

Convertent. 1917. by Public Ledger Company. and Energetic Governor



A photograph of Judge Pennypacker taken shortly after his return from Europe in 1891

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

THE Alps, glistening in the sunlight for fifty miles, to us who had never before seen snow in the summertime, were wonderful. We had an uncomfortable hotel at Geneva. I could find no one in the town who could tell me where Michael Servetus was burned, the most interesting event to me in connection with it, or who had ever even heard of Servetus, but I watched the Rhine and thought of Caesar. We went fifty miles by stage to Chamounix at the foot of Mont Blanc. The crush of the glaciers in the slow march and the roar when a mass of ice falls from the end, the streams of melted water galloping in a mad rush down the mountain sides and the horses standing knee-deep in the ice-cold torrent because the natives regard it as good for their feet (they don't stand there thomselves), other streams pouring over precipices and disappearing in mist before they reach the ground, the vast masses of rock, stretching toward the skies with the whitened vales between, all held our attention and fixed themselves in our memories. We had solemnly and resolutely determined we would do no Alpine climbing. The next morning, early, we bought alpenstocks and followed on foot the zigzag path which leads up the Mont Aubert. It is a narrow path. The mules coming down insisted upon having the inside next to the mountain. But about noon we reached the hotel which overhangs the Mer de Glace. From the outer court we could see, far below, men, and an occasional woman, crossing the glacier. The temptation was too great and good resolutions were consigned to the pavement. We secured a French guide. He supplied us with alpenstocks and woolen socks to pull over our shoes, and he led the way, with a hatchet cutting steps in the hillocks of ice and helping us to avoid the dangerous crevasses. We looked down into some of these splits in the ice. The man who falls into one comes out in about thirty years at the foot of the mountain. I do not know the width of the Mer de Glace, but it seemed to be like crossing about two seven acre fields. On the far side was a moraine which we climbed. Then the guide asked whether we wanted to go around le Mauvais Pas.

to him: n'aime pas les Mauvaises Pas. Qu'est que

He replied that it would be no worse than to go back over the Mer de Glace and that after getting to the other end we would have a good road back to Chamounix. We knew the difficulties behind, we did not know those in the front, and we went ahead, trusting to Providence and a French guide. What the Swiss have named a

"Bad Path" was, as may well be imagined, not a very enticing or comfortable route. It was a narrow and irregular ledge running across the face of an almost perpendicular mountain. It hung over the Mer de Glace, far below, and was perhaps three hundred yards in length. It would have been impossible but for the fact that an iron rod had been fastened in the face of the rock about shoulder high which could be grasped with the hand, but sad to relate there was a gap in the middle where the rod had been broken away. There were places where the water trickled across the path and made it slippery. At such places Asbury E. Irwin, who was with us, got down on his hands and knees, regardless of trousers. I told the Frenchman he would have to help me, and to take Mrs. Pennypacker to the other end and come back. Presently he returned, but on getting around an edge of the rock there I found her clinging to the rod and looking down upon the sea of ice. I had had a wrong conception of the length of the Mauvais Pas. Since that arrangement would not work, I sent him ahead to her and took care of myself. We presently reached safely Le Chapeau, a hut at the other end of this path, and with no further adventure save that a cow came sliding down the mountain and nearly fell on us, we got to the hotel after dark tired enough. From Chamounix we crossed the Tete Noir to Martigny in a barouche. The road zigzags over the great yountain and is just about wide enough for a single team. In fact, the carriage was at times so near the edge that I preferred valking behind it to riding in it. At a hotel on the top a yard had been made large enough for the teams meeting there to pass each other and the drivers had to time their movements accordingly. By some mischance on this particular day there was a misfit and they met on the road. The teamsters swore at each other for an hour, but that failed to solve the difficulty. Finally they joined together and held some of the wagons up on the mountainside until the others passed.

At Villeneuve we saw the Castle Chillon, with its dancing halls above and its dungeons below, and the little island of Childe Harold in the lake, and, getting on a boat, crossed Lake Geneva lengthwise to Geneva. From there we went by rail across France to Paris. Irwin took us to a modest hotel, the Bergere, where our bill for five days, including some wine, was only 118 francs for both of us, or \$23.60. At the Louvre from the fifteen miles of paintings La Gioconda smiled upon us, and we then went to Versailles where, apart from the palace with its historic interest and the gardens with their beauty, were two paintings which impressed me. One represented the Battle of Sedan. On a crest stood in lifesize an officer; off in the distance was a little smoke. It was the artist's idea of a battle. The other picture told the story of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown to the French fleet. Washington had nothing whatever to do with it. I had grown up under another impression, but still perhaps it is well to modify these early impressions. I said to a man whom I met in the street in Paris:

"Pouvez-vous me dire ou est l'Eiffel Tower?" emphasizing the first syllable in Eiffel. He looked at me in blank amazement. After a long conversation he said:

"Vous pensez au tour Eiffel?"

"Oui monsieur." Then he pointed out the way.

We went to the opera, where Mrs. Pennypacker had a great struggle to retain her cloak with a French woman who insisted upon taking it away as she talked at the top of her speed, but in the end American grit prevailed. The French people, as I saw them at their work, impressed me as being rather bright and cultivated than earnest and strong. They seemed eager to finish their tasks and get away to the concert gardens. Amusement appeared to be a motive in life. We had crossed the ocean and the Zuyder Zee and Lake Geneva without being seasick and the English Channel had no terrors for us. On our way to London we took the long route from Dieppe to New Haven. As we got on to the mean, creaky and overloaded little boat I overheard the skipper say to a woman who had a six-year-old child with her: "Madam, if I were you I would take that boy downstairs and put him on his back in a cot." It was an ominous suggestion. The channel was in bad shape. A trip usually finished in two hours on this day required six. Everybody was seasick. The floor of the saloon was filled with groaning women. On the deck where I was I saw a deckhand thrown flat by a toss of the sea. I paid a couple of the seamen to take Mrs. Pennypacker below and I abandoned her to her fate. Sitting on a camp stool I steadied myself by clutching a staple driven into the wall of the saloon and, cold, sick and miserable, let the sea beat over me as it

willed. Thrusting my hand into my overcoat pocket to warm it up I found there, occupying the space, a pound of confectionery bought in Paris to eat on the voyage. I threw it with disgust into the sea. One poor woman who sat near me by the rail absorbed salt water apparently by the pail full and I never offered to help her. All the while the boat strained and quivered and creaked and nobody cared. It was so crowded that the men were forced to remain upon deck with the beating sea for solace, and as the hours rolled by and the darkness of the coming night came over them not a word was uttered. It was an experience worth a trip to Europe.

England and Home

We stayed in London about a week and put up at the Charing Cross. We rode on top of the omnibus and watched with interest the tangle of cabs in Threadneedle street. We stood on London Bridge, went through St. Paul, saw the grave of Milton and the bit of the old Roman wall, and attended a service in Westminster, where the beauties of the prayerbook were mouthed in a way I could not appreciate. When I asked who broke off the fingers of Queen Elizabeth I was told it was done by Cromwell and his ragamuffins, which I did not believe. I said to a girl who waited upon us in a dining room about three squares away:

"I suppose you go often to Westminster?"

"Do you mean the Habbey?"

"I 'ave never been in the Habbey in my life. . don't often get

away from 'ere, and when I do I 'ave other places to go besides On one slab is only the name "Charles Dickens." No more is

needed. We went through Windsor Castle, saw the Burnham Beeches and the yew of Gray's Elegy at Stoke Pogis. At the Tower the room in which the jewels were kept was closed. The tall flunkey with the big hat and a most gorgeous cover-

ing for clothes refused to open it. A brilliant thought occurred to me and I produced the letter from Blaine, the American Secretary of State. The scheme worked beautifully and he opened the door. The consequential piece of red tape egotism assumed, however, that the letter was written to him, personally, and he deliberately proceeded to put it in his pocket. Then I was in trouble. However, by the use of persuasion and even threat I finally recovered my creden-

We went to Hyde Park in a cab and were refused admittance unless we should get out and walk. Only the equipages of gentlemen were permitted in the park.

From London we went to Coventry, where we found the Craven Arms, a real old-fashioned inland English inn. Intending to remain but a few days, I sent my trunk through to Liverpool, where we intended to take the City of New York for our return home. I said to the baggage master:

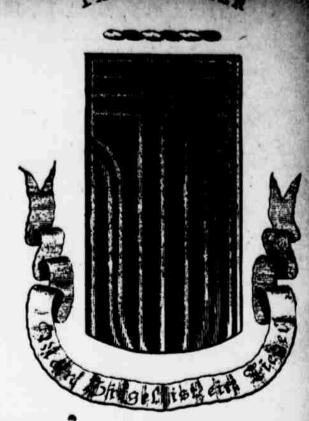
"Have you no system of checking baggage?"

"How do you identify the owners?" I inquired.

"We never have any trouble."

I gave him some money. He tore off a slip of newspaper on which he wrote his initials and gave it to me and promised that he would see to it that I should find my trunk in the baggage room in Liverpool.

Coventry is a most interesting old town, though Americans go to Leamington in preference, redolent with the memories of the Lady Godiva, mystery plays, tournaments in which knights-errant in the days of chivalry fought for the favor of fair women, Sherwood forest with its tale of Robin Hood and his merry men, battles of kings for their thrones, and in later days of George Fox, the Quaker. Here may be seen the walls and gates which shut out the enemy and stranger, ancient tapestries, curiously built houses and the three spires which impressed Tennyson. We drove to Kenilworth, rich in traditions, but found little there save the merest remnants of a ruined castle, and a field of oats the half of which appeared to be Canada thistle. This thistle, protected by the hedges, has overrun the whole island and must be a serious drawback to agriculture. At Leicester Hospital we were shown some needlework attributed to the unfortunate Amy Robsart. We inspected Warwick Castle, with its portrait of Henry VIII, and, since my lineage has been traced to the kingmaker, with a faint reflection of proprietorship. At Stratford we saw the birthplace of Shakespeare, a house insignificant and mean in all of its suggestions. The



SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.

One of Governor Pennypacker's bookplates. It represents a tile. Pannebakker means, literally, "tile baker," with the motto, "My seal is a tile," which in German makes a good pun.

church was being repaired and I secured a bit of old worm-eater wood which had been removed from above the famous inscript

At Liverpool I went to the man in charge of the baggage room and sought my trunk. He looked over his books and said he had no record of it. He sent men over the building who hunted and returned reporting that it could not be found.

"You must find it," I said, with some indignation. "We leave in the boat for America tomorrow and I must have my trunk."

"Perhaps it is in the lost department," said he.

"Perhaps it is," I responded.

He and I, with some assistants, went to this place, a huge carevansary filled with the property of other unfortunates. A search of half an hour, while Mrs. Pennypacker sat in dismal patience in the depot, failed to reveal it.

"I can do no more," said he.

"I believe that trunk is over there in the building from which we started." I replied, "and I will find it myself. That fellow in London impressed me as being reliable and he said he would see to it that I should find it there. I believe he did."

Then down in the cellar, far back in a corner, I found my trunk. Then, from the figures on it, the baggageman was able to trace the entries in his books. The incident illustrates the results of the pig-headedness of the English in refusing to adopt a system so simple as that of checking baggage, after its utility has long been demonstrated. On the City of New York I met Richard Croker, the head of the Tammany Club in New York, a silent man who gave the suggestion of great force.

"Did anybody ever tell you that you looked like General Grant!" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied.

Another time he said to me: "I like your man, Quay. I never

met him but I think he must be much of a man." One of the most agreeable features of the European trip is the return. After having been fed upon sole and vegetable marrow to find yourself again where you may eat lima beans, corn, sweet potatoes and tomatoes has its satisfactions. Three months are long enough to be away. To untangle the twisted threads of memory confusing the ill-digested content. of museums and art galleries is a relief. To meet again the familiar faces of those whose Hym

are interwoven with yours is a sweetness and a comfort. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"LONG LIVE THE KING"



By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CHAPTER · V-Continued

IT WAS rather an awful book. On Saturdays the King looked it over and demanded explanations: "For uptidy nails, five marks. A gentleman never has untidy nails, Otto. For objecting to winter flannels, two marks. Humph! For pocketing sugar from the tea-tray, ten marks. Humph! For lack of at-tention during religious instruction, five marks. Ten off for sugar and only five for

cention during religious instruction, live marks. Ten off for sugar and only five for inattention to religious instruction! What have you to say, sir?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto looked at Nikky and Nikky looked back. Then Ferdinand William Otto's left eyelid drooped. Nikky was astounded. How was he to know the treasury of strange things that the Crown Prince had tapped the previous afternoon? But, after a glance around the room Nikky's eyelid drooped also. He slid the paper wad into his pocket.

"I am afraid His Royal Highness has hurt your eye, M. Puaux," said Miss Braithwaite. Not with sympathy. She hated tutors.

"Not at all." said the unhappy young man, testing the eye to discover if he could see through it. "I am sure His Royal Highness meant no harm." M. Puaux went out with his handkerchief to his eye. He turned at the door and bowed, but as no one was paying any attention to him he made two

at the door and bowed, but as no one was paying any attention to him he made two bows. One was to Hedwig's picture.

While Oskar, his valet, put the Crown Prince into riding clothes, Nikky and Miss Braithwaite had a talk. Nikky was the only person to whom Miss Braithwaite really unbent. Once he had written to a friend of his in China and secured for her a large box of the best China tea. Miss Braithwaite and served it when the Archduchess made the best China tea. Miss Braithwaite of her rare visits to the Crown Prince's

It began by Nikky's stating that she was likely to see him a great deal now, and he hoped she would not find him in the way. He had been made aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince, vice Count Lussin, who had resigned on account of illness, having been roused at daybreak out of a healthy sleep to do it.

Not thus Nikky said just that. What he really observed was, "The King sent for me last night, Miss Braithwaite, and—and asked

me to hang around."

Thus Nikky, of his sacred trust! None
the less sacred to him, either, that he spoke
lightly. He glanced up at the crossed swords

lightly. He glanced up at the crossed swords and his eyes were hard.

And Miss Braithwaite knew. She reached over and put a hand on his arm. "You and I," she said. "Out of all the people in this palace, only you and I!, The Archduchess hates him. I see it in her eyes. She can never forgive him for keeping the throne from Hedwig. The court? Do they ever think of the boy, except to dread his minority, with Mettlich in control? A long period of mourning, a regency, no balls, no gayety—that is all they think of. And whom can we trust? The very guards down below, the sentries at our doors, how do we know they are loyal?"

the sentries at our doors, now they are loyal?"
"The people love him." said Nifky dog-

gedly.

"The people! Sheep. I do not trust the people. I do not trust any one. I watch, but what can I do? The very food we eat—"
"He is coming," said Nikky softly. And fell to whistling under his breath.

Together Nikky and Prince Ferdinand William Otto went out and down the great marble staircase. Sentries saluted. Two flunkies in scarlet and gold threw open the



LIEUTENANT NIKKY LARISCH

doors. A stray dog that had wandered int the courtyard watched them gravely.

doors. A stray dog that had wandered into the courtyard watched them gravely.

"I wish," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, "that I might have a dog."

"A dog! Why?"

"Weil, it would be company. Dogs are very friendly. Yesterday I met a boy who has a dog. It sleeps on his bed at night."

"You have a good many things, you know." Nikky argued. "You've got a dozen horses, for one thing."

"But a dog's different." He felt the difference, but he could not put it into words. "And I'd rather have only one horse. I'd get better acquainted with it."

Nikky looked back. Although it had been the boast of the royal family for a century that it could go about unattended, that its only danger was from the overzeal of the people in showing their loyalty, not since the death of Prince Hubert had this been true in fact. No guards or soldiers accompanied them, but the secret police were always near at hand. So Nikky looked, made sure that a man in civilian clothing was close at their man in civilian clothing was close at their heels, and led the way across the Square to

the riding school.

A small crowd lined up and watched the A small crowd lined up and watched the passing of the little Prince. As he passed, men lifted their hats and women bowed. He smiled right and left, and took two short steps to one of Nikky's long ones.

"I have a great many friends," he said with a sigh of content, as they neared the riding school. "I suppose I don't really need a dog."

"Look here," said Nikky, after a pause. He was not very quick in thinking things out. He was not very quick in thinking things out. He riding do the said thought a thing out, it stuck. "Look here, Highness, you didn't treat your friends very well yesterday."

well yesterday."
"I know." said Prince Ferdinand William
Otto meekly. But Prince Ferdinand William
Otto had thought out a defense. "I got back
all right, didn't 1?" He considered. "It was
worth it. A policeman shock me!"

"Which policeman?" demanded Nikky in a terrible tone, and in his fury quite forgot the ragging he had prepared for Otto. "I think I'll not tell you, if you don't mind. And I bought a fig lady. I've saved the legs

Hedwig's New Costume

Fortune smiled on Nikky that day. Had, Fortune smiled on Nikky that day, Had, indeed, been smiling daily for some three weeks. Singularly enough, the Princess Hedwig, who had been placed on a pony at the early age of two, and who had been wont to boast that she could ride any horse in her grandfather's stables, was taking riding lessons. From 12 to 1—which was, also singularly, the time Prince Ferdinand William Otto and Nikky rode in the ring—the Princess Hedwig rode also. Rode divinely, Rode saucily. Rode, when Nikky was ahead, tenderly.

To tell the truth, Prince Ferdinand William Otto rather hoped this morning that Hedwig would not be there. There was a difference in Nikky when Hedwig was around. When she was not there he would do all sorts of things, like jumping on his horse while it was going and riding backward in the saddle, and so on. He had once even tried jumping on his horse as it galloped past him, and missed, and had been awfully ashamed about it. But when Hedwig was there there was no skylarking. They rode around and the riding master put up jumps and they took them. And finally Hedwig would get tired and ask Nikky please to be amusing while she rested. And he would not be amusing at all. The Crown Prince felt that she never really saw Nikky at his best. To tell the truth, Prince Ferdinand Will-

Hedwig was there. She had on a new habit and a gardenia in her buttonhole and she gave Nikky her hand to kiss, but only nodded to the Crown Prince.

"Hello, Otto!" she said. "I thought you'd have a ball and chain on your leg today." "There's nothing wrong with my legs," said Prince Perdinand William Otto, staring at the new habit. "But yours look rather queer." the new habit. "But yours look rather queer."

Hedwig flushed. The truth was that she was wearing for the first time a cross-saddle habit of coat and trousers. And coat and trousers were forbidden to the royal women. She eyed Otto with defiance and turned an appealing glance to Nikky. But her voice was very dignified.

"I bought them myself," she said. "I consider it a perfectly modest costume and much safer than the other."

"It is quite lovely—on you, Highness," said Nikky.

In a stiff chair at the edge of the ring.

In a stiff chair at the edge of the ring In a stiff chair at the edge of the ring Hedwig's lady in waiting nat resignedly. She was an elderly woman and did not ride. Just now she was absorbed in wondering what would happen to her when the Archduchess discovered this new freak of Hedwig's. Perhaps she would better ask permission to go into retreat for a time. The Archduchess, who had no religion herself, approved of it in others. She took a soft rubber from her pocket and tried to erase a spot from her white kid gloves.

The discovery that Hedwig had two perfectly good legs rather astonished Prince

The discovery that Hedwig had two per-fectly good legs rather astonished Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He felt something like consternation. "I've newer seen any one else dressed like that." he observed as the horses were brought

up.

Hedwig colored again. She looked like an absurdly pretty boy. "Don't be a silly," she replied rather sharply. "Every one does it.

grow up, I'll go somewhere else to live."

Nikky looked gloomy. The prospect, although remote, was dreary. But, as the horses were led out, and he helped Hedwig to her saddle, he brightened. After all, the future was the future, and now was now. "Catch me!" said Hedwig, and dug her royal heels into her horse's flanks. The Crown Prince climbed into his saddle and followed. They were off.

followed. They were off.

The riding school had been built for officers of the army, but was now used by the court only. Here the King had ridden as a lad with young Mettlich, his close friend even then. The favorite mare of his later years, now old and almost blind, still had a stall in the adjacent royal stables. One of the King's last excursions abroad had been to visit her.

One of the King's last had been to visit her. Overhead, up a great runway, were the Overhead, up a great runway, were the state charlots, gilt coaches of inconceivable weight, traveling carriages of the post-chaise periods, sleighs in which four horses drove abreast, their panels painted by the great artists of the time; and one plain lit-tle vehicle, very shabby, in which the royal children of long ago had fled from a Kar-nian invasion.

The Carriage Workers

In one corner, black and gold and for-bidding, was the imposing hearse in which the dead sovereigns of the country were taken to their long sleep in the vaults under the cathedral. Good, had and indifferent. the cathedral. Good, had and indifferent, one after the other, as their hour came, they had taken this last journey in the old cata-falque and had joined their forbears. Many they had been—men or iron, men of blood, men of flesh, men of water. And now they lay in stone crypts, and of all the line only two remained.

One and all the royal vehicles were

one and all the royal vehicles were shrouded in sheets, except on one day of each month, when the sheets were removed and the public admitted. But on that morn ing the great hearse was uncovered, and two men were working, one at the uphol-stery, which he was brushing. The other was carefully oiling the wood of the body. Save for them the wide and dusky loft was

empty.

One was a boy, newly come from the country. The other was an elderly man. It was he who oiled.
"Many a king has this carried," said the

"Many a king has this carried," said the man. "My father, who was here before me, oiled it for the last one."

"May it be long before it carries another!" commented the boy fervently.

"It will not be long. The old King fails hourly. And this happening of yesterday—"

day----"
"What happened yesterday?" queried the boy. "It was a matter of the Crown Prince."

"It was a matter of the Crown Prince."

"Was he ill?"

"He ran away." said the man shortly.

"Ran away?" The boy stopped his dusting and stared, open-mouthed.

"Aye, ran away. Grew weary of backbending, perhaps. I do no know. I do not believe in kings."

"Not believe in kings." The boy stopped his brushing. his brushing.
"You do, of course," sneered the man, "because a thing is, it is right. But I think. I use my brains. I reason. And I do not believe in kings."

Up the runway came sounds from the ring.

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

Copyright, 1917, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and the Public Ledger Company.

THE STORY THUS FAR

FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO, Crown Prince of Livonia, tired of suffering in the royal box at the grand opera, decides with all the cunning of his eight regal years to escape. Past the ARCHDUCHESS ANNUNCIATA, his aunt, and under the encouraging glance of his cousin HEDWIG the heir to the throne stealthily gains the stairway. A wild burst of speed carries him through the doorway and into the crowded street. There, alone for the first time in his life, Otto purchases a "fig lady" that tastes so good despite the fact—or was it because of it?—that it was prohibited on account of germs.

The Crown Prince sees the world, finally landing in an American scenic railway, also prohibited because of the danger, where Bobbie, the son of the proprietor, acts as host to the unknown guest.

railway, also prohibited because of the danger, where Bobble, the son of the proprietor, acts as host to the unknown guest.

GENERAL METTLICH, Chancellor of the land, confers with the dying KING FERDINAND II, the Crown Prince's grandfather, while messengers and armies search in vain for the missing boy. Late that evening the runaway returns and receives a firm word of advice from the monarch. Then it is, after Otto is sent to bed, that Mettlich warns the King of the dangers that beset the land.

Revolution threatens in all quarters.

NIKKY LARISCH, a young lieutenant in love with Hedwig. NIRKY LARISCH, a young neutenant in love with Heawig, but who because of his lower station loves in vain, is appointed by Mettlich and the King as the Crown Prince's personal bodyguard. Young Otto, despite his station in life, is just a boy and commits an offense for which MISS BRAITH-WAITE, his governess, makes a record in a special "conduct book."

shrill, joyous laughter. The man scowled.
"Listen!" he said. "We labor and they play."
"It has always been so. I do not begrudge

happiness."
But the man was not listening.
"I do not believe in kings," he said, sul-

CHAPTER VI THE CHANCELLOR PAYS A VISIT

THE Archduchess was having tea. Her boudoir was a crowded little room, Nikky had once observed confidentially to Miss Braithwaite that it was exactly like her—all hung and furnished with things that were not needed. The Archduchess liked It because it was warm. The palace rooms were mostly large and chilly. She had a fire there on the warmest days in spring and liked to put the coals on herself. She wrapped them in pieces of paper so she would not soil her hands.

This afternoon she was not alone. Lounging at a window was the lady who was in waiting at the time, the Countess Loschek. Just now she was getting rather a wigging, but she was remarkably calm.

"The last three times," the Archduchess said, stirring her tea, "you have had a sore "It is such a dull book," explained the

"Not at all. It is an improving book. If "Not at all. It is an improving book. If you would put your mind on it when you are reading. Olga, you would enjoy it. And you would learn something besides. In my opinion," went on the Archduchess, tasting her tea, "you smoke too many cigarettes."

The Countess yawned, but silently, at her window. Then she consulted a thermometer. "Eighty!" she said briefly, and coming over sat down by the tea table.

The Countess Loschek was thirty and very handsome in an insolent way. She was sup-

handsome in an insolent way. She was sup-posed to be the best-dressed woman at the court and to rule Annunciata with an iron hand, although it was known that they quarreled a great deal over small things, cially over the coal fire.

ne said that the real thing that held

them together was resentment that the little Crown Prince stood between the Princess Hedwig and the throne. Annunciata was not young, but she was younger than her dead brother, Hubert. And others said it was because the Countess gathered up and brought in the news of the court—the small intrigues and the scandals that constitute life in the restricted walls of a palace. There is a great deal of gossip in a palace where the King is old and everything rather stupid and duil.

The Countess yawned again.
"Where is Hedwig?" demanded the Arch-

"Where is Hedwig?" demanded the Archduchess.
"Her Royal Highness is in the nursery, probably."
"Why probably?"
"She goes there a great deal."
The Archduchess eyed her. "Well, out with it," she said. "There is something seething in that wicked brain of yours."
The Countess shrugged her shoulders. Not that she resented having a wicked brain. She rather fancied the idea. "She and young Lieutenant Larisch have tea quite frequently with His Royal Highness." with His Royal Highness."

"How frequently?"
"How frequently?"
"Three times this last week madame."
"Little fool!" said Annunciata. But she frowned, and sat tapping her teacup with her spoon. She was just a trifle afraid of Hedwig and she was more anxious than she would have cared to acknowledge. "It is being talked about, of course?"
The Countess shrugged her shoulders. "Don't do that!" commanded the Archduchess, sharply. "How far do you think the thing has gone?"
"He is quite mad about her."
"And Hedwig—but she is silly enough for anything. Do they meet anywhere else?"
"At the riding school, I believe. At least, I—"

I—"
Here a maid entered and stood waiting at the end of the screen. The Archduchess Annunciata would have none of the palace funkies about her when she could help it. She had had enough of men, she maintained, in the person of her late husband, whom she had detested. So except at dinner she was attended by tidy little maids, in gray Quaker costumes who could carry less tray lets. costumes, who could carry tea trays into her crowded boudelr without breaking things.

"His Excellency, General Mettlich," sold

The Archduchess nodded her august h The Archduchess nodded her august head and the maid retired. "Go away, Olga," said the Archduchess. "And you might," she suggested grimly, "gargle your throat."

The Chancellor had passed a troubled night. Being old, like the King he required little sleep. And for most of the time between one o'clock and his rising hour of five he had lain in his narrow camp bed and thought. He had not confided all his retries to the King.

Mettlich and Annunciata

Mettlich and Annunciata

Evidences of renewed activity on the period the Terrorists were many. In the past month two of his best secret agents had disappeared. One had been found the day before stabbed in the back. The Chanceller had seen the body—an unpleasant sight. But it was not of the dead man that General Mettlich thought. It was of the other. The dead tell nothing. But the living under torture tell many things. And this man Haedel, young as he was, knew much that was vital. Knew the working of the secret service, the names of the outer circle of twelve, knew the codes and passwords, knew, too, the ways of the palace, the hidden room always ready for emergency, even the passage that led by devious ways, underground, to a distant part of the great park.

At five General Mettlich had risen, exer-

At five General Mettlich had risen, exer-cised before an open window with an old pair of iron dumbbells, had followed this with a cold bath and hot coffee, and had gone to early mass at the Cathedral. And there, on his knees, he had prayed for a little halp. He was, he said, getting old and infirm, and he had been too apt all his life to rely on his he had been too apt all his life to rely on his own right arm. But things were getting rather difficult. He prayed to Our Lady for intercession for the little Prince. He falt in his old heart that the Mother would understand the situation and how he felt about it. And he asked in a general supplication, and very humbly, for a few more years of illa Not that life meant anything to him personally. He had outlived most of those he loved. But that he might serve the King, and after him the boy who would be Otto IX. He added, for fear they might not understand, having a great deal to look after, than he had earned all this by many years of loyalty, and besides, that he knew the situation better than any one else.

He felt much better after that. Especials

He felt much better after that. Especi as at the moment he rose from his kneed Cathedral clock had chimed and then str seven. So now he entered the boudent the Archuchess Annunciata and the Co-ess went out another door and closed behind her, immediately opening it about inch.

Inch.

The Chancellor strode around the stratching two tables with his sword advanced, and kissed the hand of the cess Annunciata. They were old en and therefore always very politic to other. The Archduchess offered him of tea, which he took, although she always very had tea. And for a few most they discussed things.

Thus: the King's condition: the resistance of the strong the king's condition; the resistance of the strong the king's condition; the resistance of the strong the king's condition;

they discussed things.

Thus: the King's condition; the ing of the Place with trees; and the bringing out the Princess Hilds, watill in the schoolroom.

But the Archduchess suddenly a business. She was an abrupt person now, General," she said, "what is it?

(CONTINUED, TOMORE