

OUR SERIAL

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While horseback riding in the country...

CHAPTER VI.

The princess rose at dawn the following day. She routed out Hans, the head groom, and told him to saddle Artemis, the slim-limbed, seal-brown filly which an English nobleman had given her. Ten minutes later she was in the saddle, and the heaviness on her heart seemed to rise and vanish like the opal mists on the bosom of the motionless lake.

How silent all the city was! Only here and there above the chimneys rose a languid film of smoke. The gates of the park shut behind with a clang, and so for a time she was alone and free. She touched Artemis with a spur, and the filly broke into a canter toward the lake road.

She would never marry Doppelkinn—never. That horrible Steinbock! She was glad, glad that she had struck him, again and again, across his lying eyes and evil mouth. She had believed that she knew the world; it was all yet a mystery; the older she grew the less she understood. Wasn't anybody good? Was everybody to be distrusted? Which way should she turn now? The world was beautiful enough; it was the people in it. Poor Betty! She had her troubles, too; but somehow she refused to confide in them. She acted very much as if she were in love.

But how should she escape—how? On Wednesday night she would be given her quarterly allowance of a thousand crowns, and on Thursday she must act. Yes, yes, that was it! How simple! She would slip over into Doppelkinn, where they never would think to search for her. She knew a place in which to hide. From Doppelkinn she would go straight to Dresden and seek the protection of her old governess, who would hide her till the duke came to his senses. If only she had an independent fortune, how she would snap her fingers at them all!

Presently the smithy came into view, emerging from a cluster of poplars. She rode up to the doors, dismounted and entered. Old Bauer himself was at the bellows, and the weird blue light hissing up from the blown coals discovered another customer. She turned and met his frank glance of admiration. (If she hadn't turned! If his admiration hadn't been entirely frank!) Instantly she sent Bauer a warning glance which told old worthy seemed immediately to understand. The stranger was tall, well-made,

handsome, with yellow hair, and eyes as blue as the sky is when the west wind blows.

He raised his cap, and the heart of the girl fluttered. Wherever had this seemingly fellow come from? "Good morning," said the stranger courteously. "I see that you have had the same misfortune as myself."

"You have lost a shoe? Rather annoying, when one doesn't want a single break in the going." She uttered the words carelessly, as if she wasn't at all interested.

The stranger stuffed his cap into a pocket. She was glad that she had chosen the new saddle. The crest and coat of arms had not yet been burned upon the leather nor engraved upon the silver ornaments, and there was no blanket under the English saddle. There might be an adventure; one could not always tell. She must hide her identity. If the stranger knew that she belonged to the House of Barscheit, possibly he would be frightened and take to his heels.

But the Princess Hildegarde did not know that this stranger never took to his heels; he wasn't that kind. Princess or peasant, it would have been all the same to him. Only his tone might have lost half a key.

Bauer called to his assistant, and the girl stepped out into the road. The stranger followed, as she knew he would. It will be seen that she knew something of men, if only that they possess curiosity.

"What a beautiful place this is!" the stranger ventured, waving his hand toward the still lake and the silent, misty mountains.

"There is no place quite like it," she admitted. "You are a stranger in Barscheit?"—politely. He was young and

certainly the best-looking man she had ever seen. He became suspicious. She might be simple, and then again she mightn't. She was worth studying, anyhow.

"I was a cavalrman, with nothing to do but obey orders and, when ordered, fight. I am visiting the American consul here; he was a school-mate of mine."

"Ah! I thought I recognized the horse."

"You know him?"—quickly. "Oh,"—casually,—"every one hereabouts has seen the consul on his morning rides. He rides like a centaur, they say; but I have never seen a centaur."

The stranger laughed. She was charming.

"He ought to ride well; I taught him." But the girl smile which followed this statement robbed it of its air of conceit. "You see, I have ridden part of my life on the great plains of the west, and have mounted everything from a wild Indian pony to an English thoroughbred. My name is Max Scharfenstein, and I am here as a medical student, though in my own country I have the right to hang out a physician's shingle."

She drew aimless figures in the dust with her riding-rop. There was no sense in her giving any name. Probably they would never meet again. And yet—

"I am Hildegarde von—von Heidehoff," giving her mother's name. He was too nice to frighten away.

The hesitance over the "von" did not strike his usually keen ear. He was too intent on noting the variant expressions on her exquisite face. It was a pity she was dark. What a figure, and how proudly the head rested upon the slender but firm white throat!



"I'm Hildegarde von—von Heidehoff."

seen in a month of moons. If Doppelkinn, now, were only more after this pattern!

"Yes, this is my first trip to Barscheit." He had a very engaging smile. "You are from Vienna?"

"No."

"Ah, from Berlin. I was not quite sure of the accent."

"I am a German-American,"—frankly. "I have also spoken the language as if it were my own, which doubtless it is."

"America!" she cried, her interest genuinely aroused. "That is the country where every one does just as he pleases."

"Sometimes." (What beautiful teeth she had, white as skimmed milk!) "They are free?" "Nearly always."

After all, black eyes, such as these were, might easily rival any blue eyes he had ever seen. (Which goes to prove that a man's ideals are not built as solidly as might be.)

"Do you speak English?" she asked abruptly in that tongue, with a full glance to note the effect.

"English is spoken to some extent in the United States," he answered gravely. He did not evince the least surprise at her fluency.

"Do you write to the humorous papers in your country?"

"Only to subscribe for them," said he.

And again they laughed; which was a very good sign that things were going forward tolerably well.

And then the miserable fellow of a smith had to come out and announce that the stranger's horse was ready.

BEST EVER WRITTEN

PRESCRIPTION WHICH ANYONE CAN EASILY MIX.

Said to Promptly Overcome Kidney and Bladder Afflictions—Shake Simple Ingredients Well in Bottle.

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A prominent physician is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from any druggist even in the smaller towns.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive Kidneys, overcoming Backache, Bladder weakness and Urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst forms of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

The Scranton (Pa.) Times was first to print this remarkable prescription, in October, of 1906, since when all the leading newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other cities have made many announcements of it to their readers.

Signs of Long Life.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true to-day as they ever were."

"You won't live long, Bacon pointed out, if you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears."

"Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together, and a hard, glistly ear."—Minneapolis Journal.

She Did Not Fear Death.

An old lady on her seventy-third birthday once said, "I do not mind getting old, and I do not fear death, but I live in constant fear of paralysis."

"For some time I have been wanting to tell you of the great good your wonderful Sloan's Liniment is doing here," writes Mr. James F. Abernethy, of Rutherford College, N. C. "In fact, all your remedies are doing noble work, but your Liniment beats all. In my eight years' experience with medicine I find none to go ahead of it, having tried it in very many cases. I know of one young man, a brick-mason, who suffered from a partial, yes, almost complete, paralysis of one arm. I got him to use your Liniment, and now he can do as much work as ever, and he sings your praise every day. I get all to use it I possibly can and know there is great virtue in it. I have helped the sale of your noble remedies about here greatly, and expect to cause many more to buy them, as I know they can't be beat."

No Decoration Required.

It was Mr. Hobart's first experience with waffles, and he liked the taste of them. When he had been served twice, he called the waiter to him and spoke confidentially.

"I'm from Pokeville," he said, "and we're plain folks there; don't care much for style, but we know good food when we get it. I want another plateful of those cakes, but you tell the cook she needn't stop to put that fancy printing on 'em; just send 'em along plain."—Youth's Companion.

A Prayer for Rain.

The minister was having Sunday dinner with one of his brother parishioners. Suddenly the 8-year-old daughter of the house spoke up.

"O, Dr. Still, will you please say the prayer for rain tonight, so it will pour tomorrow?" she urged.

"Why, dear?" asked the clergyman.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

The Puritan fathers were steadfast. Infirmity of purpose they knew not, nor the meaning thereof.

"Since it is appointed to us," they remarked with grim determination, "to forge a New England conscience, we'll do the business right. We'll forge a New England conscience that will cause the world to sit up and take notice, saecula saeculorum, world without end."

The difficulty, as it presently developed, lay in making the affair elastic enough, without being too flabby.

"We don't propose to have it puncture the first time it goes up against high finance, or polite society, or municipal politics," quoth they, and they were as good as their word. They went out and stole the Indian's land, and when he showed his spunk, they didn't do a thing to him, and behold, as soon as they had wrought these works, the New England conscience was complete.—Life.

THE SH-EARMARKS OF ABILITY.



Don—Is he a good editor? Art—I should say so! Look at the long scissors he uses.

The Quick Lunch Fiend.

Helbolsausandwichhandsomebeans, Apieceortwoapple, Andgulguspauptcoffeefeedown Whilleyoucanbatyoureure.

Then, later on, there comes to him, A very common question: He wonders how it was that he CONTRACTED INDIGESTION! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Didn't Care.

A boy was slouching along the street with his father's breakfast in a tin can, when another boy came up to him and gave the can a vigorous kick.

"Do you care about me kicking that can?" said the newcomer.

"No, I don't," replied the other boy.

"Do you now?" giving the can another kick.

"No, I don't," answered the latter.

"Do you now?" cried the infuriated young lad, giving the can such a kick that it knocked the bottom out.

"No I don't," again replied he with the can. "My mother borrowed it from yours this morning!"

Was a Chestnut.

They sat at the edge of the wood, gazing dreamily at the reapers toiling in the sunny fields, at the scarlet poppies that glowed among the golden grain, and at each other.

"Darling," he cried, "I swear by this great tree whose spreading branches shade us from the heat—by this noble tree I swear that I have never loved before."

The girl smiled faintly.

"You always say such appropriate things, Dick," she murmured. "This is a chestnut tree."

Evidence to the Contrary.

Mrs. Haymow (home from church)—Half-past one! Goodness gracious! I thought that new minister would never finish his sermon. He stammered an' stuttered an' coughed an' sneezed an' h'med an' h'awed an' repeated himself till I thought I'd have a conniption fit!

Mr. Haymow (who is somewhat unorthodox)—An' yet they say them fellers practice what they preach!—Puck.

Good Offices.

Woman was fallen between the devil and the deep sea, so to say. On the one hand, she strongly desired to look round at somebody she had passed, while on the other, convention forbade her. Just here evolution stepped in, with its good offices.

"I will give you eyes in the back of your head," said evolution. Was not that a happy outcome?—Puck.

Ever Hear It?

Mrs. Bacon—The Burmese have a curious idea regarding coins. They prefer those which have female heads on them, believing that coins with male heads on them are not so lucky.

Mr. Bacon—It is perfectly natural to suppose that money with a female head on it is the money which talks. —Yonkers Statesman.

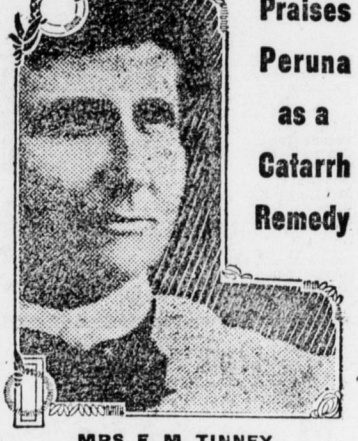
Slightly Mixed.

"How did Henry get along when he had to testify in court, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He got along good enough till the lawyer tangled him all up with one of 'em air long hyperdemic questions."

As conscience becomes atrophied the critical faculties often become active.

A TALENTED WRITER



MRS. E. M. TINNEY

Mrs. E. M. Tinney, story writer, 835 E. Nueva St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During 1901 I suffered from nasal catarrh, which various other remedies failed to relieve."

"Six bottles of Peruna, which I took, entirely cured me, the catarrh disappearing and never returning. I therefore cheerfully recommend Peruna to all similarly afflicted."

Mrs. Ellen Nagle, 414 4th street, Green Bay, Wis., writes: "I have often heard Peruna praised and it is more widely known here than any other medicine, but I never knew what a splendid medicine it really was until a few weeks ago when I caught a bad cold which settled all over me."

"The doctor wanted to prescribe, but I told him I was going to try Peruna and sent for a bottle and tried it. I felt much better the next morning and within five days I had not a trace of any lameness or any cough."

"I consider it the finest cough remedy."

PERUNA TABLETS:—Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.

To Err Is Human. Robert Browning once found himself at a dinner, at a great English house, sitting next to a lady who was connected with the highest aristocracy. She was very graciously inclined, and did her utmost to make conversation.

"Are you not a poet?" she finally asked.

"Well," said Browning, "people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am."

"Oh, please don't mind my having mentioned it," the duchess hastened to say, with the kindest of smiles.

"You know Byron and Tennyson and others were poets?"

A Value. "Nonsense," said the high financier, "we did not sell a worthless franchise."

"But such is current report," ventured the interviewer. The high financier made a gesture of impatience. "Young man," he returned, severely, "if you got hold of any old franchise that you could unload for two millions, would you regard it as worthless?"

No reply being possible to this, none was made.

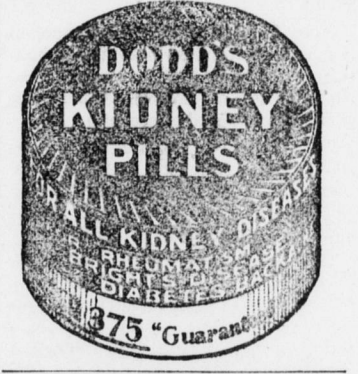
Time Sometimes Flies So. "Mabel," asked the dear girl's mother, "what time did that young man leave last night?"

"Why," replied Mabel, "I believe it was nearly 11 o'clock."

"What? I am sure it was later than that," said the mother.

"How strange!" remarked Mabel, dreamily. "We both thought it couldn't possibly be that late."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

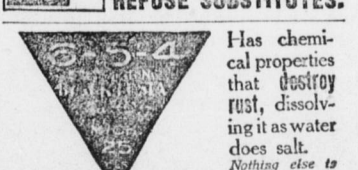
A man has no right to kick about the hats his wife wears. All he has to do is to pay for them—he doesn't have to wear them.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



Has chemical properties that destroy rust, dissolving it as water does salt. Nothing else is anything like it.