

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 rival. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegarde and 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 flogging 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's 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. Efforts are made to stop the princess at the frontier. Betty Moore asks for her passport. She asks Warrington for assistance in leaving Barscheit, and invites him to call on her in London. Max finds the princess in the railway carriage. She accuses him of following her.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"I haven't the slightest idea of what you are talking about," he said, mildly discouraged. "I never saw this country till Monday, and never want to see it again."

"From what are you running away then?"—skeptically.

"I am running away from a man who slapped me in the face,"—bitterly; and all his wrongs returned to him.

"Indeed!"—derisively.

"Yes, I! He thrust out both his great arms miserably. 'I'm a healthy looking individual, am I not, to be running away from anything?'"

"Especially after having been a soldier in the Spanish war. Why did you tell me that your name was Scharfenstein?"

"Heaven on earth, it is Scharfenstein! I'm simply taking my chance on another man's passport."

"I am unconvinced,"—ungraciously. She was, however, inordinately happy; at the sight of the picture of woe on his face all her trust in him returned. She believed every word he said, but she wanted to know everything.

"Very well; I see that I must tell you everything to get back into your good graces—Fraulein von Heidelberg."

"If you ever were in my good graces!"

Graphically he recounted the adventure at Muller's. He was a capital story teller, and he made a very good impression.

"If it hadn't been for the princess' eloping I should not have been here," he concluded, "for my friend would have had a waiter bring me that chair."

"The princess' eloping!"—aghast.

"Why, yes. It seems that she eloped to-night; so the report came from the palace."

The girl sat tight, as they say; then suddenly she burst into uncontrollable laughter. It was the drollest thing she had ever heard. She saw the duke tearing around the palace, ordering the police hither and thither, sending telegrams, waking his advisers and dragging them from their beds. My! what a hubbub! Suddenly she grew serious.

"Have you the revolver still?"

"Yes."

"Toss it out of the window; quick!"

"But—"

"Do as I say. They will naturally search you at the frontier."

He took out the revolver and gazed regretfully at it, while the girl could not repress a shudder.

"What a horrid-looking thing!"

"I carried it all through the war."

"Throw it away and buy a new one."

"But the associations!"

"They will look you up as a dangerous person." She let down the window and the cold night air rushed in. "Give it to me." He did so. She flung it far into the night.

"There, that is better. Some day you will understand."

"I shall never understand anything in this country—What are you running away from?"

"A man with a red nose."

"A red nose? Are they so frightful here as that?"

"This one is. He wants—to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Yes; rather remarkable that any man should desire me as a wife, isn't it?"

He saw that she was ironical. Having nothing to say, he said nothing, but looked longingly at the vacant space beside her.

She rested her chin upon the sill of the window and gazed at the stars. A wild rush of the wind beat upon her face, bringing a thousand vague heavy perfumes and a pleasant numbing. How cleverly she had eluded the duke's police! What a brilliant idea it had been to use her private carriage key to steal into the carriage compartment long before the train was made up! It had been some trouble to light the lamps, but in doing so she had avoided the possible dutiful guard. He had peered in, but seeing that the lamps were lighted, concluded that one of his fellows had been the rounds.

The police would watch all those who entered or left the station, but never would they think to search a carriage into which no one had been seen to enter. But oh, what a frightful predicament she was in! All she possessed in the world was a half-crown, scarce enough for her breakfast. And if she did not find her governess at once she would be lost utterly, and in Dresden! She choked back the sob. Why couldn't they let her be? She didn't want to marry any one—that is, just yet. She didn't want her wings clipped before she had learned what a fine thing it was to fly. She was young.

"Oh!"

"What is it?" she said, turning.

"I have something of yours," answered Max, fumbling in his pocket, grateful for some excuse to break the silence. "You dropped your purse this morning. Permit me to return it to you. I hadn't the remotest idea how I was going to return it. In truth, I had just made up my mind to keep it as a souvenir."

She literally snatched it from his extended hand.

"My purse! My purse! And I thought it was gone forever!" hugging it hysterically to her heart. She feverishly tried to unlatch the clasps.

"You need not open it," he said thoughtfully, even proudly. "I had no thought of looking into it, even to prove your identity."

"Pardon! I did not think. I was so crazy to see it again." She laid the purse beside her. "You see," with a hysterical catch in her voice, "all the money I had in the world was in that purse, and only heaven knows what misfortunes were about to befall me. There were, and are, a thousand crowns in the purse."

"In bank-notes. Thank you, thank you! I am so happy!"—clasping her hands. Then, with a smile as warm as the summer's sun, she added: "You may—come and sit close beside me. You may even smoke."

Max grew light-headed. This was as near heaven as he ever expected to get.

"Open your purse and look into it," he said. "I'm a brute; you are dying to do so."

"May I?"—shyly.

Then it came into Max's mind, with all the brilliancy of a dynamo spark, that this was the one girl in all the world, the ideal he had been searching for; and he wanted to fall at her feet and tell her so.

"Look!" she cried gleefully, holding up the packet of bank-notes.

"I wish," he said boyishly, "that you didn't have any money at all, so I could help you and feel that you depended upon me."

She smiled. How a woman loves this simple kind of flattery! It tells her better what she may wish to know than a thousand hymns sung in praise of her beauty.

But even as he spoke a chill of horror went over Max. He put his hand hurriedly into his vest pocket. Fool! Ass! How like a man! In changing

his clothes at the consulate he had left his money, and all he had with him was some pocket change.

The girl saw his action and read the secret in the look of dismay which spread over his face.

"You have no money either?" she cried. She separated the packet of notes into two equal parts. "Here!"

He smiled weakly.

"Take them!"

"No, a thousand times, no! I have a watch, and there's always a pawnbroker handy, even in Europe."

"You offered to help me," she insisted.

"It is not quite the same."

"Take a quarter of it."

"No. Don't you understand? I really couldn't."

"One, just one, then!" she pleaded.

An idea came to him. "Very well; I will take one." And when she gave it to him he folded it reverently and put it away.

"I understand!" she cried. "You are just going to keep it; you don't intend to spend it at all. Don't be foolish!"

"I shall notify my friend, when we reach Doppelkinn, that I am without funds, and he will telegraph to Dresden."

"Your friends were very wise in sending you away as they did. Aren't you always getting into trouble?"

"Yes. But I doubt the wisdom of my friends in sending me away as they did,"—with a frank glance into her eyes. How beautiful they were, now that the sparkle of mischief had left them!

She looked away. If only Doppelkinn were young like this! She sighed.

"Can they force one to marry in this country?" he asked abruptly.

"When one is in my circumstances."

He wanted to ask what those circumstances were, but what he said was: "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"You are even more helpless than I am,"—softly. "If you are caught you



"Permit Me to Return it to You."

will be imprisoned. I shall only suffer a temporary loss of liberty; my room will be my dungeon-keep." How big and handsome and strong he looked! What a terrible thing it was to be born in purple! "Tell me about yourself."

His hand strayed absently toward his upper vest pocket and then fell to his side. He licked his lips.

"Smoke!" she commanded intuitively. "I said that you might."

"I can talk better when I smoke," he advanced rather lamely. "May I, then?"—gratefully.

"I command it!"

Wasn't it fine to be ordered about in this fashion? If only the train might go on and on and on, and thousands of miles! He applied a match to the end of his cigar and leaned back against the cushion.

"Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning. I'm not one of those novel readers who open a book at random. I do not appreciate effects till I have found out the causes. I want to know everything about you, for your interest me."

He began. He told her that he was a German by birth and blood. He had been born either in Germany or in Austria, he did not know which. He had been found in Tyrol, in a railway station. A guard had first picked him up, then a kind-hearted man named Scharfenstein had taken him in charge, advised for his parents and, hearing nothing, had taken him to America with him.

"If they catch you," she interrupted, "do not under any consideration let them know that you were not born in the United States. Your friend, the American consul, could do nothing for you then."

There is a very large class of women in the United States who from environment, traditions and certain shrinking from the publicity attendant upon female suffrage are debarred from showing the interest they take in politics and from putting that interest and energy into practical use. Taken in the proper form it would seem a possible task to develop that latent force and to make it of considerable service to our Republican government by forming a woman's league, which might be called—unless some bright woman suggest a better title—the League of the Golden Rod.

Twenty-five years since in England a few members of the conservative party, desiring to add to its strength and influence, proposed such a plan, and out of compliment and in memory of the late earl of Beaconsfield the present powerful and able Primrose league was named for its favorite flower. The first movers in the forming of this political organization were Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill and Sir Henry Wolfe, ambassador to Madrid. Possibly the quick wit of the American woman was the germ which appealed to the enthusiasm of her British sisters. The dames of the Primrose league, which began in a small circle of London drawing rooms, now number their thousands and are found in "habitations"—the English synonym for our American chapters—all over the "tight little island."

As woman's influence is supposed to purify and ennoble the ballot, a great power for good government might be evolved from an organization whose center should be in our capital city, where, although we have no suffrage, its principal officers could administer with fearlessness and ability. Its

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cost of World's Rulers.
The amount of money paid annually to the world's rulers amounts to \$80,000,000.



JEANIE G. LINCOLN.

Political Clubs for American Women

By Jeanie G. Lincoln

Well-Known Washington Woman Advocates the Founding of a Political Society for Women— "The League of the Golden Rod" Might Be Made Similar to "The Primrose Club" of England—Woman's Influence Should Purify the Ballot.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

[Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.] Mrs. Jeanie Gould Lincoln, widow of the late eminent surgeon, Dr. N. S. Lincoln, is well known in literary circles in Washington, where she is also prominent in society. Her first book, "Marjorie's Quest," brought her into public notice years ago. A later book, "Her Washington Season," was one of the first written in the now popular diary style. Her more recent books, "A Genuine Girl" and "An Unwilling Maid," were received with favor by the public. Of her verses which have been set to music the best known is "Tender and True."

At the opening of the twentieth century, realizing the wonderful strides that progress and enlightenment have made, perhaps there is none more gratifying than the increased and far-reaching influence attained by women. Who, when the nineteenth century was yet in its infancy, would have been bold enough to predict to our grandmothers, whose stately heads still wore turbans and whose erect figures scorned even the support of a high-backed and most uncomfortable chair, that their descendants would don automobile caps, lounge even in a drawing room, become active promoters of clubs and other female organizations, even cast ballot at the polls and be elected to public offices? No doubt the dear old dames would have shuddered at such pronounced advancement; but "extremes touch," and never more easily than in the delightful being known as the up-to-date woman.

What a boon to many have been the clubs, from the modest societies of the working girls in our great cities to the genealogical clubs—the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames and the Holland society! These wonderfully successful organizations have conclusively proved that women are competent to direct public work, and to go hand in hand with men in the honor roll of progress.

But with this infinite number of clubs, historical and genealogical, there appears to be none combining the political and social in a manner which if properly inaugurated might show that the twentieth century is still a measure in advance of the nineteenth and include among the active workers those whom the world at large is somewhat prone to regard as the drones of the human beehive.

There is a very large class of women in the United States who from environment, traditions and certain shrinking from the publicity attendant upon female suffrage are debarred from showing the interest they take in politics and from putting that interest and energy into practical use. Taken in the proper form it would seem a possible task to develop that latent force and to make it of considerable service to our Republican government by forming a woman's league, which might be called—unless some bright woman suggest a better title—the League of the Golden Rod.

Twenty-five years since in England a few members of the conservative party, desiring to add to its strength and influence, proposed such a plan, and out of compliment and in memory of the late earl of Beaconsfield the present powerful and able Primrose league was named for its favorite flower. The first movers in the forming of this political organization were Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill and Sir Henry Wolfe, ambassador to Madrid. Possibly the quick wit of the American woman was the germ which appealed to the enthusiasm of her British sisters. The dames of the Primrose league, which began in a small circle of London drawing rooms, now number their thousands and are found in "habitations"—the English synonym for our American chapters—all over the "tight little island."

As woman's influence is supposed to purify and ennoble the ballot, a great power for good government might be evolved from an organization whose center should be in our capital city, where, although we have no suffrage, its principal officers could administer with fearlessness and ability. Its

chief should be the wife of the president, ex officio, and of each succeeding republican president, with regents and vice-regents in Washington, and in the states where the league may be established. The yearly dues and membership fees would form a fund which could easily be added to by subscriptions, when needed, and the only pledge required of the members of the league would be that by their personal exertion they procure, outside of their own family connection, one or two votes at most to be cast at the general elections for the Republican party.

The question of a national flower has been a matter of discussion for a long time, but the golden rod grows in every state of the Union, and as its color suggests "sound money" what better emblem could be found for the party which has taken that issue as a part of its political faith? With the general election every four years, with no prime minister whose tenure extends indefinitely, we lose the pretty custom which obtains in England, where "Primrose day" is celebrated by wearing primroses and by decking Beaconsfield's grave with the bright-eyed flower of spring. That, no doubt, would save the woman who may choose to inaugurate a league such as described the reproach of the Anglo-phobists—that we are becoming un-American, and even that awful thing, imperial, by sharing the old honor with old England of maintaining a floral and political society.

CUPID IN THE CORNER.

One Instance in Which His Dart Failed in Its Purpose.

When people first saw Nathaniel Seaforth they nearly always exclaimed: "What a dear old gentleman!" When they knew him better, they generally added: "But a bit too fond of interfering."

For Mr. Seaforth was the sort of man who prided himself on "taking an intelligent interest" in other folks' affairs.

Now, of all things, he "loved" a love affair. He invariably scented it afar off, and did his best to help it along. One day he was comfortably ensconced in an electric car when two young people entered—a girl and a man. There were only two vacant seats, and they, alas, were on opposite sides of the car, and at different ends.

The young people seated themselves in these, but immediately Mr. Seaforth, with a benign smile, rose clumsily, and gripping each successive strap in hazardous fashion, left his seat, which was next the young woman, and accosted the astonished young man at the other end of the car.

"Take my seat," he said, in the voice of one who would add, "and my blessing, too." The young man obediently stumbled to the other end of the car.

The eyes of the whole company were riveted in sympathetic interest on the blushing couple now reunited, and Mr. Seaforth chuckled into his venerable beard as he said to his neighbor:

TOOK NO CHANCES.

But They Gave the Judge an Opportunity to Be Generous.

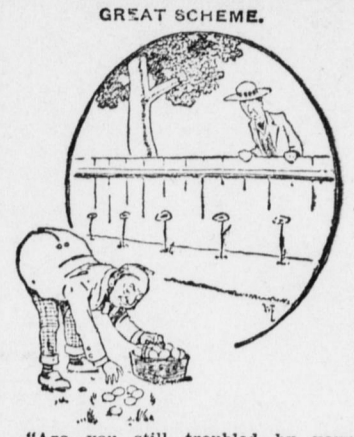
The recent agitation for the better safeguarding of money deposited by clients with solicitors must not be allowed to suggest that all solicitors do not look faithfully to the pecuniary interests of those who put their trust in them. Especially is the contrary true in the case where A having placed a sum in the hands of B, B has been compelled to hand it on to a greater man in the person of C.

For example, a judge, now deceased, had many briefs on hand at the moment of his elevation to the bench. A solicitor who had instructed him in one case called and suggested that as his client was not a rich man, the new judge might properly return the sum which he had been paid for the conduct of a case which he could no longer take.

His lordship was profoundly sensible of the morality of the suggestion. It ought undoubtedly to be done—nothing could be more just; but then, it was not for him to establish a precedent which would be unwelcome to the profession. He was naturally of a retiring disposition.

"Exactly, my lord," answered the solicitor. "We quite anticipated that you would experience such a difficulty, and for that reason we have stopped the check."

Whether the language the new judge must have used, if only to himself, was of a judicial nature the chronicles do not relate. It may be taken, however, that it would have sounded odd from the bench, and must have been blacker than the black cap.—London Sketch.



GREAT SCHEME.

"Are you still troubled by your neighbor's chickens?" asked one man of another.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "They are kept shut up now."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, every night I put a lot of eggs in the grass very carefully, and every morning, when my neighbor was looking, I went out and brought them in."

THOUGHT CHILD WOULD DIE.

Whole Body Covered with Cuban Itch—Cuticura Remedies Cured at Cost of Seventy-Five Cents.

"My little boy, when only an infant of three months, caught the Cuban Itch. Sores broke out from his head to the bottom of his feet. He would itch and claw himself and cry all the time. He could not sleep day or night, and a light dress is all he could wear. I called one of our best doctors to treat him, but he seemed to get worse. He suffered so terribly that my husband said he believed he would have to die. I had almost given up hope when a lady friend told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used the Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment and he at once fell into a sleep, and he slept with ease for the first time since two months. After three applications the sores began to dry up, and in just two weeks from the day I commenced to use the Cuticura Remedies my baby was entirely well. The treatment only cost 75c, and I would have gladly paid \$100 if I could not have got it cheaper. I feel safe in saying that the Cuticura Remedies saved his life. He is now a boy of five years. Mrs. Zana Miller, Union City, R. F. D. No. 1, Branch Co., Mich., May 17, 1906."

Floating Workshop.

A unique and interesting vessel is H. M. S. Cyclops—general repair ship to the fleet. Amongst her machinery she has plant capable of turning out castings weighing two tons, and lathes which will deal with such castings up to a length of 15 feet. The Cyclops is equipped to repair anything from a broken bolt to a 60-ton gun, a special feature of her machinery being that it is all electrically driven.—London Tit-Bits.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Money the New Yorker's God.

An aged man familiar with the people of the metropolis says that nothing seems to astonish a New York man as much as to find some desired purpose which cannot be accomplished by money.

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, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

W. D. Wood

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.