plied the King. There was a bell rope with-in a few yards of him, and he moved toward it. With hand lifted, as if in the act of summoning a servant, he went on:
"I swait your orders. If you refuse to

await your orders. If you retuse to accept my terms, declare so, and you shall be at once conducted to the frontier." The Princess, grown wan as ashes, clenched her lips together and stood for several seconds with an irresolute look. At length she waved her hand, and murmured in the tone of one from when acceptants is wring by of one from whom concession is wrung by

"I-I do not refuse. I will at least remain for the State ball on Thursday. I-I have announced my intention of doing so, whatever your tyrrany, I prefer that you should not appear before your subjects in the light of a monarch who has made his own mother a fugitive from his realm."

Clarimond smiled very coldly. "If you had chosen to dwell here in peace, you would have had slight cause to complain of tyrrany! As it is your continued solourn

tyrranyl As it is, your continued sojoure

is one of sufferance alone."
"Sufferance!" gasped the Princess. "Precisely. You came here with two mo-tives. The first was to pit yourself against faiths and principles of mine which are a part of my life. The second was to try and force me into a marriage of the merest love-less convention. The weapons you have used in either case were the same that dealt my dead father the keenest grief, and per-haps drove him prematurely to his grave. Yours, madam, is a stormy and truculent spirit. I inherit nothing of it, but possibly I inherit from you alone the strength of will which too long has clothed itself in forbearance. That strength of will you shall now have a chance to test. As I said, you will be watched. Being the lady highest of rank in my kingdom, I will accord you the right of receiving my guests on Thursday. But if the least sign of discourtesy is shown by you toward any guest who crosses the threshold of my palace on the morrow you shall be conducted where the turbulence and ferment to the discomfort of others rather than my own. There, now, I think it is all quite plain between us."

"Quite plain!" muttered the Princess.
"Yes, I see -I see. You wish to crowd r rooms with vulgarians."

You need not gaze upon those vulgarians unless you so desire. Certainly a number of people whom you will rate as vulgarians will present themselves. Among these will be a young lady (an American-or an Anglo-American I might more truly call her) with whom I shall open the ball. Her name is Kathleen Kennaird, and I shall dance the first quadrille with her. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, the most beautiful I ever expect to see, though I should live two lives instead of one. But were she a hunchback negress fresh from Africa in her beads and war paint, it need matter nothing either to you or those as-sembled. I am master; I am King. For my actions I account to no one save my-

very distinct pride, down along the waxed floor of the spacious saloon. But she who had heard him with one or two convulsive shudders, now gave a kind of wrathful spring, both hands hanging clenched at her

"You will account to your Emperor." she called. "You are not so great as you vaunt yourself, Clarimond of Saltravia. Youyou are just mad enough to marry this creature. I recall now that one of your cousins-the King of Saxony's own nephew, too-disgraced himself by a low marriage, too-disgraced himself by a low marriage. No doubt it is in your blood to do such horrible things. But I will prevent this."

The Princess' face glistened with little beads of sweat, and her eyes were blazing. 'I will go to the Emperor at once. I will-She recoiled, for Clarimond had hurried back toward where she had stood, half cowering in her frenzy. It seemed to the Princess that perhaps he might actually do her some personal violence, though if her mind had proved less clouded by anger and dismay she would have realized that from one of his usually gentle spirit such a course, in any circumstances, would have been unthinbuble

All that the King meant to do was to seize the bell rope which a brief while ago he had desisted from seizing. But now reaching the spot where it hung, he gave it a strong pull, and almost immediately the footman, in the royal livery, answered his

"You shall go at once to the Emperor," he said in a low and very tranquil voice. "I will give these men orders for carriages and will see that a special train is prepared

for you the instant you reach ----"
"No, no," broke hoarsely from the Princess. "Send them away. I—I did not mean what I said." In a trice she had grown piteously humble. "I—I was more than haif in joke, my dear Clarimond," and a little pathetic jet of laughter broke from ber lips, like an effete spirit from a ruined

The King looked at her with great steadiness for a second or two. "As you wish," he then said, and gave a sign of dismissal to the two servants, who promptly vanished. The Princess had, indeed, pulled in sail. Her son had seemed to her during the few past minutes, like a rock against which she would only waste her strength in vain. Besides, she was proud of his kingship, and would have suffered untold regret if the Emperor had presumed to attempt his deposition. It was all quite clear to her mind in this brief interval-she had cone too far. She might have known that the lion in him would sud-denly turn on her like this. He would keep the very letter of his menace, too, unless her entire tacties were changed forth-Revolting in their democracy though sue held his views to be, hereafter she must conform to them or leave those lovely Saltravian hills. And, surely, she was quartered here in a most magnificent way. two or three Italian palaces were nothing to this, in which so lordly a suite of chambers had been allowed her. And then this enchanting valley, so radiantly improved in spite of all her grumblings to the contrary! And the waters, too; she had no idea of the wondrous good they would do her rheumamight all get stupid in the winter, but the winter was still a good distance off. Time enough to skip off to Rome or Naples again 'by the end of November. there was Bianca d'Este. The girl's love for her son was now almost a madness. For that most seemly of unions there was yet a hope. Yes, a hope, why not? "School yourself," daried through the Princess's mind, "to a self-effacement, difficult, yet not impossible. In the end he may yield and marry her. Then your turn will come in real earnest, for if once there is a queen, if once there are little princes and princesses, he will grow more conserva-tive. Men always do. That possible horror of his marrying the American girl (God knows there's nothing rash he would not do, just now!) must be met with subtlety, since high-handed measures have become mere

blows in the nir.' Even roughly to put in words the light-ning-like reflections of Clarimond's mother make them seem deliberative, not intutive, as they surely were. When she again confronted her son, after the departure of the footman, it was to show, both in speech and mien, a meckness and complaisance

that she had never remotely hinted until "Henceforth you shall have no further cause for complaint," she said, "I shall about you in all your plans and purposes. Try me, and you shall not be disappointed.

admit myself thoroughly vanquished. She bowed her head, and Clarimond, who knew her better than she knew herself, smelt deceit as if it were some odor that suddenly had freighted the air. At the same time his native generosity and fair-mindedness made him hope this abrupt conversion meant more than its first blush

would imply.
"Agreed, then," he said, with a reserve that expressed patience and sadness in-

*rivial, I should as promptly resent such meddling as though it were the work of an officious subject. Though my answer should cost me my scepter, slight a one as it is, be assured that I should not hesitate to make it firmly. I am not so enamoured to reigning that the Emperor's frowns or smiles can appeal to me as such mighty forces of my own destiny, nor shall you ever find me in the mood to regard him as if he were a school master with a birchen rod-and now," he proceeded, "I shall ask you kindly to send me the list of those whom you have already invited to the state ball. Such a course will enable me to avoid errors which might otherwise occur, since] wish to make out a list of my own, and de sire that it should not clash with yours." was the

"It shall be sent you to-night," was the reply, "or to-morrow, if you prefer."
"To-morrow will be quite early enough, answered Clarimond, and with a low bo he quitted the great, bright-lit vacant apartment, ending an interview which was agreeable of the many which he had held with his mother, and which had perhaps caused him more secret pain than any which he had held since his accession to the Saltravian throne.

CHAPTER XI.

The court was already furnished with rich material for business gossip; but a few more morrows were destined to cast in shade even so pregnant a tonic as Clarimond's cogent reprimand of Prince Philibert. The King had been seen publicly strolling through his grounds with Kathleen; he now as publicly visited her at the hotel, spending hours each day in the pretty sitting room which Mrs. Kennaird at once secured for his own and her daughter's comfort, as downstairs they would almost have been mobbed by gaping foreigners. The mental condition of Mrs. Kennaird at this particular time was one of hysteria, narrowly verging upon dementia. The King's open admiration for her child filled her with a feeling toward him which might have give her, if she could have looked upon herself just as she now was, and looked from nor mal eyes, many shivers of shame. She had impulses to fling herself on her knees before Clarimond and press her lips to his hand, telling him that he was the most godlike being the world had ever seen, and that his goodness in giving heed to Kathleen roused her deathless maternal gratitude.

The American snob, who is apt to be the most mettlesome and affirmative of all snobs yet recorded, had risen rampant in Kathleen's mother. She could not sleep; she could scarcely eat a morsel, and then did not know of what food she partook. At first she had had ideas of sending to Paris for a robe in which to array her child at the state ball Then, after this plan had been vetoed by Kathleen, she grew reconciled to the idea that the girl might create a more striking effect if clad with the utmost simplicity. After all, let her be attired in the cauty in all Saltravia could stand so trying a test?

"Yes, it is wiser," she said excitedly to Kathleen. Of late she had done and said everything excitedly, yet with her effort to appear self-repressed hardly better concealed than that of the fugitive ostrich. "My dear, you are quite right. People will look at you more, and in so doing they will see you as you really are. Besides, it is in

far nicer taste."
"Oh," said Kathleen, shrugging ber shoulders, "I should like a handsome gown; what girl in the circumstances wouldn't? But to telegraph to Worth or Felix and to send either of them money we could so ill afford! Why, the very thought of it is pure nousense, mamma, as you must be aware.

"I wasn't thinking of the expense," re-plied Mrs. Kennaird, with a little irre-pressible catching of the breath. "There are certain things one always can afford." Kathleen laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "You mean, I suppose, that we could go back to Dresden and economize more severely than we've yet done."

"Oh. no; I didn't mean that; I—I didn't mean that in the last," said her mother.

Kathleen gave no answer, divining what had really been meant. If her mother only knew the actual substance of her late con versations with the King! They had principally talked of her past engagement to Alonzo Lispenard. She had been very frank; she had told Clarimond everything, and had found in him a most gracious and friendly listener. He had asked her many questions, to all of which she had responded with thorough candor. As regarded the impression that she had made upon him, she could not doubt that it had been one of the could not doubt the co strong fascination. This in itself was nothing new; most men, under a certain age, had shown her but one sort of homage. To have a King show it was entirely novel, and not a little dizzying. Moreover, such a King as he, filled to his finger-tips with all the graces that please women, hand-some, courtly, amusing, in countless ways,

the choicest of male companions!

For three afternoons he dropped in upon her, and each time her mother received him in her blandest fashion, contriving soon to slip from the apartment and leave them to faintest imprudence on Kathleen's part. If she had thought at all on this subject it would have been to decide that her daughter's American blood would save her from even a dream of folly. Besides, had she not already learned that Clarimond was the most honorable man in his own kingdom? Let people chatter, as they undoubtedly were chattering. Among the hotel residents it was jealousy, pure and simple. What chiefly concerned this very agitated lady was the question of how Alonzo had thus far acted, and of how, at any moment, he might take it into his head to act. Here he was, returned to Saltravia, the bosom friend of the King's bosom friend. He must have heard that Clarimond was intensely captivated with Kath-leen. Everybody was talking of the affair.

Stories had got affoat that the Princess of Brindisi had already pleaded by letter the intervention of the Emperor.
"You are so reticent, my dear," she said to Kathleen one evening at the end of the King's third visit. "You never will tell me what he says about Alonzo to you. Does he not mention him?" "Rarely, mamma, and then always with

kindness. "Kindness, m—yes—" Mrs. Ken-naird pursed her lips a little. "They're

"Friends? Oh, yes. "I suppose Alonzo hasn't dared to say a word against you, Kathleen. Otherwise he'd certainly have relieved himself of untold spleen, my dear."

"He never carries grudges," the girl said, as if her own thought was her sole auditor.
"Well, even if he didn't! Heaven knows he had a monopoly of most other faults."At this particular time any praise of Alonzo

was for some reason specially nauseous to Mrs. Kennaird. "And for keeping silent about us to the King, why, there isn't the least doubt that he'll do so. How would he dare to do otherwise, now that Clarimond has "Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Kath-leen. "You will make me so ridiculous if

anvone by chance overhears you in these "Moods?" bristled her mother. "What

moods? I'm excessively reticent! You are so droll at times, Kathleen! As if any mother could bear more calmly than I do to the splendid, the unparalleled honor which

overliangs you!"

Kathleen looked fixedly at the speaker with her eyes moistening a little and her underlip trembling. "I—I wish you would not speak like this," she faltered. "It dis-

tresses me so!" Her mother continued, however-stating that she had not the vaguest doubt Clari-mond would soon startle her court more keenly then he had dreamed of startling it before; that Kathleen had only to wait a little while longer and the stars would drop ripe and shining in her lap; that all past annoyance, mortification, defeat was to end

gloriously in unique triumph.

Kathleen listened, and then slipped, as

did want to see him sgain. What was it?
Did it mean that he might bring her certain tidings of Alonzo. Did it mean this?
Did it really mean this? Or was she infected with the fervor of her mother's over-tension armiting? leaping ambition.? Her mother! The sense of that personality, that companion-ship, so tremendous, so drastic in its in-fluence its, domination, terrified her. She looked into her own brain, as it were, and found there nothing but a depressing tumult. How would she act if action should indeed be required of her? No, no; the need of such action would not, could not come. He a King! It was fatuity to dream of what her mother had so boldly prophesied. Her bands were at intervals very tremulous while she dealt with her toilet; and once or twice she felt as if she must desist from it and seek the one sort of aid that just then would have been least to her taste.

But when the King came she received him with much composure. Her mother was to-day in visible throes. To Kathleen her disaray was pathetic. The perturbed lady gave one or two spasmodic curtsies which were a mournful travesty of her usual serene equipoise. She was so drunk with the heady wine furnished by the fact of this fourth royal visit that exhilaration made her almost stagger. Clarimond, calm and gentleman-like, as usual, appeared to notice nothing. "Perhaps," thought Kathleen, "he is used to such groveling servility. Poor mamma, will she ever get out of the room with a decent grace, she who has prided herself for years on doing nothing

awkwardly. But at last the door closed on Mrs. Kennaird's ducking and cringing figure. As this happened Kathleen breathed an audible sigh of relief. The sigh ended in a feverish laugh, and she said, with sudden

candor to her guest:
"It's dreadful how you've demoralized my mother. You must see, so I mention

"Demoralized her? I?" "Oh, then you don't see, monsieur, mamma isn't accustomed to kings; that is

"And are you?" he said, with his sweet, kind smile. They were now seated opposite one another, and near a large window that gave a fine view of the mountains and a still finer view of his white, many-turreted

palace.
"No," she answered. "But, mamma-Oh, you must have noticed. You're a royalty, as they call it, and you're turned her head. It's odd, too, for she has met all sorts of great people—prime ministers, dukes, even the English Prince himself. I seem so vulgar when I talk like this! do hope you'll excuse me. No doubt you're used to embarrassing people—especially Americans."

He shook his head, smiling. "I have al-

ways thought it rather hard to embarrass Americans," he replied. "One in particu-lar," he added; and then his smile deepened, as he wa ched her with a glance full of drollery both frank and sly.

"I you mean me, monsieur," she returned, with a slight shrug, "I am somehow proof against all surprises. It's very scandalous, no doubt, to acknowledge as

much at my age."
"Scandalous?" he said, with a swiftly changing manner. "What a name to call "Oh, I am not so honest, I assure you."

"There you confessed that you are. Any one else would have spoken so differently." "Any other-woman, you mean?"
"Well, yes," he assented.

you, monsieur, are anxious to convince you of their honesty?" Well, ves. Kathleen seemed to muse a little, slowly shaking her head. "That is because you

are you."
He made an impatient gesture. "Is it so conductive to feminine deception, then, this seing I, as you put it." And without waiting for her to respond, he went on: "What made me in the first place like you so much, Madamoiselle, was your forgetfulness of who I really am.

"I did not forget it in the least, however. cultivated myself into seeming as if I "Ah, your're bent on discouraging me!"

"Are you sure?" she murmured, a little vagely, not meeting his look.
He gave a slight start. 'Not quite sure, not quite sure in your case. For example it did disappoint me to learn that you are unhappy." She would not admit that she had ever confessed this to him during their previous talks, and for a good while they gently battled with one another concerning what human happiness truly means, until Clarimond at last said, with an accent of

mild irritation:

"For man or woman of reasonable age there is but one perfect kind of happiness. The heart is a mill, whose wheel should always turn in a full stream and grind forth golden grain. The soul, like a wealthy niller, must be buoyant and gladsome at the labor performed; the deeper he is covered with the dust of that delicious industry the more prosperous he rates himself while he looks forth on the world defied by his

heart's consoling thrift."
"It is not everybody," smiled Kathleen, as the speaker paused, "who can be both king and poet in one short life."
"Are you now satirical, mademoiselle?"

"No, no! But I am skeptical. There are so few hearts I like that-mine, I fear, is an idle mill wheel above an empty stream "Yet one whose waters have been dried.

Or, if not dried, cruelly dammed."
"I have not said that, monsieur." "You say more, I find, than you mean t

"And yet you do not think me deceitful; you have granted as much."

His eyes for an instant seemed to caress her face. "I think you strangely miser-able," he affirmed. Then, lowering his voice a little, and leaning nearer to her, "I can't but wonder if you are incurably so." "I am not miserable," she said with wistful ardor of denial. "It is too bad that you should think this. You said something of the same sort vesterday. But you are wrong—wrong. I still have a great deal to

"Still! And you say that in the early glow of maidenhood. Still! It is amazing. Or, no; it isn't amazing at all; it's thoroughly explainable. There is something you want. I wonder if I could get it for

She shook her head quickly, and then stared down at the hands which lay like two pale curled feathers in her lap. "No, monsieur," she breathed, enshrining the words as it were, in a sort of long sigh. "It s nothing that you could get me."

He accepted her reply as a surrender.

she was a sorrower, after all, and the feints

of her assertion to the contrary had been dmittedly futile.

In the silence that now followed they In the silence that now followed they both looked forth upon the incomparable valley, flanked by its mighty mountains, over-scattered by its ethereal villas, crowned, accentuated, dignified by its romantic and

The King slowly lifted his hand and pointed to that pale and beauteons edifice. His voice was quite faint, though it reached her ears very clearly indeed, as he said:

"I have thought of offering you this for a She did not make the slightest sign of reply. He saw the color leave her cheeks, and the light greaten in her eyes. But she did not turn her look toward him. Now her

that expressed patience and sadness interblent. "But pray, bear in mind one
matter: If the Emperor should have the
presumption (which I greatly doubt) to
concern himself in any of my personal
affairs, however important or however

That ineed sixtence instence, and then sixped, as
soon as she could, into the privacy of her
own chamber. The King had said that he
would revisit her next day. There was only
an hour before the time of his coming. She
did not want to see him again, and yet she

Tour wife: she repeated; and he saw
that she was deeply perturbed.
"My queen," he continued. "I want
you to share my throne and crown with me,
such as they are. I have never asked any
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asked any woman, for the simplest of rea-sons. Need I tell you that reason?"

He reached his hand forward and took her hand, lifting it to his lips. It had grown cold—piteously cold, and the kisses that he gave it were somehow bestowed with the onate tenderness which implies that he sought to reawaken its natural

warmth.
"Your queen—your queen," she said, and withdrew her hand, not rudely, and yet with firmness. The color came back to her cheeks. As he watched her face it seemed cheeks. As he watched her face it seemed like a tea-rose in some delightful process of revivification, faint yet dig 125.
"That is what I said," he maswered, "and that is what I meant."
He watched her struggle with her agitation. It seemed to him cruel that he should

do this, and yet it gave him a curious pleas-ure, just as if she were some oddly beautiful bird that revealed some touch of iridescent splendor beneath its wings every time they were fluttered.

But at length Kathleen, so to speak, flut-But at length Kathleen, so to speak, flut-tered her wings more. "Monsieur," she said, with a kind of pathetic tranquility, "there is—your mother."

"My mother will be no obstacle. I can and will prevent her from being one."

She hesitated a moment. "Then there are—there are—(how shall I put it?) your tradi-tions."

ons."
"I've trampled on a good many of them, as it is. Come now mademoiselle," he pursued, with a gruffness that would have frightened her if it had not ended in a smile. "You're going to throw me over you're going to reject me—to (what is the right phrase?) send me about my business!" "No, no!" she exclaimed. Immediately, then, she rose, and stretched out her right hand. "I will be your wife," she said, "and thank I you for the greathonor you do

He also rose, at this, and wrapped her with his embrace. But something in her lips, her eyes, her look (he could not for his life have told just what) made him put her away at arm's length, intently scan her features, and then recoil several steps,

"Your heart isn't in it!" he exclaimed.
"You're giving yourself to me only because of your mother!"
Her eyes dilated frightenedly. "Oh, no don't think that!" she cried.
"But I do think it—I must! Why not,

when I read it, when I see it? Your hear is elsewhere, and you're willing to let me possess, if I will, the void that marks where it once beat. Am I not right? Answer

me, Kathleen, am I not right?"
She burst into a passion of tears. "Yes! yes! I dare not lie to you! If you were not so good and fine I-I might lie, but you tear the truth from me! You saw my pain, my undying memory! You taxed me with them; you insisted that they haunted me and I-I confessed that you were not wrong. But I am willing to be your wife. Willing? Oh, hear me, monsieur! Am I not absurd Oh, hear me, monsieur: Am 1 not ausuru to phrase it like that? Only it is best to be truthful. You, who are so sincere yourself will understand, will pardon. If I had never known him it would have been so different! I could have loved you then, with all my soul! I can imagine some good woman loving you that way. Perhaps it will come to me in time. You spoke of my mother. No, it is not she—not wholly she. Of course she wants such a marriage—what mother would not? I, myself am proud to be your wife. Only, there is that other love, which will not die! Am I not wiser to let you know this? You can't blame me. I see now in your eyes that you do not blame me. I've never asked you if he has spoken of me; I've never wanted to know; it's quite

"There that is all. I go to you, not without a guilty conscience. You know me just as I am. I've tried to crush it, and let you take me with a falsehood in my soul. Many a woman would have done that—almost every other woman in the world would bave done it. But I'm not vaunting my virtues; I'm simply making a clean breast of things
—don't you see? You do see; you must!—
There; I dare say I'll be a worthy wife to you, monsieur, and I'm certain that I will be a very faithful and devoted one. As for a 'queen (and she laughed wildly through "No, Monsieur, only on telling you the truth."

an undreamed of part for me to play! But truth."

I'll try! I'll try hard, strengthened by "The truth from people never disappoints | your help!"

she put forth both hands to him. He took she put forth both hands to him. He took them, kissing them both; and then, still holding them, he said:

"Kathleen, you are a very noble and brave girl. I thank you sincerely for what you have told me. One easily multiplies words; you will understand just how grateful I feel. The evening of the ball is so near that a press of affairs may keep me

from seeing you till then. But, as I said to you yesterday, if I mistake not, my carriage will be here at the hour named, to con-duct your mother and yourself to the palace Au revoir, let everything rest undeter-mined, please, until we meet again."

She felt his lips touch her hand, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, before she could even be sure that he meant to leave her, he had vanished from the room.

She sank into a chair. Her heart was throbbing, and her head swam a little as she

leaned it backward. In a few more seconds her mother shot into her presence by another oor.
"Kathleen!"

"Well, mamma!"
"You've been crying! You're in tears
yet! What has happened? Is it arranged?"
"No; nothing is arranged. That is, if "Good gracious! I hope you haven't quarreled." "We haven't quarreled."

"Thank heaven!" Mrs. Kennaird dropped at her daughter's feet, in a collapse oddly picturesque, considering her size and weight. But atter all she was a woman who never dealt awkwardly with her avoirdupois, though just now carried away by an emotion which might well have imperiled graceful-ness. "Kathleen! Kathleen!" Tell me my darling! You can't be unkind enough not to tell me! Did he mention it? Did he say one single word about it? Now, my child, consider how I suffer! Don't torture

me! Let me know everything!"

Kathleen regarded her mother for a moment, and then slipped both arms round her neck. "Mamma," she said, with a deceit born of pity, and also of that love which all the icy ambition, all the worldly striving, all the hard, barsh American push of her parent had never served to annul, "there is nothing for you to know except that the King was very kind to me, very kind, and I—well. I became a little nervous. It seems like such a great ordeal, mamma, for me to open the ball with him. And yet he's good expend to insist that I will get through good enough to insist that I will get through all right. He-

"All right!" cried Mrs. Kennaird, regaining her feet with a phenomenal alscrity. "There won't be a woman in the ball room who can hold a candle to von!

(To be Concluded Next Sunday.) LIGHT WITHOUT A CURRENT.

sibility of a New Electric System Suggested by Tesla's Experiments. York Advertiser.1

It is not many months since the wellknown electrician and inventor, Tesla, gave a memorable lecture before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, in which he illustrated by a series of beautiful experiments the action of electrostatic currents in tubes, the effect of which is to produce did not turn her look toward him. Now her breath came visibly quicker, pulsing the spray of lace at her throat. Soon he saw her delicate hands flutter a little there, in her lap, like fallen flowers that a breeze blows over and vaguely unsettles. But that was all.

"Yes," he went on, "I have thought of asking you to dwell there with me— as my wife."

At once she turned and met his gaze with great directness.

"You have had this thought, monsleur?"

"It is my wish—my request—my entreaty."

"Your wife?" she repeated; and he saw that she was deeply perturbed.

"Your wife?" she repeated; and he saw that she was deeply perturbed.

"Your wife?" she repeated; and he saw that she was deeply perturbed. intense luminosity. The practical demonFOR SOLDIERS.

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ITS FREE USE AT OLD FORT PITT. Occasionally the Army Boys Get Thirsty and Threatened Riot.

SOME VERY INTERESTING LETTERS

PARTIES FOR THE DISPATOR. HE presentation of a larity. Hon. Joseph Reed. President of the Supreme Execu-

barrel of whisky would not have at tracted much attention a century ogo. When General Arthur St. Clair, of Westmoreland county, Pa., was with Washington in the Continental army, he enj yed great popu-

tive Council of Pennsylvania, had occasion in 1779 to communicate with this gallant commander from Western Pennsylvania, and he sent him a little present by the same courier. General St. Clair's letter of April 4, 1779, replying to President Reed's favor, concludes with

this paragraph: I thank you very kindly for your attention to me. I will accept the Cask of Wine, and whilst we dedicate a part of it to the Genius of convivial mirth, will not forget a grateful Libation to the Donor.

Andrew Carnegie's present of a barrel of Scotch whisky to President Harrison a few weeks ago recalls the above letter, which I ran across in the "Pennsylvania Archives." I found many other curious letters among these archives, some of which I reproduce



A Common Scene in Fort Pill.

below to show the extent to which whisky, rum and wine entered into the provisioning of the troops at our own Fort Pitt more than a century ago, and at the Revolutionary army.

Plenty of Whisky at Fort Pitt In 1779 Daniel Broadhead was the commandant of Fort Pitt, and from the junetion of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers he supplied the other outposts which defended the homes of settlers in this section of the country with provisions, clothing, etc. To one of the captains at such a garrison he sent the following:

Headquarters, Pittsburg, Oct. 22, 1779. Sir,—I am sorry to hear your garrison is without beef, & wish I had known it sooner, pecause I can now readily supply any garrison in the department. By the bearer garrison in the department. By the bearer
you will receive a quantity of salt pork, and
immediately after the arrival of Captain
Clark at headquarters you will receive ten
or a dozen head of beef cattle.
Your most obedient servant,
D. Broadhead,
Col. Commanding W. D.
Directed: Capt. Morgan.

Directed: Capt. Morgan.

P. S.—I have ordered you two keggs whisky for your garrison.

There was probably plenty of whisky at Fort Pitt about this time, for on the same date Colonel Broadhead wrote the following

Headquarters, Pittsburg, Oct. 22, 1779. Dear Sir, I am glad to hear you are safely returned I am glad to hear you are safely returned and I sincerely wish you had found some of the trespassers on the Indian's land, that proper example might have been made. The bearer takes a quantity of sait pork and Whiskey to Fort McIntosh, out of which you will draw as much as may be necessary for the men of the 5th Penn'a Rect, the whole of which except the Armourer Koonty you are to march up to Headquarters, etc.

Your obed't serv't, D. Broadhead.

Directed.....Capt. Clarke.

Directed Capt. Clarke. Says Whisky Was Expensive. A few days later the supply of liquor at Fort Pitt undoubtedly began to run short, for the next letter reads:

Headquarters, Pittsburg, Oct. 27th, 1779.

Dear sir,

I have received your favor of the 24th inst. I am glad to hear you are at length got to fort Armstrong, & I should be happy it was in my power to contribute to the relief of your men, but the means are not yet come up the country.

I have wrote to the President of the State for Blankets and daily expect his answer. I have ordered for your garrison two kees of whiskey and fifteen pairs of shoes. Whiskey and fifteen pairs of shoes. Whiskey and fatteen pairs of shoes. Whiskey being an expensive article, you will not issue it except in rainy weather, & to guards and Fatigues. I approve of the building of the centry Boxes, as they will in some measure shelter the poor soldiers from the weather which will soon be unfavorable.

Your captain returned me 45 men, I shall be glad to know from you where the Men are, which it appears not to have been returned.

I am most obed't serv's,

Dan'l Broadhead.

Directed——Lieut. Jno. Jameson.

That whole letter indicates the hardships Headquarters, Pittsburg, Oct. 27th, 1779.

That whole letter indicates the hardships the volunteers had to suffer in the Alle-gheny Valley, and that Colonel Broadhead meant two kegs of whisky for 45 men to be purely a stimulant, but it was a dangerous experiment to try. That the troops used it as a beverage instead of a stimulant against the weather is evidenced by the letter which Colonel Broadhead wrote to Captain Thomas Campbell in the month following. He

Headquarters, Pittsburg. Nov. 20th, 1779.
Sir—Your letter of this date I have just received. I think it entirely unnecessary to order any pack-horses to your station at present, as the season is now arrived in which the River never fails to rise sufficiently for transporting provisions or anything else between your post and Fort Armstrone. thing ease between your parties strong.

I expected the two keggs of Liquor which I sent you on the 4th inst. would have lasted your men considerably longer, nor can I comply with your requisitions for a further supply at present, as I expect to have occasion to make use of the stock on hand in a matter of more absolute necessity.

I have the honour to be your Obed't serv't,

Daniel Broadhead.

Short on Whisky and Sosp. On the 4th of November, when Colonel Broadhead had sent the whisky to Captain Campbell, his letter read: In the meantime I send you two keggs of whiskey and 20 ibs soap, which you are to issue to your men sparingly, and only at history.

such times as they appear to stand in need IN

It will be observed by his later letter that he only refers to the whisky disappearing in 16 days, and says nothing about the soap. The interence is the men misunderstood his order, and used the soap sparingly.

At last, Colonel Broadhead himself seem

to have grown weary of scant supplies of liquor. In a letter of July 21, 1780, to Hon. Timothy Pickering, of the Board of War, he applies for many supplies. In informing him of the condition of affairs on the frontier, he inserts this innocent clause An officer is sent from my regiment to receive such store as may have been provided for it by the State, and I shall be much obliged to you for ordering up a further quantity of Rum and Spirits.

It was some time before he was successful in getting the order for this further supply quantity, but when he did he quickly wrote this letter to the official who had charge of Government stores:

Head Qrs. Pittsburg, Sept. 15th, 1780.

Head Qrs. Pittsburg, Sept. 18th, 1780.

D'r Sir:

I have just received fresh instructions from the Honourable Board Executive Council of our state to the Commissioners of Westmoreland County. * * The Commissioner is now instructed to furnish the garrisohs with Fifty barrels of flour, 500 bushels of Indian corn, and 100 gallons of whiskey monthly. I enclose the instructions.

Directed—Col. Arch'd Lochry.

A Gill to Celebrate On. Perhaps the crowning use to which whisky among the troops at Fort Pitt was ever put was when the news was received here at the close of the Revolutionary War. Immediately upon the receipt of that stir-ring intelligence the following was issued:

FORT PITT, NOV. 6, 1781.
Parole—General. Countersign—Joy.
General Irvine has the pleasure to congratulate the troops upon the great and
glorious news. Lord Cornwallis, with the

glorious news. Lord Cornwallis, with the troops under his command, surrendered, prisoners of war, on October 19 last, to the allied armies of America and France, under the immediate command of His Excellency, General Washin-ton. The prisoners amount to upwards of 5,000 regular troops, near 2,000 Tories and as many negroes, besides a number of merchants and other followers.

Thirteen pieces of artillery will be fired this day at 10 o'clock in the fort, at which time the troops will be under arms, with their colors displayed. The commissaries will issue a gill of whisky, extraordiuary, to the non-commissioned officers and privates upon this joyful occasion.

But the free use of liquor among the

But the free use of liquor among the early troops naturally caused trouble occa-sionally. Brigadier General Lacey, of Philadelphia, received this story of an at-tempt to get whisky at the point of bayo-

A Small Whisky Riot. Newtown, Bucks Co, Oct. 17, 1781. Sir:-On the 16th inst., the day of your de parture and the discharge of the militia at Camp Newtown, Capt. Buskirk and his Ensign Stiner, of Col. McVeagh's Batt'n, of. Philada. Co., came at the head of their com pany with fixed bayonets and their drum beating the Rogues' March to my quarters, and demanded for the three officers of the and demanded for the three officers of the company each a canteen full of Spirts, as they said, to carry them home. I gave them for answer, that liquor had been issued to the whole Batallion agreeable to your orders and produced Quarter Master Davis' voucher for the same who being present convinced them that the company had drawn their full proportion which they appeared to be somewhat satisfied with, but in a time they broke out and swore they would have their Canteens filled, and if I would not deliver it, they would go to the magazine and iver it, they would go to the magazine and

liver it, they would go to the magazine and take it by force.

I forbid them at their peril to touch the magazine and prepared myself to defend it at all risques: thus matters stood when Col. McVeage who was sent for appeared, and who to pacify them was under the necessity of giving money out of his Pocket to purchase Rum for them. I lodge this as a compliant against them necessary to be taken notice of by a Court Martial.

Your very hol, servt.

Wm. Crispin, C. G. S. P. M.

Colonel Crispin got into more trouble through the liquor controlled by him. This letter was read to the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania: Council of Pennsylvania:

PHILADELPHIA, July 10, 1779.

GENTLEMEN—Inclosed is an account of my allowance of Hum during our Absence from the city, having not drawn any Liquor in that time—indeed it was impracticable for me to do it—the nature of my duty was such I never remained at one place long enough to draw, being obliged to attend at every post where stationed. I therefore left it to settle with Mr. Crispin at some future day. Accordingly I have applied to him many times, his reason always was he was not in cash. Sometime past he settled with me for Sometime past he settled with me for

cash. Sometime past he settled with me for my Rations of Vegetables, &c., during the time when he made no objections to the Rum money. Upon application to him this day for a final settlement he told me he did not know he had any right to pay me without an order from Councill. I am therefore under the necessity of troubling your Honors about this matter, and request you will please to grant an order for payment which will oblige, Gentlemen,

Yrs ms. Obed.,

Humble Servant, Humble Servant, Lodk. Sprogell, M. M. of P. Prices Over a Century Ago. Here is something as to prices paid for

whisky then in Western Pennsylvania:

The entire army was well supplied dur ing the Revolutionary War with whisky, evidenced by the tollowing letter:

TOPPAN, Aug. 3, 1780.

Honoured Sir:—
The Consumption of Provisions have increased this Eight days past, and without the states use four-fold exertions, the army cannot long Subsist. There is now but ten days' flour withit the neighborhood of Camp, King's Ferry & Morris Town, six days' supply of beef, and little or no Rum. And what distresses me beyond measure, I have at this moment been informed that the Magazine at Trenton is quite exhausted, and all the flour and rum there would not Load One Brigade of Waggons.

Eph. Blaine, C. G. P. TOPPAN, Aug. 3, 1780.

In the same month Ephriam Blaine noti-fied President Reed, of the State of Pennfied President Reed, of the State of Pennsylvania, that the Committee of Congress at headquarters having called upon the States to furnish supplies for the army during the campaign, Pennsylvania was thereupon requested to furnish 5,000 barrels of flour, 225 hogsheads of rum, etc. In the minutes of the State Council, when it met at Lancaster on December 24, 1777, this entry is found.

An order was drawn on David Ritten-house, Esq., Treasurer of the State, in favor of Adam Kimmel, for the sum of Five hun-dred & Fifty Pounds, Six Shillings & Eleven Pence, for Whiskey, and carriage of it to our fleet.

JULES VERNE A SCIENTIST. He Reads All the Literature to Get Ma-

terial for His Novels.

Asked as to how he gets the enormous material necessary for his novels Jules Verne said: "Why, I read all the scientific books that are published. In short, everything in the book market of any interest to me. I am also a subscriber to all scientific journals, as you see," making a sweeping gesture with both arms and looking around the over-crowded room with a humorous

expression.
"Besides, I have connections with many of the leading conservatories, museums, etc. Also that I know German is a great help to me. The Germans are remarkably clever, but only theoretically, while the Americans are undoubtedly the most practical, but they sorely lack taste. Only look at their public buildings! Colossal, expensive, but no architecture."

His study is crowded with all sorts of in-

struments, such as a quadrant, an electrical machine, a thermorile, batteries, etc., globes of different sizes, maps, calendars, charts and bookcases. A skeleton stands in a corner among stuffed animals and makes the room look like a museum of natural

SOUTHERN

Fannie B. Ward Off the Coast of Patagonia Rounding the Horn.

THE SUN SINKS AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

on the Islands. ROASTING MUSSELS ON THE SHORES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. OFF THE COAST OF PATAGONIA, Nov. 1. -About midway between Coronel and the ntrance to that perilous passage known as Smyth's Channel, is the port Corral-one of the quaintest and most picturesque places it has been my good fortune to find. a high bluff overlooking its placed bay, which is said to be the safest as it is the most commodious in Southern Chile, are the crumbling walls of a battlemented fortress -the fortress of a dream or of a pictureentirely unlike the prosaic forts of now-adays. This was constructed more than three centuries and a quarter ago by Pedro de Valdivia, one of Pizarro's followers. Inside the fort are rusty cannon of queer pattern, tottering stairways that lead to grass-grown passages and mouldy vaults below, where

doorways open to the water's edge. Just back of the fort an odd little village straggles upon and down the steepest streets, whose weather-beaten cottages, ancient church and dingy saloons look as if tired of clinging to the cliffs and ready to let go their precarious hold and slip quietly into the sea. Some of us chartered a steam tug and went up the river to Valdivis city. So narrow and winding is the channel, full of snags and shoals, that it is navigable only for craft drawing less than nine and one-half feet of water and even they require the assistance of a local pilot.

Suggests Knights and Troubadours. All the adjacent country is hilly and heavily timbered, and the river looks barred a little way ahead by the green, untrodden solitudes that crowd close on every side, while the perspective is closed by the great, white volcano called "Villa Rica," which stands 175 miles inland, but whose snowy dome is distinctly visible from the ocean. The city of Villa Rica, at its base, which Valdiyia built some 340 years are has been Valdivia built some 340 years ago, has been so many times destroyed by Indians and earthquakes that but little trace of it re-

Valdivia city is only about 1,000 feet above sea level, and is completely sur-rounded by dense forests. The chief object of interest in it is an old tower, a relic of the Conquistadores, which shows up beautifully from the river. On landing we made a run for it, for the Captain gave us only 15 minutes ashore. We found it another case where "distance lends enchantment to the view." A rough board fence is built close around it, at the top of the little hill upon which it stands. Ascending a flight of rickety wooden steps, we pounded upon a rickety wooden door, with visions before our eyes of knights and troubadours, hal-berds and coats of mail—and were answered by the angry baying of a dog inside.

A Decided Distilusioning.

Presently the door was opened by an elderly German woman who lives within the temporary inclosure in a little wooden hut leaned against the crumbling citadel, which appeared to be conjointly occupied by a numerous colony of pigs and chickens. A pile of boards obstructed the entrance to the tower, in front of which the angry dog tugged frantically at his chain; so that there was nothing to be done but scamper back to the landing with all possible speed. Though we were three days in passing through Smyth's Chaunel—coming to anchor every night at sunset—it is barely 75

miles long, beginning just beyond Chiloe, which is the northernmost island of that wonderful chain of islands and archipela-goes extending from about latitude 420 southward to Cape Horn. Chiloe, by itself, is a Province of Chile, 120 miles long by 50 niles wide, with a total area of 6,200 square miles. Though its interior has never yet been explored the island is divided into five "compartments," or districts, of which Ancud is the capital. It is a tolerably well-built town, a Bishop's seat, with some pretensions of elegance, which in times not long past had a ropulation as high as 8,000. In the year 1875 the total population of the Province was estimated at 64,536. The whole southward coast of the island is an inaccessible precipice 3,000 feet high, against which the Pacific thunders with ceaseless uproar. The interior is hilly and mostly covered with dark forests of cedar—the Fitzroya Patagonica known to commerce. miles. Though its interior has never ve-

Fitzroya Patagonica known to commerce. Natives Do Not Use Money. Natives Do Not Use Money.

But a comparatively small portion of it has been cleared; and though its scanty population enjoy considerable trade with passing vessels, money is almost unknown among them, all business transactions being conducted by barter. The most valuable article of commerce is the cedar above mentioned, which is exported in small planks. Next in importance is the indiginous potato, which is annually produced in increasing quantities as the forests are cut away. I am told that coal beds of considerable size and value have lately been discovered, which promise to give Chile a new importance.

The largest island off the coast of Chile is Wellington, a good deal farther south-

is Wellington, a good deal farther south-ward, which is 140 miles long by from 30 to 50 wide. The home of the penguin and the sea-lion, where cold winds blow and anow storms prevail during the greater portion of the year, it has never been exnothing better than antarctic beeches and several kinds of evergreens, growing amid soft, spongy moss, into which those who venture ashore sink to their knees. The Patagonian channels, of which there are many besides this named "Smythe," are remarkably alike in general featuresbroadening out four or five miles, others narrowing to a ship's length. All of them have high, abrupt shores, showing innumerable peaks and headlands, whose dark and rugged shapes lend an appearance of gloomy grandeur rarely to be seen elsewhere. Night Begins at 4 O'clock.

Probably the weather has much to do Probably the weather has much to do with the prevailing dreariness, for the sun never smiles brightly upon this forbidding corner of creation where it snows or rains every day in the year and twilight falls at 4 o'clock. The only species of verdure found so far from the equator are evergreens and antarctic beeches, and those are everywhere, blackening the mountain sides, from the water's edge to a height of several thousand feet; like a sponge with ceaseless moisture. By and by we come to glaciers moisture. By and by we come to glaciers—mountains of green and blue ice, with creats of snow, stretching 19, 15 and 20 miles in unbroken grandeur, beside which those of Switzerland and Norway dwindle

to insignificance.

The highest peak of this region is Mount Sarmiento, in what is known as Cockburn Sarmiento, in what is known as Cockburn Channel, which rears a cone of spotless snow nearly 7,000 feet straight up from the blue Pacific at its feet. Its beauty is enhanced by numerous blue-tinted glaciers, descending from its summit—as Darwin, who once saw it said, "Like a hundred frozen Niagaras." On the coast of Southern Chile, as on that of Norway, the fjords are not only narrow but year deep, and the are not only narrow but very deep, and the tides run with restless force.

'Very Trying to Nervous People.

Before entering the English Narrows every vessel slings out its boats, half lowered, to be ready in case of running upon rock or reef. The entire crew is told off for special service in case of any emergency. A number stand in the stern, prepared to rig the auxiliary steering apparatus in the twinkling of an eye, should that in customary use give way. The boatswain and carpenter remain at the windlass in the prow, ready to let go the anchor at a moment's notice. In one place this channel is barely 600 feet across, with slack water

on one side and a powerful current on the Messier Channel is not much wider, with

walls of perpendicular rock on both sides from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. Near its farther end is a huge dome-shaped mountain, a mass of solid granite without a sign of verdure, down which cascades trickle, some of them frozen into miniature gla-

Every afternoon, immediately on coming Every afternoon, immediately on coming to anchor so as to make the most of the short twilight, the captain allowed his pas-sangers to go ashore, himself selecting the best landing places, Sailors were detailed to take care of the picnicers, to build huge fires by piling brushwood around some tall pine tree, and to roast in its ashes the mus-les the literally line the roaks. Nothing but Desolation and Ruined Castles

sles that literally line the rocks. No Signs of the Natives.

On these uncanny excursions nobody ven-tured far inland, deterred as much by fear of prowling Patagonians as by the deep wet moss. There are neither reptiles nor dangerous beasts to be encountered here, for animals know better than to make their homes so near the inhospitable south pole. But one has reason to be afraid of the ins-

digenous human species, though rarely met, unless his party outnumbers theirs. One windy afternoon, in the half hour be-tween sunset and darkness, I wandered alone tween sunset and darkness, I wandered alone a short distance from the signal fire and found a cluster of deserted huts, set close to the beach, each surrounded by a mighty pile of mussle shells. The nomadic Indians of this section, subsisting upon berries and raw sea food, roam from place to place, according to the season. They build huts in favorite localities for use whenever they return thereto—skeleton houses made by planting both ends of lithe poles, interlaced in the ground, on top of which skins can be spread when the owners wish to occupy them. Each hut was about 3 feet high by perhaps 5 feet across, shaped precisely like perhaps 5 feet across, shaped precisely like an inverted circular basket. Trying to fancy how it would feel to be a Patagonian, I crawled into one of them, and was re-warded for my lowly-mindedness by finding a fishing speer made of a long bone, notched on one side like saw teeth, and a bag-like

n one side like Na... pasket of woven reeds. FANNIE B. WARD.

THE CHINAMAN'S CLEAN SHOES. Mud Doesn't Get on Them Because John Sets His Heel Down Solidly.

Louis Globe-Democrat.] A Chinaman is not generally credited with much common sense, but on a wet day on muddy streets he displays an ability to keep his feet clean few white men can equal. He never seems to get his peculiar-looking shoes spinshed nor to take the least trouble in picking his way across the street. This is really because he has little or no heel on

his shoes and because he puts his entire weight on what little heel he has. The fashionable man raises himself onto his toes and proceeds by a series of jumps, which result in covering his shoe tops with mud and his clothes with splashes. It is too much to expect the average human be-ing to wear a heelless shoe, but if he would keep his heels down when crossing a muddy street he would find far less inclination to indulge in profanity at the expense of these who ought to clean the streets but don't.



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the world-renowned Sprudel Salts. Take no substitute. The following on the bottle proves its genuineness: "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole



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