

# "The Man Who Looked Like the King."

BY DAVID SKAATS FOSTER.

Author of "A Crisis in Oldendorf" and "The Six Dumb Bells of Castle Schreckenstrom."

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SYNOPSIS.

Stuyvesant Perkins, an American traveler in Europe, leaves his fortune behind and starts on foot for Hamburg. While crossing the Bavarian frontier, he meets one August von Dunkelheim, of Munich, an old friend, and that he is anxious to disappear, on account of his resemblance to the king. Von Dunkelheim persuades Perkins to assume his personality, in exchange for 2,000 marks. Perkins is soon after arrested by the Bavarian police for an offense committed by von Dunkelheim, and taken to Munich. He is informed that his supposed wife can obtain his release, but that she insists on his leaving the prison with her. He is allowed to obtain a look at her. She proves to be a large, elderly woman of unattractive appearance.

PART II.

I now saw why it was that von Dunkelheim wished to change his identity and leave the country, also why he was so thoroughly convinced that he had broken the unwritten law which had mentioned. I touched the lawyer's arm and we returned to my apartment.

"Unless the offense is a hanging matter," said I, "I would prefer to remain here and stand my trial."

"I fear it is," he answered. "In that case," said I, "go ahead and do what you think best."

"Herr von Dunkelheim, you have decided wisely; though I confess that the alternative is not as attractive as it might be. In case we succeed, and I have no doubts of it, you will be released in a few hours, from the prison or from the postern door of the establishment which opens upon the Kerkstrasse. Your better half will be waiting for you there, with a close carriage. You have my best wishes. I will now bid you good-night."

Herr Wittelsbach withdrew, and I was left alone with my thoughts. The advent of Frau von Dunkelheim was too much, and I would almost upon the spot renounce my determination. Some mysterious influence within me, however, persuaded me to keep up my change of identity for a while longer; if for nothing else, so that I might see what came of it. "I will escape her yet," thought I.

At some time before twelve o'clock, the turnkey again appeared and informed me that I was to be released. First, giving me back the several articles which had been taken from my pockets, at my arrest, he led me through a number of corridors, up and down two or three stairways, through a damp and cobwebby cellar or dungeon, which echoed with our footsteps, and then up another pair of stairs, into a small anteroom. Here he offered me a glass of beer, and wishing to conciliate him, I drank it, but found it villainous stuff, with a very peculiar taste to it. He then opened a door and let me out into a gloomy street, a sort of cul de sac, which ended or commenced at the prison.

Two or three gas jets flickered near by, and as the door slammed behind me, a close carriage, standing about two hundred feet away, started up and came toward me. The street was so narrow that I could scarcely pass it without being seen. It contained, undoubtedly, the fair of Munich. I called hastily a little way toward it, keeping in the shadow of the houses, and looking for some place in which to conceal myself. There was, of course, no reason why I should have been alarmed, as she was in pursuit of my recreant husband, whom I did not remember.

"Who are you?" I asked. "I am your majesty's new valet, Gottfried Johannes Hoffmann. Your majesty will doubtless recollect that I was recommended to your majesty by his serene highness, the prince of Saxo Weimberg Gotha. I came three days ago, while your majesty was absent at Baireuth. Yesterday I was informed by your majesty's chamberlain, Baron Wingerode, that your majesty would return at night; that your majesty would go immediately from the station to the home of the banker Goldschmidt, in the Kerkstrasse; and that I was to call for your majesty there, at eleven o'clock, in order to give your majesty a pleasant surprise, with your majesty's new electrical coupe, which had just come from your majesty's wagon maker."

"What in thunder are you talking about?" I cried.

"Your majesty's new horseless carriage, which runs with electricity. I went with it to Banker Goldschmidt's house at eleven, together with Casper Spielhagen, your majesty's new motor man. The instructions were that we

kept watch, through the back window of my coupe, on the enemy, and, twice or thrice I saw the goggle head of Cuntgrunde thrust forth from her carriage door as though she had become anxious and impatient.

Suddenly the door of a house a short way distant opened and a man came down the steps upon the sidewalk. As he passed into the light of the nearest lamp I got a clear view of his features. I was surprised beyond measure, for it was none other than August von Dunkelheim, the owner of my identity. He had made some changes in his dress and had enveloped himself in a volumi-



"I AM YOUR MAJESTY'S NEW VALET."

inous cloak or mantle. He seemed to be engaged in meditation. He looked up in an abstracted sort of manner, and beholding his wife's carriage at the curb a short way ahead of him, he went toward it. He opened the door and placed his foot upon the step preparatory to getting in. Then he must have discovered its occupant, for he recoiled and gave utterance to an expression which I cannot set down upon paper. He was, however, too late, for a strong hand shot out of the carriage and seized him by the collar and snatched him bodily in. The door was banged shut and the vehicle rumbled away up the street.

It was the most ridiculous and comical thing that I had ever seen. The most complete justice had overtaken him, and I would have had a long laugh about it, had he not been oppressed with sleep. I fought against it, but it was of no avail. It was something abnormal. I had never felt that way before, and I could not wholly account for it. A bitter taste in my mouth, of which I now became suddenly conscious gave me the clue. That turnkey had been in league with Frau von Dunkelheim and her lawyer and had given me a drug in the beer. There must have been no better place for a good, sound luxurious sleep than that deserted carriage. It was the most elegant vehicle which I had ever seen, and it was so full of rugs and robes and cushions that I was almost lost in them. I now sank down into one corner of it, and in less than a minute I was slumbering like the seven sleepers of Ephesus combined.

"No longer in the carriage, but stretched out comfortably in bed. A man was bending over me; a man with a clean-shaven face and the air of a very respectable and pampered man. "Your majesty had had an exceedingly good night's rest," said he.

"What!" said I.

"I would say, your majesty, that you have slept much better than is your majesty's wont. I was told that your majesty had been troubled of late with insomnia."

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were not to ring the bell, but wait until your majesty came out. After waiting three-fourths of an hour, we thought it best to go into the next street and telephone the palace, to find if we might ring. Caspar and I left the coupe, and together, we went to the corner of the Schillingstrasse. I then sent him to the telephone, while I stood on the corner and looked back at the banker's house and the coupe. It was then that I saw your majesty come out and get into the carriage. When we returned, we found your majesty already fast asleep. We rode to the palace, and, not wishing to disturb your majesty's slumber, carried your majesty's person to your majesty's yellow bedroom; whence, removing your majesty's outer clothing and shoes, I put your majesty to bed."

I thought, at this, that I had, by some horrid pocus, been juggled into an asylum for the insane, and that I was being addressed by one of the inmates; but a look around the chamber at once satisfied me of my error. It was a large and stately apartment, decorated and furnished in the most extreme and fantastic rococo style. Everything—the artistic frescoes of the walls and ceiling, the damask and oak of the movable seats of the sofas and the velvet upon the floor—was of yellow, shaded from the lightest of canary to the deepest of saffron. I glanced at the man's face, and acknowledged to myself that he had nothing of the fanatic in his make-up. He was a man of forty to forty-five, sleek in his appearance, and "dearly in his movements, and

with a face, the expression of which was an imperturbable levity. I raised myself and sat upon the edge of the bed, and cogitated. There was truly something reasonable in what he said. I remembered the horse-drawn carriage, which I had imagined an ordinary coupe, from which the horses had been taken. I remembered the luxuriousness of it, and how I had appropriated to myself the horse-drawn carriage, which I had imagined an ordinary coupe, from which the horses had been taken. I remembered the luxuriousness of it, and how I had appropriated to myself the horse-drawn carriage, which I had imagined an ordinary coupe, from which the horses had been taken.

"Well," said the silverite, "if we get free silver that goat will be worth \$4, twice as much as it is now."

"Y-a-s," drawled the man, "and if I had this barrel of water in Hades, it would be worth \$1000 at least."

The silverite said nothing, but rode on, thinking deeply.

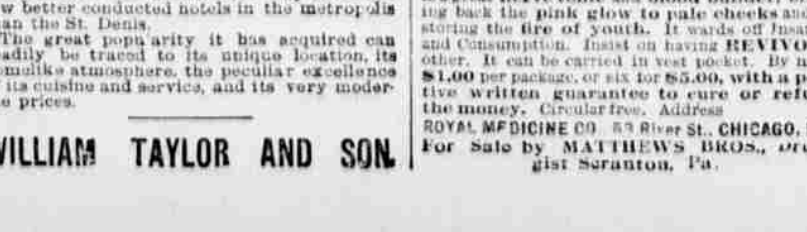
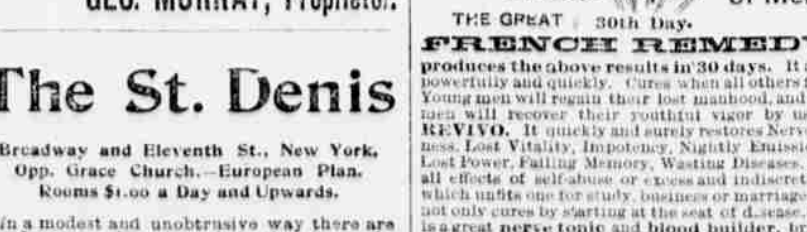
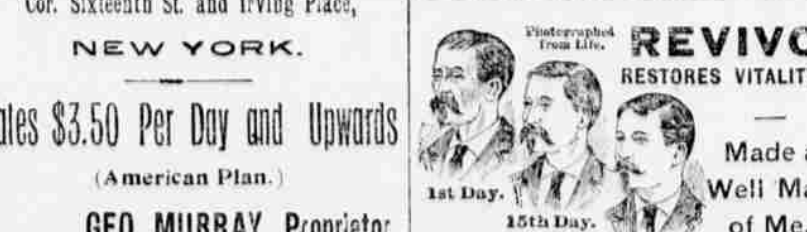
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How it Came About That the Rival Kingdoms of Neberanbergenstein and Witthohensouenwald Were United.—LITE.

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THE SILVERITE SILENCED.

One of Private John Allen's Inimitable Campaign Stories.

Private John Allen, of Tupelo, Miss., the humorist and story-teller of the house, brings back a new story with him. There is a shrewd suspicion that he is the silverite spellbinder referred to in his story, although he does not say so. The story is that a silverite spellbinder was traveling from one point to another on horseback to fill his engagement, when he met a man on the road hauling a barrel of water, that being a section of the state where good water from wells or springs is a rather scarce article. The silverite fell into conversation with the man with the water barrel, and as they were discussing the burning issue of the campaign, the silverite man spied a goat in a field by the roadside. He asked the man with the water barrel what that goat was worth. The reply was "about two dollars."

"Well," said the silverite, "if we get free silver that goat will be worth \$4, twice as much as it is now."

"Y-a-s," drawled the man, "and if I had this barrel of water in Hades, it would be worth \$1000 at least."

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**RAILROAD TIME-TABLES**

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD SYSTEM

Anthracite Coal Train Exclusively Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.  
IN EFFECT NOV. 15, 1896.  
TRAINS LEAVE SCRANTON.  
For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R., at 6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:35 (Black Diamond Express) and 11:30 p. m.  
For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D. & H. R. R., at 7:45, 8:45, 11:30 a. m., 1:55, 3:40, 6:00 and 8:45 p. m.  
For White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville, and principal points in the coal regions via D. & H. R. R., at 6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:35 (Black Diamond Express), 4:41 and 11:30 p. m.  
For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., at 6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:35 (Black Diamond Express), 4:41 and 11:30 p. m.  
For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations via D. L. & W. R. R., at 6:00, 8:05, 9:55, 11:20 and 10 p. m.  
For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., at 6:45, 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 1:30, 3:35 (Black Diamond Express), 5:50 and 11:30 p. m.  
Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley coaches on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.  
GOLDEN R. R. R., Supt., CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Phila., Pa.  
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.  
Scranton Office, 209 Lackawanna avenue.

**Del., Lacka. and Western,**  
Effect Monday, October 19, 1896.  
Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, at 2:59, 5:59, 8:59, 11:59 a. m., and 3:59 p. m.  
Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5:15, 8:00 and 9:55 a. m., 1:10 and 3:35 p. m.  
Washington cars on all trains between Tobyhanna accommodation, 6:10 p. m. Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12:20, 2:35 a. m., and 1:15 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.  
Bath accommodation, 9:15 a. m. Binghamton and Washington, 1:05 p. m. Nicholson accommodation, 3:15 p. m. Binghamton and Elmira express, 5:05 p. m.  
Express for Utica and Richfield Springs, 2:10 a. m., 1:55 p. m., 11:30 p. m.  
Hancock 4:50 and 9:15 a. m., and 1:55 p. m.  
For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connection at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.  
Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6:05, 9:55 a. m., and 4:40 and 9:30 p. m.  
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8:05 and 11:20 a. m., Plymouth and intermediate stations, 2:40 and 8 p. m.  
Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.  
For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

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Electric Batteries, Electric Exploders for exploding blasts, Safety Fuse, and Repanno Chemical Co.'s HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

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**CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER**  
HAVE YOU CATARRH OF THE NOSE?  
HEADACHE NEURALGIA  
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This MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful relief in Catarrh of the Nose, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Hay Fever, Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, and all respiratory diseases. Convenient to carry. For sale by all druggists and chemists.

**Eric and Wyoming Valley.**  
Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newburgh and intermediate points on Erie also Newburgh and the South at 7:55 a. m. and 2:25 p. m.; and arrive from above points at 10:33 a. m. and 9:38 p. m.

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**DR. HEDRA'S VIOLA CREAM**  
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**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.**  
Schedule in Effect November 15, 1896.  
Trains leave Wilkes-Barre as follows 7:30 a. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and for Pittsburg and the West.  
10:15 a. m., week days, for Hazleton, Pottsville, Reading, Norristown, and Philadelphia; and for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.  
3:15 p. m., week days, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg and the West.  
3:15 p. m., Sundays only, for Sunbury, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg and the West.  
6:00 p. m., week days, for Hazleton and Pottsville.

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Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

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If you contemplate purchasing or leasing a house, or want to invest in a lot, see the lists of desirable property on page 2 of the Tribune.

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