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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" through German known have a work of the "Playing?" Florio turned very red. and his friend, Florio, a literary student, in the course of their "Wanderjahr" through Germany, have reached the end of their resources, and find themselves, weary, footsore and hungry, by the wayside 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 best for his friend. After one or two reverses, he knecks at a promising Boking door. A kindly old German woman receives him, gives him food for himself and Richard, and advises him to put on a boil face. He goes through the vinexavis, makes friends with an old workman, to whom he jestingly talks about his master. 'Prince Chardo.' The old man takes the remark seriously, and Florio is inspired with the idea of using his susposed master's name as a recommendation, in the manner of "Puss-in-Boots.' The plan is successful, and Florio obtains work and secures temporary lodgings for himself and his friend, who is ignorant of the subterfuge. Florio also poses as a famous concert singer in disguise, He gives a trial before a manager, repeating a cameal frog song of his boyhood days, and is engaged at a good salary. He persuades a picture dealor that Richard is Prince Chardo, a wealthy amateur in disguise, and obtains painting materials for his friend.

PART V.

Armed with the glittering fib on his cap, together with trusty Johannes Mezler's recommendation. Florio engaged the rooms without difficulty.

Edical Mezler's recommendation of the cap hold a candle to you. Let's go and hear him. gaged the rooms without difficulty. | Florio, his back turned, made a wry

"You are not playing, are you, old

"Playing?" Florio turned very red.
"How? Where? What in the deuce
do you mean?"
"Why—cards, of course."

"Why—cards, of course."
"Oh, cards. Well, that is an idea.
Cards? Heaven forbid." With a
great laugh. "I should say not, Don't
bother, little one." After awhile, with
beautiful candor: "It is merely some
work I am doing for a man who cannot
close it to meet any other time. He give it to me at any other time. He pays me well, so it's worth while." Chardo, never inquisitive, still weak

and greatly preoccupied, troubled his head no more about his friend's nocturnal engagements, and somehow go the fixed impression that it was of a literary nature—writing at dictation, revision or something of the sort,
"He seems to be a rabid smoker of vile tobacco," the invalid once mur-

mured, drowsily, from his pillow, and Plorio chuckled as he pulled off his shoes. Again later, in the studio one day, the painter, glancing at a newspaper. exclaimed, with a certain resentment:



"I DON'T BELIEVE HE CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO YOU. LET'S GO AND HEAH HIM."

fided Prince Chardo's name, even the and replied, with his head out of the long Latin one, to the gardener, and window: urged the necessity of leaving the and amiable character, he was singularly eccentric, and, particularly to preserve his incognito, would hesitate

The gardener sagely replied that sovereigns and such had mostly nowa-days a screw loose in the upper story. All he and his old woman cared about was steady pay and a quiet tenant on the premises, for a carousing painter, such they'd last had, they could not

Florio found Richard doubled up in a state of concentrated gloom. "Here, little one! Now show the stuff you're made of."

Chardo sprang up glorified.

"I don't ask you where you got it. I don't much care if you stole it. Look! Just look at them." thrusting under his friend's nose some maniacal black streaks which to the artist meant two streams which to the artist heart two bare-legged urchins bathed in spring sunshine and fishing in a brook. "Area't they beauties!" He smiled ecstatically. "Tm fairly aching to get at them. If you could have seen the

live unless I paint. Live and paint, Chardo! Paint some sell them for you, every one. Then you can paint the great one. Now you are going to have a good hot Christian supper and some beer. Hear the chink-chink! I carned it."

"It's all right, I tell you. Just give your head for a little while. Some I'll tell you some things that will make your toes curi. You stick to your last. But how long do you want to had to realize that the way of the transpaint the beggars? Of course you can't gressor is hard. But just as his perjugies. tell how long they'll come. Will a week do? Well, we'll stay here a week. Then we will honorably pay our bill and move on to better things. Stopping heavenwards, you know, Don't look incredulous. You pain me, my son. It is almost as if you were aspersing my commercial integrity."

Willy Winkel was a "screaming success," The public said the best thing about him was that he never was at a loss for a new gag. In his speckledgreen mummery he warbled and croaked and dopped several months with unabated vigor, before he felt that he had amassed sufficient ill-gotten gains to permit him to retire from those gilded halls and tread the humble and less remunerative path of literature. But beyond question the bull-frog gallantly filled the breach. He enabled Florio to meet decently and in order the manifold indebtedness he had assumed with such temerity, to nourish Prince Chardo with blood-pro ducing viands, to clothe him in suitable raiment, to lavish upon angel-granny kerchiefs, sugar loaves, snuff and caps against the time when he could more substantially respond to her gracious hospitality. One day, indeed, moved doubtless by pangs of conscience, he hunted up his surly vintner and presented him with a portly pipe and some tobacco, yet could not resist the temp-

Under the pledge of secrecy he con-Iface as at some nauseous compound

"We cannot afford luxuries, just yet, high-born gentleman entirely to his can we, little one? Besides, the man is own devices, for, although of winning probably a blank idiot." "No doubt," acquiesced his Serene

Sometimes all things work together for the naughty. Florio's frivolous mu-sic hall experiences suggested to him a series of sketches which he called "Lehind the Scenes." The first of these papers he submitted in person to the editor of a large journal, the day after the Frog's debut. The great man happened to be suffering from a plague of anaemic contributions. He was of a robust and sanguine temperament, and his young colleague floundered in pes-

As Florio entered his sanctum he was roundly asserting that Schopenhauer, you Hartman and even Nietschke were well enough in themselves, but no fit-ting food for journalistic babes. Ibsen he profoundly admired, but could shoot in cold blood for the burge mental indigestion he had caused among feeble minded disciples. As for Max Nordau somebody ought to wring his little neck. 'Vital, full-bleoded things are what I want. At this moment in came light this morning. They are coming tomorrow. 'Ill be there waiting on the opposite bank. And you've got me all these things? Oh. Florio, I was just ready to curse God and die. I cannot live unless I main ?" ular work. The relationship proved of value to both. Chardo, fully persuaded sketchy little things and I swear I'll his friend was one of the most brilliant young men the world has ever seen, was yet astonished that his first journalistic work was so remunerative, for they wanted for nothing.

Nemesis ought obviously to have overtaken Florio, but in this instance was unpunctual. The classic dame sometimes misses our modern connections. It is true be imagined her deg-ging his footsteps, and he frequently had to realize that the way of the trans-



ONLY HIS LITTLE ECCENTRIC

quondam contours which the years had kindly obliterated—when Florio would shoot a sneaking glance at the worthy old couple in their cottage porch, as much as to say: "It's only his little eccentric way!" and they would not negurible.

astutely.

But Florio enjoyed exquisite moments of compensation. He liked to stand at an open window, the cigarette box in his hand, and inquire in the most solicitous and devoted manner conceivable:

"Does your Highness deign to His Highness, working away as usual at a picture, would rarely turn his head, but merely say, in his pleasant, "What an incorrigible ass you are!" "Quite prince like," the gardener told his wife.

PART VI.

Chardo, not being an infant, a con vict or a maniac, could hardly be locked up for safe keeping. Like other young men, he had the inveterate habit of going where he pleased. Whenever Floric found the rooms descried he would pace them restlessly until he Florio would saw Richard striding in with still un-clouded brow. He not unnaturally strayed into picture exhibitions, chatted with painters, now and again, to Florio's grim despair, went of an even-ing to drink a giass of beer in a cheerful place frequented by the fraternity, if a stray artist chanced to walk into the studio he always found that other fellow unsocial, if not surly. Police men and postmen, in the innocent discharge of their duties, occasioned Florio many not insignificant frights.

In every reasonable and unreasonable way did he seek to avert the ever im-pending disastrous carambolage of Burgdorf and Prince Chardo, at least until the former young gentleman had built up a reputation upon legitimate foundations. But the conspirator fared better than his deserts, and es-caped with his fears and forebodings. Luckily for him, Richard, for the most part, desired nothing better than to shun mankind and paint. Reserved, sensitive, moody, inspired by large hopes, and chafing at the prolonged delay in their fruition, proud of Florio's success, yet longing to bear his own shares of their burdens, he worked unceasingly, bided his time, lived the life of a hermit, and cared for no society but that of his friend.

Yet if the painter so much as stopped to look at something in Johannez Mezler's window, Florio shivered with ap-prehension, and would resort to the meacest inventions, and the longest way around to avoid that street.
"I saw Prince Chardo yesterday."
Mezler announced one morning with
some complacency. "I had a good stare
at him."

"Oh, did you?"
"Handsome fellow, isn't he? No end aristocratic. So pale and a bit haughty. Wouldn't do for you and me, ch? but just suits him. He stood a long time at my window. He almost came in. Then he changed his mind," "Oh, did he?"

"On, did ne?"
"I was just about to run and open
the door for him, when he went on."
Recovering from his alarm Florio re-

Recovering from his alarm Florio replied, with singular vehemence:
"It is lucky for you that you did not. Mezler. He does not like that sort of thing at all. Never open doors for him, never! The prince likes to open his own doors. Never take any notice of him. If he should come in here be as indifferent as you can. Never on any account say Your Highness. If you should make any such slip, he would never enter your place again or let me. never enter your place again or let me. I told you he was eccentric. He in-sists upon the strictest incognito. Do

you ever see me in livery?"
"Oh, I understand all that, I wasn't "Ug-gl-loo,
Ker-chunk, kerchunk,
you may be sure. I must say I like his
appearance, and I believe you've got an
awfully good berth. He seems rather
fond of you, do you know? I noticed
his smiling and gracious manner as
you were walking by last week. After
all, it's no wonder."
"Do you think so?" Florio returned,
modestly. "You see we are about the
same age and grew up together as it
were. That is to say, I was permitted
to play with His Highness when we

to play with His Highness when we

were boys."
"Oh, anybody can see with half an eye tha you have enjoyed unusual advantages." retorted Mezier, encourag-"I noticed that the day we met." Having taken the precaution to re-tretch the "Boys Fishing"-fearing



OFF HE WENT AT A GREAT PACE -TWO MILES STRAIGHT UP A HILL AND TWO MILES DOWN

Mezler might have some occult method of recognizing his own wares-Florio brought it down, and said amiably: "I thought perhaps you might like to see this. It is one of Richard Burg-dorf's sketches. The prince has several at his rooms just now." "Oh, that is a good thing, I like that, I wish I could exhibit it in my win-

"Well, I don't know. I must ask the prince, of course, I suppose I can leave it an hour or so. Mezler met him upon his return with the somewhat embarrassed an-nouncement that a rich customer had

taken a fancy to the little painting particularly when informed it was l young painter of note, a protege of "I hardly know what to say. I suggested a pretty big price, just as a damper, you know. She instantly declared she'd pay it. She's a person I don't like to disappoint. I explained it was not put into my know he sell.

it was not put into my hands to sell and the decision rested entirely with Prince Chardo, but that only made her "Well," said Florio, dispassionately, "I suppose all I can do is to go and ask

Off he went at a great pace two miles straight up a hill and two miles down

again, and exercised heroic self-control not to break in a war dance in the pub-lic thoroughfares, for beyond all things he longed that Chardo, after his struggles, his long illness, helplessness, en-forced restraint and champing of the bit, should have the joy of selling a picture and feeling his own strength. "His Highness has not the least ob-jection," Florio in due time an-nounced, blandly. "He might perhaps

she has one of a size larger than the 'Boys Fishing.'"
"Count upon me, Mezler."

The twain concocted a prize which the lady proudly paid in solid coin of the realm. Two more charming little Burgdorfs the delighted Mezler sold at Burgdorfs the delighted Mezler sold at romantic rates. Discreet, but strongly commendatory paragraphs about the young artist now began to appear simultaneously in many papers, and were largely copied by exchanges. Mezler kindly showed them to Florio, but those journals never lay about the studio. From the day the "Boys Fishing" was sold, Chardo seemed to take a new lease of life. His step became buoyant, his

of life. His step became buoyant, his

The two young men stood silent vastly content with their lot and each other, and listened to the throb of the ship bearing them onward toward their

brave hopes.
At length Florio, half laughing, yet not quite at ease, remarked:
"Your Highness need not henceforth be anxious about me. It's not a chronic complaint, you understand. I really don't think the discrete has struck in deep. Apparently it has not yet selzed my vitals. It was only an acute attack of—"

"Of the literary quality," suggested Chardo, cheerfully. (The End.)



HE WALKED OFF AND STOOD AWHILE ALONE.

bearing erect, his eye calm, his laugh jolly and his large picture grew apace. Florio, covertly watching the trans-formation, feit warm and stout of heart, and repented naught of his sins. But and repented naught of his sins. But as he was slaving much in those days—with his writing and his nauseating night occupation, besides piloting his fibs—and Chardo was now fortuitously launched, it happened that the star known as Willy Winkel disappeared suddendy from the firmament, to the chagrin of the public, still more of the directory who declared with neetins he

tainment which we call life, it is al-ways well to have, no sailors say, some-thing "to windward." Soon he was heard in the studio jov-ially humming:

"Ug-gl-loo,
Ker-chunk, kerchunk,
"Ug-gl-loo,
For now he loved his frog again, and
that is human nature.

ditions. Chardo's first real picture had been snapped up by the Dresden Gallery-one of the incredible events which occasionally confound the prudent and prevent them from becoming altogether too bumptious.

It was dark and quiet Florio opened his heart, and made clean confession. When he had finished, Chardo was "I thought it might amuse

Somehow it doesn't sound very funny. One's jokes so often fall upon the but-tered side." He was right. It did not sound funy. Still Chardo did not speak. At length Florið said, with curious

"I hope you don't mind too much, hardo. Of course it was awfully low down. But so were we. And, ch, didn't But Chardo, viewing the long per-

spective, saw neither fun nor fibs. Something of which Florio was quite unconscious streamed diant upon the vista and revealed nothing petty or base. The painter reached over and wrung his friend's hand abruptly, got up, walked off and stood awhile alone, re-

turned still unrhetorical until finally he muttered, much moved: "It must have been a terribly hard cull—and I—a thankless lump!" "Stuff!

"But of course it's like you. Dumpling."
"Ug-gl-loo! Kerchunk! Got another cigarette, little one?



Everyone knows he biblical story of the passover. The angel of death turned aside only at the doors of the The first-born of all others were slain. There is a

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ries seemed on the point of being found out, some fresh burst of inspired implicitly the episode, he assured himself, one must always dot one's i's—in short, the frog paid their bills, gratified all their simple tastes, and fairly started them on the road to prosperity, but, ah, how Florio loathed him.

Chardo looked anxiously at his friend when regularly about yawning time he began to mumble that he'd got to meet a man, absent himself about an hour or two, and reappear, somewhat flushed, long after midnight.

Ties seemed on the point of being found out, some fresh burst of inspired impounced, blandly. "He might perhaps but the mounced, blandly. "He might perhaps but the mounced, blandly. "He might perhaps but the mounced, blandly. "He might perhaps but the sketch himself, but that is no matter. No price is intimated, and the artist is not at the moment accessible. Of course, it's a slight thing. Still, it's a Burgdorf. The prince thinks, under the circumstances, you ought to a handsome commission for yourself, of course."

Chardo looked anxiously at his friend when regularly about yawning time he began to mumble that he'd got to meet a man, absent himself about an hour or two, and reappear, somewhat flushed, long after midnight.

Severy woman in America should own a scopy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, lists 1,005 pages sike will find plain talk and the artist is not at the moment accessible. Of course, it's a slight thing. Still, it's a Burgdorf. The prince thinks, and the artist is not at the moment accessible. Of course, it's a slight thing. Still, it's a Burgdorf. The prince thinks, and the artist is not at the moment accessible. Of course, it's a slight thing. Still, it's a Burgdorf. The prince thinks, and the artist is not at the moment accessible. Of course, it's a slight thing. Still, it's a Burgdorf. The prince thinks, and the artist is not at the moment accessible. Of course, it's a slight thing. Still, it's a Burgdorf. The prince thinks, the reart of the will be a three at the moment

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