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#### CONTINUED

"Splendid!" I cried. "You convince me that it can never happen."
"You spoke of him as my husband.

she said, going back to my remark. "He is not my husband. Please be good enough to remember that."

"It will be easy, I assure you. May I therefore venture the hope that if you ever decide to marry again you'l give som i deserving American a chance to make you his queen?"

"I shall never marry, Mr. Smart," she said with decision. "Never, never again will I get into a mess that is so hard to get out of. I can say this te you because I've heard you are a bachelor. You can't take offense." "I fondly hope to die a bachelor."

said I with humility.
"God bless you!" she cried, bursting

into a merry laugh, and I knew that Mr. Smart? Found out?"

"If you are caught shielding a fugi-

"Well, upon my soul!" I gasped "Would you turn me out of my own house? This beats anything I've""I was only thinking of your peace

of mind and your-your safety," she cried unhappily. "Truly, truly I was." Well, I prefer to stay here and do what little I can to shield you and Rosemary," said I sullenly.

"I'll not say anything horrid again Mr. Smart," she said quite meekly. (1



never seen any ore in all my life so pretty as shell. Her moist red lip take this occasion to repeat that I've trembled slightly, like a censured

child's.
With an abrupt change of manner she began to pace the floor, distractedly beating her clinched hands against her bosom. Twice I heard her mut-

mur. "Oh. God!"

gave me a most uncanny shock. And now I was witness to the prin be safely pla she suffered; now I heard her cry out harvest be? against the husband that had hurt her so pittlessly. I turned my head away, vastly movec. Presently she moved presented the castle to them.

over to the window. A covert glance revealed her standing there, looking

I stealthily quit my position by the mantelpiece and tiptoed toward carelessness. the door, bent on leaving her alone. Very bright and charming Americans. Halfway there I hesitated, stopped and then deliberately returned to the with the American embassy at Vienna, fireplace, where I noisily shuffled a and I liked him from the start. The fresh supply of coals into the grate. baron was in the Russian embassy and It would be heartless, even unmanner- was really a very nice boy. to leave her without letting her know that I was heartily ashamed of asked. myself and completely in sympathy with her. Wisely, however, I resolved to let her have her cry out. Some one a great deal more farseeing than tender blue eyes.

I let the world into a most important "Poor fellow."

that course when in doubt. for a long while I waited for her to regain control of herself, rather dreading the apology she would feel called upon to make for her abrupt crecy."

we got him of here where it is quiet much to regain control of herself, rather am not supposed to tell you a word of the story! We are all aworn to second." called upon to make for her abrupt creey."

"Women," said Billy impressively.

"The sobs ceased entirely. I experienced the sharp joy of relaxation. Her dainty lace handkerchief found employment. First she would dab it Elsie gravely. "He was married to statement of the sharp in the statement of the sharp in the statement of the sharp in the

cautiously in one eye, then the other, after which she would scrutinize its crumpled surface with most extraor-dinary interest. At least a dozen times she repeated this puzzling operation. What in the world was she looking for? To this day that strange, sly peeking on her part remains a mystery

to me.
She turned swiftly upon me and beckoned with her little foreinger. Greatly concerned, I sprang toward her. Was she preparing to swoon? What in heaven's name was I to do if such a thing as that?

"Look!" she cried, pointing upward through the window. "Isn't she love-

I stopped short in my tracks and stared at her in blank amazement. What a stupefying creature she was: into a merry laugh, and I knew that a truce had been declared for the time obeyed with alacrity. Obtaining a being at least. "And now let us talk rather clear view of her eyes, I was sense. Have you carefully considered the consequences if you are found out of departed tears. Her cheek was as smooth and creamy white as it had been before the deluge. Her eyelids were dry and orderly, and her nose tive from justice. It occurred to me had not been blown once to my recollast night that the safest thing for you do. Mr. Smart, is to—to get out covery. I still wonder.

yourself." I stared. She went on hur riedly, "Can't you go away for s month's visit or"—

The cause of her excitement was visible at a glance. A trim nursemaid stood in the small gallery which circled the top of the turret, just above and to the right of us. She held in her arms the pink hooded, pink coated Rosemary, made snug against the chill winds of her lofty parade ground. Catching the nurse's eye, she sig-

naled for her to bring the child down to us. Rosemary took to me at once. A most embarrassing thing happened. On seeing me she held out her chubby arms and shouted "da-da!" at the top of her infantile lungs.

I flushed, and the countess shrieked with laughter. It wouldn't have been so bad if the nurse had known her place. If there is one thing in this world that I hate with fervor it is an ill mannered, poorly trained servant. A grinning nursemaid is the worst of

"Ha, ha!" I laughed bravely. "She -she evidently thinks I look like the count. He is very handsome, you

"Oh, that isn't it!" cried the count ess, taking Rosemary in her arms and directing me to a spot on her rosy cheek. "Kiss right there, Mr. Smart, There! Wasn't it a nice kiss, honey bunch? If you are a very, very mice little girl the kind gentleman will kiss you on the other cheek some day. She calls every man she meets da-da," explained the radiant young mother.
"Oh." said I, rather crestfallen.

"Would you like to hold her. Mr. Smart? She's such a darling to hold."
"No-no, thank you." I cried, backing

"Oh, you will come to it. never fear." she said gayly as she restored Rosemary to the nurse's arms. "Won't he,

"He will, my lady," said Blake with conviction. I noticed this time that Blake's smile wasn't half bad.

At dinner that evening I asked Poorendyke point blank if he could cuit to mind a marriage in New York society that might fit the principals in this puzzling case.
"I'm sorry, sir, but-but I can't do

"How dare you suggest such a thing!" it. I promised her this morning I

### CHAPTER X. I Receive Visitors.

HE east wing of the castle was as still as a mouse on the day my house party arrived. Grim old doors took on new padaur. "Oh. God."

locks, keyholes were carefully stopped
up. creaking floors were calked, and yet I trembled. My secret seemed to be safely planted, but what would the

There was a Russian baren whom for brevity's sake I'll call Uncovitch. not down at the Danube that seemed There was a Viennese gentleman of so far away, but up at the blue sky twenty-six or eight. I heard, kut who so far away, but up at the blue sky twenty-six or eight. I heard, kut who that seemed so near.

The sound of dry, suppressed sobs He was a plain mister. The more I came to my ears. It was too much saw of him the first afternoon the more I wondered at George Hazzard's carelessness. Then there were two very bright and charming Americans

"And this Mr. Pless, who is he?" 1

I let the world into a most important "Poor fellow," she sighed. "He is in secret when he advised man to take great trouble, John. We hoped that it we got him off here where it is quie

"Now, Elsie, you're telling," cautioned Betty Billy-Mrs. Billy Smith.
"Well," said Elsie doggedly, "I'm determined to tell this much. His name



child and run off with it, and they can't find what's the matter?" My eyes were almost popping from

His wife got a divorce

my bead. "Is-is he a count?" I cried, so loudly

that they all said "Sh!" and shot ap prenhensive glances toward the pse Mr. tless

To Be Continued
RAIDS OF "WHITE WOLF'S" GANG

Missionary, Back From China, Tells About Thrilling Experiences

About Thrilling Experiences

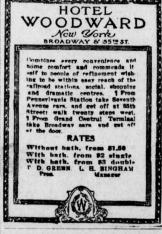
Brunnerville, April 30.—The Rev.
Ivan Kauffman, son of the Rev. I. H.
Kauffman, of this place, has returned
to his home after having undergone
hardships to flee to this country, and
from seven years' work as a missionary
in the provinces of China. He brings
thrilling tales with him of the raids
committed by "White Wolf," a notorious Chinese bandit.

The missionary was forced to flee
with a number of other missionaries
from the attacks of the bandits, and
took refuge in the mountains. At one
time Mr. Kauffman was reported lost,
and his return was a great surprise. He
will remain in Lancaster county for
the present.

the present.

Henry Flowers Dies at Elizabethtown Elizabethtown, April 30.—Henry Flowers, 67 years old, a painter of some note, died yesterday from a com-plication of diseases. A widow and eight children survive.





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# HOUSEHOLD **TALKS**

### Henrietta D. Grauel

### Wanted a Half-Penny Piece

No place in the house can so many savings be affected as in the kitchen. A penny here and a penny there soon counts up and sensible women do all sorts of things to save the pennies, like turning down the light in one room when they are in another, saving gas by oven cookery, walking to market to save carfare and so on through a long, interesting list.

But all the while they are giving away pennies against their will for we have no half cent. American improvidence is proverbial but nowhere else is the better illustrated than here. Every other civilized nation has its fraction of a cent coin. We once had it but let it slip away, with the two and three-

is the better illustrated than here. Every other civilized nation has its fraction of a cent coin. We once had it but let it slip away, with the two and three-cent piece.

In the South and West very often the nickel is the smallest coin in general use and no one bothers about the pennies. But dealers benefit by this large, careless way of doing business; notice, please, how often when articles sell two for twenty-five cents the tradesman pockets the odd cent. If two heads of cabbage cost fifteen cents one is usually expected to pay ten cents for a single one. This is all wrong and it would be quickly righted if we had a half-cent in circulation.

Petitions to lawmakers were suggested some years ago but at once steps were taken to suppress the agitation until now there is little discussion heard regarding this needed coin.

Women can secure this and it would be a more sensible movement towards

economy than any we have had yet. But do not ask the opinion of your grocer, butcher or candlestick maker about it; he does not want the half-penny but the extra odd cents in a pur-

penny but the extra old cents in a pur-chase he always demands.

If you belong to a housekeepers' as-sociation or to any similar organization make this subject one of discussion and you will find that others are of the same mind; we want a half-penny piece.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ; "Please tell me about charlotte fillings and how to mold them so they will be firm."

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This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is seraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff cleanses. purifies and invigorates the sealp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the sealp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowl-ton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.—Adv.

# CLASSIC WAR POEMS

Selected by J. Howard Wert

THE DRUMMER'S BRIDE

BY MAJOR JAMES LA SHELL

The compiler will terminate this series with a sad picture of the condition of a lovely girl made a maniac by the loss of her recently wedded husband on the field of battle. It is only one portraiture of the myriads of horrors constantly attending war.

Hollow-eyed and pale at the window of a jail, Thro' her soft disheveled hair, a maniac did stare, stare, stare! At a distance, down the street, making music with their feet, Came the soldiers from the wars, all embellished with their sears, To the trapping of a drum, of a drum;
To the pounding and the sounding of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

The woman heaves a sigh, and a fire fills her eye.

When she hears the distant drum, she cries, "Here they come!"

here they come!"

Then, clutching fast the grating, with eager, nervous waiting, See, she looks into the air, through her long and silky hair,

For the echo of a drum, of a drum!

For the cheering and the hearing of a drum!

Of a drum, of a drum, drum, drum, drum!

And nearer, nearer, nearer, comes, more distinct and clearer, The rattle of the drumming; shrieks the woman, "He is coming, He is coming now to me; quick, drummer, quick, till I see!"
And her eye is glassy bright, while she beats in mad delight
To the echo of a drum, of a drum;
To the rapping, tapping, tapping of a drum!
Of a drum, of a drum, drum, drum, drum!

Now she sees them, in the street, march along with dusty feet, As she looks through the spaces, gazing madly in their faces; And she reaches out her hand, screaming wildly to the band; But her words, like her lover, are lost beyond recover, 'Mid the beating of a drum, of a drum; 'Mid the clanging and the banging of a drum! Of a drum, drum, drum!

So the pageant passes by, and the woman's flashing eye Quickly loses all its stare, and fills with a tear, with a tear; As, sinking from her place, with her hands upon her face. "Hear!" she weeps and sobs as wild as a disappointed child; Sobbing, "He will never come, never come! Now nor ever, never, never, will he come With his drum, with his drum, with his drum, drum, drum!"

Still the drummer, up the street, beats his distant, dying beat, And she shouts, within her cell, "Ha! they're marching down to hell, And the devils dance and wait at the open iron gate: Hark! it is the dying sound, as they march into the ground, To the sighing and the dying of the drum!

To the throbbing and the sobbing of the drum!

Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum, drum, drum!

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risburg, 5.45 A. M. Iton, 5.51 A. M. Iletown, 6.00 A. M. abethtown, 6.13 A. M. in, 6.19 A. M. Joy, 6.23 A. M.	Lancaster, 6.43 A. M. Christiana, 7.12 A. M. Parkesburg, 7.20 A. M. Coatesville, 7.29 A. M. Downingtown, 7.38 A. M.

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