

OUR SERIAL The Princess Elopes By HAROLD McGRATH

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

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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...

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Oh, I am curious to know, Bauer will tell it to every one in Barscheit that you overpay for things, and from now on you will have to figure living on a basis of crowns."

"It is worth any price to hear a pretty woman laugh. What a fine beginning for a day!"

"May misfortune be kind enough to bring you this way again, Herr!" Bauer cried joyfully, not to say ambiguously.

"Listen to that!" laughed the girl, her eyes shining like the water in the sun. "But he means only to thank your generosity. Now, with a severe frown,—"how much do I owe you? Take care; I've only a few pieces of silver in my purse."

"Why, Fraulein, you owe me nothing; I am even in debt to you for this very crown." Which proved that Bauer had had his lesson in courtiership.

The assistant soon brought forth the girl's restive filly. Max sprang to her aid. How light her foot was in his palm! (She could easily have mounted alone, such was her skill; but there's the woman of it.)

"I am going toward the Pass," she said, reading the half-veiled appeal in his blue eyes.

"Which way is that?" he asked, swinging into his own saddle. "That way," nodding toward the south. After all, there could be no harm! In two or three hours their paths would separate for ever.

"Why, delightedly,—I am going that way myself."

Old Bauer watched them till they disappeared around a turn in the road. He returned to his forge, shaking his head as if confronted by a problem too abstruse even for his German mind.

"Well, he's an American, so I will not waste any pity on him. The pity is that she must wed old Red-nose."

It would have been if she had! So the princess and Prince Charming rode into the country, and they talked about a thousand and one things. Had she ever been to France? Yes. To England? She had received part of her education there. Did she know the Princess Hildegarde? Slightly. What was she like? She was a madcap, irresponsible, but very much abused. Did she know Mr. Warrington, the American consul? She had seen him on his morning rides. Wasn't it a fine world? It was, indeed.

"Follow me!" she cried suddenly, even daringly.

A stone wall, three feet high, ran along at their right. The foreground was hard and firm. Pressing the reins on the filly's withers, she made straight for the wall, cleared it, and drew up on the other side. Now, Max hadn't the least idea that the horse under him was a hunter, so I might very well say that he took his life in his hands as he followed her. But Dandy knew his business. He took the wall without effort. A warm glow went over Max when he found that he hadn't broken his neck. Together they galloped down the field and came back for the return jump. This, too, was made easily. Max's admiration knew no bounds. It was a dangerous pastime in more ways than one.

At eight o'clock they turned toward home, talking about another thousand and one things.

"It has been a delightful ride," suggested Max, with an eye to the future. "I take this road nearly every morning," said she, looking out upon the water, which was ruffling itself and quarreling along the sandy shores.

Max said nothing, but he at once made up his mind that he would take the same road provided he could in any reasonable manner get rid of me.

"Did you enjoy the ride?" asked the

Honorable Betty, as her highness came in to breakfast. There were no formalities in the princess's apartments. "Beautifully!" Her highness guiltily wondered if there was any logical way to keep Betty in the house for the next few mornings. She sat down and sipped her tea. "The duke talked to me last night. Steinbock played double."

"What!" "Yes. He sold us to the duke, who patiently waited for me to speak. Betty, I am a fool. But I shall never marry Doppelkinn. That is settled."

"I suppose he will be inviting me to return to England," said Betty shrewdly. "Not for the present."

"And I have just grown to love the place,"—pathetically. "Mr. Warrington has asked me to ride with him afternoons. His ankle prevents him from taking the long morning jaunts. If it will not interfere with your plans, dear—"

"Accept, by all means," interrupted her highness. "He is a capital horseman." She smiled mysteriously. Happily her companion was absorbed in thought and did not see this smile.

Max came in at a quarter of ten, went to tub, and came down in time for the eggs.

"Have a good ride?" I asked. "Bully! Beautiful country!" He was enthusiastic. "How these healthy animals eat!" I thought as I observed him occasionally.

"Wish I could go with you," I said, but half-heartedly. "I'll get the lay of the land quick enough," he replied.

The rascal! Not a word about the girl that morning, or the next, or until Thursday morning. If only I had known! But Fate knows her business better than I do, and she was handling the affair. But long rides of a morn-

blank astonishment, "that there is a petticoat on horseback in this duchy that you do not know?"

"I don't know any woman by the name of Hildegarde von Heidelberg; on my word of honor, Max, I don't!"

"Old Bauer, the blacksmith, knew her." "Bauer? All my suspicions returned. "Describe the girl to me."

"Handsome figure, masses of black hair, great black eyes that are full of good fun, a delicate nose, and I might add, a very kissable mouth."

"What! have you kissed her?" I exclaimed. "No, no! Only, I'd like to."

"H'm! You've made quite a study. She must be visiting some one nearby. There is an old castle three miles west of the smithy. Did she speak English?"

"Yes,"—excitedly. "That accounts for it. An old English nobleman lives over there during the summer months, and it is not improbable that she is one of his guests." In my heart I knew that her highness was up to some of her tricks again, but there was no need of her shattering good old Max's heart. Yet I felt bound to say: "Why not look into the purse? There might be something there to prove her identity."

"Look into her purse?"—horrified. "You wouldn't have me peeping into a woman's purse, would you? Suppose there should be a box of rouge? Her cheeks were red."

"Quite likely." "Or a powder-puff." "Even more likely."

"Or—" "Go on." "Or a love letter." "I have my doubts," said I. "Well, if you do not know who she is, I'll find out,"—undismayed.

Doubtless he would; he was a persistent old beggar, was Max.



"Hang You, Who's Talking About Getting Married?"

ing with a pretty girl are not safe for any bachelor. Thursday morning he came in late. He dropped something on the table. On inspection I found it to be a woman's handkerchief purse.

"Where the deuce did you get that?" I asked, mighty curious. "By George! but I've been enjoying the most enchanting adventure; such as you read out of a book. I'm inclined to believe that I shall enjoy my studies in old Barscheit."

"But where did you get this?" If there was a girl around, I wanted to know all about it. "She dropped it."

"She dropped it!" I repeated. "What she? Why, you old tow-head, have you been flirting at this hour of the morning?"

"Handsome as a picture!" "Ha! the ideal at last,"—ironically. "Blond, of course."

"Dark as a Spaniard, and rides like Diana." His enthusiasm was not to be lightly passed over. "Never heard of Diana riding," said I; "always saw her pictured as going afoot."

"Don't be an ass! You know very well what I mean." "I've no argument to offer, nor any picture to prove my case. You've had an adventure; give it up, every bit of it."

"One of the finest horsewomen I ever saw. Took a wall three feet high the other morning, just to see if I dared follow. Lucky Dandy is a hunter, or I'd have broken my neck."

"Very interesting." Then of a sudden a thought flashed through my head and out again. "Anybody with her?"

"Only myself these three mornings." "H'm! Did you get as far as names?" "Yes; I told her mine. Who is Hildegarde von Heidelberg?"

"Heidelberg?" I was puzzled. My suspicions evaporated. "I can't say that I know any one by that name. Sure it was Heidelberg?" "Do you mean to tell me," with

"Do not let it get serious, my boy," I warned. "You could not marry any one in this country."

"Why not?" "Have you been regularly baptized? Was your father? Was your grandfather? Unless you can answer these simplest of questions and prove them, you could not get a license; and no priest or preacher would dare marry you without a license."

"Hang you, who's talking about getting married? All I want to know is, who is Hildegarde von Heidelberg, and how am I to return her purse? I shall ask the blacksmith."

"Do so,"—taking up my egg spoon. Max slipped the purse into his breast-pocket and sat down.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Red Cans for Kansas. St. Louis.—Kansas has always been noted for doing curious things, but the story to the effect that Gov. Hoch has signed a bill requiring the use of red cans for gasoline reaches the lovely limit. The law makes it unlawful for dealers to sell gasoline in any but red receptacles, and is entitled, so the correspondent of Automobile Topics states, "An act to protect hired girls and absent-minded men."

Development of Bruges. Bruges is better known to Americans through Longfellow's poem on its famous belfry than in any other way. The romantic pagantry of the past which the poet calls to mind appeals more to the imagination than modern statistics of commercial expansion. But Bruges has more than a belfry. The other day its new seaport, Heyst, was formally opened. Heyst is connected with Bruges by a new canal, which ends in an artificial harbor created by a breakwater two-thirds of a mile long. It is designed to make Bruges a competitor with Antwerp for ocean trade.—Youth's Companion.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

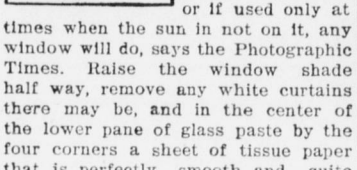
HOW TO MAKE SILHOUETTES.

Another Use to Which the Amateur Can Put His Camera.

Photography in all branches is truly a most absorbing occupation. Each of us who own a camera is constantly experimenting, and every one of us is delighted when something new is suggested for such experiments.

To use a camera in making silhouettes select a window facing north if possible, or if used only at times when the sun is not in it, any window will do, says the Photographic Times. Raise the window shade half way, remove any white curtains there may be, and in the center of the lower pane of glass paste by the four corners a sheet of tissue paper that is perfectly smooth and quite thick, as shown in the sketch at B. Darken the rest of the window, shutting out all light from above and the sides.

Place a chair so that after being seated the head of the subject will be before the center of the tissue paper, and near to it as possible, and



the face, and without fog. Printing is best done on contrasty development paper with developer not too strong. The ideal silhouette print is a perfectly black profile on a white ground. With a piece of black paper, any shape in stopping off print may be made as shown at C in the sketch.

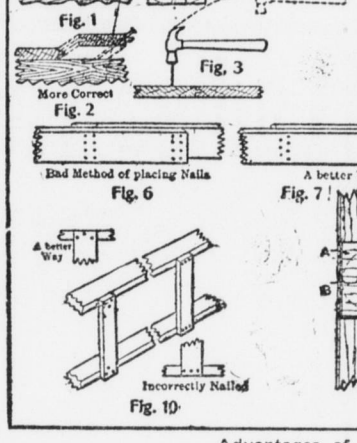
Getting Ready to Make Silhouettes.

THE PROPER USE OF NAILS.

One of the simplest details in correctly driving a nail is almost ignored by the ordinary workman. When a flooring or sheathing board is drawn in place the nail is set slanting and driven as shown in Fig. 1. If the board be lifted from the support about three-fourths of an inch, drive the nail through until it strikes the studding or

out of the line of the same fiber of wood. The illustrations Figs. 4 to 10 show some examples of incorrect nailing and some methods that are more nearly correct.

Another point in locating the position for the nails, especially near the end of the boards, is this: It should be remembered that the danger of split-



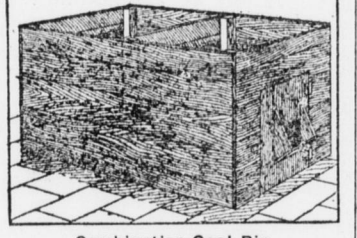
Advantages of Locating Nails.

ting the board is limited to a well-defined field, the extent of which varies with different kinds of wood, but the general shape is about the same as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 11, which is supposed in this case to apply to a board one inch or less in thickness. A represents the area of risk, B the field of safety—so far as the splitting of the board is concerned. Fig. 12 shows a variation to fit another condition.

A HANDY COAL BIN.

One Suitable for Small Quantity of Coal Can Be Easily Made.

Where small quantities of coal are purchased at a time the usual way is to put it in a corner of the basement, a stall in the barn or on the ground.



Combination Coal Bin.

A good plan is to make a bin constructed as shown in the illustration. The dotted lines show how the bottom of the bins are made sloping toward the doors, says the Popular Mechanics. One bin may be used for hard coal and the other for soft coal, while the space beneath the bottoms of the bins will make a place for wood or kindling and a door can be provided for. A spout of suitable size is made on each coal bin door, which prevents the coal from dropping on the floor and still have a supply in the spout.

ALUMINUM POPULAR.

Production of Metal Does Not Keep Pace with Increasing Demand.

Aluminum is increasingly used in machine construction, as in crank cases and gear boxes for motor cars, for paneling inside of underground railway cars, for electric wire, and for new alloys, pigments, and metal plating; and the aluminum cell as a lightning arrester has proved to be a valuable addition to lightning protecting devices. During recent years the price of tin has been very high, and since adequate new supplies of ore have been discovered, substitutes for tin must be used in manufactures. Aluminum is regarded as probably the most available substitute for tin in the great majority of uses to which that metal is put, owing to the diminution in the price of aluminum, the practically limitless supply of the raw material, and the favorable physical properties of the metal. As the production of aluminum is cheapened, says Scientific American, so will the uses for it increase. The demand steadily keeps ahead of the supply.

The Hotel Age.

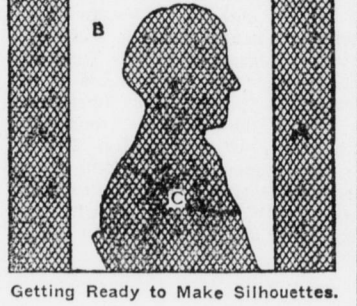
The multiplication of hotels in New York has not resulted in an oversupply of accommodation, as many old-line hotel managers have feared. The latest notable building is the new Plaza hotel, which opened on September 23. A few years ago a large modern hotel was erected on this site, but the owners saw possibilities for improvements, and so the old Plaza hotel was razed to the ground and the new one built; the cost, including the scrapping of the former building, is about \$12,500,000. The success of the investment seems assured.

when looking straight before him his face will be in clear profile to the camera.

Draw the shades of all other windows in the room. Focus the camera carefully, getting a sharp outline of the profile on the screen. Do not stop down the lens, as this makes long exposure necessary, and the subject may move.

Correct exposure depends, of course, on the lens, light and the plate. But remember that a black and white negative is wanted with as little detail in the features as possible. The best plate to use is a very slow one, or what is called a process plate.

In developing get all possible density in the high lights, without detail in



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THE FACULTIES OF JUSTICE.

Blind, Perhaps, But No Reasonable Proof of Deafness Also.

Judge Harlan, who lives up on the hill, was a passenger on a Fourteenth street car the other day and was seated next to a couple of clerks who were deeply interested in some discussion, which caused one of them to raise his voice to quite a high pitch, says the Washington Star. This appeared to make the other man rather cautious, as he glanced warily around to see if any one was listening to the talk of his friend. At this moment he discovered the presence of the dignified justice and turning hastily to his loud-talking comrade, he said: "For heaven's sake, lower your voice; you may have heard that justice is blind but that doesn't necessarily mean that it's deaf also." Whether Judge Harlan heard the remark it is impossible to state, yet, all the same, a calm smile flitted over his face at the conclusion of the young fellow's admonition to his friend.

Prizes for Inventions.

With a view to encouraging officials and workmen on the Imperial German railways, the government have established a fund from which awards are made to men who invent any appliance which may be useful in railway practice; \$3,750 was paid to employe last year from the fund.

PLEASANT SUMMER.

Right Food the Cause.

A Wis. woman says: "I was run down and weak, troubled with nervousness and headache for the last six years. The least excitement would make me nervous and cause severe headache."

"This summer I have been eating Grape-Nuts regularly and feel better than for the six past years."

"I am not troubled with headache and nervousness, and weigh more than I ever have before in my life. I gained 5 lbs. in one week."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

SICK HEADACHE

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

An Estimate and a Hope. "You've heard her, you say?" remarked Mr. Dudley. "Ah! She certainly has the gift of song." "Well, I hope that's what it is," replied Miss Knox. "I should hate to think she paid anything for it."

BABY'S ECZEMA GREW WORSE.

Hospitals and Doctors Could Not Relieve Him—But Cuticura Remedies a Speedy, Permanent Cure.

"Eczema appeared when our baby was three months old. We applied to several doctors and hospitals, each of which gave us something different every time, but nothing brought relief. At last, one of our friends recommended to us Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. A few days afterwards improvement could be noted. Since then we have used nothing but Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and now the baby is six months old and is quite cured. All that we used was one cake of Cuticura Soap and two boxes Cuticura Ointment, costing in all \$1.25. C. F. Kara, 343 East 65th Street, New York, March 30, 1906."

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