



## The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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

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### SYNOPSIS.

The American consul to Barschelt, 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 a sly overtake him, and he seeks accommodation in a dilapidated old castle. In it he finds an old servant and two women, the Princess Hildegarde, and a friend, the Hon. Betty Moore of England. They detain him to be a witness to a mock marriage of the Princess to Steinbock, a disgraced military officer, as a means of escaping the marriage with Prince Doppelkinn. Warrington, the American consul, is hidden behind the portiers when Steinbock arrives.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

I heard the crackle of parchment. The certificate was being unfolded. (It occurred to me that while she was about it the princess might just as well have forged the rascal's name and wholly dispensed with his services. The whole affair struck me as being ineffective; nothing would come of it. If she tried to make the duke believe that she had married Steinbock, her uncle would probe the matter to the bottom, and in the end cover her with ridicule. But you can not tell a young woman anything, when she is a princess and in the habit of having her own way. It is remarkable how stupid clever women can be at times. The Honorable Betty understood, but her highness would not be convinced. Thus she suffered this needless affront. Pardon this parenthesis, but when one talks from behind a curtain the parenthesis is the only available thing.) There was silence. I saw Steinbock poised the pen, then scribble on the parchment. It was done. I stirred restlessly.

"There!" cried Steinbock. His voice did not lack a certain triumph. "And now for the duplicate!"

Her highness stuffed the document into the bosom of her dress. "There will be no duplicate." The frigidity of her tones would have congealed the blood of an ordinary rascal. But Steinbock was not ordinary.

"But suppose the duke comes to me for verification?" he reasoned.

"You will be on the other side of the frontier. Here are your thousand crowns."

The barb of her contempt penetrated even his thick epidermis. His smile hardened.

"I was once a gentleman; I did not always accept money for aiding in shady transactions."

"Neither your sentiments nor your opinions are required. Now, observe me carefully," continued her highness. "I shall give you 24 hours to cross the frontier in any direction you choose. If after that time you are found in Barschelt, I promise to hand you over to the police."

"It has been a great day," said the rascal, with a laugh. "A thousand crowns!"

I separated the portieres an inch. He stood at the side of the piano, upon which he leaned an elbow. He was certainly handsome, much sought after by women of a low class. The princess stood at Steinbock's left and the Honorable Betty at his right, erect, their faces expressing nothing, so forced was the response.

"I never expected so great an honor. To wed a princess, when that princess is your highness! Faith, it is fine!"

"You may go at once," interrupted her highness, her voice rising a key. "Remember, you have only 24 hours between you and prison. You waste valuable time."

"What! you wish to be rid of me so soon? Why, this is the bridal night. One does not part with one's wife at this rate."

Leopold, the caretaker, made a warning gesture.

"Come, Leopold, I must have my jest," laughed Steinbock.

"Within certain bounds," returned the old man phlegmatically. "It is high time you were off. You are foolhardy to match your chances with justice. Prison stares you in the face."

"Bah! Do you believe it?"

"It is a positive fact," added the princess.

"But to leave like this has the pang of death!" Steinbock remonstrated.

"What! shall I be off without having even kissed the bride?"

"The bargain is concluded on all sides; you have your thousand crowns."

"But not love's tribute. I must have that. It is worth a thousand crowns. Besides," with a perceptible change in his manner, "shall I forget the contempt with which you have always looked upon me, even in the old days when we were fair and prosperous? Scarce-

ly! Opportunity is a thing that can not be permitted to pass thus lightly." Then I observed his nose wrinkle; he was sniffing. "Tobacco! I did not know that you smoked, Leopold."

"Be gone!" cried the old fellow, his hands opening and shutting.

"Presently!" With a laugh he sprang toward her highness, but Leopold was too quick for him.

There was a short struggle, and I saw the valiant old man reel, fall and strike his head on the stone of the hearth. He lay perfectly motionless. So unexpected was this scene to my eyes that for a time I was without any particular sense of movement. I stood like stone. With an evil laugh Steinbock sprang toward her highness again. Quick as light she snatched up my crop, which lay on the table, and struck the rascal full across the eyes, again and again and again, following him as he stepped backward. Her defense was magnificent. But, as fate determined to have it, Steinbock finally succeeded in wresting the stick from her grasp. He was wild with pain and chagrin. It was then I awoke to the fact that I was needed.

I rushed out, hot with anger. I caught Steinbock by the collar just in time to prevent his lips from touching her cheek. I flung him to the floor, and knelt upon his chest. I am ashamed to confess it, but I recollect slapping the fellow's face as he struggled under me.

"You scoundrel!" I cried, breathing hard.

"Kill him!" whispered her highness. She was furious; the blood of her marauding ancestors swept over her cheeks, and if ever I saw murder in a woman's eyes it was at that moment.

"Hush, Hildegarde, hush!" The English girl caught the princess in her arms and drew her back. "Don't let

ing some water into his face. Presently he opened his eyes. "He is only stunned. Poor Leopold!"

I helped the old man to his feet, and he rubbed the back of his head grimly. He drew a revolver from his pocket.

"I had forgotten all about it," he said contritely. "Shall I follow him, your highness?"

"Let him go. It doesn't matter now. Betty, you were right, as you always are. I have played the part of a silly fool. I would have my own way in the matter. Well, I have this worthless paper. At least I can frighten the duke, and that is something."

"Oh, my dear, if only you would have listened to my advice!" the other girl said. There was deep discouragement in her tones. "I warned you so often that it would come to this end."

"Let us drop the matter entirely," said her highness.

I gazed admiringly at her—to see her sink suddenly into a chair and weep abandonedly! Leopold eyed her mournfully while the English girl rushed to her side and flung her arms around her soothingly.

"I am very unhappy," said the princess, lifting her head and shaking the tears from her eyes. "I am harassed on all sides; I am not allowed any will of my own. I wish I were a peasant!—Thank you, thank you! But for you that wretch would have kissed me." She held out her hand to me, and I bent to one knee as I kissed it. She was worthy to be the wife of the finest fellow in all the world. I was very sorry for her, and thought many uncomplimentary things of the duke.

"I shall not ask you to forget my weakness," she said.

"It is already forgotten, your highness."

Under such circumstances I met the

### A Young Composer.

Rachel, aged 12, wrote a composition on wild flowers in which she praised the arbutus, the liverwort, the spring beauty, the blood root, and all of the other blossoms of dell and dale. But she wrote on both sides of her sheet of paper, and when she asked her father, who was an editor, to publish her article, he called her attention to that fact.

"You've written on both sides of your paper," said he.

"Well," was the reply, "and don't you print on both sides of yours?"

### ALL THINGS IN PROPORTION.

Invalid's Meal Evidently Had Not Increased Good Humor.

For many weeks the irritable-merchant had been riveted to his bed by typhoid fever. Now he was convalescing. He clamored for something to eat, declaring that he was starving.

"To-morrow you may have something to eat," promised the doctor. The merchant realized that there would be a restraint to his appetite, yet he saw, in vision, a modest, steaming meal placed at his bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse next day, as she gave the glowering patient a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the doctor emphasizes that everything else you do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a frantic call from the bed chamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man heavily, "I want to do some reading, bring me a postage stamp."

### HAVE CRAZE FOR FORMULA.

Smokers Follow Fashions in the Use of Tobacco.

"Make me up a package of tobacco according to the formula used by Edwin Booth," said the man with a southern accent. "That is the third man who has asked for that kind of tobacco to-day," said the dealer. "It is strange that people from remote parts of the country as well as New Yorkers make a fad of buying the same brand of tobacco that Booth smoked. And it isn't always the Booth mixture that they want. I have filed away the formulas for mixing the favorite tobacco of many famous persons. Smokers the country over have heard of this collection of recipes and one feature of every man's trip to New York is to try a pipeful of some big man's favorite tobacco. In most cases this special mixture is so strong that the nerves of the average smoker cannot stand it. He has to give up after a few pipefuls and go back to a popular mixture, but he has the satisfaction of having had the experience."—The New York Sun.

"Yes," says the husband, "I have consented to accept the nomination." "I am so glad the party is beginning to recognize your merit," beams the wife.

"Now my dear," the husband continues, "you know that political affairs are not love feasts, by any means. You must expect to see me vilified and attacked in a scandalous manner. No doubt the opposition will try to dig up sensational rumors about me, and all that sort of thing, but you must not—"

"Well," she interrupts, "I am really glad of it. You have always been strangely silent about whether or not you ever were engaged to anyone before you met me."

### The "Mound City."

St. Louis rejoices in the sobriquet of Mound City from the fact that the original settlers found there many elevations which it is supposed were relics of that strange people who dwelt in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and are known to modern times only as the Mound Builders. No adequate explanation has yet been found of their strange mode of leaving memorials of their existence. The limestone bluffs on which a part of St. Louis stands furnish a solid foundation for the business buildings.

### Held Up.

"Stop!" shouted the man on the country road, holding up a warning hand. Muttering something about rural cops, the automobilist obeyed.

"Turn around and come back to town with me," said the stranger. "You were going at least 35 miles an hour."

"You're a constable, I suppose," said the automobilist, with a covert sneer, when they had reached the village.

"Me?" replied the passenger. "No, I'm a farmer and had to come into town when all the teams was busy. Nice growing weather? Thanks. Good-by."

Ensuing comment is purposely omitted.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Belling a Rat.

You have probably read or heard that the best way to rid a house of rats is to catch one and fasten a bell about its neck. A boy in Delaware tried the experiment two months ago. He was badly bitten in making the bell fast, but he turned the rat loose and expected the tinkling of that bell would have great results. It did have.

In the first place, the rat who wore it was constantly on the move all night, and the tinkling bell kept the family awake, and in the next the sounds brought scores of new rats to the house. Instead of being afraid of the bell, they were charmed with the music. Had the boy tied a harmonica to another rat's tail, the rodents would have had a dance every night.

### She Was Willing.

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### The Way of the Child.

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question: "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person.

The boy sat quite still as if pondering over some question, and then, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's 31!"

### A Definition of Success.

How have the hypothetical scientists and the exponents of unbelief benefited themselves or humanity at large by sowing the seeds of doubt broadcast in the world? The real scientists do not fall in this category, for they are believers in the real sense of the word; they know too much, they have seen too many mysterious manifestations of the Divine creative power. Now, those who have disposed of the Bible and all evidences of inspiration, have written a great many books and some of them have won what the world at large lightly calls fame. According to the ordinary measures that are applied in such cases, they have been extremely successful, but real success means the benefit of humanity in some form or other. If no such benefits can be shown as the result of their labors, their success is not equal to that achieved by the direst poverty and the deepest ignorance.—Joel Chandler, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

### WHEN A "HUNCH" HELD GOOD.

Chinese Laundry Ticket Suggested a Bet on "Wing Ting."

Kay Spence, a well-known horseman of Mexico, Mo., won \$1,000 at the Louisville, Ky., race meeting a short time ago as the result of a "hunch." Mr. Spence has a large breeding stable of "runners" near Mexico, and attends all the big racing events in the country. Not long since he was in Louisville and entered the betting ring to see what odds were being offered on the various entries. He found that Joaquin was the favorite at even money, and pulled his wallet from his pocket, intending to bet on that horse. His attention was attracted by something that fell from his wallet to the ground, and he stooped and picked it up. It was a Chinese laundry ticket. He looked at the "books" again and found that there was an entry with a Chinese name, Wing Ting, at ten to one. That settled it, for he considered he had received a "hunch" that could not be overlooked. Wing Ting won handsly. Needless to say, those who backed the favorite considered Spence the seventh son of the seventh son.—Kansas City Star.



"Struck Me Squarely Between the Eyes."

me hear you talk like that. It is all over."

"Get up," I said to Steinbock, as I set him free.

He crawled to his feet. He was very much disordered, and there were livid welts on his face. He shook himself, eyeing me evilly. There was murder in his eyes, too.

"Empty your pockets of those thousand crowns!"—peremptorily.

"I was certain that I smelled tobacco," he sneered. "It would seem that there are other bridegrooms than myself."

"Those crowns, or I'll break every bone in your body!" I balled my fists. Nothing would have pleased me better at that moment than to pummel the life out of him.

Slowly he drew out the purse. It was one of those limp silk affairs so much affected by our ancestors. He balanced it on his hand. Its ends bulged with gold and bank-notes. Before I was aware of his intentions, he swung one end of it in so deft a manner that it struck me squarely between the eyes. With a crash of glass he disappeared through the window. The blow dazed me only for a moment, and I was hot to be on his tracks. The Honorable Betty stopped me.

"He may shoot you!" she cried. "Don't go!"

Although half through the window, I crawled back, brushing my sleeves. Something warm trickled down my nose.

"You have been cut!" exclaimed her highness.

"It is nothing. I beg of you to let me follow. It will be all over with that fellow at large."

"Not at all." Her highness' eyes sparkled wickedly. "He will make for the nearest frontier. He knows now that I shall not hesitate a moment to put his affairs in the hands of the police."

"He will boast of what he has done."

"Not till he has spent those thousand crowns." She crossed the room and knelt at the side of Leopold, dash-

Princess Hildegarde of Barschelt; and I never betrayed her confidence until this writing, when I have her express permission.

Of Hermann Steinbock I never saw anything more. Thus the only villain passes from the scene. As I have repeatedly remarked, doubtless to your weariness, this is not my story at all; but in parenthesis I may add that between the Honorable Betty Moore and myself there sprang up a friendship which later ripened into something infinitely stronger.

This, then, was the state of affairs when, one month later, Max Scharfenstein poked his handsome blond head over the frontier of Barschelt; cue (as the dramatist would say), enter hero.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The right kind of a wife never harps upon her husband's misdeeds, still less does she remind him of his misfortunes. No woman should marry a man unless her love for him be the fiber which hopeth all things, believeth all things, and is not easily provoked," says Home Chat. The right kind of wife helps a man when he falls an encourages him to try again, instead of railing at him for the stumble after he has risen to his feet.

"The average woman," said Grumbell, "has but one idea, and that's dress." "Huh!" snorted Marryat, "my wife usually has at least a dozen ideas, and they're dresses."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Bowles—Surely no one questions that character covers a multitude of sins. Thomas—I think not; and one might truthfully add that it not infrequently exposes a great number of sinners.—Smart Set.

"I'm afraid to take fencing lessons, for 'tis such an exhausting exercise." "Not a bit of it. Who told you so?" "Maizle is taking them, and she always is talking about how she feels so often while she's practicing."

## "BOO-HOO" Shouts a Spanked Baby.

A Doctor of Divinity, now Editor of a well-known Religious paper, has written regarding the controversy between Collier's Weekly and the Religious Press of the Country and others, including ourselves. Also regarding suits for libel brought by Collier's against us for commenting upon its methods.

These are his sentiments, with some very emphatic words left out.

"The religious Press owes you a debt of gratitude for your courage in showing up Collier's Weekly as the 'Yell-Oh Man.' Would you care to see the enclosed article on the 'Boo Hoo Baby' as the 'Yell-Oh Man's successor'?"

"A contemporary remarks that Collier's has finally run against a solid hickory 'Post' and been damaged in its own estimation to the tune of \$750,000.00."

"Here is a publication which has, in almost disregard of the facts, spread broadcast damaging statements about the Religious Press and others and has suffered those false statements to go uncontradicted until, not satisfied after finding the Religious Press too quiet, and peaceful, to resent the insults, it makes the mistake of wandering into fresh field and butts its rattled head against this Post and all the World laughs. Even Christians smile, as the Post suddenly turns and gives it back a dose of its own medicine."

"It is a mistake to say all the World laughs. No cheery laugh comes from Collier's, but it cries and boo hoo like a spanked baby and wants \$750,000.00 to soothe its tender, lacerated feelings."

"Thank Heaven it has at last struck a man with 'back bone' enough to call a spade a 'spade' and who believes in telling the whole truth without fear or favor."

Perhaps Collier's with its "utmost disregard for the facts," may say no such letter exists. Nevertheless it is on file in our office and is only one of a mass of letters and other data, newspaper comments, etc., denouncing the "yellow" methods of Collier's. This volume is so large that a man could not well go thru it under half a day's steady work. The letters come from various parts of America.

Usually a private controversy is not interesting to the public, but this is a public controversy.

Collier's has been using the "yellow" methods to attract attention to itself, but, jumping in the air, cracking heels together and yelling "Look at me" wouldn't suffice, so it started out on a "Holler Than Thou" attack on the Religious Press and on medicine.

"We leave it to the public now, as we did when we first resented Collier's attacks, to say whether, in a craving for sensation and circulation, its attacks do not amount to a systematic secondary poisoning. We likewise leave it to the public to say whether Collier's, by its own policy and meth-

ods, has not made itself more ridiculous than any comment of ours could make it.

Does Collier's expect to regain any self-inflicted loss of prestige by demonstrating thru suits for damages, that it can be more artful in evading liability for libels than the humble but resentful victims of its defamation, or does it hope for starting a campaign of libel suits to silence the popular indignation, reproach and resentment which it has aroused.

Collier's can not dodge this public controversy by private law suits. It can not postpone the public judgment against it. That great jury, the Public, will hardly blame us for not waiting until we get a petit jury in a court room, before denouncing this prodigal detractor of institutions founded and fostered either by individuals or by the public, itself.

No announcements during our entire business career were ever made claiming "medicinal effects" for either Postum or Grape-Nuts. Medicinal effects are results obtained from the use of medicines.

Thousands of visitors go thru our entire works each month and see for themselves that Grape-Nuts contains absolutely nothing but wheat, barley and a little salt; Postum absolutely nothing but wheat and about ten percent of New Orleans Molasses. The art of preparing these simple elements in a scientific manner to obtain the best food value and flavor, required some work and experience to acquire.

Now, when any publication goes far enough out of its way to attack us because our advertising is "medicinal," it simply offers a remarkable exhibition of ignorance or worse.

We do claim physiological or bodily results of favorable character following the adoption of our suggestions regarding the discontinuance of coffee and foods which may not be keeping the individual in good health. We have no advice to offer the perfectly healthy person. His or her health is evidence in itself that the beverages and foods used exactly fit that person. Therefore, why change?

But to the man or woman who is ailing, we have something to say as a result of an unusually wide experience in food and the result of proper feeding.

In the palpably ignorant attack on us in Collier's, appeared this statement:—"One widely circulated paragraph labors to induce the impression that Grape-Nuts will obviate the necessity of an operation in appendicitis. This is lying and potentially deadly lying."

In reply to this exhibition of well-let the reader name it, the Postum Co., says:

Let it be understood that appendicitis results from long continued disturbance in the intestines, caused primarily by undigested starchy food,

such as white bread, potatoes, rice, partly cooked cereals and such.

Starchy food is not digested in the upper stomach but passes on into the duodenum, or lower stomach and intestines, where, in a healthy individual, the transformation of the starch into a form of sugar is completed and then the food absorbed by the blood.

But if the powers of digestion are weakened, a part of the starchy food will lie in the warmth and moisture of the body and decay, generating gases and irritating the mucous surfaces until under such conditions the whole lower part of the alimentary canal, including the colon and the appendix, becomes involved. Disease sets up and at times takes the form known as appendicitis.

When the symptoms of the trouble make their appearance, would it not be good, practical, common sense, to discontinue the starchy food which is causing the trouble and take a food in which the starch has been transformed into a form of sugar in the process of manufacture?

This is identically the same form of sugar found in the human body after starch has been perfectly digested.

Now, human food is made up very largely of starch and is required by the body for energy and warmth. Naturally, therefore, its use should be continued, if possible, and for the reasons given above it is made possible in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts.

In connection with this change of food to bring relief from physical disturbances, we have suggested washing out the intestines to get rid of the immediate cause of the disturbance.

Naturally, there are cases where the disease has lain dormant and the abuse continued too long, until apparently only the knife will avail. But it is a well-established fact among the best physicians who are acquainted with the details above recited, that preventative measures are far and away the best.

Are we to be condemned for suggesting a way to prevent disease by following natural methods and for perfecting a food that contains no "medicine" and produces no "medicinal effects" but which has guided literally thousands of persons from sickness to health? We have received during the years past upwards of 25,000 letters from people who have been either helped or made entirely well by following our suggestions, and they are as simple.

If coffee disagrees and causes any of the ailments common to some coffee users quit it and take on Postum.

If white bread, potatoes, rice and other starch foods make trouble, quit and use Grape-Nuts food which is largely predigested and will digest, nourish and strengthen, when other forms of food do not. It's just plain old common sense.

"There's a Reason for Postum and Grape-Nuts."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.