

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 Hildegard, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegard 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 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 note 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. He returns to her the purse he had found. It contained a thousand pounds in bank notes. At the frontier Max and the princess are arrested and taken to Doppelkinn's palace.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"When you listen to reason, prince," replied the girl calmly, "you will apologize to the gentleman and give him his liberty."

"Oh, he is a gentleman, is he?" "You might learn from him many of the common rules of courtesy,"—tranquilly.

"Who the devil are you?" the prince demanded of Max.

"I should be afraid to tell you. I hold that I am Max Scharfenstein, but the colonel here declares that my name is Ellis. Who are you?" Max wasn't the least bit frightened. These were no feudal times.

The prince stared at him. The insolent puppy!

"I am the prince."

"Ah, your serene highness,"—began Max, bowing.

"I am not called 'serene,'"—rudely. "The grand duke is 'serene.'"

"Permit me to doubt that," interposed the girl, smiling.

Max laughed aloud, which didn't improve his difficulties any.

"I have asked you who you are!" bawled the prince, his nose turning purple.

"My name is Max Scharfenstein. I am an American. If you will wire the American consulate at Barscheit, you will learn that I have spoken the truth. All this is a mistake. The princess did not elope with me."

"His papers give the name of Ellis," said the colonel, touching his cap.

"Humph! We'll soon find out who he is and what may be done with him. I'll wait for the duke. Take him into the library and lock the door. It's a hundred feet out of the window, and if he wants to break his neck, he may do so. It will save us so much trouble. Take him away! take him away!" his rage boiling to the surface.

The princess shrugged.

"I can't talk to you either," said the prince, turning his glowering eyes upon the girl. "I can't trust myself."

"Oh, do not mind me. I understand that your command of epithets is rather original. Go on; it will be my only opportunity." The princess rocked backward and forward on the divan. Wasn't it funny!

"Lord help me, and I was perfectly willing to marry this girl!" The prince suddenly calmed down. "What have I ever done to offend you?"

"Nothing," she was forced to admit.

"I was lonely. I wanted youth about. I wanted to hear laughter that came from the heart and not from the mind. I do not see where I am to be blamed. The duke suggested you to me; I believed you to be willing. Why did you not say to me that I was not agreeable? It would have simplified everything."

"I am sorry," she said contritely. When he spoke like this he wasn't so unlovable.

"People say," he went on, "that I spend most of my time in my wine-cellars. Well,—defiantly,—"what else is there for me to do? I am alone." Max came within his range of vision. "Take him away, I tell you!"

And the colonel hustled Max into the library.

"Don't try the window," he warned, but with rather a pleasant smile. He

was only two or three years older than Max. "If you do, you'll break your neck."

"I promise not to try," replied Max. "My neck will serve me many years yet."

"It will not if you have the habit of running away with persons above you in quality. Actions like that are not permissible in Europe." The colonel spoke rather grimly, for all his smile.

The door slammed, there was a grinding of the key in the lock, and Max was alone.

The library at Doppelkinn was all the name implied. The cases were low and ran around the room, and were filled with romance, history, biography and even poetry. The great circular reading table was littered with new books, periodicals and illustrated weeklies. Once Doppelkinn had been threatened with a literary turn of mind, but a bad vintage coming along at the same time had effected a permanent cure.

Max slid into a chair and took up a paper, turning the pages at random.—What was the matter with the room? Certainly it was not close, nor damp, nor chill. What was it? He let the paper fall to the floor, and his eyes roved from one object to another.—Where had he seen that Chinese mask before, and that great silver-faced clock? Somehow, mysterious and strange as it seemed, all this was vaguely familiar to him. Doubtless he had seen a picture of the room somewhere. He rose and wandered about.

In one corner of the bookshelves stood a pile of boy's books and some broken toys with the dust of ages upon them. He picked up a row of painted soldiers, and balanced them thoughtfully on his hand. Then he looked into one of the picture-books. It was a Santa Claus story; some of the pictures were torn and some stuck together, a reminder of sticky, candied hands. He gently replaced the book and toys, and stared absently into space. How long he stood that way he

did not recollect, but he was finally aroused by the sound of slamming doors and new voices. He returned to his chair and waited for the denouement, which the marrow in his bones told him was about to approach.

It seemed incredible that he, of all persons, should be plucked out of the practical ways of men and thrust into the unreal fantasies of romance. A hubbub in a restaurant, a headlong dash into a carriage compartment, a long ride with a princess, and all within three short hours! It was like some weird dream. And how the deuce would it end?

He gazed at the toys again.

And then the door opened and he was told to come out. The grand duke had arrived.

"This will be the final round-up," he laughed quietly, his thought whimsically traveling back to the great plains and the long rides under the starry night.

CHAPTER XI.

The Grand Duke of Barscheit was tall and angular and weather-beaten, and the whites of his eyes bespoke a constitution as sound and hard as his common sense. As Max entered he was standing at the side of Doppelkinn.

"There he is!" shouted the prince. "Do you know who he is?"

The duke took a rapid inventory. "Never set eyes upon him before." The duke then addressed her highness. "Hildegard, who is this fellow? No evasions; I want the truth. I have, in the main, found you truthful."

"I know nothing of him at all," said the princess curtly.

Max wondered where the chill in the room came from.

"He says that his name is Scharfenstein," continued the princess, "and he has proved himself to be a courteous gentleman."

Max found that the room wasn't so chill as it might have been.

"Yet you eloped with him, and were on the way to Dresden," suggested the duke pointedly.

The princess faced them all proudly.

"I eloped with no man. That was simply a little prevarication to worry you, my uncle, after the manner in which you have worried me. I was on my way to Dresden, it is true, but only to hide with my old governess. This gentleman jumped into my compartment as the train drew out of the station."

"But you knew him!" bawled the prince, waving his arms.

"Do you know him?" asked the duke coldly.

"I met him out riding. He addressed me, and I replied out of common politeness,—with a sidelong glance at Max, who stood with folded arms, watching her gravely.

The duke threw his hands above his head as if to call heaven to witness that he was a very much wronged man.

"Arnheim," he said to the young colonel, "go at once for a priest."

"A priest!" echoed the prince.

"Yes; the girl shall marry you tonight," declared his serene highness.

"Not if I live to be a thousand!" Doppelkinn struck the table with his fist.

The girl smiled at Max.

"What?" cried the duke, all the coldness gone from his tones. "You refuse?" He was thunderstruck.

"Refuse? Of course I refuse!" And the prince thumped the table again.

"What do you think I am in my old age,—an ass? If you have any fillies to break, use your own pastures. I'm a vintner." He banged the table yet again. "Why, I wouldn't marry the Princess Hildegard if she was the last woman on earth!"

"Thank you!" said the princess sweetly.

"You're welcome," said the prince.

"Silence!" bellowed the duke. "Doppelkinn, take care; this is an affront, not one to be lightly ignored. It is international news that you are to wed my niece."

"To-morrow it will be international news that I'm not!" The emphasis



"Take Him Away"

this time threatened to crack the table-leaf. "I'm not going to risk my liberty with a girl who has no more sense of dignity than she has."

"It is very kind of you," murmured the princess.

"She'd make a fine wife," went on the prince, ignoring the interruption. "No, a thousand times no! Take her away—life's too short; take her away! Let her marry the fellow; he's young and may get over it."

The duke was furious. He looked around for something to strike, and nothing but the table being convenient, he smashed a leaf and sent a vase clattering to the floor. He was stronger than the prince, otherwise there wouldn't have been a table to thwack.

"That's right; go on! Break all the furniture, if it will do you any good; but mark me, you'll foot the bill." The prince began to dance around. "I will not marry the girl. That's as final as I can make it. The sooner you calm down the better."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jealousy.

"Talking about Creole jealousy," said the observant man, "I saw a specimen of Chicago jealousy the other night that had it beaten to a frazzle. A handsome fellow was at dinner with two girls, when a young woman came in, caught a corner of the tablecloth, and yanked the whole tableful of dishes and dinner off onto the floor, then walked out of the room."

"What did the man do? Followed her and made friends with her again. She was his fiancée. He gave her a \$400 diamond ring afterward, they said. If she had been his wife he would in all probability have beaten her instead of giving her a present."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Natural for Them.

"Those young fellows act like a bunch of fools." "They consider that they have a right to act that way."

"I'd like to know what right?" "They belong to the smart set."—Houston Post.

WITHEYES OF FLEET

WHAT ADMIRAL EVANS' MEN WILL SEE ON LONG TRIP.

Places Where the Big Fleet Will Stop on Its Way to the Pacific and People and Scenes Which Will Prove of Interest.

At a ten-knot-an-hour speed the big fleet of American warships is steadily pressing southward towards the Magellan straits, where the turn will be made into the Pacific, and as the thought of the nation follows this splendid aggregation of battleships there is fresh interest in the route over which they will pass and the scenes which will greet officers and crews as they make their occasional stops along the 14,000-mile waterway.

After the first stop in the harbor of Port of Spain, island of Trinidad, where Christmas was passed, no stop will be made until Rio de Janeiro is reached, which, according to the schedule prepared before starting, should be January 11. A stop of ten days is to be made at the Brazilian capital, and if Jack Tar writes home as he ought to, and probably will, the letters which come from there should be well worth reading to other mothers who have no sons with "Mr. Evans' boats," or to other girls who have no sweethearts wearing the navy blue, for they will probably contain much about the capital of Brazil, over 350 years old, with its beautiful parks, public buildings and private houses, oddly interspersed with structures of great antiquity, among them the San Sebastian church, which was built in 1567.

The next stop will be at Punta Arenas, the most southerly town on this side of the globe, where the fleet is due January 31.

The letters will then tell of passing from the heat of midsummer to the cold of winter while going south all the time, and there will undoubtedly be a complaint or two about the country, and perhaps a wish that the writer could get a look again at Broadway, and there may even be unkind remarks in the letter about Magellan, who nearly 400 years ago discovered the strait through which Admiral Evans plans to take his fleet. For Magellan strait, although an undoubted aid to navigation, is not much to look at. About 130 miles long, the channel through which Admiral Evans' fleet will pass is for the most part only about as wide as the Hudson river. Chill owns the land on either side of the strait—what was part of Patagonia on one side and Terra del Fuego on the other. The vegetation on both sides of the great waterway is said to be as scanty as the clothing of the natives, which would barely permit of their entertain-

ment at a Turkish bath in this country. In his letters home "Jack" is at least not likely to wax highly complimentary concerning the natives, for they never bathe, smear their bodies with paint and grease, spend most of their days on horseback and their nights under huts of hides built up on poles and deem horse meat and ostrich flesh the finest of foods.

There is a 3,000-mile run before the fleet after leaving Punta Arenas, about February 5, until the next stopping place, Callao, Peru, is reached. When the vessels cast anchor off that port on February 18 Admiral Evans' ships will have covered a total distance of something like 10,700 miles.



Native of Terra Del Fuego.

Were the Panama canal now built, by passing through it the fleet could have shortened the distance to Callao by 7,100 miles.

It will probably be with genuine regret that he will turn his back upon the hospitality of the Peruvians on or about February 28, for on March 14, when the ships are due to drop anchor in Magdalena bay, on the coast of Mexico, all thoughts of the pleasures of the long trip around South America must give place to strict attention to the work of target practice, if he would secure a place in any of the crack gun crews of Uncle Sam's navy. After practice the fleet will probably go to San Francisco, and orders received there may take it to the Philippine islands or bring it home again.

OFFICE IN SADDLE

A BISHOP WHOSE PARISH IS 75,000 SQUARE MILES.

Dr. Paddock's Remarkable Mission and the Work Which He Proposes to Do in the Backwoods of Eastern Oregon.

"My office will be in the saddle." This was the enthusiastic and business-like statement of the newly-appointed bishop of eastern Oregon



DR. DOREL PADDOCK

of Washington at a time when conditions were more primeval than they are now, going thither from Brooklyn.

There are 75 cities in the United States which have greater populations than the whole 75,000 square miles of territory over which the new bishop will have charge. Take Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, throw in Maryland and the kingdoms of Belgium or Holland, and lay them all down in eastern Oregon and they would not overlap the border land of his vast field of work.

Little Rhode Island, with its 1,250 square miles area, has thrice the population of this territory. Cut Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey out of the map of the United States and lay them on the map of southeastern Oregon and they would not blot out an inch of railroad or as large a population as lives to-day in the smallest of the three states. There is a region more than 100 miles one way and 120 miles the other in which there is not a mile of railroad track laid, surveyed, or will be laid or surveyed within the next two or three years. There are only a few hundred miles of government, military and state roads in this undeveloped region, which will be marvelously rich in resources once railroads enter there and irrigation projects are completed. Over the lonely stage roads in such counties as Malheur and Harney the bishop will be compelled to drive or ride a day at a time without seeing the curl of smoke from a human habitation or hearing the sound of a voice other than that of wild animals or his own. It took three weeks to get complete election returns from these counties last year.

It has been some years since the rough and ready miners and ranchmen have stood a tenderfoot up against the wall and shot his bootheels off to make him dance. But the bishop or circuit rider must still mix with them like a "brother," and no matter whether he preaches to them in a barn, in an open square, standing on soap box for a rostrum, or inside a church or schoolhouse, he has to suit his language to his hearers. He must submit to rigid catechising on questions of doctrine and dogma.

Cow punchers and miners, when they have not been fed on the sort of "manna" the missionary provides for a long time, sometimes yield to religious emotions as strong as they are picturesque, and their "experiences" related in meeting, well punctuated with coarse and even profane language, should not offend the man who has heeded the cry to "go over into Macedonia."

when asked as to where his headquarters would be. The vast empire of magnificent distances and insurmountable obstacles which the church militant must overcome in their missionary campaigns is mightier than any eastern man has any conception of.

Rev. Dr. Robert L. Paddock of New York, who was chosen at the recent Episcopal convention at Richmond, Va., for the post of missionary bishop in the "mining camps and cattle ranges" of eastern Oregon, knew what he was talking about when he declared: "This work in the west is not of my choosing, but, just as a soldier is ordered into battle, so am I ordered on to the firing line of missionary work in this country. My work there will be totally different from that here. There I will be a 'sky pilot,' riding among the Indians and cattlemen. My office will be in my saddle. I will have no fixed abode."

Bishop Paddock was brought up in the great and bounding northwest, his father before him having been bishop

MISS ANNIE CATRON.



CATARRH MADE LIFE A BURDEN TO ME.

MISS ANNIE CATRON, 927 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "As I have found Peruna a blessing for a severe case of catarrh of the head and throat which I suffered from for a number of years, I am only too pleased to give it my personal endorsement."

"Catarrh, such as I suffered from, made life a burden to me, my breath was offensive, stomach bad, and my head stopped up so that I was usually troubled with a headache, and although I tried many so-called remedies, nothing gave me permanent relief. I was rather discouraged with all medicines when Peruna was suggested to me.

"However, I did buy a bottle, and before that was finished there was a marked change in my condition. Much encouraged I kept on until I was completely cured in a month's time, and I find that my general health is also excellent."

People who prefer solid medicines should try Peruna tablets. Each tablet represents one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1908.

DEAR LITTLE CHAP.



Bob—Say, ma, were men very scarce when you married pa, or did you just feel sorry for him?

No Knocker. "Do you think the scheme of Amundsen for reaching the north pole by using a team of polar bears is feasible?"

The returned Klondiker looked doubtful. "I don't like to queer the game of a scientific gent," he said, "and I'll say the scheme is at least as feasible as crossing the seal with the arctic snow goose and harnessing the result to a sledge."

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it, and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think.

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my 'coffee.' When I told him what it was, he said, 'why I've sold Postum for four years but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter.'

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