

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER VII.

"The one fault I have to find with European life is the poor quality of tobacco used.'

It was eight o'clock, Thursday night, the night of the dinner at Muller's. I was dressing when Max entered, with

a miserable cheroot between his teeth. "They say," he went on, "that in Russia they drink the finest tea in the world, simply because it is brought overland and not by sea. Unfortunately, tobacco—we Americans recognize no leaf as tobacco unless it comes from Cuba—has to cross the sea, and is, in some unaccountable manner, weakened in the transit. There are worse cigars in Germany than in France, and I wouldn't have believed It possible, if I had not gone to the trouble of proving it. Fine country! For a week I've been trying to smoke the German quality of the weed, as a preventive, but I see I must give it up In account of my throat. My boy, I have news for you,"-tossing the cheroot into the grate.

"Fire away," said I, struggling with

"I have a box of Havanas over at the custom house that I forgot to bail

"No!" said I joyfully. A Havana, and one of Scharfenstein's! "I've an idea that they would go well with the dinner. So, if you don't mind, I'll trot over and get 'em."

"Be sure and get around to Muller's at half-past eight, then," said I. 'I'll be there." He knew where to

find the place.

Muller's rathskeller was the rendezyous of students, officers and all those persons of quality who liked music with their meat. The place was lowceilinged, but roomy, and the ventilation was excellent, considering. The smoke never got so thick that one couldn't see the way to the door when students started in "to clean up the place," to use the happy idiom of mine own country. There were marble tables and floors and arches and light, cane-bottomed chairs from Kohn's. It was at once Bohemian and cosmopolitan, and, once inside, it was easy to imagine oneself in Vienna. A Hungarian orchestra occupied an in-closed platform, and every night the wail of the violin and the pom-pom of the wool-tipped hammers on the Hungarian "piano" might be heard.

It was essentially a man's place of the courage or the inclination to enter fashion; but in the capital of Barscheit the women ate in the restaurant above which was attached to the hotel, and depended upon the Volksgarten band for their evening's diversion.

You had to order your table hours ahead—that is, if you were a civilian. If you were lucky enough to be an officer, you were privileged to take any vacant chair you saw. But heaven aid you if you attempted to do this not being an officer! In Barscheit there were also many unwritten laws, and you were obliged to observe these with all the fidelity and attention that you gave to the enameled signs. Only the mili-tary had the right to request the orchestra to repeat a piece of music. Sometimes the lieutenants, seized with that gay humor known only to cubs, to play the Hungarian war song till ruin the dinner—which they eventual-the ears cried out in pain. This was ly did. always the case when any Austrians Things went on smoothly for a time. happened to be present. But ordinarily the crowds were good-natured, bois-

sparkling Moselle. I may as well state right here that we neither heard our national anthem nor drank the vintage. You will soon learn why. I can laugh now, I can treat the whole affair with coming levity, but at the time I

my boys in a merry mood. They were singing softly from "Robin Hood" with fine college harmony, and as I entered they swarmed about me like so many young dogs. Truth to tell, none of them was under 20, and two or three I represented official protection for whatever they might do. I assumed all the dignity I dared. I had kept Scharfenstein's name back as a sur-

Ellis-for whom I had the passports -immediately struck me as being so nearly like Max that they might easily have been brothers. Ellis was slighter; that was all the difference. I gave him his papers and examined his tick-All was well; barring accidents, he would be in Dresden the next day. "You go through Doppelkinn, then?"

said I. "Yes. I have friends in Dresden whom I wish to see before going

Well, good luck to you!'

Then I announced that Max Scharfenstein, an old college comrade, would join us presently. This was greeted with hurrahs. At that time there wasn't an American student who did not recollect Max's great run from the ten-yard line. (But where the deuce was Max?) I took a little flag from my pocket and stuck it into the vase of poppies, and the boys clapped their hands. You never realize how beauti- Storer had risen and was coming our

he had been sprinting up back streets. The boys crowded around him, and there was much ado over the laggard.

Unfortunately the waiter had forgot ten to bring a chair for his plate. With a genial smile on his face, Max innogained several extra gray hairs.

If the princess hadn't turned around table and plucked forth the vacant and if Max hadn't wanted that box of chair. For a wonder the officers appeared to give this action no heed, When I arrived at Muller's I found and I was secretly gratified. It was something to be a consul, after all. But I counted my chickens too early.

'Where are the cigars?" I asked as Max sat down complacently.

"Cigars?"—blankly. "Hang me, I've clean forgotten them!" And then, obwere older than myself. But to them | livious of the probable storm that was at that moment gathering for a downpour over his luckless head, he told us the reason of his delay.

"There was a crowd around the pal-ace," he began. "It seems that the Princess Hildegarde has run away, and they believe that she has ridden toward the Pass in a closed carriage. The police are at this very moment scouring the country in that direction. She has eloped."

"Eloped?" we all cried, being more or less familiar with the state of affairs at the palace.

"Good-by to Doppelkinn's frau!"

"She has been missing since seven that's the last seen of her. There won't be any wedding at the cathedral next Tuesday,"-laughing.

Queries and answers were going crisscross over the table, when I ob-served with dread that Lieut. von



"He Tranquilly Pulled Out a Murderous-Looking Colt and Laid It Beside His Plate."

ful your flag is till you see it in a for way. He stopped at Max's side. Max sence, explaining the cause, and ordered dinner to be served. We hadn't much time, as Ellis' train departed at ten. It was now a quarter of nine.

a party of four officers took the table speech, Max's face grew as white as nearest us. They hung up their sabers the table-cloth, and the print of the on the wall-pegs, and sat down, ordering a bottle of light wine. Usually there were five chairs to the table, but dous strength. If he showed fight, Von even if only two were being used no one had the right to withdraw one of the vacant chairs without the most elaborate apologies. This is the law of courtesy in Barscheit. In America it is different; if you see anything you want, take it.

Presently one of the officers-I knew none of them save by sight—rose and approached. He touched the flag insolently and inquired what right it had in a public restaurant in Barscheit. Ordinarily his question would not have een put without some justification. But he knew very well who I was and what my rights were in this instance

"Herr Lieutenant," said I coldly, though my cheeks were warm enough, "I represent that flag in this country, and I am accredited with certain privileges, as doubtless you are aware. You will do me the courtesy of returning to your own table." I bowed.

He glared at me for a brief period. then turned on his heel. This v first act in the play. At the fellow's table sat Lieut. von Storer, Doppelkinn's nephew and heir-presumptive. He was, to speak plainly, a rake, a spendthrift and wholly untrustworthy. He was not ill-looking, however.

My spirits floated between anger would force the orchestra in Muller's and the fear that the officers might

popular airs from "Faust." (Where the deuce was that tow-headed Dutch-(Where the deuce was that tow-headed Dutch-ranged to give my little dinner. The prehestra had agreed—for a liberal tip—to play "The Star-spangled Banner," ing as cool as you please, though I had been been been spand they was a case of Daynolkinds. and there was a case of Doppelkian's could read by his heaving chest that

eign land. I apologized for Max's ab- looked up to receive Von Storer's

We had come to the relishes when ly without power of motion or of Storer would calmly saber him. It was the custom. But Max surprised me. He was the coolest among us, but of that quality of coolness which did not reassure me. He took up his story where he had left off and finished it. For his remarkable control I could have taken him in my arms and hugged him.

The officers scowled, while Von Storer bit his mustache nervously. The American had ignored his insult. Presently he rose again and approached. He thrust a card under Max's nose.

"Can you understand that?" he asked contemptuously.

Max took the card, ripped it into quarters and dropped these floor. Then, to my terror and the terror of those with me, he tranquilly pulled out a murderous looking Colt and laid it beside his plate. He went on talking, but none of us heard a word he said. We were fearfully waiting to see him kill some one or be killed.

No one was killed. The officers hurriedly took down their sabers and made a bee-line for the door of which

I have spoken.

Max returned the revolver to his hip-pocket and gave vent to an Homeric laugh.

"You tow-headed Dutchman!" eried, when I found voice for my words, "what have you done?"

"Done? Why, it looks as if we had all the downs this half," he replied "Oh, the gun isn't loaded," confidentially.

Ellis fumbled in his pocket and proluced his passports and tickets. These

he shoved over to Max. (TO BE CANTINUED.)

ENCOURAGING FACTS

THOSE CONTEMPLATING CHANGE OF RESIDENCE SHOULD READ THEM.

The other day the writer was in the Office of the Canadian Government at St. Paul. Minnesota. On the windows of the building were signs to the effect that homesteads of 160 acres were given free to actual settlers, and in the windows were displays of wheat. oats, barley, other grains and vegetables, which he was told were grown in Western Canada. This could be readily believed for in no other country on the Continent would it be possible to grow such splendid specimens The world is now pretty well advised that in the growing of such cereals as have been named and vegetables as well the Provinces of Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta have no competitor. For several years past specimens have been exhibited at State and County Fairs throughout the State, and these exhibits are looked upon as one of the chief attractions. They have demonstrated what can be done in the climate of a country pos-sessing a soil that will grow things. But that it was possible to grow vege o'clock, when she drove away on the tables such as were seen there seemed pretense of visiting her father's old to create some doubt. But it was steward, who is ill," went on Max, feeling the importance of his news. "They traced her there. From the steward's countries more congenial to such culthe carriage was driven south, and ture, but they were in evidence. There Throughout Indiana, the hoosier farmers were forced to stop and think When a similar exhibit was placed be fore them during the past few weeks many of them were forced to stop and remark. "That is much ahead of anything we can do. The quality of the grain we have conceded, for has not so-and-so sent us samples grown on his own farm the like of which we had never seen before. But to think of the vegetables—and such vegetables. Why, we thought everything was frozen up there, and these turnips, cabbages, cauliflowers, beets, man-golds, pumpkins, and squashes are away ahead of anything we ever saw grow." That is the story everywhere. Thousands of Western Canada home steaders, formerly United States citi zens, are growing just such grain, just such vegetables, which yield them a splendid profit with little outlay on the farms that they have secured from the Government of the Dominion of Canada at the nominal cost of \$10 for 160 If adjoining land is wanted it can be secured from the railway companies or from private individuals at moderate prices and reasonable terms By placing your name and address on a postal card and addressing it to the Canadian Government Agent, whose name appears elsewhere, a copy of "Last Best West" telling you all about it will be sent you free.

HOW HE FOUND THE KEY.

Brother's Method Was Simple, but Also Somewhat Costly.

Miss Dresswell had just returned, after spending a week with a country friend. Imagine her consternation when she discovered her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty!
"Gracious, George!" she said to her

brother. "Where are all my clothes?
And what in the world is that great
black patch on the lawn?"

The face of George exhibited all the well-known signs of conscious righteousness, and he met her gaze un-

flinchingly.

"Maria," he replied consolingly, "you wrote to me that if I wanted the key of the billiard room I should find it in the pocket of your bolero." "Yes, yes!"
"Well, I don't know a bolero from a

fichu or a box pleat, so I took all the things to the lawn and burnt them. Then I recovered the key from the

She froze him with a stare, and he is now thawing slowly on the kitchen stove.-Stray Stories.

DOCTORS ORGANIZE UNION.

Toronto Physicians Fix Higher Scale of Prices.

Toronto, Ont .- The doctors of this city west of Yonge street have formed a union under the name "No. 11 Territorial Division of the College of Physicians and Surgeons." The objects of the organization are to improve the condition of the profession against quacks, establish minimum fees and amend lodge terms. The lowest fee for medical examination for fraternal societies has been fixed at \$2, while the minimum fee for minor operations has been fixed at \$10, and that for major operations at \$50. For a first visit to a patient \$2 hereafter will be charged, and \$1 for each subsequent visit, while the fee for night visits will be doubled, being fixed at \$3. The charge for an office visit has been made \$1, including prescription, while to give anesthetics \$5 will be charged.

Useless.

A short time ago an old negro was up before a judge in Dawson City, charged with some trivial offense. "Haven't you a lawyer, old man?" inquired the judge.

"No. sah." "Can't you get one?"

"No. sah."

"Don't you want me to appoint one to defend you?" No, sah; I jes' tho't I'd leab de case to de ign'ance ob de co't.

Some of Them. n't you think it is dreadful for y to be taking up any of these

"Oh, but the Oriental rugs are perfectly lovely!"—Baltimore American.

COULD USE THE ROAD.

Irish Soldier's Great Idea When Cover Was Badly Needed.

The following colloquy is said to have actually occurred during one of the earlier battles in the Philippines: A detachment of American infantry, under orders to support a section of Capt. Reilly's battery, were halted for quite a while on a perfectly flat mili-tary road in full view and fine range of the Filipino trenches. Of course, to lie flat on the road was the only avail-

able "use of cover."

In this detachment was an Irishman who had served his time with the colors in the British army before he enlisted with Uncle Sam. As a recruit he had been very prone to tell how the British soldiers did everything. As a result he was incessantly plied with questions as to his experiences. While the bullets were "plopping" down the road and kicking up the gravel, a young Yankee suddenly asked:

"Say, Mike, what do the British soldiers do with their heads in a place like this?"

Quick as a flash came the retort: "A British soldier has no head,

After a full two-minute pause, Mike continued:

"However, be that as it may, I wish I could pick up this d- road and stan' it on edge ferninst me!"

DOCTORS IN GRAND JURY NET.

Two Indicted in Iowa for Conspiracy to Force an Independent Physician from a Surgical Case.

Waverly, Ia .- The Bremner county grand jury, which a few weeks ago indicted fourteen members of the county medical association, alleging violation of the anti-trust law, recently reported additional indictments against Dr. W. A. Rohlf and Dr. O. L. Chaffee on the general ground of conspiracy. Their alleged offense was of forcing an independent doctor from a surgical case, in which he as well as one of the accused doctors had been employed, after he had refused to sign

FOUND OUT JUST IN TIME.

Or Finger Bowl Would Have Been Put to Novel Use.

The late William Cassidy, one-time editor of the Albany Argus, possessed the traditional Irish wit. On one occasion, a number of years ago, he was a guest at a political banquet in Albany. At that time finger bowls were seldom used, and their correct usage (a passing fad) meant to dip a corner of the napkin in the water and there-with daintily cleanse the finger tips. Most of the men present eyed the in-novation, when introduced at dessert, narrowly and uncertainly. One after another ended by plunging the hand into the crystal dish. But Mr. Robert Pruyn, a well-known Albany gentleman, correctly moistened a bit of his napkin and laved his fingers. Mr. Cassidy watched him admiringly, not having as yet touched his own glass. "That's good," he whispered to a neighbor. "That's good. If Pruyn hadn't done that I should have put my foot in it."-Harper's Weekly.

An Acute Observer.

A one-armed man sat down to his noonday luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district.

The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eyeing him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. The one-armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man.

At last the inquisitive one on the

right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said: "I see, sir, you have lost an arm."

Whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up ith a curnrised evaression and said: "By George, sir, you're right."

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, FRANK J. CHARLES TO ALBOY, S. FRANK J. CHARLES TO A STATE A ST HALL'S CATAREN CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

W. GLEASON,

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Not to Be Thought Of.

There was once a multi-millionaire (he was very "multi," indeed) who spent immense sums of money on his children. They had everything, including four automobiles and a steam vacht each. Still they were not satisfied.

"Can you not," they implored, "spend a little time with us, now and

"Time!" cried the multi-millionaire, greatly shocked. "No, no! You are dreaming. It is impossible." This fable teaches that time is not

money, in any practical sense.-Exchange.

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hesitate to give it my emphatic endorsement and earnest recommendation to all persons affected by that disorder. It is also a tonic of great usefulness."

Mr. T. Barnecott, West Aylmer, Ontario, Can., writes: "Last winter I was ill with pneumonia after having la grippe. I took Peruna for two months, when I became quite well. I also induced a young lady, who was all run down and confined to the house, to take Peruna, and after taking Peruna for three months she is able to follow her trade of tailoring. Ican recommend Peruna for all such who are ill and require a tonic." a tonic.

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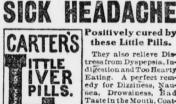
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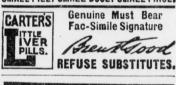
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