

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 night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of foiling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfenstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkinn the following week. During a morning ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfenstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barscheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The valet hurried to the dresser and returned with the duke's state eye-glasses. These the duke perched deliberately upon the end of his noble nose. He opened the letter and read its contents. The valet, watching him slyly, saw him grow pale, then red, and finally purple,—wrath has its rainbow. His hands shook, the glasses slipped from his palpitating nose. And I grieve to relate that his serene highness swore something marvelous to hear. "Damnation!" he said, or some such word. "The little fool!" Then, suddenly remembering his dignity and the phrase that no man is a hero to his valet, he pointed to his glasses, at the same time returning the letter to its envelope, this letter which had caused this momentary perturbation. "Call the minister of police. You will find him in the smoking-room off the conservatory. Make all haste!"

The valet flew out of the door, while the duke began pacing up and down the room, muttering and growling, and belling his lists, and jingling his shining medals. He kicked over an inoffensive hassock and his favorite hound, and I don't know how many long-winded German oaths he let go. (It's a mighty hard language to swear in, especially when a man's under high pressure.) "The silly little fool! And on a night like this! Curse it! This is what comes of mixing Spanish blood with German, of letting her aunt's wishes overrule mine in the matter of education. But she shall be brought back, even if I have to ask the assistance of every sovereign in Europe. This is the end. And I had planned such a pleasant evening at cards!" The duke was not wholly unselfish. In less than ten minutes' time the valet returned with the minister of police. The duke immediately dismissed the valet.

"Your serene highness sent for me?" asked the minister, shaking in his boots. There had been four ministers of police in three years. "Yes. Read this." The minister took the letter. He read it with bulging eyes. "Good heavens, it must be one of her highness' jokes!" "It will be a sorry joke for you if she crosses any of the frontiers."

"But—" "But!" roared the duke. "Don't you dare bring up that word scandal! Seek her. Turn everybody out,—the army, the police, everybody. When you locate her, telegraph, and have a special engine awaiting me at the station. And if you play a poor game of cards to-night I'll take away your portfolio. Remember, if she passes the frontier, off goes your official head!" "And the fellow, who is he?" "The good Lord only knows! That girl! . . . Witness these gray hairs. Put the rascal in irons; I'll attend to his case when I arrive. . . . Where is Steinbock?" "He was arrested this morning in Berlin; I have already applied for his extradition." "Good! Now, be off with you! Leave no stone unturned. The expense is nothing; I will gladly pay it out of my private purse." "I'll find her," said the minister grimly. His portfolio hung in the balance. All at once the duke struck his hands together jubilantly.

"What is it?" asked the minister. "A clown?" "Nothing, nothing! Be gone; you are wasting time." The minister of police dashed out of the room as if pursued by a thousand devils. He knew the duke's mood; it was not one to cross or irritate. No sooner was he gone than the duke left his apartments and sought those of his niece. It might be a joke; it would do no harm to find out positively. But the beautiful suite was empty; even her highness' maid was gone. He then knocked on the door which led into Betty's boudoir, not very gently either. "Open!" he bellowed. "Who is it?" demanded a maid's frightened voice. "The duke! Open instantly!" "It is quite impossible," said another voice from within. It was calm and firm. "I am dressing."

"I must see you this instant. Open or I shall force the door!" "Is your serene highness mad?" "Will you open this door?" "You command it?" "A hundred times, yes!" "Since you command it," The voice was no longer calm; it was sharp and angry.

The wait seemed an hour to his serene highness, serene no longer. At length the bolt slipped, and the irate duke shouldered his way in. The tableau which met his gaze embarrassed him for a space. He was even ashamed! The Honorable Betty stood behind a tall-backed chair, an opera cloak thrown hastily over her bare shoulders. Her hair was partly down. A beautiful woman in a rage is a fascinating sight. The duke stared at her irresolutely.

"Will your highness explain this ex-

traordinary intrusion?" she demanded. "You have literally forced your way into my room while I am dressing. It is utterly outside my understanding." "I am old enough to be your father." "I shall leave as soon as the dinner is over." This girl's mind seemed immoveable. The duke shrugged. There was no use in beating against this wall. "I wish you knew whether she has gone." "Frankly, if I knew I should not tell your highness. My father taught me never to betray a confidence." "As you will. I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my entrance," he said, choking down his wrath. He could not allow himself to be outdone in the matter of coolness by this chit of an English girl.

The duke then retired, or, I should say, retreated. He wandered aimlessly about the palace, waiting for news and making wretched all those with whom he came in contact. The duchess was not feeling well; a wrangle with her was out of question; besides, he would make himself hoarse. So he waited and waited, and re-read the princess' letter. At dinner he ate nothing; his replies were curt and surly. The Honorable Betty also ate nothing. She sat, wondering if her maid could pack five trunks in two hours.

I had quite a time of it myself that night. As I predicted, I received a visit from the police in regard to Mr. Scharfenstein. I explained the matter the best I knew how, and confessed that he had hurriedly left the city for parts unknown. I did not consider it absolutely essential that I should declare that I had seen him enter a railway carriage for Dresden. Besides this, I had to stand sponsor for the other boys and explain at length that they were in no wise concerned with Mr. Scharfenstein's great offense. The police were courteous and deferential, admitting that Max was the culprit. He had drawn a revolver in a public restaurant; he had broken a grave law. The inspector wrote a dozen telegrams and dispatched them from the consulate. I had, at his request, offered him the blanks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There's a Difference.

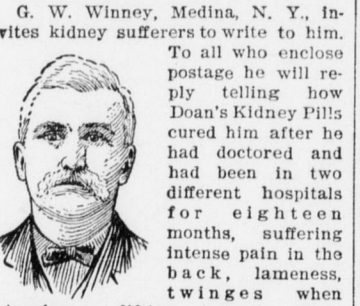
Patch by patch is good housewifery, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.



The Duke Stared at Her Irresolutely.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.



G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him. To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEAN FLINGS AT EDITORS.

Tributes by Lafcadio Hearn to Class of Workers He Disliked.

"Lafcadio Hearn, that wonderful writer, worked on newspapers in his youth," said a publisher, "and the ruthless way his studies were changed, cut and butchered was a great woe to his heart. "In after years Hearn took a malicious joy in collecting stories about editors—editors and their superior and omniscient way with manuscript. "One of his stories was of an editor to whom a subscriber said:

"I enjoyed that poem on the three ages of man in to-day's paper, Mr. Sheers; I enjoyed it immensely. Do you know, though, I thought it was originally written the seven ages of man?"

"So it was, sir; so it was," said Editor Sheers, pompously. "Yes, the extract was originally written the seven ages of man, but I had to cut it down for the lack of space."

"Another story concerned a weather report. A reporter, discussing the weather, wrote that winter still lingered in the lap of spring.

"The editor, as he read over the article, called the reporter to his desk and told him that he would cut out that sentence about winter lingering in spring's lap. He said the idea was good enough, and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of school girls."

HIS TURN TO CRITICISE.

Youngster Felt Called on to Manifest Disapproval of Prayer.

Little John, who, at the mature age of four, has learned the Lord's Prayer, is often criticised by his sister, two years older, for slight mistakes which he cannot always avoid in offering the petition. A few Sundays ago he was taken to church for the first time. When the moment for the prayer arrived and the congregation bowed their heads John's mother took the precaution to whisper to him that he must be very quiet. "Listen," she said, "and you will hear the minister pray." This interested John at once, and his little face took on a look of serious attention, but his mother, watching him covertly, saw his expression change presently to one of surprise and disapproval. A few minutes more, and he could stand it no longer. What could this man be saying? Not a word of the prayer did he recognize as the only formula he had ever heard called by that name. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, in a tone audible over nearly half the church, "do you hear? He isn't saying it right at all!"

Experience.

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked the man who indulges in trite sayings. "Yes," answered the skeptic; "but occasionally, as in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools, your education comes too late to be of any service."

BEGAN YOUNG.

Had "Coffee Nerves" from Youth.

"When very young I began using coffee and continued up to the past six months," writes a Texas girl. "I had been exceedingly nervous, thin and very fallow. After quitting coffee and drinking Postum Food Coffee about a month my nervousness disappeared and has never returned. This is the more remarkable as I am a Primary teacher and have kept right on with my work.

"My complexion now is clear and rosy, my skin soft and smooth. As a good complexion was something I had greatly desired, I feel amply repaid even tho this were the only benefit derived from drinking Postum. "Before beginning its use I had suffered greatly from indigestion and headache; these troubles are now unknown.

"Best of all, I changed from coffee to Postum without the slightest inconvenience, did not even have a headache. Have known coffee drinkers who were visiting me, to use Postum a week without being aware that they were not drinking coffee.

"I have known several to begin the use of Postum and drop it because they did not boil it properly. After explaining how it should be prepared they have tried it again and pronounced it delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

This Servant Girl Was Evidently a Person of Resource.

As a source of humor the Irish servant girl has long since fallen from her high estate, a result probably due to the better class of young women from the Emerald Isle who come here annually to help confuse the eternal "servant girl question." But now and again one of the old, naively ignorant sort turns up in a New York household, as was demonstrated the other day to a caller at a house on the West Side.

The girl who responded to the bell was asked if her mistress was at home. To this inquiry she surprised the caller by putting her arms behind her back and replying in a rich brogue, as she thrust her face toward the caller: "Put th' tickets in me mouth, ma'am, an' I'll go an' see. Me hands is wet."—N. Y. Press.

AS SHE HAD BEEN ORDERED.

Domestic Cleared Everything Left Over Out of the Ice Box.

There recently entered the service of a Cleveland family a domestic of Scandinavian origin. She had never seen a refrigerator before, and the lady of the house, after initiating her into its mysteries, instructed her never to leave anything old or left over in the ice-box, but to keep the refrigerator perfectly clean and fresh by throwing the old things away each morning.

The very next day the mistress, looking out of the window, observed something peculiar in the yard.

"What is that, Sophie?" she asked. "And how did it get there?" "That is old ice, ma'am," was the proud response, "left over from yesterday. I t'rew it away lake you tol' me."—Harper's Weekly.

One Waiter with Sense.

Man in a restaurant, happening in just as a new shift of waiters came on. And having eaten a very modest luncheon this man laid down a modest tip, to be exact, five cents.

And did the waiter shy off or sniff at this nickel? He did neither, but on the contrary he seemed to regard it as an augury of good fortune that his first customer should have given him something, and— "Thank you," he said, politely, to the customer, and as he turned away he added to himself: "That's a starter."—N. Y. Sun.

SORES AS BIG AS FENNIES.

Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

A Frank Advertiser.

The new commercial morality has spread to Ceylon. From one of the newspapers of that balmy island we take the following:

"CH. A. HORSE—Rising seven, fine mouth and paces, about 15 hands; fine Lady's Hack; shows a lot of breeding; Reason for selling, bad with motors; won't go in harness; jibs when leaving stables; catches rider by seat of breeches when mounting; but a darling pet. Apply, &c."—London Daily Mail.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WALTERS, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. "Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation."

Training Lion for Exhibition.

It takes four years to train a lion for exhibition work, but only one animal in four is available for training. A few accomplishments increases the animal's value five fold.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

The statesman leads the masses. The masses lead the politician.

RHEUMATISM
is most painful. What's good?
ST. JACOBS OIL
Gives instant relief. Removes the twinges.
USE IT, THEN YOU'LL KNOW
25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—60c.

NIGHT SWEATS, NO APPETITE, USED PE-RU-NA.



MRS. LIZZIE LOHR, 1155 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I take pleasure in writing you these few lines, thinking there may be other women suffering the same as I did. "I had my complaints for over a year, night sweats all winter and no appetite. I was run-down so far that I had to sit down to do my cooking, I was so weak. "I tried many different medicines and doctors also. Nothing seemed to do me any good. The doctors wanted to operate on me. "At last I wrote to Dr. Hartman. I told him just exactly how I was, and he told me what ailed me and how I should take Peruna.

"I did as he told me for four months, and now I am all cured. "No one can tell how thankful I am to him, as I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again. "I am a widow and the mother of six small children who depend on my support. I work all day and seldom get tired. "I took five bottles of Peruna in all. "Any woman wishing to know more about my case may write to me and I will gladly tell all about it. "I thank Dr. Hartman for what he has done for me."

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated 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. **Carter's Little Liver Pills.** REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH AND COMFORT on stormy days by wearing a **SLICKER**. Clean - Light Durable. Guaranteed Waterproof. \$3.99 Everywhere.

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS AND HEIRS. All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1861 and 1865 and who homesteaded less than 80 acres before June 30, 1874, are entitled to conditional homestead rights which I buy. If soldier is dead, his heirs can sell. Talk to old soldiers, widows and heirs. Find some soldier relative who went West or South after the war and homesteaded government land. Get busy and make some easy money. Write HENRY N. COPP, Washington, D. C., for further particulars.

NOVELTIES "Nuface" Mask, 10c; Backscope, 15c; "Veeoal" Puzzle, 15c; "Loop the Loop" Puzzle, 15c; "Link Puzzle, 15c; "Rubber Business," 25c; "Pocket Cinematograph," 25c; "Hollow Watch," 25c; "Winking Eye," 25c; "Squirt Camera," 15c; "Jacob's Ladders," 15c; "Twin Racing Tops," 15c; "Magic Horn," 15c; "Jokes in French," 15c; "Symmetrical Tops," 15c; "Aqua Crystal," 15c; "Wondergraph," 45c. All these Catalog of useful and amusing novelties. Price, Ask for Catalog No. 160, NEW YORK NEWS CO., Dept. K, 15 Warren St., New York.

HICKS' CAPUDINE IMMEDIATELY CURES Headaches and Indigestion. Trial bottle 10c. At drug stores.

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.