



SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tels how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his neice, Princess Hildegarde to marry Prince Dopplekins, and old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. Warrington to the princess even by sight was a most and the princess even by sight with the princess even by sight was a most and an even and the other friend. Hone Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to ditness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose and the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and as he is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit.

CHAPTER IV.

He came straight to the consulate I was so glad to see him that I sat him down in front of the sideboard and left orders that I was at home to no one. We had been classmates and roommates at college, and two better friends never lived. We spent the whole night in recounting the good old days, sighed a little over the departed ones, and praised or criticized the living. Hadn't they been times, though? The nights we had stolen up to Philadelphia to see the shows, the Thanksgiving games in New York, the commencements, and all

Max had come out of the far west He was a foundling who had been adopted by a wealthy German ranchman named Scharfenstein, which name Max assumed as his own, it being as good as any. Nobody knew anything about Max's antecedents, but he was so big and handsome and jolly that no one cared a hang. For all that he did not know his parentage, he was a gentleman, something that has to be bred in the bone. Once or twice I remem-ber seeing him angry; in anger he was arrogant, deadly, but calm. He was a god in track-linen, for he was what few big men are, quick and agile. The big fellow who is catlike in his movements is the most formidable of ath-One thing that invariably amused me was his inordinate love of uniforms. He would always stop when he saw a soldier or the picture of one, and his love of arms was little short of a mania. He was an expert fencer and a dead shot besides. (Pardon the parenthesis, but I feel it my duty to warn you that nobody fights a duel in this little history, and nobody gets

On leaving college he went in for medicine, and his appearance in the capital city of Barscheit was due obviously to the great medical college. famous the world over for its nerve specialists. This was Max's first adventure in the land of gutturals. I ex plained to him, and partly unraveled. the tangle of laws; as to the language, he spoke that, not like a native, but

Max was very fond of the society of omen, and at college we used to twit him about it, for he was always eager to meet a new face, trusting that the new one might be the ideal he was searching.

"Well, you old Dutchman," said I, "have you ever found that ideal woman of yours?"

"Bah!"-lighting a pipe. "She will never be found. A horse and a trusty dog for me; those two you may eventually grow to understand. Of course, I don't say, if the woman came along -the right one-I mightn't go under I'm philosopher enough to admit that possibility. I want her tall, hair like cornsilk, eyes like the corn-flower, of "I'm not afr." brilliant intellect, reserved, and dignified, and patient. I want a woman, not humorous, but who understands humor, and I have never heard of one. So, you see, it's all smoke; and I never woman these times unless I'm smoking,"-with a gesture which explained that he had given up the idea altogether. "A doctor sees so much of women that he finally sees nothing of woman."

"Oh, if you resort to epigrams, I can see that it's all over."

"All over. I'm so used to being alone that I shouldn't know what to do with a wife." He puffed seriously.

Ah! the futility of our desires, of our castles, of our dreams! The complacency with which we jog along in what we deem to be our own particular groove! I recall a girl friend of my youth who was going to be a celibate, a great reformer, and toward that end was studying for the pulpit. She is now the mother of several children, the most peaceful and unorative woman I know. You see, humanity goes various sidetracks, thinking them to be the main line, till fate puts its peculiar but happy hand to the switch. Scharfenstein had been since I saw you. And here you are, do-

grass-grown ties-till he came to Bar-

"Hope is the wings of the heart," said I, when I thought the pause had grown long enough. "You still hope?"
"In a way. If I recollect, you had an affair once,"-shrewdly.

I smoked on. I wasn't quite ready to speak.
"You were always on the hunt for

ideals, too, as I remember; hope you'll of the lot. He knows that he hasn't got to talk unless he wants to, and

"Max, my boy, I am solemnly convinced that I have."

"Good Lord, you don't mean to tell me that you are hooked?" he cried.

"I see no reason why you should use that particular tone," I answered stiffly. "Oh, come now; tell me all about it. Who is she, and when's the wedding?"

"I don't know when the wedding's going to be, but I'm mighty sure that I have met the one girl. Max, there never was a girl like her. Witty she is, and wise; as beautiful as a summer's dawn; merry and brave; rides, drives, plays the 'cello, dances like a moon-shadow; and all that,"—with a wave of the hand.

'You've got it bad. Remember how you used to write poetry at college? Who is she if I may ask?'

"The Honorable Betty Moore, at present the guest of her highness, the Princess Hildegarde,"-with pardonable pride.

Max whistled. "You're a lucky beggar. One by one we turn traitor to our native land. A Britisher! I never should have believed it of you, of the man whose class declamation was on the firey subject of patriotism. But is it all on one side?"
"I don't know, Max; sometimes I

think so, and then I don't." "How long have you known her?"

"Little more than a month." 'A month? Everything moves swiftly these days, except European rail-

plugging away over rusty nails and ing nothing and lallygagging at court with the nobility. I wish I had an uncle who was a senator. 'Pull' is everything these days."

You Dutchman, I won this place on my own merit,"—indignantly.
"Forget it!"—grinning.

"You are impertinent."

"But truthful, always. And then we smoked a while in silence. The silent friend is the best got to talk unless he wants to, and likewise that it is during these lapses of speech that the vine of friendship grows and tightens about the heart. When you sit beside a man and feel that you need not labor to entertain him it's a good sign that you thoroughly understand each other. I was first

"I don't understand why you should go in for medicine so thoroughly. It can't be money, for heaven knows your father left you a yearly income which alone would be a fortune to me."

"Chivalry shivers these days; the chill of money is on everything. A man must do something—a man who is neither a sloth nor a fool. A man must have something to put his whole heart into: and I despise money as money. I give away the bulk of my income."

"Marry, and then you will not have to," I said flippantly.
"You're a sad dog. Do you know,

I've been thinking about epigrams." "Yes. I find that an epigram is pro-

duced by the same cause that produces the pearl in the oyster.' "That is to say, a healthy mentality never superinduces an epigram? Fudge!" said I, yanking the pup from

his lap to mine. "According to your diagnosis, your own mind is diseased. "Have I cracked an epigram?"-with pained surprise. "Well, you nearly bent one," I com-

Then we both laughed, and the pur



"Max, There Never Was a Girl Like Her."

other besides her is concerned, and I started up and licked my face before can not tell you. Some day, when I could prevent him. everything quiets down, I'll get you into a corner with a bottle, and you will find it worth while."

"The bottle?" "Both."

"From rumors I've heard, this prin- over and over. cess is a great one for larks; rides bicycles and automobiles, and generally raises the deuce. What sort is she?"

'If you are going to remain in Barscheit, my boy, take a friendly warning. Do not make any foolish attempt to see her. She is more fascinating than a roulette table."

This was a sly dig. Max smiled. A recent letter from him had told of an encounter with the goddess at Monte Carlo. Fortune had been all things

"I'm not afraid of your princess; besides, I came here to study."
"And study hard, my boy, study

hard. Her highness is not the only pretty woman in Barscheit. There's a raft of them.' "I'll paddle close to the shore," with

a smile "By the way, I'll wake you up Thurs-

day.'

"How"—lazily.
"A bout at Mueller's Rathskeller. Half a dozen American lads, one of whom is called home. Just fixed up his passports for him. You'll be as welcome as the flowers in the spring. Some of the lads will be in your

"Put me down. It will be like old I went to the reunion last times. June. Everything was in its place but you. Hang it, why can't time always go on as it did then?"

"Time, unlike our watches, never has to go to the jeweler's for repairs,"

said I owlishly. Max leaned over, took my bull-terrier by the neck and deposited him on

his lap. "Good pup, Artie-if he's anything

"Did I ever show you this?"-taking out a locket which was attached to one end of his watch chain. He passed the trinket to me.

"What is it?" I asked, turning it

"It's the one slender link that connects me with my babyhood. It was around my neck when Scharfenstein picked me up. Open it and look at the

face inside." I dfd so. A woman's face peered up at me. It might have been beautiful but for the troubled eyes and the drooping lips. It was German in type, evidently of high breeding, possessing the subtle lines which distinguish the face of the noble from the peasant's. From the woman's face I glanced at Max's. The eyes were something alike.

"Who do you think it is?" I asked, when I had studied the face sufficient-

ly to satisfy my curiosity.
"I've a sneaking idea that it may be my mother. Scharfenstein found toddling about in a railroad station, and that locket was the only thing about me that might be used in the matter of identification. You will observe that there is no lettering, not even the jeweler's usual carat mark to qualify the gold. I recall nothing; life with me dates only from the wide plains and grazing cattle. I was born either in Germany or Austria. That's all I know. And to tell you the honest truth, boy, it's the reason I've placed my woman ideal so high. I place her over my head I'm not foolish enough to weaken into thinking I can have her. What woman wants a man without a name?'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life Insurance Figures. Statistics show that there are now in the United Kingdom 27,940,260 persons carrying life insurance for a total amount of nearly £2,000,000,000. The total amount of premiums paid is

THE PEACEFUL SUBURBS

"Sort of an endless chain war with your neighbor, eh?" said the visitor from the city. "How is that?" from the city.

"Well," replied the suburbanite, "his chickens flew over the hedge and ate all my garden seed. I got even by getting a big tomcat and the cat ate the chickens.'

"Ah, an 'eye for an eye,' eh?" "Yes, but it wasn't long before he got a bulldog and the bulldog finished the tomcat."

"Great Scott! I suppose that ended the feud?"

"Not at all. I borrowed a catamount from a wandering circus and that killed the bulldog. Now, if he don't get an elephant to finish the catamount before I can return it to the show I guess I'll come out winner."

In the Forest.

"I must spruce up," said Dame Nature, as she took a glance at the woods about her.

"Well," returned the West Wind, 'you needn't pine to a waste about it with all those new firs."-Baltimore American.

PAT'S LOGIC.



Squire-I say. Pat, that's the worst looking horse I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?

Pat-Fatten him, is it? Shure, the poor baste can hardly carry what little flesh he's got now.

The Method of Indolence. De lazy man sits in de sun De bes' part of de day, An' brags of work he hasn't done An' kicks about de pay. -Washington Star.

"You will never break up automobile speeding by timing the automo-biles," bantered the stranger in the big goggles.

"Maybe not, neighbor," drawled the rural constable with the huge star, "but we have broken up a lot of speeding by timing the chauffuers." 'Timing the chauffuers?'

"Yes, giving them sixty days' time in the county jail."—Chicago Daily

The Art of Milking. Suburban Resident—Yes, I want a

useful man about my country place. Can you milk?

Applicant—Yis, sor.
"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

'Wull, sor, Oi never milked but wan cow, an' she wuz a kicker; an', bedad, a good dale av the toime Oi was on both sides av her, sor."-Washington

Sufficient Credentials. Careful Parent-Before I can give

consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character. Suitor-Certainly, sir, certainly.

Here is my bank-book. Careful Parent (after a glance)-Take her my son, and be happy.-N.

Sounded Familiar.

Eva-Uncle Tom made millions with his mines. When he went over to Europe he could offord a private cabin for himself.

Edna-Gracious! How funny! Eva-What is funny, dear?

Edna-Why, it must have been 'Uncle Tom's Cabia."—Chicago Daily

Not for Doggie.

Mrs. De Stile-Are you going to take your poodle to the country with

Mrs. LeGrand—Mercy, no! They ave such miserable food there.— Cleveland Leader.

The Inevitable Result.

Stage Manager—I got the leading man to run over his lines in that automobile part. Manager-Well?

Stage Manager—He simply mangled them.—Baltimore American. Sweets or Meat.

She-Before we were married you used to bring me chocolate every time you came.

He-Yes, dear, and it cost a good deal less than the meat and potatoes I bring you now.

Rural Music. Boarder-For heaven's Country sake, listen to those mosquitoes!

The Landlord—Skeeters nothin' that's my darter playin' the mandolin.
—Cleveland Leader.

Only Then.

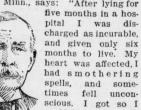
"Does your husband snore in his

o, madam?' Vell, doctor, I have never noticed him snoring at any other time.-Baltimore American,

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Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., "After lying for Anoka., Minn., says:



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They Always Gladden the Heart of the Pedestrian.

In a walking trip a milestone along the way is the most companionable fellow in the world; your spirits rise as you near him as though you were about to greet a human friend, and they keep almost consistently on his high level till his brother a mile distant advances to meet you.

And when you overlook one of this friendly company because of an encroaching bank or screening boughs, says the Travel Magazine, his neighbor further on comes to you doubly welcome. At the latter end of this passage in the journey your spirits flag a trifle as though oppressed by a sense of desertion. You may even scowl at the overhanging bank which is more than a party to this conceal-

Those worthy persons who attend to the roads should see to it that every milestone within their province stands out frankly from its leafy background. Observance of this, however, would rob the wayfarer of that leap of the heart which is his when the stone tells the story of two miles done rather than one. For however much the land-scape and the minute world at his feet may claim the footfarer's admiration he is still keenly alive to the virtue of decent distances covered in his day's journey.

Saw It Come Out of a Cow. A little city boy and his sister

Dorothy were taken to the country for the first time.

The two children were happy as the day was long. In the late afternoon they watched the cows come home, heard with delight the tinkling cowbells, and the little boy even went to the barns to see the milking done.

At supper, just as Dorothy was lifting her glass to her rosy lips, the boy cried out:

"Oh, Dotty, don't! You musn't drink that milk. It's not fit to drink. It came out of a cow; I saw it."

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Says It's Not So. Report to the effect that electric lights are detrimental to the eyesight are pronounced unfounded by an electrical expert in the London Times. He says that the trouble arises from too direct exposure of the eye to the light, and that effect would be the same or worse with any other light.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in De Scales.

IN LIFE'S BRIEF SPAN.

Human Existence.

The loves and friendships of individuals partake of the frail character of human life, and are brief and uncertain. The experience of a human life may be shortly summed up: little loving and a good deal of sor-rowing; some bright hopes and many some gorbitter disappointments: geous Thursdays when the skies are bright and the heavens blue, when Providence, bending over us in blessings, glads the heart almost to madness; many dismal Fridays, when the smoke of torment beclouds the mind and undying sorrows gnaw upon the heart; some high ambitions and many Waterloo defeats, until the heart becomes like a charnel house filled with dead affections, embalmed in holy but sorrowful memories: and then the chord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the individual life—a cloud, a vapor, passes away.-Matthew Hale Carpenter.

Only Royal Doctor.

The only royal doctor in Europe is Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria. Few German princes have had a more romantic career than Duke Carl Theo-He recently completed, with dore. his wife as his assistant, his five-thousandth operation for cataract.

Poor people flock to his hospital, where they are treated free, the duke asking payment only from those who can easily afford it. He it was who successfully treated the kaiser, when, eight years ago, he was temporarily blinded by a swinging rope cruising on the Hobenzollern in the

Delicate Shade of Meaning. A keen retort is credited to the late Dr. Haig-Brown, master of Charter-

His brother-in-law, Dr. Porter, the master of Peterhouse, another famous English school, wrote him, inquiring his precise meaning in a certificate that a boy's character was "general-

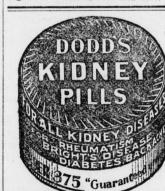
ly" good.
"When I say generally," he replied, "I mean not particularly."

Fair Warning.
"Well, I see that slim girls will be the style this winter," remarked the

harmless idiot. "Yes," responded his sister, "and if any of my girl friends suddenly get slender over night I don't want you to ask any fool questions. Hear me?"-Pittsburg Post.

Old Church.

The one thousandth anniversary of ne founding of St. Peter's church, Chester, England, finds the structure in good condition, portions of it having been rebuilt in 1440 and 1673.





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