

OUR SERIAL

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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

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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 riding horseback in the country...

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"What's this for?" Max asked curiously.

"Ellis," said I, "it is very good of you, Max, take those. Mr. Ellis wishes to save your hide. Take them and get to the station as quickly as you can. And for the love of mercy, do not turn around till you're over in Doppelkinn's vineyards."

"Well, I'm hanged if I understand!" he cried. "I'm a peaceful man. A beggar walks up to me and slaps me in the face for nothing at all, and now I must hike, eh? What the devil have I done now?"

Then, as briefly as I could, I explained the enormity of his offenses. To take a chair from a table, as he had done, was a gross insult; to receive a slap in the face and not to resent it, was another insult; to tear up an opponent's visiting card, still another; to take out a revolver in Barscheit, unless you were an officer or had a permit, was worse than an insult; it was a crime, punishable by long imprisonment. They could accuse him of being either an anarchist or a socialist-red, coming to Barscheit with the intent to kill the grand duke. The fact that he was ignorant of the laws, or that he was an alien, would remit not one particle of his punishment and fine; and weeks would pass ere the matter could be arranged between the United States and Barscheit.

"Good Lord!" he gasped; "why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't you tell me that you carried a cannon in your pocket? Take Ellis' papers, otherwise you stand pat for a heap of trouble, and I can't help you. Go straight to Dresden, telegraph me, and I'll forward your luggage."

"But I came here to study!" Max argued.

"It will be geology in the form of prison walls," said Ellis quietly. "Don't be foolish, Mr. Scharfenstein; it is not a matter of a man's courage, but of his common sense. Take the tickets and light out. I have lived here for three years, and have seen men killed outright for less than you have done."

"But you don't expect me to leave this place without punching that beggar's head?"—indignantly. "What do you think I'm made of?"

"You'll never get the chance to punch his head," said I. "We are wasting valuable time. Those officers have gone for the police. You have about 20 minutes to make the train. Come, for heaven's sake, come!"

"He finally got it into his head that we knew what we were talking about. How we got him to the station I do not remember, but somehow we got him there. He spluttered and fumed and swore, as all brave men will who feel that they are running away in a cowardly fashion. He wasn't convinced, but he thanked Ellis for his kindness and hoped that he wouldn't get into trouble on his (Max's) account."

"Go straight to Dresden; say you've been studying medicine in Barscheit for three years, refer to me by telegraph if there is any question as to your identity," said I. "You're the only man in the world, Max, that I'd like for."

He stumbled through the gates, and we saw him open the door of a carriage just as the train began to pull out. A guard tried to stop him, but he was not quite quick enough. We watched the train till it melted away into the blackness beyond the terminus covering; then we, I and my fel-

low diners, went soberly into the street. Here was a howdy-do! Suddenly Ellis let out a sounding laugh, and, scarcely knowing why, we joined him. It was funny, very funny, for every one but poor old Max! The American spirit is based on the sense of humor, and even in tragic moments is irrepressible.

We did not return to Muller's; each of us stole quietly home to await the advent of the police, for they would rout out every American in town in their search for the man with the gun. They would first visit the consulate and ascertain what I knew of the affair; when they got through with the rest of the boys Max would be in Doppelkinn. The police were going to be very busy that night; a princess on one hand and an anarchist on the other.

There were terrible times, too, in the palace. Long before we watched Max's train and the vanishing green and red lights at the end of it the grand duke was having troubles of his own. He was pacing wildly up and down in his dressing-room. Clutched in his fist was a crumpled sheet of paper. From time to time he smoothed it out and reread the contents. Each time he swore like the celebrated man in Flanders.

"You forced me and I warned you that I would do something desperate. Do not send for me, for you will never find me till you come to your senses. I have eloped. HILDEGARDE."

CHAPTER VIII.

Shortly before six o'clock—dinner in the palace was rarely served until half-after eight—the Honorable Betty sat down to her writing desk in her boudoir, which opened directly into that belonging to the princess, to write a few letters home. A dinner was to be given to the state officials that night, and she knew from experience



"Why, Gretchen, Where Are You Going?"

that after that solemn event was concluded it would be too late for the departing mails. She seemed to have no difficulty in composing her thoughts and transferring them to paper. There were times when she would lean back, nibble the end of her pen and smile in a dreamy, retrospective fashion. No doubt her thoughts were pleasant and agreeable.

She had completed addressing three envelopes, when she heard the door leading into the princess' boudoir open and close. She turned to behold the princess herself.

"Why, Gretchen, where are you going?"—noting the gray walking-dress, the gray hat, the sensible square-toed shoes.

"I am going to visit a sick nurse," replied her highness, avoiding the other's eye.

"But shall you have time to dress for dinner?"

"That depends. Besides, the official dinners are a great bore." Her highness came forward, caught the dark head of the English girl between her gloved hands, pressed it against her heart, bent and kissed it. "What a lovely girl you are, Betty! always unruffled, always even-tempered. You will grow old very gracefully."

"I hope so; but I do not want to grow old at all. Can't I go with you?"—eagerly.

"Impossible; etiquette demands your presence here to-night. If I am late my rank and my errand will be my excuse. What jolly times we used to have in that quaint old boarding school in St. John's Wood! Do you remember how we went to your noble father's country place one Christmas? I went incognito. There was a children's party, and two boys had a fisticuff over you. Nobody noticed me those days. I was happy then." The princess frowned. It might have been the sign of repression of tears. Betty, with her head against the other's bosom, could not see. "I shall be lonely without you; for you can not stay on here forever. If you could, it would be different. I shall miss you. Somehow you possess the faculty of calming me. I am so easily stirred into a passion; my temper is so sur-

face-wise. Some day, however, I shall come to England and spend a whole month with you. Will not that be fine?"

"How melancholy your voice is!" cried Betty, trying without avail to remove her highness' hands.

"No, no; I want to hold you just so. Perhaps I am sentimental to-night. I have all the moods, agreeable and disagreeable. . . . Do you love anybody?"

"Love anybody? What do you mean?"—rising in spite of the protesting hands. "Do I look as if I were in love with anybody?"

They searched each other's eyes. "Oh, you islanders! Nobody can fathom what is going on in your hearts. You never make any mistakes; you always seem to know which paths to pursue; you are always right, always, always. I'd like to see you commit a folly, Betty; it's a wicked wish, I know, but I honestly wish it. There is certainly more Spanish blood in my veins than German. I am always making mistakes; I never know which path is the right one; I am always wrong. Do you believe it possible for a woman of birth and breeding to fall in love with a man whom she has known only three days?"

"Three days! Are you crazy, Hildegarde?"

"Call me Gretchen!" imperiously. "Gretchen, what has come over you?"

"I asked you a question."

"Well,"—a bit of color stealing into her cheeks,—"it is possible, but very foolish. One ought to know something of a man's character," went on Betty, "before permitting sentiment to enter into one's thoughts."

"That is my opinion, wise little white owl." Her highness took her friend in her arms and kissed her, held her at arm's length, drew her to her heart and again kissed her. It was



"Why, Gretchen, Where Are You Going?"

like a farewell. Then she let her go. "If there is anything you need, make yourself at home with my cases." And her highness was gone.

Betty gazed at the door through which dear Gretchen had passed, gazed thoughtfully and anxiously.

"How oddly she acted! I wonder—" She made as though to run to the door, but stopped, as if ashamed of the doubt which flashed into her mind and out again.

The little clock on the mantel chimed forth the seventh hour, and she rang for her maid. It was time that she began dressing.

(Thus, for the present, I shall leave her. There are several reasons why my imagination should take this step; for, what should I know of a woman's toilet, save in the general mysterious results? However, I feel at liberty to steal into the duke's dressing-room. Here, while I am not positive what happened, at least I can easily bring my imagination to bear upon the picture.)

The duke was rather pleased with himself. He liked to put on his state uniform, with its blue-gray frock, the white doekin trousers which strapped under the patent-leather boots, the gold braid, the silver sabel and the little rope of medals strung across his full, broad breast. It was thus he created awe; it was thus he became truly the sovereign, urbane and majestic.

His valet was buckling on the sabel belt, when there came a respectful tap on the door.

"Enter," said the duke, frowning. One can not assert any particular degree of dignity with a valet at one's side.

But it was only a corridor attendant who entered. He approached the duke's valet and presented a letter.

"For his serene highness." He bowed and backed out, closing the door gently.

At once the valet bowed also and extended the letter to his master. Formally is a fine thing in a palace. "Ah, a letter," mused the duke, profoundly innocent of the viper which was about to sting him. "My glasses, Gustav; my eye-glasses!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO MAKE FOR XMAS

LITTLE GIFTS THAT MAY BE MADE AT SMALL EXPENSE.

A Miniature Work Box, Rose Pin Cushion and Other Things That Will Prove Acceptable to Many.

Most of us have begun to think in earnest about our Christmas giving, and every woman who enjoys fashioning her own gifts is on the lookout for attractive little things that come within the limits of her purse and her needlework ability.

The designs here pictured and described are all easily made, and have the further recommendations of daintiness, inexpensiveness and utility.

Traveling Work-Box.

The miniature work-box is a splendid contrivance to put in one's traveling bag. But four inches long, there is, nevertheless, room for a tiny pair of scissors, thimble, an emery, needles, pins, roll of linen tape, card of darning cotton, two small wood shuttles of thread, hooks and eyes and a few buttons. For the case pretty ribbon should be selected, a trifle less than two inches wide. Cardboard, ribbon-covered, does duty for the two sides, which are neatly overcast to

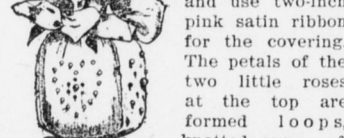


Miniature Work-Box.

the single strip of ribbon forming the bottom and ends, and extending out further into two flaps. To one of these are tacked two or three flannel leaves for pins and needles. The other is for tying over the top with narrow ribbon, and serves as a cover.

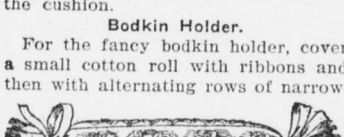
Rose Pin Cushion.

For the rose pin cushion, buy, or make, a small foundation—the one in the illustration is two inches wide by three high—and use two-inch pink satin ribbon for the covering. The petals of the two little roses at the top are formed loops, knotted once, of slightly narrower double-faced satin ribbon. Yellow artificial centers are used, and either a bit of green foliage or a bow of pink ribbon completes the gift. An additional touch is given by placing a few fancy-headed pins on the cushion.



Rose Pin Cushion.

For the fancy bodkin holder, cover a small cotton roll with ribbons and then with alternating rows of narrow



Fancy Bodkin Holder.

est insertion and beading. Tie a bow of ribbon at each end, and put a bodkin through each strip of beading.

A Thread-Holder.

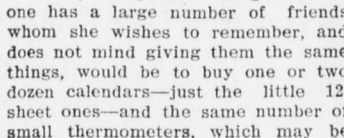
For the thread-holder cut two hearts of pasteboard, making tiny slits, or eyelets, through which narrow ribbon may be run to hold the spools in place. Cover the shapes with silk or linen, buttonholing the slits. A spool of black silk, and one each of black and white cotton make a good combination.



WITH PALM LEAF FANS.

Make Pretty Decoration for Sewing-room or Bedroom.

A very inexpensive thing to do if one has a large number of friends whom she wishes to remember, and does not mind giving them the same things, would be to buy one or two dozen calendars—just the little 12-sheet ones—and the same number of small thermometers, which may be



A Fan Calendar.

had for five cents each. Tack a calendar to the lower left-hand side of a palm leaf fan; to the upper right-hand side fasten a thermometer, and tie a good bow of corn-colored ribbon to the handle, up against the fan. This makes a pretty and really useful adornment for a bedroom or sewing-room.

Time Needed. "Going to lunch now? Why, it's only 11 o'clock."

"Well?"

"Well, surely you're not hungry so early as all this?"

"No; but I will be by the time the waiter condescends to serve me."

FOR BABY OR GRANDMOTHER.

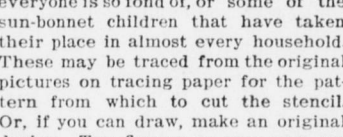
Stenciled Basket That May Be Put to Various Uses.

One of the beauties of stenciling is the variety of materials upon which it may be used. This means an endless variety of things to make, and without having them seem to have been run off by machinery. With different materials, different designs and different colors, the finished objects bear little relation to one another.

Wood is the nicest thing for stenciling because it will take anything that has color in it from the indigo in the laundry to the ink on the library table. Dyes, tube paint, house paint thinned down with turpentine until the oil is overcome—literally anything with color, may be used for stenciling wood. The design is traced on a piece of stencil paper of light cardboard, and cut with a pen-knife or manicule scissors. This pattern is then anchored to the wood and the color applied with an ordinary artists' brush.

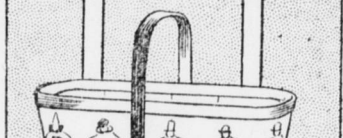
A good thing to experiment on is an ordinary little fruit basket with a handle. Let the design be some of the quaint little Dutch figures that everyone is so fond of, or some of the sun-bonnet children that have taken their place in almost every household. These may be traced from the original pictures on tracing paper for the pattern from which to cut the stencil. Or, if you can draw, make an original design. Two figures, or even one, are enough and they can be repeated around the basket.

Lay the stencil in place on the basket, and stick it fast with two or



A Toy Basket.

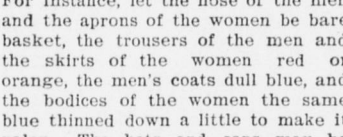
three pins. Then apply the color as already directed. Let the colors for this be gay, and if part of the space be left uncolored it gives a variety. For instance, let the hose of the men and the aprons of the women be bare basket, the trousers of the men and the skirts of the women red or orange, the men's coats dull blue, and the bodies of the women the same blue thinned down a little to make it paler. The hats and caps may be made of whatever color is left. Always a little touch of black here and there brings out the other colors. It gives a good poster look to outline each figure with a thin line of black. The handle and rim of the basket may be tinted with any one of the colors, and here you have a pleasing receptacle for toys which may interest a child enough to act as an inducement for him to pick up his own playthings now and then and save his mother the trouble. A lining might be put in the basket making it acceptable to grandmother for a darning basket.



A Toy Basket.

Nice Present for the Boy to Give His Mother.

The small boy is really forlorn when it comes to making Christmas presents for mother. He wants to give her some of his own handiwork, but his fingers were not meant to sew and his carpentering and carving usually end in cut fingers and general distress. A ring of orris root can be made by any boy or girl who possesses a small gimlet, a sufficient quantity of ribbon and



AN ORRIS ROOT RING.

The Final Shower.

"And you say when the heiress became the wife of the foreign nobleman it was a shower wedding?"

"I should say so. The bride wore a shower bouquet."

"Yes."

"And then there was a shower of rice."

"My!"

"Followed by a shower of congratulations and old shoes."

"Well! Well! And how did it end up?"

"Very embarrassing all round. The nobleman's creditors came around and presented a shower of bills."

A Delicate Task.

"The newspapers," said the orator solemnly, "do not tell the truth."

"Perhaps not," answered the editor, regretfully. "We do our best. But you know there is nothing more difficult than to tell the truth in a way that won't put it up to some one to challenge your veracity."

WHAT WAS IT

The Woman Feared?

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

A woman in Ohio says: "I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a— I dislike to write or even think of what I feared."

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied the trouble was not the awful thing I feared but was still bad enough. However, I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts."

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying."

"But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape-Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Potomac Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best of the world's affairs.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an "Ethical remedy," approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

REAL CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

How Young Lawyer Carried Comfort to Convicted Client.

An amusing story is told by Harper's Weekly at the expense of a prominent Baltimore lawyer, who, like most young attorneys, got his first case by assignment from the bench. His client had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion, as his guilt was unquestionable.

The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the governor for a pardon and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell.

"I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the man's hand.

"Did the governor—is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed joyously.

"Well, no. The fact is the governor refuses to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and left you \$200, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know," was the comforting explanation.

WAS WILLING TO FORGET.

Young Man Bore No Grudge Against Proposed Father-in-Law.

That the young fellow had grit was evident from the fact that his business, from nothing, had in a few years begun to bring in a fairish income. He made up his mind to get married. The girl—although the daughter of a pompous country resident—agreed with him; but the father did not see things in the same light.

"What! You?" he yelled, angrily. "You want to marry my daughter! Why, it is only a few years since you were caddying for me."

"That's true!" interrupted the young man, "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. The language you then used was certainly a trifle—say blue-tinted; but then you were under the influence of disappointment. After all, you know, a very bad golfer may make a very good father-in-law. Anyhow, I'm going to give you a chance."

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