THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker
Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor

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CHAPTER IX
President Judge

IN 1891 I had before me a case of Commonwealth vs. Tierney. The defendant was charged with selling liquor without a license and, it appeared, had made the sale, as steward of a club which had been incorporated as a social organization, to one of its members. The club dues were merely nominal, the club property was very meager, and the club was one of those corporations which had sprung up all over the city, whose real purpose was no doubt to furnish liquors. In an elaborate opinion reviewing all the authorities and working out all of the reasoning of which the subject was capable, I held that a club had no right, in the absence of a license, to sell liquors to its members. The decision raised a great storm for the reason that the rich and influential likewise had their clubs, the Union League, the Rittenhouse, the Philadelphia and many more, and to deprive them of this concomitant of club life was a serious matter. I had thought of its effect but was unable to draw any satisfactory distinction in principle between the clubs of high and low life and took the responsibility. The case went to the Supreme Court and there the Chief Justice E. M. Paxson, a worldly wise man who had grown rich and later resigned his office to accept the receivership of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, affirmed the judgment, but put it on the ground that this particular club was a fraud. Little by little the reasoning of my opinion, which still seems to me unanswerable, was left without support and the courts drifted into the conclusion that the sale of liquor by a club to its members was in reality not a sale, but a process of equitable distribution. The result was a great development of what has been called the "speakeasy," and there have been recent efforts to have my position put in the shape of legislation.

In 1891 the Pennsylvania German Society was organized among the descendants of the early German and Swiss settlers of the State. Among those who took the preliminary steps were Dr. William H. Egle, F. R. Diffenderffer, of Lancaster; Colonel T. C. Zimmerman, of Berks; Julius F. Sachse, George F. Baer, General James A. Beaver and myself. No other of the different race societies has been so energetic in the study of the sources of history or so prolific in the production of literature. My "Settlement of Germantown" appeared among its publications and for one year I was president of the society.

That summer Senator Quay paid me a visit at Moore Hall, and I had Dr. Joseph W. Anderson, of Ardmore, there to meet him. We were all three descendants of Major Patrick Anderson of the Revolutionary Army and had this bond of association. The doctor was a bland and mild-mannered person of wealth and great respectability. His father, Dr. James Anderson, was the oldest brother of my grandmother Pennypacker. When a young man, Dr. James Anderson bought a farm not far from Philadelphia and there practiced medicine. My grandfather, who was accustomed to good land and fine meadows, said: "I don't see what James ever bought that poor farm for." It is difficult to forecast. The Pennsylvania Railroad put the Ardmore Station on that farm and the lands retained by the family are worth from $8000 to $25,000 an acre. I took the Senator to the little house along the bank of the Pickering, where his grandfather had lived, to the site near a spring where James Anderson, the first settler, had built his log cabin in the woods, to the Anderson graveyard, where he had his grandmother buried, to Valley Forge, and on Sunday we attended service at St. Davids, at Radnor. While at Moore Hall news came of the death of Charles S. Wolfe.

"Poor fellow!" said the Senator with genuine sympathy. "He was a worthy man." And then, "I was just arranging a plan to beat him."

New England vs. Pennsylvania

October 21, I delivered the annual address before the Law Academy upon some early decisions of the courts of the province, and this address was afterward expanded into a volume of reports entitled, "Pennsylvania Colonial Cases."

On the 22d of December the New England Society of Pennsylvania gave their eleventh annual dinner. My speech was as follows:

"It must be understood at the outset that I am not here as a 'regular,' nor yet as a 'volunteer,' nor even as an 'emergency man,' but as a sort of a substitute. My earnest and persuasive friend, Mr. Mumford, came to my house last evening and said to me, the youngest member of a court of three judges, two of whom are down with the grippe, that there was a likelihood of there being a scarcity of speakers here tonight and that I must come and furnish relief. I have come, but from what I have seen and heard since I have been here, and being aware that if I am known at all it is as an avowed Pennsylvania Dutchman, I am inclined to think that what your secretary had in mind in bringing me forward was a species of bear-baiting. If, therefore, you should be disappointed in the tone or substance of what I have to say you may at least entertain the hope that if I had had plenty of time and nothing to do, I might have prepared something entertaining, instructive and complimentary, as did the speakers who have preceded me.

"Before coming away from home I put into my pocket a little book, compiled by Nathaniel Dwight, and published at Hartford in the State of Connecticut in the year 1807. It is entitled 'A System of the Geography of the World—By Way of Question and Answer, Principally Designed for Children and Common Schools.' Its substance was administered to babes and growing children and they were expected to commit to memory the answers given here and to recite them to their attentive teachers. I read from the questions and answers:

"'What are the general characteristics of the people of New England?'

"'They are an industrious and orderly people. They are well informed in general. * * * They are humane and friendly, wishing well to the human race. They are plain and simple in their ...anners and, on the whole, they form perhaps the most pleasing and happy society in the world.'

"'What is the temper of the people of New England?'

"'They are frank and open, not easily irritated but easily pacified. They are at the same time bold and enterprising. The women are educated to housewifery, excellent companions and housekeepers, spending their leisure time in reading books of useful information and rendering themselves not only useful but amiable and pleasing.'

"'What is the state of science in New England?'

"'It is greatly cultivated and more generally diffused among the inhabitants than in any other part of the world.'

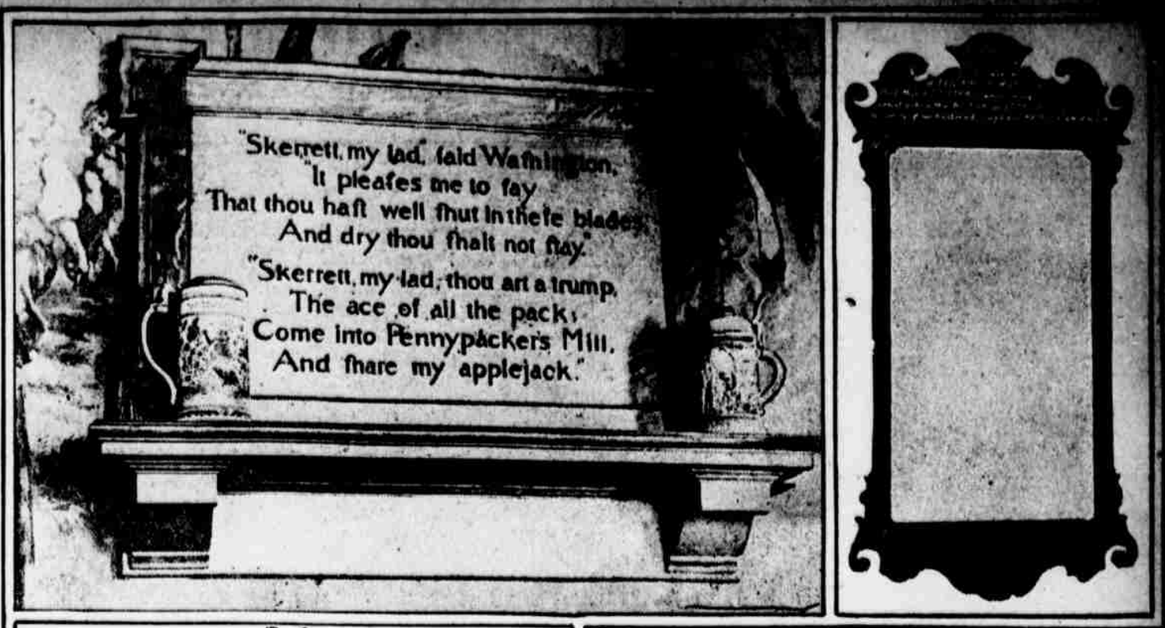
"'What is the character of the Pennsylvanians?'

"'Pennsylvania is inhabited by a great variety of people. * * * Many of the yeomanry in some parts of this State differ greatly from the New En landers, for the former are impatient of good government, order and regularity, and the latter are orderly, regular and loyal.'

"The lessons thus early taught have been well learned. I remember that, some two or three years ago, one of the eloquent and witty gentlemen who respond upon these festive occasions was called upon to reply to a toast which met the approval and received the applause of the assembled members—'Benjamin Franklin, the Discoverer of Philadelphia.'

"The Keystone and Plymouth Rock"

"In a certain sense I admit the fact that lies concealed in that witticism, and in that sense concede that Benjamin Franklin was the discoverer of Philadelphia. When the cumulative forces of civilization, which had been gathering for fifteen centuries, had made their way across the Atlantic and several centuries later had extended beyond the Mississippi and reached the base of the Rocky Mountains—then the potato bug discovered the potato. In 1723 a young man of seventeen years walked from the Delaware up Market street to Fourth. He was a youth of scanty means and I may say of less morals. He saw the accumulated shipping at the wharves, he saw the State House and warehouses of a prosperous and growing community, and in the market-house which ran along the center of the street he saw the rich products which had come down from the farms of Lancaster and Chester Counties. It was a spectacle the like of which never before had met his gaze and—Benjamin Franklin discovered Philadelphia. For sixty years he walked the streets of this great city, beaming benevolence and beneficence upon men of substance and influence, and casting cheerful glances upon lustful young women. He lived to a good old and honored age, and he died, his head stored with worldly wisdom, and his pockets filled with the accumulations of his long and eventful life. He left behind him an autobiography in which, in his own inimitable way, he told how he personally had organized all the charitable and learned institutions that had grown up while he was a resident of this city. This autobiography, beautiful in structure, was translated into the different languages of Europe and he gained extended fame. Over the library in which were the books that had been collected by that learned scholar, James Logan, was placed the statue of Benjamin Franklin. The central window of that great University, which was led to success by Dr. William Smith, against his opposition, shows the record of the great achievements of Benjamin Franklin, and over every house and every barn in the land a lightning rod pointing heavenward testifies to the popular judgment of his scientific attainments and his eternal reward.



TO

Capt. AYRES,

Of the Ship *POLLY*, on a Voyage from *London* to *Philadelphia*.

SIR,

WE are informed that you have, imprudently, taken Charge of a Quantity of Tea, which has been sent out by the *East India* Company, *under the Auspices of the Ministry*, as a Trial of *American* Virtue and Resolution.

Now, as your Cargo, on your Arrival here, will most assuredly bring you into hot water, and as you are perhaps a Stranger *to their Ports*, we have concluded to advise you of the present Situation of Affairs in *Philadelphia*—that, taking Time by the Forelock, you may stop short in your dangerous Errand—secure your Ship against the Rafts of combustible Matter which may be set on Fire, and turned loofe againft her; and more than all this, that you may preferve your own Perfon, from the Pitch and Feathers that are prepared for you.

In the firft Place, we muft tell you, that the *Pennfylvanians are a tea Man*, paffionately fond of Freedom, the Birthright of *Americans*; and at all Events are determined to enjoy it

That they fincerely believe, no Power on the Face of the Earth has a Right to tax them without their Conſent.

That in their Opinion, the Tea in your Cuſtody is deſigned by the Miniſtry to enforce ſuch a Tax, which they will undoubtedly oppoſe; and in ſo doing, give you every poſſible Obſtruction.

We are nominated to a very diſagreeable, but neceſſary Service. . . To our Care are committed all Offenders againſt the Rights of *America*; and hapleſs is he, whoſe evil Deſtiny has doomed him to ſuffer at our Hands.

You are ſent out on a diabolical Service, and if you are ſo fooliſh and obſtinate as to compleat your Voyage; by bringing your Ship to Anchor in this Port, you may run ſuch a Gauntlet, as will induce you, in your laſt Moments, moſt heartily to curſe thoſe who have made you the Dupe of their, Avarice and Ambition.

What think you Captain, of a Halter around your Neck—ten Gallons of boiled Tar decanted on your Pate—with the Feathers of a dozen wild Geeſe laid over that to embleem your Appearance?

Only think ſeriouſly of theſe and fly to the Place from whence you came. . . fly without Heſitation. . . without the Formality of a Proteſt—and alſo tell, Captain, *ſhould* we adviſe you to fly without the wild Geeſe Feathers.

Your Friends & Serv.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25, 1773 THE COMMITTEE *of Inſpection Reſolved*

When Governor Pennypacker spoke before the New England Society of Pennsylvania in 1891 he shattered a tradition by stating that the original "Boston Tea Party" was staged in Philadelphia three weeks before the New England folk rose in revolt. Below is reprinted the circular of the Philadelphia Tea Party. Above, at the left is the tablet in the old Dutch kitchen at Pennypacker's Mills with two stanzas from Theodore Winthrop's eulogy of applejack. At the right is the mirror belonging to Elizabeth Morris, great-great-grandmother of Governor Pennypacker, before her marriage to Captain Patrick Anderson, of the Pennsylvania line. It was the only article of furniture in their home not destroyed by the British troops in 1777.

"I have been asked to respond to the toast 'The Keystone and Plymouth Rock.' For the long line of distinguished men New England has produced, Pennsylvania has only to express her sincere appreciation and her emphatic approval. In all her efforts to ameliorate the condition of the human race and to advance the cause of literature and of science, Pennsylvania has had the warm support of the sons of New England. The American Philosophical Society, which was the first of our scientific institutions, has had in that blessed land many successors. The Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, established in 1791, and the Medical Department of the University, established in 1765, have been followed by departments devoted to the same learned pursuits at Harvard. The resolutions adopted in town meeting in the city of Philadelphia on the 16th of October, 1773, forbidding the landing of tea on these shores, were adopted and accepted, in precisely the same words, by the people of Boston in their town meeting on the 6th of November of the same year. The principles of the Revolution, the keynote of which, set by John Dickinson in his Farmers' Letters, echoed across Boston Common, were carried to their logical conclusion by John Adams, of Massachusetts.

"The adoption of the Constitution of the United States in Pennsylvania in December, 1787, was followed by its adoption in Massachusetts in February, 1788. The principles of religious liberty, established by Penn in Pennsylvania, in 1682, now prevail in every hamlet and township from Maine to Connecticut. The great struggle with slavery in this country, begun in the town of Germantown in 1688, to which Benjamin Lay, John Woolman and Anthony Benezet devoted their lives in the last century, continued by the organization of abolition societies and their meetings in convention here each year from 1794, was taken up by William Lloyd Garrison in 1831 in that bold declaration, equal in vigor to the words of Martin Luther at Worms: 'I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch and I will be heard.' When that great struggle against slavery resulted in war, the men of Pennsylvania, who came to the rescue and first reached the capital at Washington, were soon followed by the men of Massachusetts, and in the battle of Gettysburg, where that wonderful soldier, George G. Meade, broke the back of the Rebellion in the very acme of that crisis, when the fate of the nation was involved in the issue and the advance of Pickett's division hurled itself to destruction against the Philadelphia brigade, that ever glorious brigade stood more firmly because they knew the fact that the Rhode Island battery of Brown, the United States battery of Cushing and the brave sons of Massachusetts of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Regiments supported them on every side."

This speech was applauded on the occasion of its delivery, it aroused attention and many distinguished men wrote to me in praise. A gentleman illustrated it with portraits and autographs, and, after binding it in levant, sent it to me; but I have never been invited to speak at a dinner of the New England Society since.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

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

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER VI (Continued)

"I AM in trouble, Highness," replied the Chancellor simply.

"We are most of us in that condition at all times. I suppose you mean this absurd affair of yesterday. Why such a turmoil about it? The boy ran away. When he was ready he returned. It was absurd, and I dare say you and I both are being held for our sins. But he is here now, and safe."

"I am afraid he is not as safe as you think, madame."

"Why?"

He sat forward on the edge of his chair and told her of the students at the university, who were being fired by some powerful voice; of the disappearance of the two spies; of the evidence that the Committee of Ten was meeting again and the failure to discover their meeting place; of disaffection among the people, according to the reports of his agents. And then to the real purpose of the visit. Karl of Karnia had, unofficially, proposed for the Princess Hedwig. He had himself broached the matter to the King, who had at least taken it under advisement." The Archduchess listened, rather pale. There was no mistaking the urgency in the Chancellor's voice.

"Madame, after centuries of independence we face a crisis which we cannot meet alone. Believe me, I know of what I speak. United, we could stand against the world. But a divided kingdom, a disloyal and discontented people, spells the end."

And at last he convinced her. But, because she was built of a contrary mold, she voiced an objection, not to the scheme, but to Karl himself. "I dislike him. He is arrogant and stupid."

"But powerful, madame. And—what else is there to do?"

There was nothing else, and she knew it. But she refused to broach the matter to Hedwig.

She stated, and perhaps not without reason, that such a move was to damn the whole thing at once. She did not use exactly these words, but their royal equivalent. And it ended with the Chancellor, looking most ferocious but inwardly uneasy, undertaking to put, as one may say, a flea into the Princess Hedwig's small ear.

As he strode out, the door into the next room closed quietly.

CHAPTER VII
TEA IN THE SCHOOLROOM

TEA at the Palace, until the old King had taken to his bed, had been the one cheerful hour of the day. The entire suite gathered in one of the salons, and remained standing until the King's entrance. After that, formality ceased. Groups formed, footmen in plush with white wigs passed trays of cakes and sandwiches and tiny gilt cups of exquisite tea. The Court, so to speak, removed its white gloves, and was noisy and informal. True, at dinner again ceremony and etiquette would reign. The march into the dining hall between rows of bowing servants, the set conversation, led by the King; the long and tedious courses, the careful watch for precedence—that was dinner at the Palace.

But now all that was changed. The King did not leave his apartment. Annunciata occasionally took tea with the suite, but, glad for an excuse, left the Court to dine without

COUNTESS OLGA LOSCHEK

her. Sometimes for a half hour she lent her royal if somewhat indifferently attired presence to the salon afterward, where for thirty minutes or so she moved from group to group, exchanging a few more or less gracious words. But such times were rare. The Archduchess, according to Court gossip, had "slumped."

To Hedwig the change had been a relief. The entourage, with its gossip, its small talk, its liaisons, excited in her only indifference and occasional loathing. Not that her short life had been without its affairs. She was too lovely for that. But they had touched her only faintly.

On the day of the Chancellor's visit to her mother she went to tea in the schoolroom. She came in glowing from a walk, with the jacket of her dark velvet suit thrown open and a bunch of lilies of the valley tucked in her belt.

Tea had already come, and Captain Larisch, holding his cup, was standing by the table. The Crown Prince, who was allowed only one cup, was having a second of hot water and milk, equal parts, and sweetened.

Hedwig slipped out of her jacket and drew off her gloves. She had hardly glanced at Nikky, although she knew quite well every motion he had made since she entered. "I am famished!" she said, and proceeded to eat very little and barely touch the tea. "Please don't go, Miss Braithwaite. And now, how is everything?"

Followed a long half hour, in which the Crown Prince talked mostly of the Land of Desire and the American boy. Miss Braithwaite, much indulged by long years of service, crocheted, and Nikky Larisch, from the embrasure of a window, watched the little group. In reality, he watched Hedwig, all his humble, boyish heart in his eyes.

After a time Hedwig slipped the lilies out of her belt and placed them in a glass of water.

"They are thirsty, poor things," she said to Otto. Only—and here was a strange thing, if she were really sorry for them—one of the stalks fell to the floor, and she did not trouble to pick it up. Nikky retrieved it, and pretended to place it with the others. But in reality he had palmed it quite neatly, and a little later he pocketed it. Still later, he placed it in his prayer-book.

The tea-table became rather noisy. The room echoed with laughter. Even Miss Braithwaite was compelled to wipe her eyes over some of Nikky's sallies, and the Crown Prince was left quite gasping. Nikky was really in his best form, being most unreasonably happy, and Hedwig, looking much taller than in her boyish riding clothes—Hedwig was fairly palpitating with excitement.

The Interrupted Tea Party

Nikky was a born mimic. First he took off the King's Council, one by one. Then in an instant he was Napoleon, which was easy, of course; and the next second, with one of the fur tails which had come unfastened from Hedwig's muff, he had become a pirate, with the tail for a great mustache. One of the very best things he did, however, was to make a widow's cap out of a tea-napkin, and surmount it with a tiny coronet, which was really Hedwig's bracelet. He put it on, drew down his upper lip, and puffed his cheeks, and there was Queen Victoria of England to the life.

Hedwig was so delighted with this that she made him sit down and draped one of Miss Braithwaite's shawls about his shoulders. It was difficult to look like Queen Victoria under the circumstances, with her small hands deftly draping and smoothing. But Nikky did very well.

It was just as Hedwig was tucking the shawl about his neck to hide the collar of his tunic, and Miss Braithwaite was looking a trifle offended, because she considered the memory of Queen Victoria not to be trifled with, and just as Nikky took a fresh breath and puffed out his cheeks again, that the Archduchess came in.

She entered unannounced, save by a jingle of chains, and surveyed the room with a single furious glance. Queen Victoria's cheeks collapsed and the coronet slid slightly to one side. Then Nikky rose and jerked off the shawl and bowed. Every one looked rather frightened, except the Crown Prince. In a sort of horrible silence he advanced and kissed Annunciata's hand.

"So this is what you are doing," observed Her Royal Highness to Hedwig. "In this—this undignified manner you spend your time!"

"It is very innocent fun, mother."

For that matter, there was nothing very dignified in the scene that followed. The Archduchess dismissed the governess and the Crown Prince, quite as if he had been an ordinary child, and naughty at that. Miss Braithwaite looked truculent.

After all the heir to the throne is the heir to the throne and should have the privilege of his own study. But Hedwig gave her an appealing glance, and she went out, closing the door with what came dangerously near being a slam.

The Archduchess surveyed the two remaining culprits with a terrible gaze. "Now," she said, "how long have these ridiculous performances been going on?"

"Mother!" said Hedwig.

"Answer me."

"The question is absurd. There was no harm in what we were doing. It amused Otto. He has few enough pleasures. Thanks to all of us, he is very lonely."

"And since when have you assumed the responsibility for his upbringing?"

"I remember my own dreary childhood," said Hedwig stiffly.

The Archduchess turned on her furiously. "More and more," she said, "as you grow up, Hedwig, you remind me of your unfortunate father. You have the same lack of dignity, the same"—she glanced at Nikky—"the same common tastes, the same habit of choosing strange society, of forgetting your rank."

Hedwig was scarlet, but Nikky had gone pale. As for the Archduchess, her cameos were rising and falling stormily. With hands that shook, Hedwig picked up her jacket and hat. Then she moved toward the door.

"Perhaps you are right, mother," she said, "but I hope I shall never have the bad taste to speak ill of the dead." Then she went out.

The scene between the Archduchess and Nikky began in a storm and ended in a sort of hopeless quiet. Miss Braithwaite had withdrawn to her sitting room, but even there she could hear the voice of Annunciata, rasping and angry.

It was very clear to Nikky from the beginning that the Archduchess's wrath was not for that afternoon alone. And in his guilty, young mind rose various memories, all infinitely dear, all infinitely, incredibly reckless—other frolics around the tea table, rides in the park, lessons in the riding school. Very soon he was confessing them all, in reply to sharp questions. When the tablet of his sins was finally uncovered, the Archduchess was less angry and a great deal more anxious. Hedwig free was a problem. Hedwig in love with this dashing boy was a greater one.

"Of one thing I must assure Your Highness," said Nikky. "These—these meetings have been of my seeking."

"The Princess requires no defense, Captain Larisch."

Nikky Crushed

That put him back where he belonged, and Annunciata did a little thinking, while Nikky went on, in his troubled way, running his fingers through his hair until he looked rather like an uneasy but ardent-eyed porcupine.

He acknowledged that these meetings had meant much to him, everything to him, he would confess, but he had never dared to hope. He had always thought of Her Royal Highness as the granddaughter of his King. He had never spoken a word that he need regret. Annunciata listened, and took his measure shrewdly. He was the sort of young fool, she told herself, who would sacrifice himself and crucify his happiness for his country. It was on just such shoulders as his that the throne was upheld. His loyalty was more to be counted on than his heart.

She changed her tactics adroitly, sat down, even softened her voice. "I have been emphatic, Captain Larisch," she said, "because, as I think you know, things are not going too well with us. To help the situation, certain plans are being made. I will be more explicit. A marriage is planned for the Princess Hedwig, which will assist us all. It is"—she hesitated imperceptibly—"the King's dearest wish."

Horror froze on Nikky's face. But he bowed.

"After what you have told me, I shall ask your co-operation," said Annunciata smoothly. "While there are some of us who deplore the necessity, still—it exists. And an alliance with Karnia—"

"Karnia!" cried Nikky, violating all ceremonial, of course. "B ' surely—!"

The Archduchess rose and drew herself to her full height. "I have given you confidence for confidence, Captain Larisch," she said coldly. "The Princess Hedwig has not yet been told. We shall be glad of your assistance when that time comes. It is possible that it will not come. In case it does, we shall count on you."

Nikky bowed deeply as she went out, bowed, with death in his eyes.

And thus it happened that Captain Nicholas Larisch, aide de camp to his Royal Highness the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and of no other particular importance, was informed of the Princess Hedwig's projected marriage before she was. And not only informed of it, but committed to forward it, if he could!

CHAPTER VIII
THE LETTER

THE Countess Loschek was alone. Alone and storming. She had sent her maid away with a sharp word, and now she was pacing the floor.

Hedwig, of all people!

She hated her. She had always hated her. For her youth, first; later, when she saw how things were going, for the accident that had made her a granddaughter to the King.

And Karl.

Even this last June, when Karl had made his looked-for visit to the summer palace where the Court had been in residence, he had already had the thing in mind. Even when his arms had been about her, Olga Loschek, he had been looking over her shoulder, as it were, at Hedwig. He had had it all in his wicked head, even then. For Karl was wicked. None would know it better than she, who was risking everything, life itself, for him. Wicked, ungrateful, and unscrupulous. She loathed him while she loved him.

The thing would happen. This was the way things were done in Courts. An intimation from one side that a certain thing would be agreeable and profitable. A discussion behind closed doors. A reply that the intimation had been well received. Then the formal proposal, and its acceptance.

Hedwig would marry Karl. She might be troublesome, would indeed almost certainly be troublesome. Strangely enough, the Countess hated her the more for that. To value so lightly the thing for which Olga Loschek would have given her soul, this in itself was hatefu' But there was more. The Countess saw much with her curiously wide, almost child-like bland eyes; it was only now that it occurred to her to turn what she knew of Hedwig and Nikky to account.

She stopped pacing the floor and sat down. Suppose Hedwig and Nikky Larisch went away together? Hedwig, she felt, would have the courage even for that. That would stop things. But Hedwig did not trust her. And there was about Nikky a dog-like quality of devotion, which warned her that, the deeper his love for Hedwig, the more unlikely he would be to bring her to disgrace. Nikky might be difficult.

"The fool!" said the Countess, between her clenched teeth. To both the Archduchess Annunciata and her henchwoman, people are chiefly divided into three classes, fools, knaves and themselves.

She must try for Hedwig's confidence, then. But Karl! How to reach him? Not with reproaches, not with anger. She knew her man well. To hold him off was the first thing.

And Karl had changed. The old days when he loved trouble were gone. His thoughts, like all thoughts these days, she reflected contemptuously, were turned to peace, not to war. He was for beating his swords into plowshares, with " very ...

The King was very feeble. This affair of yesterday had told on him.

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.

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, 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 position in life, is just a boy and commits an offense for which MISS BRAITHWAITE, his governess, makes a record in a special "conduct book."

COUNTESS OLGA LOSCHEK, one of the women of the court, has a powerful influence over Annunciata, and together they discuss the love affair between Hedwig and Nikky. Their talk is cut short by a visit from Mettlich, who tells Annunciata that he is in great trouble.

Ah, here was another viewpoint. Suppose the Crown Prince had not come back? What would happen, with the King dead, and no King? Chaos, of course. A free hand to revolution. Hedwig flashing for her throne, and inevitably losing it. Then what about Karl and his dreams of peace?

But that was further than she cared to go just then. She would finish certain work that she had set out to do, and then she was through. No longer would dread and terror grip her in the night hours.

But she would finish. Karl should never say she had failed him. In her new rage against him she was for cleaning the slate at once. She had in her possession papers for which he waited or pretended to wait; data secured by means she did not care to remember; plans and figures carefully compiled—a thousand deaths in one, if they were found on her. She would get them out of her hands at once.

It was still but little after five. She brought her papers together on her small mahogany desk, from such hiding-places as women know—the linings of perfumed sachets, the toes of small slippers, the secret pocket in a muff; and having locked her doors, put them in order. Her hands were trembling, but she worked skillfully. She was free until the dinner hour, but she had a great deal to do. The papers in order, she went to a panel in the wall of her dressing-room, and, sliding it aside, revealed the safe in which her jewels were kept. Not that her jewels were very valuable, but the safe was there, and she used it.

The palace, for that matter, was full of cunningly contrived hiding-places. Some, in times of stress, had held jewels. Others—rooms these, built in the stone walls and carefully mapped—had held even royal refugees themselves. The map was in the King's possession, and descended from father to son, a curious old paper, with two of the hidden rooms marked off in colored inks as closed. Closed, with strange secrets beyond, quite certainly.

Olga Goes Shopping

The Countess took out a jewel case, emptied it, lifted its chamois cushions, and took out a small book. It was an indifferent hiding-place, but long immunity had made her careless. Referring to the book, she wrote a letter in code.

It was to all appearances a friendly letter referring to a family in her native town, and asking that the recipient see that assistance be sent them before Thursday of the following week. The assistance was specified with much detail—at her expense to send so many blankets, so many loaves of bread, a long list. Having finished, she destroyed, by burning, a number of papers, watching until the last ash had turned from dull red to smoking gray. The code book she hesitated over, but at last, with a shrug of her shoulders, she returned it to its hiding place in the jewel case.

Coupled with her bitterness was a sense of relief. Only when the papers were destroyed had she realized the weight they had been. She summoned Minna, her maid, and dressed for the street. Then, Minna accompanying her, she summoned her carriage and went shopping.

She reached the palace again in time to dress for dinner. Somewhere on that afternoon she had left the letter, to be sent to its destination over the border by special messenger that night.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)