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SYNOPSIS

Richard Burgdorf, a young German artist, whose nickname is "Prince Chardo," and his friend, Florio, a literary student, in the course of their "WanderJahr throught Germany, have reached the end of their resources, and find themselves weary, footsore and hungry by the way-side near a German town. Richard, in whose artistic ability Florio has great faith, sinks down and can go no further. Florio bestirs himself to secure food and a bed for his friend. After one or two reverses he knocks at a promising looking door. A kindly old German woman receives him, gives him food for himself and Richard, and advises him to put on a bold face. He goes through the vineyards, makes friends with an old workman, to whom he jestingly talks about his master, "Prince Chardo." The old man takes the remark seriously, and Plorio is inspired with the idea of using his supposed master's name as a recommendation, in the manner of "Puss-in-Boots."

PART III.

Presently it was Prince Chardo here. Prince Chardo there, Prince Chardo round all the corners, "Our estates," and the phenomenal size and sweetness of the melons, nectarines, peach-es, strawberries and figs grown in those delectable lands and forwarded in huge hampers when his highness deigned to travel in foreign parts; Phince Chardo's castles, villas and hunting-lodges; his cattle, horses, dogs and game; his mines, his forests; his nmense retinue and oriental pomp. The taciturn old vintner hacked the stubbern earth, but Florio plainly perceived he was ruminating. "Where are his estates?"

"Hungry,"

"Hungary? That's far?" "Hungry," rejoined the youth, airily, 'is near or far, according as you go." The old man mused bitterly upon the nequalities of life and vineyards.

"Soft as butter?"
"As fresh as butter." 'What's his whole name?

"What's his whole name?"
"Sedet, acternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus,"
replied Florio, glibly, without the
quiver of an eyelash, "And that's by
no means all of it. He's got a lot
more, Gentlemen of quality always
have, you know, Eless you, they don't
mind how many names they have!"
By this time the vinter had heard By this time the vintner had heard Prince Chardo's name so frequently reiterated that it had become an established fact which naturally proved the authenticity of Florio's claims. The man belonged to that large cate-gery of individuals—not exclusively vintners-who, of an imaginative and essentially suspicous turn of mind, will yet believe the most monstrous tale if they but hear it often enough.

"He is here, your prince?"
"He is here, your prince?"
"He is on the way," Florio said, sweetly, "You needn't say anything about it just yet. He prefers to travel quietly. That's why I'm not wearing my livery. I am only one of the under servants, you know, A lot of us were sent on in advance. It matters not to him how many come. He's not one that counts noses." Florio started at the sky and the earth, vawned and swung his heels with lordly irrespon-

sibility. The peasant, whose back ached betrayed some envy in the dense guttur-als of his monosyllabic response. Unexpectedly and unwarrantly the amiable triller now grew didatic, began to suggest, to instruct, to relate

how much better things were done in Prince Chardo's noble vineyards-in fact, to meddle and dictate. The vintner responded wrathfully that he wanted none of that.

"If you really don't care about get-ng on"-Florio shrugged his shoul-

Eyeing him disapprovingly, the old man deliberately seated himself on the ground, drew a small bottle of beer ground, drew a small bottle of beer and some black bread from a basket behind a current bush, and silently partook of his Vesper, Somewhat mol-lified, he remarked, succinetly; "Do three hundred vines, and you

Between other appeasing draughts,

he added:
"Besides, it's not my work, I've other jobs. I'm sixty-five years old and my back's stiff. But my son Vincenz has broken his arm. It's easy to sit on a wall and brag.

"Oh, I don't mind lending a hand just while you are at your beer," returned the prince's minion, affably, jumped from the wall, flung off his two years old, strong, supple and pos-

all right," the young man explained,

"Oh, no, thanks. I'm full to the brim. Why does the old schoolboy name amuse you on a sudden so im-Florio slapped his thigh and laughed

uproriously.

After awhile Richard said, half sad-You must not think me a glum if I

do not always see the joke nowadays. I used to, you know."
"And will again," Florio said, heartily, laughing no more, "Besides, my jokes are gaseous,"

"He is so awfully fastidious," he re-flected, 'has so many notions, it would be confounded bad luck if he should happen to stroll through the vineyards tomorrow and get a shock to his nervous system."

ous system."

"See here, Chardo, What if you should stay in bed tomorrow and have a good rest? You need it badly. I'll tell the woman to look after you."

Richard smiled drearily.
"I really shouldn't mind much. It's a very good place. The best—except one—for dummies."

"You are week and it will do you."

"You are weak and it will do you good," Florio continued equably, "You must begin to recover your strength."
"It's a mystery to me how you evolve
food and beds out of your inner consciousness."
"That's all right, little one. I'll tell

you about it later. I'm going to evolve a lot of things. I've got some commer-cial transactions on hand. Now, you go to sleep and don't bother.' Richard was too exhausted to remon-strate. Florio soon lay listening to his friend's soft breathing, and reviewed the day. Its victories, in spite of a cer-



SMALL, MEAGERLY LIGHTED STAGE.

tain diabolical luck, seemed paltry and puerile enough, now that the excite-ment was over and night's merciless

ment was over and night's merciless inner light shone on them. Still, there the two wanderers lay housed and fed. "Improbable"—but a solid fact. The bed was short for Florio. But he rather enjoyed the insistence of the footboard, which proved possession. Beyond the shadow of a doubt had he, a vangrant, without diplomatic preliminaries, simply demanded work of liminaries, simply demanded work of the vintner, that suspicious and crusty individual who would have sent him about his business. Had he frankly intimated that was a man of the better coat, selzed a pick, and, being twenty- sort of associations, but, owing to a peculiar combination of adverse



"SEF. HERE, CHARDO, WHAT IF YOU SHOULD STAY IN BED TO-MORROW AND HAVE A GOOD REST?

serged of urgent reasons for desiring to sircumstances, homeless, impecunious please, set to work in a manner that vineyard had never before experienced. When the old man resumed his toll, Florio still continued. He was rather lired, he said, loiling about and waitable said, loiling about and waitable said. ing for the prince. He not only worked steadily and swiftly until seven o'clock, but he told exactly the sort of safe and treaking joke which the vintner relished, and finally declared he was welsome to the three hours' assistance. It was not worth talking about, when one had a good'situation.

They parted on the best of terms after Florio had consented to help train on the morrow—this time for the high handed manner? How buy food?

one had a good'situation.

They, parted on the best of terms after Florio had consented to help igain on the morrow—this time for the asual wages. He sauntered off, but re-

ability the case would have seemed so utterly disreputable, it would forth-

after Florio had consented to help again on the morrow—this time for the asual wages. He sauntered off, but returned to ask, as a mere afterthought, if the man could recommend quiet lodgings not too far off. Happening to have a cousin who sometimes let rooms, he wrote her name and address at Florio's request; "so she'll know I'm of the lodging requisitioned in this high handed manner? How buy food? How without money to provide him with the one thing needful for his physical and moral health—the opportunity to paint in peace? How, in short, tide over until Chardo and he both should find their grooves?

ery tin bauble, a prince's coronet, such as serving men wear on their caps. "What a blessed thing is a high state of civilization," reflected the philoso-

Night thoughts are naked and strong. Florio surveyed his dubiously. The house was in the suburbs. Rustic sounds entered the open window, among them the insistent croaking of frogs, which he for a long time heard mechanically. They gradually awakened memories, and finally inspired him with a project, absurd yet reassuring, which set him heaving with silent laughter and wishing Chardo was well enough to be waked up to listen. Still it was wiser, perhaps, to say nothing. Chardo was fastidious.

Two days later no night thoughts or misgivings clouded the landscape. The sun was up and so was Florio's fun.

"How great men spend the first money earned by the sweat of their brows—and heaven knows mine dripped like Niobe—is always gloated over by their biographers," whereupon he bought at a hatter's a nice little silvery tin bauble, a prince's coronet, such as serving men wear on their caps. court gossip, news about fown, all as risky as possible, you know, without being actually compromising." "Quite my genre," said Florio grave-ly, accompanying the exceedingly ur-bane director back to his private room "As to terms," that gentleman re-marked suavely, "I like your song and don't mind playing for it," suggesting a third of Ninette's salary. Florio looked him in the eyes, put on his hat and walked toward the door.
"Oh, come now, since it's to oblige
you." The director named two-thirds
of the capricious little dame's emoluments.

ments.

Florio paused on the threshold.

"Good morning," he said amiably.

"I'll just look in at the Colissemu."

"Oh, I say, come back, You're a spoiled one, I see plainly. I'll not deny it. I want your song. It's fresh."

"Its not bad," Florio admitted negligently. "In fact, its one of my best It is Prince Chardo's favorite."
"Ah, indeed!" 292 0 3 0 0

pher, examining it contentedly before dropping it nto his pocket. The toy had two little flexible pointed ends, and could be adjusted or removed in the twinkling of an eye. He also pur-chased and put on a high shirt collar. For this promenade he had taken the precaution to don Chardo's coat, it having no holes in the elbow.

"Destiny is more just than we some-times acknowledge;" he had, while dressing informed his friend, "the seat of my trousers is intact."

Strolling on, he fraternized with sundry newsboys, and ne'er-do-wells. The

sort of information he desired was the easiest in the world to obtain.
"What's your line?" demanded the harassed director of a small variety theater, flercely, because still writhing under a recent bouleversement.
"Oh, I can sit up and beg and hold a stick on my nose," drawled Florio,

twirling his young mustache and cock-ing his eye over his new collar. This was evidently a music hall fa-"Sung much?"

"Rather!" "Name?"

"Varies." "Oh, that's all right," muttered the director, never shy of celebrities lying pedus. "Fresh, plenty of nerve," he reflected. "Step this way, if you please. My Kapellmeister is here at moment.

Indifferently, a trifle arrogant of mien, inwardly quaking, yet cheering himself on with adaptations of ancient wisdom, such as "modesty is the thief of time," "cheek is its own reward," "patient waiting gathers no moss," "coming events are soon parted," "it's never too late to throw stones," Florio followed through dark, stuffy and tortuous passages, and finally found him-self on a small, meagerly lighted stage before a dusky auditorium crowded with chairs and tables ad redolent of tobacco and beer.

PART IV.

A little greasy, good-natured man sat at the plane. "Just let me try my paces with you?" opened his audacious mouth and roared an "Ah" scale with a good light

baritone, fairly well trained.
"Now, one of your specialities, if you please," the director, even more ex-pansive, requested. If the young fel-low had a hit, it would really be a godsend, for that little vixen Ninette on the open countenance of the young had tour up her contract in his face, refused point blank to appear that evening, and threatened, unless he deather than the contract of a magnate. They noted the name of the artist. evening, and threatened, unless he doubled her salary, to go over altogether to the Collsseum. The public was daft about her, and her celebrated was daft about her, and her celebrated of Florio's designs. Finally he found of Florio's designs. Finally he found No. 14 promised to be a blank. "You've brought no music?"

"I've been on a walking tour with a apparently prosperous character, alfriend, and not yet looked up my lug-gage. I don't mind singing with no

iccompaniment."
Florio nonchalantly sauntered toward the footlights, and began "The Bullfrog's Roundelay," a mocking, nonsensical, wise, delicious thing, written by his dear, dead father, and set to music by the equally dear and whimsical genius of a friend, for a Christmas merrymaking not a decade ago. It seemed to Florio but yester ago. It seemed to Florio but yester-day that he was one of a chorus of rapturous urchins who, in complete frog garb, crouched on their hind legs during the solo, and croaked and gurgled the refrain, while hopping, after the agile mode of the marshes. As he sang, remembering the kindly light of other days, the present grievous straits looked black enough, and in his throat were divers gulps foreign to the original composition, but he acquitted him-self creditably for all that, and the diector rubbed his fat hands.

rector rubbed his fat hands.

"A good thing."

"A very good thing," echoed the pleased Kapellmeister. "I'll get you a fine accompaniment, sir. Strings?"

"Strings," decreed the lofty Florio, with a vile desire to weep."

"You sang in "F." The Kapellmeister struck some chords, and ran prettily through the melody.

"Just give me some sudden double-

"Just give me some sudden double-croaks in the refrain, will you? Horn, flageolet, bassoon and that sort of thing," you know," suggested the sing-er, as one born in the music hall pur-

"You shall have them, never fear."
"Capital!" exulted the director. "They are mooing at the Collsseum, wants is some local hits-" pr

"OH, I SAY, COME BACK, YOU'RE A SPOILED ONE." "Oh, dear yes. I've sung it to him in private audience fifty times, if I have

The singer, under the name of Willy Winkel, was shortly being engaged by written contract on the gratifying terms hitherto in that chaste temple of art only to Ninette, the darling of

the public. "Minx, she's led me a pretty dance! She'll sing in a different key tomorrow morning. Six months?" he aske'i in-sidiously, glancing up from his desk to the youth sitting easily on the corn-

the youth sitting easily on the corner of a table, who shook his head oracularly.

"Na, na! I have larger things in view. I may and may not stay with you some months, but I can engage only by the week. What time am I on tonight?" he asked languidly.

"Na. 14 between ten and deven Bo

"No. 14, between ten and eleven, Be here at ten, if you please. The Kapellmeister may want you a moment. Second entrance left. The bills are out, of course, but I'll announce you

with a rousing placard."
"I say! "Its awkward about by ing-"I say! "Its awkward about of gage, I had forgotten, I can't sing

"Donnerwetter! What do you mean?"
"Why, my frog costume, man! You

"Why, my frog costume, man: 1611 don't suppose I can sing my song without my own complete frog-mask? You'll have to walt till next week! Not to save your soul! Well, you artists are all alike, as two peas. You all want your own capricious little way, don't you! No. sir. You don't know what you are talking about. You'll find a first-class frog-costume in your dressingroom, sir. Trust me for that. And it's an ad-mirable idea, Herr Willy Winkel, and so opportune, for the Collsseum's had a cow on three nights. Not sing for want of your own costume? You shall be satisfied, sir. Only look in early enough

to try it." Florio sat for awhile on a bench in a park and played with his cap. His features were the happy, artless smile we love to see upon the face of youth. Stepping into a shop he begged to be allowed to glance at a directory, from which he copied a long list of picture dealers.

"Have you anything by Richard Burgdorf?" he inquired of each and all of them. They regretted to say they had never even heard of him.

"Ah? Indeed!" Polite but unmistakable surprise up-



OH, NEVER MIND. PAY WITH THE LARGER ORDER."

though its rosy young proprietor was too busy to be standing at his door gaz-ing benevolently at the passers-by. Florio examined the pictures in the

markable young painter, Richard Burgdorf?" markable Burgdorf?"
"Never heard of him," replied the
other, but not in the Olympian manner
of his predecessors,
Florio raised his eyebrows,

wants is some local hits—" privately assured it would bring down the house. "Well, you see, explained the young man, frankly, attracted by the other's face, and, being himself of humble extraction, quite at ease with a person of that class, "I am a beginner. I've always been in frames. But I'm fond of pictures and am gradually working over. I'll note, them for you. Politics,

Of course, I have a good deal to learn. Won't you come in and look about? I've got one or two nice things, and

some fine engravings I'd be happy to show you." "Oh, guilelessness," sighed Florio, "how beautiful thou art! To think, I, too, was once like that, before I got hungry and hardened."

"You have painter's materials, I see," he said, pleasantly. "Very tolerable

"Oh, yes. Everything."
"He's a good fellow. It's a pity. It's almost like lying to the blessed granny of my dreams. Whereas the thrifty husbandman and the serpentine director and the serpentine directors." tor got not a whit more than they de-served. Still-"

served. Still—"
"We shall soon be wanting a lot of things in that line, I suppose," he observed carelessly. "My master, Prince Chardo, paints."
"Should be honored by his highness' patronage," returned the young man, erect, brisk and respectful.

"Just hand me your busines card, will you? I'll try to remember to come again. I always attend such things. Of course, we are beseiged by tradespeople, and being new her—" he muttered vaguely.

"What painter was it you asked

"Oh, yes-Burgdorf, Richard Burg-"Oh, yes—Burgdorf, Richard Burgdorf, My master is uncommenly interested in his work, and thinks the world will hear great things of him yet. By the way, could you recommend me a studio? A quiet, simple place? The prince will be wanting something of the sort. He naturally prefers not the wards among the calcules of painters. to work among the colonies of painters in great art buildings. His highness in great art buildings. His highness works very steadily, you understand, needs a good studio, but secluded, wher he can go about incognito."

"I' know just ithe place," exclaimed the yours man, with animation. "An artist left suddenly only this morning. But it's always in demand. If you don't hurry, you won't get it."

"I'll hurry fast-enough."

"I'll write the address for you."

"I'll hurry fast enough."
"I'll write the address for you."
"Here, Just write it on your card."
"It's not far. Up the street to the fountate, then turn to the left, up the hill and the long stone steps to the garders. They are quite old people. A gardner and his wife. You'll find nothing so good in town. A large ateller and Miscrips recent additional military and Miscrips are additing to hill. ler and Sleeping room adjoining built up there in the garden by a painter who searched far and wide before he found the light and conditions that suited him, and then died before he

could move in, poor chap!"

"Peace to his ashes! I'm obliged to you. You've done us a greater service than you are awars."

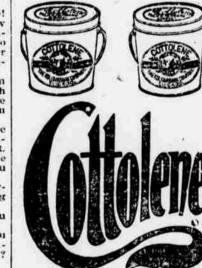
"It is in-my own interest; I shall hope to see you often. Nothing at all today?"

"Well, I hardly know. I might call "Well, I-hardly know. I might call in on my way back for some canvas, a small-one. Stretch it, please, about that size. Just put up a few paints, too, and some brushes—the usual thing, please, I don't really know what is needed." He made an easy movement toward his pocket.

"Oh, never mind, Pay with the larger order."

"Bless you, honest Johannes Mezler, all the days of your pilgrimage!" said the schemr to himself as he walked away. "You shall never less one penny through me. After all, it is not as if Chardo were not a born genius. That he is, I swear it.

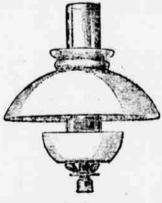
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