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CONTINUED

It was due to the most stupendous exertion of self restraint on my part that I said, "Well, I'll be figgered!" Her audacity staggered me.



"I am a very old man," he whined.

"You must be a dreadful woman!" I cried out. "First you make yourself at home in my house; then you succeed in stopping my workmen, steal my cook and menservants, keep us all awake with a barking dog, defying me to my very face."

"How awfully stern you are!" "I don't believe a word you say about a sick baby—or a doctor! It's all poppycock. Tomorrow you will find yourself, bag and baggage, sitting at the bottom of this hill waiting for—"

"Wait!" she cried. "Are you really, truly in earnest?" "Most emphatically!" "Then—I shall surrender," she said very slowly and seriously, "I was glad to observe."

"That's more like it!" I cried enthusiastically. "On one condition," she said. "You must agree in advance to let me stay on here for a month or two. It—it is most imperative, Mr. Smart."

"I shall be the sole judge of that, madame," I retorted, with some dignity. "By the way," I went on, knitting my brows, "how am I to get into your side of the castle? Schmick says he's lost the keys."

"A good deal depended on her answer. They shall be delivered to you tomorrow morning, Mr. Smart," she said soberly. "Good night."

"The little window closed with a snap and I was left alone in the smiling moonlight. I was vastly excited, even thrilled by the prospect of a sleepless night."

"I do," said he, with a great deal more wit than I thought he possessed. "I have been talking with the lady this evening," said I.

"Yes, mein herr; I know," said he. "Oh, you do, eh? Well, will you be good enough to tell me what is the meaning of all this two faced, underhand conduct on your part? I want the truth from you. Who is this woman, and why are you so infernally set upon shielding her? What crime has she committed? Tell me at once, or, by the Lord Harry, out you go tomorrow—all of you!"

"I am a very old man," he whined, twisting his gnarled fingers, a suggestion of tears in his voice. "My wife is old, mein herr. You would not be cruel. We have been here for sixty years. The old baron—"

"Enough!" I cried resolutely. "Out with it, man! I mean all that I say!" "Tomorrow, mein herr, tomorrow," he mumbled in a final plea. I shook my head. "She will explain every thing tomorrow," he went on eagerly. "I am sworn to reveal nothing, mein herr. My wife, too, and my sons. We may not speak until she gives the word. Alas, we shall be turned out to die in our—"

"We have been faithful servants to the Rothhoefens for sixty years!" sobbed his wife. "And still here, I suspect!" I cried angrily.

Mr. Poopendyke's common sense came in very handy at this critical juncture. He counseled me to let the matter rest until the next morning when it was reasonable to expect the lady herself would explain everything.

barons Rothhoefen, who, whatever else they may have been in a high handed sort of way, were men to the core. This pretender, this creature without brains or blood, this sponging reprobate, was not to their liking. If I am to quote Conrad, who became quite forceful in his harangue against the recent order of things.

He, his wife and his sons, he assured me, were full of rejoicing when they learned that the castle had passed from Count Hohendahl's hands into mine. I at least would pay them their wages, and I might, in a pinch, be depended upon to pension them when they got too old to be of any use about the castle.

All attempts on my part to connect the lady in the east wing with the history of the extinct Rothhoefens were futile. He would not commit himself.

"Well," said I, yawning in helpless collusion with the sleepy Gretel, "we'll let it go over till morning. Call me at 7, Britton."

I went to bed, but not to sleep. It was very clear to me that my neighbor was a disturber in every sense of the word. She wouldn't let me sleep. For hours I tried to get rid of her, but she filtered into my brain and prodded my thoughts into the most violent activity. She wouldn't stay put. But finally I dropped off.

I was aroused from my belated sleep by the sound of mighty catanacts and the tread of countless elephants. Too late I realized that the tourists were upon me! Too late I remembered that the door to my room had been left unlocked! One hundred and sixty-nine were budded outside my door, drinking in the monotonous drivel of the guide who had a shrill, penetrating voice and not the faintest notion of a conscience.

I listened in dismay for a moment and then, actuated by something more than mere fury, leaped out of bed and prepared for a dash across the room to lock the door. On the third stride I whirled and made a flying leap into the bed, scuttling beneath the covers with the speed and acrobacy of a crawfish. Just in time, too, for the heavy door swung slowly open a second later and the shrill, explanatory voice was projected loudly into my lofty bed chamber.

"Come a little closer, please," said the morose man with the cap. "This room was occupied for centuries by the masters of Schloss Rothhoefen. It is a bedchamber. See the great baronial bed. It has not been slept in for more than 200 years. The later barons refused to sleep in it because one of their ancestors had been assassinated between its sheets at the tender age of six. He was stabbed by a stepuncle who played him false."

A resolute beholder spoke up. "Can't we step inside?" "If you choose, madame. But we must waste no time."

"I do so want to see where the old barons slept."

The Daily Fashion Hint.



Black taffeta gown, with skirt of plaid taffeta. This is one of the new models where there is an effect of fullness in the skirt, while the tighter drop skirt is retained as a foundation skirt.

FORD BUILDING OPENS MAY 15

New Establishment on South Cameron Street Nearing Completion. The Ford Sales Company's new building, the Mulberry street bridge, just above the Mulberry street bridge, is nearing completion. It is expected to be ready for occupancy not later than May 15.

A Woman's Reasons Against Further Armament. The "American Magazine" has been offering prizes for the best letters on the subject, "Shall We Arm?" The publishers announce that the vote stands at the ratio of four in favor of increased armament to five against it.

180,000,000 Russians on Water Wagon. In the May "American Magazine" Captain Granville Fortescue writes an article, entitled, "Battling for Warsaw." It is an account of the great war on the eastern frontier of Germany. Following is an extract.

When Russia went to war the Czar with a stroke of his pen put one hundred and eighty million people on the water wagon. And, believe me, this water wagon 'ikou' is no bluff. It is harder to get a drink in Russia to-day than it is at Lake Mohonk.

Sir Charles Wyndham's Cabin Supper Room. During his active management of the Criterion Theatre Charles Wyndham also had his private supper-room, where he and a bright company of guests often heard the chimes at midnight.

Partners. Who digs a well, or plants a seed, A sacred pact he keeps with sun and soil. With these he helps refresh and feed The world, and enters partnership with God.

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J. Harry Stroup Insurance Agent 1617 North Second St.

STRIKE TIES UP CANAL

Not a Single Boat Operating Between Mauch Chunk and Bristol. Mauch Chunk, Pa., April 26.—The difficulty between the boatmen on the Lehigh canal and the officials, which has existed almost constantly since the opening of the boating season, has reached an acute stage, and there is not a single boat in operation between Mauch Chunk and Bristol.

FIND NEW COAL MEASURES. Long Life to Markle Mines Indicated by Water Bore. Hazleton, Pa., April 26.—Geologists' declarations that under no circumstances could there be coal measures on the mountain between the G. B. Markle mines, at Jeddo, and the Calvin Pardee operations, at Lattimer, were disproven by drillers, who, in sinking a bore-hole for water for the Markle Company, struck a vein of coal at a depth of 200 feet.

MURDER IN BLOW OF BAT

Fourth in Month in Community Due to Sunday Fight. Shenandoah, Pa., April 26.—Struck over the head with a baseball bat, Marty Kibbitz, quit a fight here last night with a fractured skull, Anthony A. Nicholas and Anthony Pelipin were arrested by Chief Constable, Captain Manley and Officer Ringheiser and committed to jail. Kibbitz was rushed to the State hospital in a dying condition.

Motorcyclist Killed in Reading. Reading, Pa., April 26.—Losing control of a motorcycle he was riding for the second time, Howard Lebo, of this city, was thrown to the roadway at Morgantown, near here, late yesterday afternoon, sustaining a fractured skull. He died at the Reading hospital last night.

Add Building to Masonic Home. Elizabethtown, April 26.—Reading Masons visited the Masonic Home here and selected a site for the Berks county memorial home on the grounds. It will cost about \$25,000. A contract was awarded for the structure, to be built of granite.

Republican Leader Thirty Years Dies. Lancaster, Pa., April 26.—Joseph Miller, 73 years old, for many years a Marietta business man, died yesterday. Active in local Republican circles, he was a member of the county committee for thirty years.

Reading Builds Four New Bridges. Reading, Pa., April 26.—The Reading Railway Company has begun work on the first of four new bridges over or under streets at Sixth and Fourth streets and Schuykill and Center avenues, to be built next summer at a cost of \$100,000. All will be of concrete.

Becks Farmers Want Laborers. Reading, Pa., April 26.—The Berks county farm bureau has received numerous requests from farmers to help in field work. They say there will be a shortage of farm laborers this summer.

Wild Animals Trust This Man. In the Interesting People department of the May "American Magazine" appears an article about Sol A. Stephan, who is doing a splendid work at the Cincinnati Zoological Garden. He knows how to perform a surgical operation on a tiger, cure a hippopotamus and take care of all kinds of wild animals. His work requires a rare kind of wisdom and ability. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"For thirty-five years Sol Stephan has presided over the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, and has been, therefore, foster father to every sort of wild animal which has ever been seen in a zoo on this continent.

"Stand beside the cage of a fierce and monstrous lion suffering with an ingrowing claw, an abscess or a decayed tooth. Could you suggest a safe and effective method of operating? Sol builds a false back for the cage, ten men pull it forward with ropes, it constricts the lion until he cannot stir, and the trick is accomplished.

The Harrisburg Polyclinic Dispensary will be open daily except Sunday at 3 p. m., at its new location, Front and Harris streets, for the free treatment of the worthy poor.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Choice and Preparation of Mushrooms

The mushroom family is so large that it is not surprising we continually mistake near-edible ones for their savory and nourishing relatives. The fear of poison deters many of us from making use of the species that abound in pastures and woods and it is an important matter to have the real standing of the fungi made clear. But just as all signs fail in dry weather, so do all mushrooms seem treacherous.

There are many ways suggested to determine if poison lurks in the fungus, as dropping a piece of silver in the cooking food, but they are all futile. The cultivated varieties give little trouble and the cheapest way to secure the good mushrooms is to buy them.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. "What is meant by a faggot of parsley?"—Jane.

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MYSTIC HAMMERS. The frost with little soundless wedges Can pry the cliff apart; Yes, it can heave the ancient ledges And make the mountain start; So Love with stroke of delicate sledges Opens the flintiest heart. —Edwin Markham in May Nautilus.

HOTEL WOODWARD. New York. BROADWAY & 55th ST. Comfortable every convenience and home comfort and commands "itself to people of refinement wishing to be within easy reach of the "allowed" attractions, social, shopping and dramatic centers. 1 Prom Pennsylvania Station (last Seventh Avenue cars and get off at 55th Street); walk twenty steps west. 1 Prom Grand Central Terminal (the Broadway cars and get off at the door).

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