once!"

"Tableau!"

"What are you doing here?" asked she with the candle, her midnight eyes drawing down her brows into a frown of displeasure.

I bowed. "To begin with, I find a gate unlocked, and being curious, I open it; then I find a door unlatched, and I enter. Under these unusual circumstances I am forced to ask the same question of you: what are you doing here in this ruined castle? If it isn't ruined, it is deserted, which amounts to the same thing." This was impertinent, especially on the part of a self-invited guest.

"That is my affair, sir. I have a right here, now and at all times." Her voice was cold and authoritative. "There is an inn six miles farther down the road; this is a private residence. Certainly you can not remain here over night."

"Six miles?" I echoed dismally. "Madam, if I have seemed impertinent,

pardon me. I have been in the saddle six hours. I have ridden nearly 30 miles since noon. I am dead with fatigue. At least give me time to rest a bit before taking up the way again. I admit that the manner of my entrance was informal; but how was I to know? There was not even a knock on the door by which to make known my presence to you." The truth is, I did not want to go at once. No one likes to stumble into an adventure—enchanting as this promised to be—and immediately pop out of it. An idea came to me, serviceable rather than brilliant. "I am an American. My German is poor. I speak no French. I have lost my way, it would seem; I am hungry and tired. To ride six miles farther now is a physical impossibility; and I am very fond of my horse."

"He says he is hungry, Gretchen," said the English girl, dropping easily into the French language as a vehicle of speech. (I was a wretch, I know, but I simply could not help telling that lie; I didn't want to go; and they might be conspirators.) "Besides," went on the girl, "he looks like a gentleman."

"We can not always tell a gentleman in the candle-light," replied Gretchen, eyeing me critically and shrewdly and suspiciously.

As for me, I gazed from one to the other, inquiringly, after the manner of one who hears a tongue not understandable.

"He's rather nice," was the English girl's comment; "and his eyes strike me as being too steady to be dishonest."

I had the decency to burn in the ears. I had taken the step, so now I could not draw back. I sincerely hoped that they would not exchange any embarrassing confidences. When alone women converse upon many peculiar topics; and conversing in a tongue which they supposed to be unknown to me, these two were virtually alone.

"But, my dear child," the other returned argumentatively, "we can not

sea-food salad, asparagus, white bread and unsalted butter, an alcohol-burner over which hung a tea-pot, and besides all this there was a pint of La Rose which was but half-emptied. Have you ever been in the saddle half a day? If you have, you will readily sent a collector of antiques into raptures, and a table upon which lay the remains of a fine supper. My mouth watered. I counted over the good things: roast pheasant, pink ham, a appreciate the appetite that was warring with my curiosity.

"Eat," bade she who was called Gretchen, shortly.

"And my horse?"

"Where is it?"

"Tied to a tree by the gate."

She struck a Chinese gong. From the kitchen appeared an elderly servant who looked to me more fitted to handle a saber than a carving knife; at least, the scar on his cheek impressed me with this idea. (I found out later that he was an old soldier, who lived alone in the castle as caretaker.)

"Take this gentleman's horse to the stables and feed him," said Gretchen. "You will find the animal by the gate."

With a questioning glance at me the old fellow bowed and made off.

I sat down, and the two women brought the various plates and placed them within reach. Their beautiful hands flashed before my eyes and now and then a sleeve brushed my shoulder.

"Thank you," I murmured. "I will eat first, and then make my apologies."

This remark caught the fancy of Gretchen. She laughed. It was the same laughter I had heard while standing in the great hall.

"Will you drink tea, or would you prefer to finish this Bordeaux?" she asked pleasantly.

"The wine, if you please; otherwise the effect of the meal and the long hours in the wind will produce sleepiness. And it would be frightfully dis-



"I Beheld Two Faces in Profile, as it Were."

offer hospitality to a strange man this night of all nights. Think of what is to be accomplished."

(So something was to be accomplished? I was right, then, in deceiving them. To accomplish something on a night like this, far from habitation, had all the air of a conspiracy.)

"Feed him and his horse, and I'll undertake to get rid of him before that detestable Steinbock comes. Besides, he might prove a valuable witness in drawing up the papers."

"Papers?"

"I never thought of that. It will not do to trust Steinbock wholly." Gretchen turned her searching eyes once more upon me. I confess that I had some difficulty in steadying my own. There are some persons to whom one can not lie successfully; one of them stood before me. But I rather fancy I passed through the ordeal with at least half a victory. "Will you go your way after an hour's rest?" she asked, speaking in the familiar tongue.

"I promise." It was easy to make this promise. I wasn't a diplomat for nothing. I knew how to hang on, to dodge under, to go about.

"Follow me," Gretchen commanded briefly.

We passed through the gloomy salon. A damp, musty odor struck my sense of smell. I was positive that the castle was uninhabited, save for this night. Three candles burned on the mantel, giving to the gloom a mysterious, palpitating effect. The room beyond was the dining-room, richly paneled in wine-colored mahogany. This was better; it was cheerful. A log crackled in the fireplace. There were plenty of candles. There was a piano, too. This belonged to the castle; a heavy tarpaulin covering lay heaped at one side. There was a mahogany sideboard that would have

courteous on my part to fall asleep in my chair. I am very hard to awake."

The English girl poured out the wine and passed the goblet to me. I touched my lips to the glass, and bent my head politely. Then I resolutely proceeded to attack the pheasant and ham. I must prove to these women that at least I was honest in regard to my hunger. I succeeded in causing a formidable portion of the food to disappear.

And then I noticed that neither of the young women seated herself while I ate. I understood. There was no hostility in this action; nothing but formality. They declined to sit in the presence of an unwelcome stranger, thus denying his equality from a social point of view. I readily accepted this decision on their part. They didn't know who I was. They stood together by the fireplace and carried on a conversation in low tones.

How shall I describe them? The elder of the two, the one who seemed to possess all the authority, could not have been more than 20. Her figure was rather matured, yet it was delicate. Her hair was tawny, her skin olive in shade and richly tinted at the cheekbones. Her eyes, half framed by thick, black-arching brows, reminded me of woodland pools in the dusk of the evening,—depths unknown, cool, refreshing in repose. The chin was resolute, the mouth was large but shaped and brilliant, the nose possessed the delicate nostrils characteristic of all sensitive beings—that is to say, thoroughbred; altogether a confusing, bewildering beauty. At one moment I believed her to be Latin, the next I was positive that she was Teutonic. I could not discover a single weak point, unless impulsiveness shall be called weakness; this sign of impulsiveness was visible in the lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROPRIETARY REMEDIES VS. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

Statistics Show, of the Deaths from Misuse of Drugs in Two Years, Only Three Per Cent. Were Due to Patent Medicines, According to Figures Based on Medical Certificates.

The press committee of the Proprietary Association of America will present at the next meeting of that body a report showing the number of accidental deaths caused by patent medicines in the two years ending June 30, 1907, as compared with deaths from other causes.

Almost immediately after the beginning of the latest crusade against proprietary medicines this committee was instructed to collect data. This work was done through the clipping bureau, which furnished accounts of all deaths, exclusive of suicide, due to the misuse of medicines, drugs or poisons. The result showed that only three per cent. could be traced directly to the products made by the members of the association.

The greatest care is said to have been exercised in tabulating the figures received. Whenever the cause of death was doubtful, special investigation was made, no matter where the case might have occurred. The work of assorting and preparing the record was done in Chicago, and the original clippings and correspondence are in the possession of Ervin F. Kemp, 184 La Salle street, that city, the association's publicity agent. The report says, in part:

"A large number of accidents, resulting fatally or otherwise, were caused by the carelessness of persons who left drugs, medicines or poisons within the reach of children. A large number, also, were caused by persons going to medicine cabinets in the dark and taking down the wrong bottle. In no case reported was any medicine, 'patent' or otherwise, held responsible for injury or death except when left within the reach of children or taken or administered in gross overdose."

The committee says that it is unlikely that any cases of death from the use of patent medicine escaped the newspapers, but that it is probable that death from the causes tabulated did occur without receiving publicity. Physicians, of course, report the causes of death. The committee says that they would be the last to suppress the cause if due to the use of medicine not regularly prescribed.

A recapitulation of the committee's findings show 4,295 cases of poisoning, of which 1,753 were fatal. The greatest number of cases, 1,636, with 893 deaths, is attributed to medicines other than proprietary remedies. There are on the list 50 cases of sickness and 43 deaths due to patent medicines.

Analyzing its statistics, the committee finds 201 cases of sickness, with 143 deaths, due to strychnine tablets, which are among physicians' favorite remedies and are often left within the reach of children.

Under the head of miscellaneous prescriptions are grouped 44 cases where, the report says, it has been impossible after diligent inquiry to ascertain the name or the character of the drug or medicine which caused injury or death, beyond the fact that the medicine or drug was prescribed by a physician. Of these cases 18 were fatal. The committee says:

"Under the head of 'All Patent Medicines' are grouped all those remedies which are recognized as patent medicines and which are advertised direct to the public for internal use. Competent authorities say that at least one-half of the medicines taken in the United States are of the kind known as 'patent medicine,' and yet in two years among 89,000,000 people there have been but ninety cases (forty-three fatal) that have been reported in the newspapers from the use or misuse of these remedies."

Not in a single fully substantiated case is it ever charged that any patent medicine in recommended doses was injurious. In this connection it should be understood that in making death certificates and in reporting cases of injury to the newspapers from which these cases were secured, a physician had the final word, and in this connection is there any probability that the doctor will hide his own carelessness or neglect or that of a fellow practitioner whose support he may want at some time, and is there even a possibility that he might hide any responsibility that could be thrown at a patent medicine? Ask yourself these questions. Then when you have found the answer, consider that during all this most thorough and careful investigation covering a period of two years, in not a single established case was it shown that patent medicine in recommended doses was injurious.

The most remarkable case reported was that of an Italian laborer in New York who suffered from pains in the chest. A physician ordered a porous plaster which the patient ate, with fatal results.

Dugald's Explanation.

Staying at an inn in Scotland a shooting party found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still, wet or fine, the old-fashioned barometer that hung in the hall persistently pointed to "set fair." At length one of the party drew the landlord's attention to the glass, saying: "Don't you think now, Dugald, there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir," replied Dugald, with dignity; "she's a gude glass and a powerful glass, but she's no' moved w' trifles."

For him who aspires and him who loves, life may lead through the thorns, but it never stops in the desert.—Lord Lytton.

LIVE STOCK



USEFUL PIG TROUGH.

One Which Can Be Easily Turned for Cleaning.



Pig Trough in Place.

other seven inches, each six feet long. For the ends, take two six-inch boards each 2 1/2 feet long and fasten them between two stakes by a bolt. Cut the lower side of one of the ends off round, so that it can be turned over readily. For large hogs, says Farm and Home, this trough should be made of larger size than described above.

REMOVING HORNS FROM CATTLE.

Better to Let Them Grow and Then Dehorn Than to Prevent Growth.

Many who write on this subject recommend the removal of horns, so to speak, by preventing them from growing. This sounds well, but it is at least open to question as to whether it is better to prevent horns from growing by the application of some caustic material or to take them off at a later period.

To prevent horns from growing is not in all instances the easy task that some persons imagine it to be. If too much caustic potash, which is generally used, is applied, it will burn too deeply. If too little is applied the horns will not be sufficiently checked, and a second application will be necessary. Many of those who have used this application have not used it with entire success. The result has been miniature horns that have been more or less deformed. The caustic is more or less dangerous to handle. If any of it should reach any other part, and this is easily possible unless the calves are isolated, it will remove the hair. It is also very easy to injure the fingers unless great care is exercised in handling the potash, and it must be kept with care or it will waste.

But there is the strong objection, says Orange Judd Farmer, to such dehorning arising from the fact that animals dehorned young learn to push with the head and to strike in a way that they would not if the horns were allowed to grow until they can punch just a little with them and they are then cut off. The loss of the horns seems to discourage them so much that it takes all of the fight out of them. The most docile animals by far are those who have lost their horns after they have come to know how they could use them.

HINTS FOR FARM HORSES.

Never shout at a young horse while training him.

A well grown yearling is worth more than a stunted two-year-old.

Keep the colt's feet in good shape. Do not let the toes become too long. Irregular feeding makes thin horses, no matter what amount is given.

The oat box should be large, with broad bottom, so that the oats will scatter and not be bolted.

The brood mare should have a few hours' exercise in the yard or on the road every day. It does not pay to keep her confined.

The horses and colts should be kept away from the hens and hogs. The odor of the pigeon is offensive to the horse, and hen lice are hard to eradicate.

See to it that the work collars fit and that they are kept soft and clean. There are few things more discouraging in the beginning of a busy season than horses with sore shoulders, and this vexation and cruelty can be avoided by the exercise of proper care.

Breed only to pure sires. Use pure bred dams if possible.—Coleman's Rural World.

Hitch a steady team to a hayrack, lowdown wheels preferred, and let while another with a good sharp one man drive slowly along the hedge while another with a good sharp scythe stands on the rack and mows off the tender shoots. Stop the team as necessary and work up along the rack. The flat rack is the handiest and works faster. With a little practice part of the mowing can be done as the team is moving, says Wallace's Farmer. By this method one man and a boy to drive trimmed eighty rods of fence down one side and back on the other in less than three hours.

Dip the Hogs.

Do not allow yourself to get so busy that you do not have time to dip the hogs at least once a month. Besides freeing them from lice and numerous skin diseases it opens up the pores of their skin and tends to promote the general health of the herd.

Poison for Mice.

A reader sends the following: One part flour, one part sugar and one part arsenic mixed well, makes an ideal poison for mice. They eat it readily and do not produce a disgusting smell when they die.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved In Three Months.



C. B. FIZER.

Mr. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes:

"I have suffered with kidney and other trouble for ten years past."

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Peruna For Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

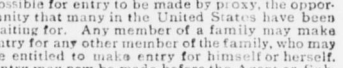
It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. They are times when they need a little assistance.

Peruna is exactly the sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.

New and Liberal Homestead Regulations in

WESTERN CANADA

New Districts Now Opened for Settlement



Some of the choicest lands in the grain growing belts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations of Canada.

The number of homesteads of 160 acres each are now available. The new regulations make it possible for entry to be made by the opportunity that many in the United States have been waiting for. Any member of a family may make entry for any other member of the family, who may be entitled to make entry for himself or herself. Entry may now be made before the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District by proxy, on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

"Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, containing 8 and 16, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

The fee in each case will be \$10.00. Churches, schools and markets convenient. Healthy climate, splendid crops and good laws. Grain-growing and cattle raising principal industries.

For further particulars as to rates, routes, boat time to go and where to locate, apply to

H. M. WILLIAMS, Toledo, Ohio.

THE MEN WHO KNOW

THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF



TOWERS' SLICKERS, SUITS AND HATS

are the men who have put them to the hardest tests in the roughest weather.

Get the original Towers' Fish Brand made since 1836

CATALOG FREE FOR THE ASKING

A TOWER CO. BOSTON U.S.A.

FREE

To convince any woman that Paxtine will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large illustrated box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE

in e m u c o u s

affections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth; by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

WICK'S CAPUDINE CURES

It removes the cause, soothes the nerves and relieves the aches and feverishness. It cures all headaches and neuralgia also. No bad effects. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (Liquor.)

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice Free. Terms low. Highest Ref.