IE SECRET By George Gibbs Author of "The Yellow Dove"

Copyright, 1918, by D. Appleton & Co. Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Co.

arduous a pursuit. For Renwick was not to be denied and as the girl turned into the path which led to the thatched arbor, he saw that sne was breathing hard and the half-timorous laugh she three over her shoulder at him only spurred him on to new endeavor. He reached the hedge as she disappeared, but his instinct was unerring and he leaped through the swaying branches just in time to see the hem of her skirt in the foliage on the other side and plunging through caught her in his arms just as she sank, laughing breathlessiy, to the spangled shadows of the turf beyond.

"Marishka," he cried joyously, "did you mean it?"

But she wouldn't reply.

"You said that if I caught you—"

"The race—isn't aiways—to the swift—" she protested falteringly in her broken English.

"Your promise—"

"I made no promise—"

"I made no promise—"

"I made no promise—"

"I made no promise." ous a pursuit. For Renwick was peace.

shrugged lightly. How should I know?"

He smiled at her proudly and caught her brown hand to his lips.

"You are dyed in the illusions of your race,—mystery—fatalism. They become you well. But here among the roses of Konopisht there is no room in my heart or yours for anything but happiness. See how they nod to each other in the sunlight, Marishka. Like us, they love rand are loved. June comes to Bohemia but once a year—or to us. Let us bloom in the sunlight like them—happy—"

See how they, not to each other in the sunlight, Mark and comes to Bohemia but once a year—or to us. Let us bloom in the sunlight like them—bappy—"Modered, the roses," the said pensively. "The white ones please meheter. But they are so few. The latter of the red ones best. What is the verse?

"I sometimes think that never hlows so red."

"What first? Gue some buried the verse?

"I sometimes think that never hlows so red."

"What first? Gue some buried the verse?

"I some seed."

"What first? Gue some buried the verse?

"I some seed."

"What first? Gue some buried the verse?

"I some seed."

"What first of the work of the breed. The lower seed of the long seed, and the songs of the breed. Seed the se

CHAPTER I

June 12, 1914

The Countess Marishka was fleet of foot. She was straight and slender and she set a pace for Renwick along the tortuous paths in the rose gardens of the Archduke which soon had her pursuer gasping. She ran like a boy, her dark hair falling about her ears, her draperies like Nike's in the wind, her cheeks and eyes glowing, a pretty quarry indeed and well worthy of so arduous a pursuit. For Renwick was processed to the desperate nature of his desires, that the three figures, would pass on to another part of the garden, that they, the luckless lovers, might flee to the abandoned tennis court in innocence and peace.

But she wouldn't reply.

"You said that if I caught you—"

"The race—isn't aiways—to the swift

"Sour promise—"

"I made no promise."

"You'll make it now. the one I've walted for—for weeks—Marishka. Lift up your head."

"No, no, 'she stammered.

"Then I—"
Renwick caught her in his arms again and turned her chin upward. Her eyes were closed, but as their lips met her figure relaxed in his arms and her head sank upon his shoulder.

"You'll marry me, Marishka?"

"You run very fast, Herr Renwick," she whispered.

"You' run very fast, Herr Renwick," she whispered.

"You' who shall say?" she evaded.

"You' own lips. You've given them to me—"

"It is all the same. They are mine."
And Renwick took them again.

"Oh," she gasped, "you are so persistent—you English. You always wish to have your own way."

He laughed happily.

"Would you have me otherwise? My

sistent—you English. You always wish to have your own way."

He laughed happily.

"Would you have me otherwise?, My way and your way. Marishka, they go together. You wish it so, do you not?"

"The Duchess spends many hours here."

way and your way. Marishka, they go together. You wish it so, do you not:

The Strahni Saying

She was silent a while, the wild spirit in her slowly submissive, and at last a smile moved her lips, her dark eyes were upturned to his and she murmured a little proudly;

"It is a saying among the women of the House of Strahni that where the lips are given the heart must follow."

"You heart, Marishka." Mine, for may have followed."

"What matters it now, beloved." she slighed, "since you have them both?"
Renwick smiled.

"Nothing. I only wondered why you've kept me dangling so long." She was silent a moment.
"I—I have been afraid."
"Of what?"
"I have not always loved the English. I have thought them cold, different from my people."

"Ana I could let you believe me that!"
"Ana ne enough." And, pushing him "As if you couldn't have read it in my eyes—"
"Yais." she said dreamlly, "I believe that now." And then, "But if anything should come between us—""
"Yais." she said dreamlly, "I believe that now." And then, "But if anything should come between us—""
"What, Marishka?" he smiled.
"What thitterness," iebeleve that now." And then, "But if anything should come between us—""
"The Archduke nodded gravely."
"It was thought the proudly and caught her brown hand to his lips.
"The Archduke nodded gravely."
"It was thought the proudly have read it in my eyes—""
"You couldn't escape me. It was written."
"You see all the proudly and caught her brown hand to his lips.
"The Destinies of Europe"

"The Destinies of Europe"

"The destines of Europe, meine Herren," he went on.
"Majestaet may speak on," said the
Archduke coolly, "without fear of eaves-

They would see a service from the first seed that the seed that

I was afraid—
"I came as soon as I could, she whispered rapidly in English. "It was difficult. I could make no excuses for leaving. I pleaded fatigue and went to my room. And when the opportunity offered stole out through the garden."

"And your absence will not be discovered to the many country of institute of nations seemed a matter of little moment of them.

"You will marry me soon, Marriage."
"You will marry me soon, Marriage."

into the Schottenring, Marishka weary but resolute, Renwick somewhat dubious as to their appearance at this early hour alone in the streets of Vienna. But at this suggestion that they drive first to the house of Marishka's aunt and guardian. Baroness Racowits, where some excuse could be made for the girl's unexpected visit, Marishka only stow her head and gave the town address of Prince Montenuovo, who, as she knew, was still in residence, the Emperor not being expected at Ischl until the middle of July. Nor would she permit Renwick to accompany her withing the house, and so he sat alone in the humble fiacre for what seemed an interminable time, until a man in livery came down the steps and gave him a note in Marishka's hand.

And so we stayed, hidden in the by the arbor.

"So!" he broke in, his voice the word with a rising infection the sore. It too, know something ovisitors to the roses of Konoplant, talk was not all of roses, nicht when he ad quietly, with a little bittern "No, sire. The talk was not a sold support the said quietly, with a little bittern "No, sire. The talk was not a sold support to the word of what you heard or Nothing."

And Marishka, composing herealis an effort, obeyed the command.

CHAPTER III

The Hobsburg Hauen

THE Emperor heard her through

And so at last he drove away to his

"I have succeeded in setting an audience. Go to the Embassy and await word from me. Silence." question there, the gravity of the disclosures searing more painfully deeply bitten lines at eye and brow.

The succeeded in setting an auditence. Go to the Embassy and await word from me. Silence."

And so at last he drove away to his hotel, sure at 'east that for the present he had done his duty to Marishka. Silence in the had done his duty to Marishka will be did not flinch. It seemed that his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision. In a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision. In a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision in a weak moment he had from his decision. The letter written sealed dressed, and given to a trusted servant to be delivered into the hands of from the letter written sealed dressed, and waited.

It was not until some days later that he heard in detail of Marishka was had had waited.

It was not until some days later that he heard in detail of Marishka was hot had he heard in detail of the recommend of her earnestness and anxiety, had acted was not alling and the audience was strainly down and the had addience on certain days at Sonethurum. It was this subjects and had audience on certain days at Sonethurum. It was this subjects and had audience on certain days at Sonethurum. It was this subjects and had audience on certain days at Sonethurum. It was this subjects and had audience on certain days at Sonethurum it was the high the him to be a series of the warrage man had fright the him to be a series of the warrage man had from the limit will be a series of the warrage of the probability of the children was been had a weak of the warrage of the probability of the children was been had a was not all fail to the low that the probability of the children was been been done and the subjects and strip the him to be a warrage of the probability of the children was been done had a was not alling and the sudject was a stilling of the recommend was a wa

The Emperor's Reques