



The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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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 Doppelkinn, 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 light overtakes him, and he seeks accommodation in a dilapidated old castle. While seeking admission he is startled by a beautiful voice breaking into song. The place is inhabited by two young women and an old servant. They give him food for himself and horse on condition that he leave within an hour. They are seemingly bent on a secret escapade if some kind with one Steinbock.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The other—well, I couldn't help it. It was Kismet, fate, the turn in the road, what you will. I fell heels over head in love with her at once.

Eyes she had as blue as the Aegean sea on windy days, blue as the cloud-winked sky of a winter's twilight, blue as sapphires—Irish eyes! Her hair was as dark and silken as a plume from the wings of night. (Did I not say that I had some poetry in my system?) The shape of her mouth—Never mind; I can recall only the mad desire to kiss it. A graceful figure, a proud head, a slender hand, a foot so small that I wondered if it really poised, balanced or supported her young body. Tender she must be, and loving, enclitic rather than erect like her authoritative companion. She was adorable.

All this inventory of feminine charms was taken by furtive glances, sometimes caught—or were they taking an inventory of myself? Presently my appetite became singularly submissive. Hunger often is satisfied by the feeding of the eyes. I dropped my napkin on the table and pushed back my chair. My hostesses ceased conversing.

"Ladies," said I courteously, "I offer you my sincere apologies for this innocent intrusion." I looked at my watch. "I believe that you gave me an hour's respite. So, then, I have 30 minutes to my account."

The women gazed at each other. One laughed, and the other smiled; it was the English girl who laughed this time. I liked the sound of it better than any I had yet heard.

(Pardon another parenthesis. I hope you haven't begun to think I am the hero of this comedy. Let it be furthest from your thoughts. I am only a passive bystander.)

"I sincerely trust that your hunger is appeased," said the one who had smiled.

"It is, thank you." I absently fumbled in my coat pockets, then guiltily dropped my hands. What a terrible thing habit is!

"You may smoke," said the Bougresau child who was grown into womanhood. Wasn't that fine of her? And wasn't it rather observant, too? I learned later that she had a brother who was fond of tobacco. To her eyes my movement was a familiar one.

"With your kind permission," said I gratefully, I hadn't had a smoke in four hours.

I owned a single good cigar, the last of my importation. I lighted it and blew forth a snowy billow of heavenly aroma. I know something about human nature, even the feminine side of it. A presentable young man with a roll of aromatic tobacco seldom fails to win the confidence of those about him. With that cloud of smoke the raw edge of formality smoothed down.

"Had you any particular destination?" asked Gretchen.

"None at all. The road took my fancy, and I simply followed it."

"Ah! that is one of the pleasures of riding—to go wherever the inclination bids. I ride."

"We were getting on famously."

"Do you take long journeys?" I inquired.

"Often. It is the most exhilarating of sports," said the Enchantment. "The scenery changes; there are so many things that charm and engage your interest; the mountains, the waterways, the old ruins. Have you ever whistled to the horses afield and watched them come galloping down to the wall? It is fine. In England—"

But her mouth closed suddenly. She was talking to a stranger.

I love enthusiasm in a woman. It colors her cheeks and makes her eyes sparkle. I grew a bit bolder.

"I heard a wonderful voice as I approached the castle," said I.

Gretchen shrugged.

"I haven't heard its equal outside Berlin or Paris," I went on.

"There is no city to equal it. Inasmuch as we three shall never meet again, will you not do me the honor to repeat that jewel song from Faust?" My audacity did not impress her in the least.

"You can scarcely expect me to give a supper to a stranger and then sing for him, besides," said Gretchen, a chill again stealing into her tones. "These Americans!" she observed to her companion in French.

I laid aside my cigar, approached the piano, and sat down. I struck a few chords and found the instrument to be in remarkable good order. I played a Chopin "Polonaise," I tinkled Grieg's "Papillon," then I ceased.

"That is to pay for my supper," I explained.

Next I played Le Courier, and when I had finished that I turned again, rising.

"That is to pay for my horse's supper," I said.

Gretchen's good humor returned.

"Whoever you are, sir," her tone no longer repellent, "you are amusing. Pray, tell us whom we have the honor to entertain?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea who my hostess is,"—evasively.

"It is quite out of the question. You are the intruder."

"Call me Mr. Intruder, then," said I.

It was, you will agree, a novel adventure. I was beginning to enjoy it hugely.

"Who do you suppose this fellow is?" Gretchen asked.

"He says he is an American, and I believe he is. What Americans are in Barscheit?"

"I know of none at all. What shall we do to get rid of him?"

All this was carried on with unstudied rudeness. They were women of high and noble quality; and as I was an interloper, I could take no exception to a conversation in a lan-

guage I had stated I did not understand. If they were rude, I had acted in a manner unbecoming a gentleman. Still, I was somewhat on the defensive. I took out my watch. My hour was up.

"I regret that I must be off," I said ruefully. "It is much pleasanter here than on the road."

"I can not ask you to remain here. You will find the inn a very comfortable place for the night," was Gretchen's suggestion.

"Before I go, may I ask in what manner I might serve as a witness?" Ere the words had fully crossed my lips I recognized that my smartness had caused me to commit an unpardonable blunder for a man who wished to show up well in an adventure of this sort. (But fate had a hand in it, as presently you shall see.)

Gretchen laughed, but the sound was harsh and metallic. She turned to her companion, who was staring at me with startled eyes.

"What did I tell you? You can not tell a gentleman in the candle-light." To me she said: "I thought as much. You have heard Faust in Paris, but you know nothing of the French language. You claimed to be a gentleman, yet you have permitted us to converse in French."

"Was it polite of you to use it?" I asked.

"All this," with a wave of the hand, "appears mysterious. This is not a residence one would expect to find inhabited—and by two charming women!" I bowed. "Your presence here is even less satisfactorily explained than mine. If I denied the knowledge of French it was because I wasn't sure of my surroundings. It was done in self-defense rather than in the desire to play a trick. And in this language you speak of witnesses, of papers, of the coming of a man you do not trust. It looks very much like a conspiracy." I gathered up my gloves and riding-crop. I believed that I had extricated myself rather well.

"This is my castle," said Gretchen, gently shaking off the warning hand of her companion. "If I desire to occupy it for a night, who shall gainsay me? If I leave the latches down, that is due to the fact that I have no one to fear. Now, sir, you have eaten the bread of my table, and I demand to know who you are. If you do not tell me at once, I shall be forced to confine you here till I am ready to leave."

"Confine me!"—nonplussed. This was more than I had reckoned on.

"Yes." She reached out to strike the gong. (I can not be blamed for surrendering so tamely. I didn't know that the old servant was the only man around.)

"I am the American consul at Barscheit."

The two women drew together instinctively, as if one desired to protect the other from some unknown calamity. What the device was it all about? All at once Gretchen thrust aside her friend and approached. The table was between us, and she rested her hands upon it. Our glances met and clashed.

"Did the duke send you here?" she demanded repellently.

"The duke?" I was getting deeper than ever. "The duke?"

"Yes. I am the Princess Hildegarde."

CHAPTER III.

The Princess Hildegarde of Barscheit! My gloves and riding-crop slipped from my nerveless fingers to the floor. A numbing, wilting sensation wrinkled my spine. The Princess Hildegarde of Barscheit! She stood opposite me, the woman—ought I not to say girl?—for whom I had been seeking, after a fashion, all these months! The beautiful madcap who took the duchy by the ears, every now and then, and tweaked them! The princess herself, here in this lonely old castle into which I had so carelessly stumbled! Romance, enchantment! Oddly enough, the picture of her riding a bicycle flashed through my brain, and this was followed by



"Wait!" She Commanded.

another, equally engaging, of the husband who rode cross-country, to the horror of the conservative element at court.

"The Princess Hildegarde!" I murmured stupidly.

"Yes. I have asked you a question, sir. Or shall I put the question in French?"—ironically. "Was it the duke who sent you here?"

There was a look in her superb eyes which told me that it would have been to her infinite pleasure to run a sword through my black and villainous heart. Presently I recovered.

"Your highness, what the deuce has the duke to do with my affairs, or I with his? As an American, you would scarcely expect me to meddle with your private affairs. You are the last person in the world I thought to meet this night. I represent the United States in this country, and though I am inordinately young, I have acquired the habit of attending to my own affairs."

From the angry face in front of me I turned to the dismayed face beyond. There must have been a question in my glance. The young woman drew herself up proudly.

"I am the Honorable Betty Moore." (The princess' schoolmate in England!)

Her highness stood biting the knuckle of a forefinger, undecided as to what path of action to enter, to reach a satisfactory end. My very rudeness convinced her more than anything else that I spoke the truth.

"How, then, did you select this particular road?"—still entertaining some doubt.

"It is a highway, free to all. But I have already explained that," I answered quietly. I moved deliberately toward the door, but with a cat-like movement she sprang in front of me.

"Well, your highness?"

"Wait!" she commanded, extending an authoritative arm (lovely, too).

"Since you are here, and since you know who I am, you must remain."

"Must?" I repeated, taken aback.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOME-MADE REMEDY

INEXPENSIVE AND EASILY PREPARED BY ANYONE.

Is Said to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness Though Harmless and Pleasant to Take.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known authority, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

NOTHING HID FROM KAISER.

How German Emperor Keeps in Touch with World's Affairs.

The German emperor's interest in everything that goes on in the world is well known, but few are aware of the trouble he takes to keep in touch with current affairs. According to a Munich newspaper, the kaiser reads at least three papers every day, changing the list several times a week in order to become fully acquainted with the ideas of all political parties in the state. But this by no means exhausts his appetite for information. Every day the ministry of foreign affairs, as well as that of the interior, has to provide newspaper cuttings, properly named and dated, and pasted on slips ready for the emperor's perusal. These he carefully reads, making marginal notes as he goes along, and they are then scrupulously classified and put aside ready for immediate reference. Often, too, the emperor asks for cuttings relating to the particular technical subjects in which for the time he is specially interested.

FURIOUS HUMOR ON CHILD.

Itching, Bleeding Sores Covered Body—Nothing Helped Her—Cuticura Cures Her in Five Days.

"After my granddaughter of about seven years had been cured of the measles, she was attacked about a fortnight later by a furious itching and painful eruption all over her body, especially the upper part of it, forming watery and bleeding sores, especially under the arms, of considerable size. She suffered a great deal and for three weeks we nursed her every night, using all the remedies we could think of. Nothing would help. We tried the Cuticura Remedies and after twenty-four hours we noted considerable improvement, and after using only one complete set of the Cuticura Remedies, in five consecutive days the little one, much to our joy, had been entirely cured, and has been well for a long time. Mrs. F. Ruefenacht, R. F. D. No. 3, Bakersfield, Cal., June 25 and July 20, 1906."

NO NEED FOR WORDS.

Brief Pantomime Told Everything to the Onlooker.

Harrison Grey Fiske discussed, at a dinner in New York, the art of acting.

"I believe," said Mr. Fiske, "in subtlety and restraint. A nod, a shake of the head, a silent pause—these things are often more effective than the most violent yelling and ranting."

"Life is like that, subtle and silent. What, for instance, could be more expressive than this scene, a scene without a spoken word, that I once witnessed in the country?"

"An undertaker stood on a corner near a noble mansion. He elevated his brows hopefully and inquiringly as a physician came from the house. The physician, compressing his lips, shook his head decidedly and hurried to his carriage. Then the undertaker with a sigh passed on."

Annoying.

"I suppose your family had a good time in Europe."

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I don't think mother and the girls enjoyed themselves all the time. You see, they had so much trouble figuring foreign money back into dollars that every now and then they were embarrassed by finding they had accidentally ordered something that wasn't expensive."

Mildred—Of course, I care more for a man's true love than for the amount of money he spends. "Clothide—"Oh, of course!" Mildred—"But still, it's awfully hard to hold a cheap man dear."

TIRED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness, languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S. A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Mo., says:



"Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered everything from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, and almost continuous in the loins and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

For sale at all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

KNEW WHAT PAPA SAID.

And It Was Something of a Variation of Old Adage.

Tommy was stubborn and his teacher was having a hard time explaining a small point in the geography lesson.

"Tommy," teacher began, "you can learn this if you make up your mind. It's not one bit smart to appear dull. I know," she continued, coaxingly, "that you are just as bright as any boy in the class. Remember, Tommy, where there's a will there's a way."

"Aw," broke in Tommy, "I know all that, I do. Me fadder's a lawyer, he is, an' I've heard him say it lots o' times."

"You should not have interrupted me," reprimanded the teacher, "but I'm glad that your father has taught you the old adage. Can you repeat it for me?"

"Sure," said Tommy, confidently. "Me fadder says dat where der's a will—der's always a bunch o' poor relations"—Lippincott's.

Pure Food.

The pure food law does not prohibit the sale of Cream of Tartar Baking Powders because Cream of Tartar is as pure as Alum—but it is a well known fact that a baking powder in which Alum is used instead of Cream of Tartar is less injurious. Dr. Herman Reinbold, the expert German chemist, in a recent official report concerning Baking Powders, declares that a pure Alum baking powder is better and less injurious than the so-called Cream of Tartar powders. He says that if the quantity of alum contained in a sufficient quantity of baking powder for a batch of bread or cakes for an ordinary family, be concentrated to one mouthful of food, and taken into the stomach of any one person, no matter how delicate, it could do no harm.

On Wit and Humor.

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps, for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be. We weep at what thwarts or exceeds our desires in serious matters; we laugh at what only disappoints our expectations in trifles. We shed tears from sympathy with real and necessary distress; as we burst into laughter from want of sympathy with that which is unreasonable and unnecessary, the absurdity of which provokes our spleen or mirth, rather than serious reflections on it.—William Hazlitt.

A Point of View.

The new steamer City of _____ was laid up for repairs and one of the rickety old-timers of the line was sailing in her place. A passenger who was somewhat irritated by the fact remarked to another, an Irishman, by the way: "The City of _____ always gets in at two in the morning and this old tub never gets in before six."

The Irishman thought for a moment and replied: "It's all right. The distance is just the same and we get a longer sail for the money."

Not Saying Much for Ma.

"Pa, is ma your best half?" "I suppose so."

"Still, that ain't sayin' much for ma, is it?"

HAD A FELLOW FEELING.

Aunt Susan's Heart Went Out to "Fore Missus Astor."

Uncle Eli felt he knew the metropolis pretty well. Had he not been there three times in four years—and twice he had ridden on the elevated. So when he brought Aunt Susan with him (on the fourth trip) he naturally assumed the role of guide.

She marveled at everything until they sat down for luncheon. They had gone into the Astor house for that meal, but all its other marvels seemed lost on the visiting country hostess, as she looked open-eyed at the crowds that filled not only the corridors but the restaurants. Scarcely had they found seats, when this amazement took definite shape.

"Eli," said she in a stately whisper, "I can't set here an' eat peaceably. I jes' must go downstairs an' help pore Missus Astor with the cookin' an' dishes."—Bohemian.

First Aid.

A Washington doctor was recently called to his telephone by a colored woman formerly in the service of his wife. In great agitation the darky advised the physician that her youngest child was in a bad way.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Doc, she dono swallowed a whole bottle of ink!"

"I'll be there in a short while to see her," said the Medico. "In the mean time have you done anything for her?"

"I done give her three pieces o' blottin' paper, Doc," said the negress, doubtfully.—Harper's Weekly.

Full of Knots.

The lanky tramp removed his tattered hat and displayed his intellectual brow.

"Ah, lady," he confided, "I have brains to burn. There is nothing I like better than to tackle knotty problems."

The busy housewife reached for the ax.

"Indeed!" she said. "Well, go down to the woodpile. You will find that last load the most knotty problem you ever tackled during your career."

56,560 Acres U. S. Homestead farming and grazing land will be thrown open on the Lower Brule Reservation a few miles from Pierre, S. D., the state capital, October 7th to 12th. Reached direct by the train service of the Chicago & North Western Ry. Registration at U. S. Land office at Pierre Oct. 7th to 12th. Homeseekers' rates first and third Tuesdays of each month. For full information apply to W B Kniskern, P. T. M., C & N W Ry, Chicago, Ill.

Enid's Prayer.

The other night little Enid, tired out by a day's rumping, was about to retire for the night when her mother told her to say her prayers, which she evidently was about to forget. This is what she said: "Oh, Lord, if you know everything, you know I am very sleepy, so dood-by till to-morrow night!"

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaint. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, etc. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

HICKS' CAPUDINE IMMEDIATELY CURES Headaches and Indigestion. Trial bottle 10c At drugstores.

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from female trouble is told that an operation is necessary, it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital, the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart.

It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation has been decided upon as the only cure. The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who by taking

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs, have escaped serious operations, as evidenced by Miss Rose Moore's case, of 307 W. 26th St., N. Y. She writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of the very worst form of female trouble and I wish to express to you my deepest gratitude. I suffered intensely for two years so that I was unable to attend to my duties and was a burden to my family. I doctored and doctored with only temporary relief and constantly objecting to an operation which I was advised to undergo, I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it cured me of the terrible trouble and I am now in better health than I have been for many years."

This and other such cases should encourage every woman to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before she submits to an operation. Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.



MISS ROSE MOORE