DVLD AC PUBLIC LENGTH PRIVATED THE SECONDAY, DESERBER 120, THE

CHAPTER 1 THE CROWN PRINCE RUNS AWAY THE Crown Prince sat in the royal box and awang his legs. This was hardly princely, but the royal legs did not quite reach the floor from the high crimson-velvet

seat of his chair. Prince Ferdinand William Otto was bored. His royal robes, consisting of a pair of blue serge trousers, a short Eton jacket, and a stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him. stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him. He had been brought to the Opera House under a misapprehension. His aunt, the Archduchess Annunciata, had strongly advocated "The Flying Dutchman," and his English governess, Miss Equithwalte, had read him some inspiring literature about it. So here he was, and the Flying Dutchman was not ghostly at all, nor did it fly. It was, from the royat box, only too plainly a ship which had length and height, without thickness. And instead of flying, after dreary cone of singing, it was moved off on creaky rollers by men whose shadows were thrown grotesquely on the sea backing.

grotesquely on the sea backing. The orchestra, assisted by a bass colo and Intermittent thunder in the wings, was mak-ing a deafening din. One of the shadows on the sea backing took out its handkerchief and

wiped its nose. Prince Ferdinand William Otto looked Prince Ferdinand William Orto Social across at the other royal box, and caught his Cousin Hedwig's eye. She also had seen the handkerchief; she took out her own scrap of linen, and mimicked the shadow. Then, Her Royal Highness the Archduchess Annunciata heing occupied with the storm, she winked across at Prince Ferdinand William Otto.

In the conosite has were his two cousins,

In the opposite box were his two cousins, the Princesses Hedwig and Hilda, attended In the opposite low were his two cousing, the Princesses Hedwig and Hildin, attended by Hedwig's lady in waiting. When a princess of the Court becomes seventeen, she drops governesses and takes to ladies in waiting. Hedwig was eighteen. The Crown Prince Riked Hedwig better than Hilda. Although she had been introduced formally to the Court at the Christmas eve ball, and had been duly presented by her grandfather, the King, with the usual string of pearls and her own carriage with the spokes of the wheels silded halfway—only the King and Prince Perdinand William Otto had all-gold wheels she still ran off now and then to have tea with the Crown Prince and Miss Bratthwaite in the schoolroom at the Palace; and she could eat a great deal of bread and butter. Frince Perdinand William Otto winked back at the Princess Hedwig. And just then—"Listen, Otto," said the Archduches, lean—"Listen, Otto," said the Archduches, lean—ing forward. "The Spinning Seng—is it not exquisiter"

"They are only pretending to apin," relight and the princess and single principles of the public staircase after the small flying indicated the princes of the prince of the public staircase about of chapping hands and "bravos." The little Prince looked at the woman with appeal in his eyes. Then, with this heart thumping, he ran past her, down the white marble staircase, to where the great doors promised liberty.

Olga, the wardrobe woman, came out from beinad her counter and stood looking down the marble staircase after the small flying interest the prince of the public staircase after the small flying interest the prince of the prince of the public staircase after the small flying interest.

exquisite?"
"They are only pretending to apin," remarked Primes Perdinand William Otto.

Nevertheless he listened obediently. He rather liked it. They had not fooled him at all. They were not really spinning—any one could see that—but they were sticking very closely to their business of each outsinging the other, and ecliectively of drowning out the orchestra.

The spinning chorus was followed by long and tresome solor. The Crewn Primes

and tiresome solor. The crown Prince sawned again, although it was but the solidie of the afternoon, Catching Hedwig's eye, he can his fingers up through his thick hair and arinned. Hedwig blushed. She had confided to him once, while they were walking in the garden at the summer palace, that she was thinking of being in love with a young lieu-tenant who was attached to the King's ruits. The Prince-who was called Otto, for short, by the family, because he actually had eleven rames—the Prince had been much interested.
For some time afterward he had bothered
Miss Braithwaite to define being in love, but
he had has no really satisfactory answer.
In pursuance of his quest for information

he had grown quite friendly with the young officer, whose name was Larisch, and had finally asked to have him ride with him at the royal riding school. The grim old King had granted the request, but it had been quite fruitiesa so far after all. Lieutenant Larisch only grew quite red as to the cars when love was mentioned, although he ap-peared not unwilling to hear Hedwig's name.

The Crown Prince had developed a strong liking for the young officer. He assured Hedwig one time when she came to tea that when he was king he would see that she married the lieutenant. But Hedwig was much distressed.

"I don't want him that way," she hald.
"Anyhow, I shall probably have to marry some wretch with ears that stick out and a bad temper. I dare say he's selected already. As to Lieutenant Larisch, I'm sure he's in love with Hilds. You should see the

way he stares at her.
"Pish" said Prince Perdinand William
Otto over his cup. "Hilda is not as pretty
as you are. And Nikky and I talked about

"Nikky" was the officer. The Crown Prince was very informal with the people he liked.
"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Princess

Hedwig, coloring. "And what do you say?"
Miss Braithwaite having left the room,
Prince Ferdinand William Otto took another lump of sugar. "Say? Oh, not much, you know. He asks how you are, and I tell him you are well, and that you at thirteen pleces of bread at ten, or whatever it may have been. The day Miss Braithwaite had the toothache, and you and I ate the fruit cake her sister had sent from England, he was very anxious. He said we both deserved to

The Princess Hedwig had been blushing uncomfortably, but now she paled. "He dared to say that?" she stormed. "He dared!!" And she had picked up her must and gone out in a fine temper.

Only—and this was curious—by the next day she had forgiven the lieutenant, and

was angry at Ferdinand William Otto.
Women are very strange.

So now Ferdinand William Otto ran his fingers through his fair hair, which was a favorite gesture of the lieutenant's, and Hedwig blushed. After that she refused to look at him, but sat staring fixedly at the stage, where Frau Hugh, in a short skirt, a black velvet bodies and a white apron, with two yellow braids over her shoulders, was its-

yellow braids over her shoulders, was betening with all the coyness of forty years
and six children at home to the love-making
of a man in a false black beard.

The Archduchess, sitting well back, wa,
nodding. Just o'tiside the royal box, on the
ned-velvet sofa, General Mettlich, who wa,
the Chancellor, and had come because he
had been invited and stayed outside because
he said he liked to hear music, not see it,
was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with
its gold braid, was rising and falling peace
fully. Beside him lay the Prince's crown, a

was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with its gold braid, was rising and falling peace fully. Beside him lay the Prince's crown, a small black derby hat.

The Princess Hilda looked across and smiled and nodded at Ferdinand William Otto. Then she went back to the music; she held the score in her hand and followed it note by note. She was studying music and her mother, who was the Archduchess, wa, watching her. But now and then, when her mother's eyes were glued to the stage, Hilda stole a glance at the upper balconies where impecunious young officers leaned over the rail and gazed at her respectfully.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto considered it all very wearisome. If one could only wander around the corridor or buy a sandwich from the stand at the foot of the great staircase—or, better still, if one could only get to the street, alone, and purchase one of the fig women that Miss Braithwaite so de-

spised! The Crown Prince felt in his pocket,

where his week's allowance of pocket-money lay comfortably untouched.

The Archduchess, shielded by the velvet hangings with the reyal arms on them, was now quite comfortably askep. From the corridor came sounds indicating that the Chancellor preferred making noises to listening to them. They were eigns on the stage that Frau Hugii, braids, six children, and all, was about to go into the arms of the man with the false beard. The Crown Prince meditated. He could

go out quickly, and be back before they knew it. Even if he only wandered about the cor-ridor, it would stretch his short legs. And outside it was a line day. It tooked already

like spring. With the trepidation of a canary who finds With the treplication of a canary who finds his case doer open, and, hopping to the threshold, surveys the world before ventur-ing to explore it, Frince Ferdinand William Otto rose to his feet, tiptoed past the Arch-duchess Annunciata, who did not move, and looked around him from the doorway. The Chancelor slept. In the royal dress-ing room behind the box a lady in waiting was sitting and crocheting. She did not care for opera. A haid was spreading the royal

was sitting and crocheting. She did not care
for opera. A maid was spreading the royal
ladies' wraps before the fire. The princesses
had shed their furred carriage boots just inside the door. They were in a row, very
small and dainty.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto picked up
his hat and concoaled it by his side. Then,
nonchalantiy, as if to stretch his legs by
walking ten feet up the corridor and back,
he passed the dressing-room door. Another
moment and he was out of sight around a

ent and he was out of sight around a bend of the passageway, and before him lay Not quite! At the top of the private stair-

case reserved for the royal family a guard commonly stood. He had moved a few feet from his post, however, and was watching the stage through the half-open door of a private loge. His rifle, with its fixed bayonet, leaned against the stair rail.

"Riessed Saints;" she said, wondering.

"How much that child resembles His Roya

Highness."

The old soldier who rented opera glasses at the second landing and who had left a leg in Bosnia, leaned over the railing. "Look at that," he exclaimed. "He will break a leg, the young rascal! Once I could have—but there, he is safe! The good God watches over tooks and children."

"It looked like the little Prince," said the wardrobe woman. "I have seen him often—be has the same bright halr."

he has the same bright hair."

he has the same bright hair."

But the opera-giaes man was not listening. He had drawn a long sausage from one pocket and a roll from the other, and now, retiring to a far window, he stood placidly eating—a bite of sausage, a bite of breat. His mind was in Besria, with his leg. And because old Adelbert's mind was in Bosnia, and because one hears with the mind, and not with the car, he did not hear the sharp question of the sentry who rar, down the question of the sentry who rar, down the stairs and baused for a second at the cloak-room. Well for Olga, too, that old Adelbert did not hear her reply.

"He has not passed here," she said, with

wide and honest eyes, but with an ear to-ward old Adeibert. "An old gentleman came a moment ago and got a sandwich, which he had left in his overcoat. Perhaps this is

whom you are seeking?"

The sentry cursed and ran down the stalt case, the nails in his shoes striking sharply on the marble.

At the window, old Adelbert cut off another

sice of sausage with his pocketknife and sauntered back to his table of opera glasses at the angle of the balustrade. The hurry-ing figure of the sentry below caught his eye. "Another fool!" he grumbled, looking "One would think new legs grew in down. place of old ones, like the claws of the sea

creatures!"
But Olga of the cloakroom looked over her checks, with her lips curved up in a smile. "The little one!" she thought. "And such courage! He will make a great king! Let him have his prank like the other chil-dren, and—God bless him and keep him."

CHAPTER II AND SEES THE WORLD

FILLE Crown Prince was just a trifle daz-T zied by the brilliance of his success. He paused for one breathless moment under the porte-cochere of the opera house; then he took a long breath and turned to the left. took a long breath and turned to the left. For he knew that at the right, just around the corner, were the royal carriages, with his own drawn up before the door, and Beppo and Hans erect on the box, their habghty noses red in the wind, for the early spring air was biting.

So he turned to the left and was at once So he turned to the left and was at once swallowed up the street crowd. It seemes, very strange to him. Not that he was unaccustomed to crowds. Had he not, that very Christmas, gone shopping in the city, accompanied only by one of his tutors and Miss Braithwalte, and bought for his grandfather, the King, a burnt-wood box, which might hold either necktie or gloves, and for his cousins silver photograph frames?

Cousins silver photograph frames?

But this was different, and for a rather peculiar reason. Prince Perdinand William Otto had never seen the back of a crowd! The public was always lined up, facing him, smiling and bowing and God-blessing him. Small wonder he thought of most of his future subjects as being much like the ship in the opera, meant only to be viewed from the front.

the front.

Also, it was surprising to see how stiff and straight their backs were. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had never known that backs could be so rigid. Those with which he was familiar had a way of drooping forward from the straight of the spine up. It was most he middle of the spine up. It was most

familiar had a way of drooping forward from the middle of the spine up. It was most interesting.

The next hour was full of remarkable things. For one, he dodged behind a street car and was almost run over by a taxicab. The policeman on the corner came out, and taking Ferdinand William Otto by the shoulder, gave him a talking-to and a shaking. Ferdinand William Otto was furious, but policy kept him silent; which proves conclusively that the Crown Prince had not only initiative—witness his flight—but self-control and diplomacy. Lucky country, to have in prospect such a king!

But even royality has its weaknesses. At the next corner Ferdinand William Otto stopped and invested part of his allowance in the forbidden fig lady, with arms and legs of dates, and eyes of cloves. He had wanted one of these ever since he could remember, but Miss Braithwaite had sternly refused to authorize the purchase. In fact, she had had one of the dates placed under a microscope, and had shown His Hoyal Highness a number of interesting and highly active creatures who made their homes therein. ber of interesting and highly active creatures who made their homes therein.



"It is my intention, Lieutenant Larisch, to place the Crown Prince in your personal charge," the old King said. "I want a real friend for the little Crown Prince; one who is both brave and loyal. I depend on you."

His Royal Highness recalled all this with | ber. One of the wings was bent. Fordmand | great distinctness, and, immediately dismiss-ing it from his mind, ate the legs and arms of the fig woman with enjoyment. Which— not the eating of the legs and arms, of course, but to be able to dismiss what is unpleasant-is another highly desirable royal trait.

So far his movements had been swift and entirely objective. But success rather went to his head. He had never been out alone before. Even at the summer palace there were always tutors, or Miss Braithwaite, or an alde-de-camp, or something. He hesi-tated, took out his small handkerchief, dusted his shoes with it and then when his face. his shoes with it, and then wiped his face, Belind was the opera, looming and gray, Ahead was-the park

Note the long alice between rows of trees trimmed to resemble walls of green in sum-mer, and curiously distorted skeletons in officers in uniforms sat under the trees, reading the papers, and rising to how with great clanking and much exemony as a gold-wheeled carriage or a pretty girl went by.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto had the fulfillment of a great desire in his small, active mind. This was nothing less than a ride on the American scenic railroad, which had secured a concession in a far corner of had secured a concession in a far corner of the park. Hedwig's lieutenant had described it to him—how one was taken in a small car to a dizzy height, and then turned loose on a track which dropped giddly and rose again, which huried one through sheet-iron tunnels of incredible blackness, thrust one out over a gorge, whirled one in mad curve out over a gorge, whires one in had curred around corners of precipitous heights, and finally landed one, panting, breathless, shocked, and reeling, but safe, at the very platform where one had purchased one's ticket three eternities, which were only

minutes, before. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had put this proposition, like the fig woman, to Miss Braithwaite. Miss Braithwaite replied with the sad history of an English child who had clutched at his cap during a crucial moment on a similar track at the Crystal Palaco in

every bone in his body was broken "Every bone?"
"Every bone," said Miss Braithwaite, sob-

"When they picked him up," she finished,

"The little ones in his cars and all?" "Every one," said Miss Braithwaite, refus-ng to weaken.

The Crown Prince had pondered. "He

The Crown Prince had pondered. "Ho must have felt like jelly," he remarked, and Miss Braithwaite had dropped the subject.

So now, with freedom and his week's allowance, except the odtlay for the fig woman, in his pocket, Prince Ferdinand William Otto started for the Land of Desire. The allee was almost deserted. It was tht sacred hour or coffee. The terraces were empty, but from the coffee houses along the drive there came a cheerful rattle of cups, a hum of conversation.

As the early spring twilight fell the gas as the early spring twingst fell the gas lamps along the allee, always burning, made a twin row of pale stars ahead. At the end, even as the wanderer gazed, he saw myriads of tiny red, white and blue lights, rising high of tiny red, white and often ignals, raining maning in the air, outling the crags and peaks of the sheet-iron mountain which was his destination. The Land of Desire was very hear? There came to his ears, too, the occasions! rumble that told of some paiplitating soul being at that moment hursed and twisted and joyously thrilled, as per the lieutenant's description.

and joyousy thrined, as per the hectanactic description.

Now, it is a strange thing, but true, that one does not reach the Land of Desire alone; because the half of pleasure is the sharing of it with some one else, and the Land of Desire, alone, is not the Land of Desire at ali. Quite suddenly Prince Ferdinand William Otto discovered that he was lonely. He sat down on the curb under the gas lamp and ate the fig woman's head, taking out the cloves, because he did not like cloves. At that moment there was a soft whirring off to one side of him and a yellow bird, rising and falling erratically on the breeze, careened suddenly and fell at his feet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto bent down

Prince Perdinand William Otto bent down and picked it up. It was a small toy aero-plane, with yellow silk planes, guy ropes of waxed thread and a wooden rudder, its mo-tive power vested in a tightly twisted rub-

William Otto straightened it and looked around for the owner.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto eyed the

Prince Ferdinand William Otto cod the stranger. He was about his own age and was dressed in a short pair of cordaroy trou-sers, much bleomed at the knee, a pair of yellow Russia-leather shoes that reached well to his drives and, over all, a shaggy white sweater, relling almost to his chin. On the very back of his head he had the smallest cap that Prince Ferdinand William Otto had ever seen.

Now, this was exactly the way in which the Crown Prince had arways wished to dress. He was suddenly conscious of the long trousers on his own small legs, of the igne-miny of his tailless Eton jacket and stiff, rolling collar, of the crowning disgrace of his derby hat. But the lonely feeling had gone from him.
"This is the best time for flying," he

said, in his perfect English, "All the exhi-bition flights are at aundown."

The boy walked slowly over and stood leoking down at him. "You ought to see it fly from the top of Pike's Peak!" he re-marked. He had caught sight of the despised derby and his eyes widened, but with in-stinctive good breeding he ignored it. "That's Pike's Peak up there."

He indicated the very top of the Land of . The Prince started up.

"How does one get up?" he queried.
"Ladders. My father's the manager. He ts nie up sometimes." Prince Ferdinand William Otto stared with new awe at the boy. He found the fact much more remarkable than if the stranger had stated that his father was the King of England. Kings were as you may say, di-rectly in Prince Perdinand William Otto's

line, but scenic railroads—
"I had thought of taking a journey on it,"

"I had thought of taking a journey on it," he said, after a second's reflection. "Do you think your father will sell me a ticket?"
"Billy Grimm will. I'll go with you!"
The Prince rose with alacrity. Then he stopped. He must, of course, ask the strange boy to be his guest. But two tickets! Perhaps his allowance was not sufficient.
"I must first see how much it costs," he said, with dignity.
The other boy laughed. "Oh. gee! You come with me. It won't cost anything." he

come with me. It won't cost anything," he said, and led the way toward the towering

For Bobby Thorpe to bring a small boy For Bobby Thorpe to bring a small boy to ride with him was an every-day affair. Billy Grimfn, at the ticket window, hardly glanced at the boy who stood, trembling with anticipation, in the shadow of the booth. The car came and they climbed in. Perhaps, as they moved off, Prince Ferdinand William Otto had a qualm, occasioned by the remembrance of the English child who had met an untimely end; but if he did he plucklip hid it.

pluckily hid it.
"Put your lid on the floor of the car," said Bobby Thorpe, depositing his own atom there. "Father says if you do that you're perfectly

"Father easy if you do that you're perfectly safe."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto divined that this referred to his hat, and drew a small breath of relief. And then they were off, up an endless, clicking readway, where at the top the car hung for a breathless second over the gulf below: then, fairly launched, out on a trestle, with the city far beneath them, and only the red, white, and blue lights for company; and into a tunnel, filled with rearing noises and swift-moving shadows. Then came the end of all things-a flying leap down, a heart-breaking, delirious thrill, an upward sweep just as the strain was too great for endurance.

"Isn't it billy?" shouted the American boy against the enrush of the wind.

"Fine!" shrieked His Royal Highness, and braced himself for another dip into the gulf. Above the rearing of the wind in their ears neither child had heard the flying feet of a dozen horses coming down the alice. They never knew that a hatless young lieutenant, white-lipped with fear, had checked his horse to its haunches at the ticket-booth, and demanded to know who was in the Land of Desire.

"Only the son of the manager, and a boy

the son of the manager, and a boy

friend of his, replied Billy Grimm, in what he called the lings of the country. "What's wrong? Loat anybody?"

But Hedwig's lieutenant had wheeled his herse without a word, and, jumping him over list for instance, wipe his nose? Or twird herse without a word, and, jumping him over list (thumbs? Or buy a newspaper? Certainstance). A small boy was standing under the next gas lamp. "Gee!" he said in English, "did you see it go that time!"

for Hodwig's lieutenant had whoseed his herse without a word, and, jumping him over the hedge of the alice, was off in a despair-ing search of the outskirts of the park, fol-lowed by his cavalrymen. As the last horse leaned the hedge and

disappeared the car came to a stop at the platform. Quivering, Frince Ferdinand William Otto reached down for the despised hat. "Would you like to go around again?"

asked Hobby, quite casually. His Highness gasped with joy, "If—if you would be so kind?" he said. And at the lordly wave of Bobby's hand,

tainly not.

Therefore, the two sentries made to sign

when they saw Ferdinand William Otto ap-proaching. But one of them forget to bring his musket to salute. He crossed himself instead. And something strained around the

other scutry's lower law suddenly relaxed into a smile as His Royal Highness drew a hand from its refuge and saluted. He glanced first at one, then at the other, rather sheepishly, hesitated between them, clapped

"The young rascal?" said the second sen-try to himself. And by turning his head

elightly-for a centry learns to see all

ground like a horse, without twisting by neck-he watched the runaway into

Prince Ferdinand William Otto went up

the stone staircase. Here and there he passed guards who stared and saluted. Had be not been obsessed with the vision of Miss Braith-

"I have told you all I know," said the

Archduchess, impatienty. "One moment he was there. Hedwig and he were making gestures, and I reproved him. The next he was gone. Hedwig saw him get up and go out. She thought—"

"She has retired. She was devoted to him

"Send for her," said the King shortly.

The Archduchess Annunicata went out. The old King lay back and his eyes, weary with many years of ruling, of disappointments and bitterness, roved the room. They came to rest at last on the photograph of a young

to rest at last on the photograph of a young man, which stood on his bedside table.

He was a very young man, in a uniform. He was boyish, and smiling. There was a dog beside him, and its head was on his knee. Wherever one stood in the room, the eyes of the photograph gazed at one. The King knew this, and because he was quits old, and because there were few persons to whom a king dares to speak his immost thoughts, he frequently smoke to the photograph.

he frequently spoke to the photograph.

The older he grew, the more he felt, some

man turned his head. Just inside stood a very dirty small boy.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto

was most terribly frightened. Everything was at sixes and sevens. Miss Braithwaite had been crying her head off, and on seeing him had fallen in a faint. Not that he thought it was a real faint. He had unmistakably seen her eyelids quiver. And when she came to she had ordered him no supper, and four pages of German translation, and

and four pages of German translation, and to bed at seven o'clock instead of seven-thirty for a week. All the time crying, too. And then she had sent him to his grand-

father, and taken aromatic ammonia.

His grandfather sald nothing, but looked "Here_here I am, sir," said the Crown

Prince from the door.

The King drew agiong breath. But the silence persisted. Prince Ferdinand William Otto furtively rubbed a dusty shoe against the back of a trousers leg.

"I'm atraid I'm not very neat, sir," said

pated in low tones.

"Send for Hedwig."

my boy."

his hat on more securely and marched in.

CHAPTER III DISGRACED

I EleIHT o'clock that evening the Acrown Prince Ferdinand William Otto approached the palace through the public square. He approached it slowly, for two casons. First, he did not want to go back. second, he was rather frightened. He had an dea that they would be disagreeable.

There seemed to be a great deal going on at the palace. Carriages were rolling in under the stone archway and, having discharged their contents, mostly gentlemen in uniform, were moving off with a thundering of hoofs that re-echoed from the vaulted roof of the entrance. All the lights were on in the wing where his grandfather, the King, lived alone. As his grandfather hated lights, and went to bed early, Prince Ferdinand William Otto was elightly puzzled.

He stood in the square and waited for a chance to slip in unobserved.

chance to slip in unobserved.

He was very dirty. His august face was streaked with soot, and his august hands likewise. His small derby hat was carefully placed on the very back of his head at the angle of the American boy's cap. As his collar had scratched his neck, he had, at Hobby's suggestion, taken it off and rolled it up. He decided, as he waited in the sources to put it on again. Miss Braithquare, to put it on again. Miss Braith

square, to put it on again. Miss Braithwaite was very peculiar about collars.

Came a luli in the line of carriages Prince Ferdinand William Otto took a long breath and started forward. As he advanced he stuck his hands in his pockets and swaggered a trifle. It was, as nearly as possible, an exact imitation of Bobby Thorpe's walk. And to keep up his courage, he quoted that young gentleman's farewell speech to himself: "What d' you care? They won't eat you, will they?"

At the entrance to the archway stood two sentries. They stood as if they were carved out of wood. Only their eyes moved. And within, in the court around which the palace was built, were the King's bodyguards. Mostly they sat on a long bench and exchanged conversation, while one of them paced back and forth, his gun over his shoulder, in front of them. Prince Ferdinand der, in front of them. Prince Ferdinand William Otto knew them all. More than once he had secured cigarettes from Lieu-tenant Larisch and dropped them from one of his windows, which were just overhead. They would look straight ahead and not see them.

until the officer's back was turned. Then
me would be lighted and passed along the
me. Each man would take one puff and pass
pn behind his back. It was great fun.
Prince Ferdinand William Otto stood in the shadow and glanced across. The sentries stood like wooden men, but something was wrong in the courtyard inside.

The guards were all standing and there

seemed to be a great many of them. And just as he had made up his mind to take the plunge, so to speak, a part of his own regiment of cavalry came out from the courtyard with a thundering of hoofs, wheeled at the street and clattered off.

Very unusual, all of it.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto feit in his pocket for his handkerchief, and moistening a corner with his tongue, wiped his face. Then he wiped his shoes. Then, with his hands in his trousers pockets, he untered into the light. Now, sentries are trained to be impassive

"Come here," said the King. He went to the side of the bed. "Where have you been?" "I'm afraid—I ran away, sir."

Why " Prince Ferdinand William Otto co It was rather an awful moment. "I exactly know. I just thought I would."

exactly know. I just thought I would."
You see, it was really extremely dimensions that he was tired of things as the were would sound ungrateful. Would, it deed, be quite impolite. And then, exactly why had he run away?
"Suppose," said the King, "you draw as a chair and tell me about it. We'd between the chair and tell me about it. We'd between the control of the control of the control of the chair and sat on it. His feet not reaching the floor, he hooked them around the chair-rung. This was permissible because, first, the King could not see them from his bed; second, it kept his knees from shaking.
"Probably you are aware," said the King "that you have alarmed a great many poor lie."

"that you have alarmed a great many

"I'm sorry, sir; I didn't think—"
"A Prince's duty is to think."
"Although," observed His Royal Highner,
"I don't really believe Miss Braithwalls
fainted. She may have thought she fainted,
but her eyelids moved."
"Where did you go?"
"To the park, sir. I—I thought I'd like
to see the park by royaelf."

to see the park by myself."

"Go on. "it's very hard to enjoy things with Miss Braithwaite, sir. She does not really enjoy the things I like. Nikky and I—" "By 'Nikhy' you mean Lieutenant Larisch?"

Yes, sir."

"Go on."
"We like the same things, sir—the Pike's,
Peak or Bust, and all that."

The King raised himself on his elbow.

"What was that." he demanded.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto blushed and explained. It was Bobby's name for the peak at the top of the scenic railway. He had been on the railway. He had been—his enthesiasm carried him away. His checks flushed. He sat forward on the edge of his chair and gesticulated. He had never had

chair and gesticulated. He had never had auch a good time in his life.

"I was awfully happy, sir," he ended. "It feels like fiying, only safer. And the lights are pretty. It's like fairyland. There were two or three times when it seemed as if we'd turn over or leap the track. But we didn't!"

The King lay back and thought. More than anything in the world he loved this boy. But the occasion demanded a strong hand. "You were happy," he said. "You were disobecient, you were causing grave anxiety and distress—and you were happy! The first duty of a Prince is to his country. His first lesson is to obey laws. He must always obey certain laws. A King is but the servant of his people." of his people."

"Yes, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto The old King's voice was stern. "Some day you will be the King. You are being trained for that high office now. And yet you would set the example of insubordination, disobedience and reckless disregard of the feelings of others."

of others."
"Yes, sir," sair Prince Ferdinand William

"Yes, sir," sair Prince Ferdinand William Otto, feeling very small and ashamed.
"Not only that. You slipped away, You did not go openly. You sneaked off, like a thief. Are you proud of it?"
"No. sir."
"I shall," said the King, "require no promise from you. Promises are poor things to hold to. I leave this matter in your own hands, Otto. You will be punished by Miss Braithwaite, and for the next ten days you will not visit me. You may go now."

otto got off his chair. He was feeling exceedingly crushed. "Good-night, sir," he said. And waited for his grandfather is extend his hand. But the old King lay looking straight ahead, with his mouth set it grint lines and his hands folded over his breast.

At the door the Crown Prince turned and bowed. His grandfather's eyes were fixed on the two gold eagles over the door, but the photograph on the table appeared to be at ing at him.

CHAPTER IV THE TERROR

UNTIL late that night General Mettlich and the King talked together. The King had been lifted from his bed und mas propped in a great chair. Above his shabby dressing gown his face showed gaunt and old. In a straight chair facing him sat his old friend and Chancellor.

"What it has shown is not entirely bas," said the King, after a pause. "The boy has initiative. And he made no attempt at eva-sion. He is essentially truthful,"
"What it has also shown, sire, is that no

lad, and would—and when I could sleep a let him get away, as I did _____."

waite he would have known that relief followed in his walte. Messengers clattered down the staircase to the courtyard. Other messengers, breathless and eager, flew to that lighted wirg where the Council sat, and let him get away, as I did —"
"The truth is," said the King, "we are both
of us getting old." He tapped with hi
gnarled fingers on the blanket that lay ove
his knees. "The truth is also," he observed
a moment later, "that the boy has very fen
pleasures. He is alone a great deal."
General Mettlich raised his shaggy bed
Many years of wearing a soldler's cap had
not injured his heavy gray hair. He had
bristling eyehrows, white now, and a short,
fighting mustache.

When he was irritated, or disagreed with
any one, his eyebrows came down and the
mustache went up. where the old King, propped up in bed, waited and fought terror. The Archduchess Annunciata was with her father. Across the corridor the Council de "Tell me again," said the King. "How in God's name could it have happened? In day light, and with all of you there!"

mustache went up.

Many years of association with his King

Many years of association with his King had given him the right to talk to him as man to man. They even quarreled now and then. It was a brave man who would quarrel with old Ferdinand II.

So now his eyebrows came down and his mustache went up. "How—alone, sir?"

"You do not regard that bigoted Englishwoman as a companion, do you?"

"He is attached to her."

"I'm damned if I know why," observed the old King. "She doesn't appear to have a single human quality."

Human quality! General Mettiloh eyed his King with concern. Since when had the reigning family demanded human quality in their governesses? "She is a thoughtuand conscientious woman, sire," he said stiffly. It happened that he had selected her. "She does her duty. And as to the besteing lonely he has not time to be lonely

being lonely he has not time to be

being lonely he has not time to be lonely
His tutors—
"How old is he?"
"Ten next month."
"The king said nothing for a time. Thes
"It is hard," he said at last, "Tor seventy
four to see with the eyes of ten. As for the
afternoon—why in the name of a thousand
evils did they take him to see the Flying
Dutchman?" I detest it."
"Her Royal Hythness—"
"Annunciata is a fool!" said His Majerty
Then, dismissing his daughter with a seeing
"We don't know how to raise our childre
here," he said impatiently, "The English obetter. And even the Germans—"
It is not etiquette to lower one's eyebra times, ager ne grew, the more he lett, some-times, as though it knew what he said. He had begun to think that death, after all, is not the end, but only the beginning of things. This rather worried him, too, at times. What he wanted was to lay things down, not to take them up.
"If they've got him." he said to the pic-ture, "it is out of my hands and into yours, Quite suddenly the door opened. The old

better. And even the Germans—"
It is not etiquette to lower one's even at a King and glare. But General Met did it. He was rather a poor subject. Germans have not our problem, sire," he and stuck up his mustache.

"I'm not going to raise that boy a oner," insisted the King, stubbornly. It have to be very stubborn about things many people disapprove of the thing want to do.

Suddenly General Mettlich bent for and placed a hand on the old manh "We shall do well, sire," he said, grac "to raise the boy at all."

Continued in Monday's Evening Public L

