

HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

The Romance of a Young American's Adventures in the Balkans and His Fight for a Throne and a Girl.

Founded on J. B. Fagan's Successful Play, Now Running in New York.



The Fight.

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CHAPTER I.

The Princess and the Yankee.

ANTHONY HAMILTON HAWTHORNE was where he had absolutely no right to be. And he knew it.

But, to do him justice, he had no idea just how little right he had to be where he was.

He was lounging beside a mossy sun-dial in a tumble down old garden, near Oberon, capital of the tiny Balkan Kingdom of Borrovina.

Knocked out of a snug political job by a shift of administration, he had left America and, with his friend, Rodney Blake, had made a whirlwind tour of Europe.

The Continental papers were full of stories of the American who had broken the bank at Monte Carlo. They had as several other laudatory but objectionable things.

On the first day of his stay in the sun-dial, Hawthorne had gone for a stroll in its suburbs. Curiously had led him to climb a garden wall.

A few minutes before the stroke of 5 in the afternoon Hawthorne had climbed the wall. The sound of steps on the path from the house beyond sent him into hiding behind a dilapidated summer house.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," he stammered. "You were expecting me, weren't you?"

"Why should I be expecting you?" she asked, with an effort at aloofness.

"I can't imagine," he returned, meekly, "except perhaps because I said I'd be here. Why—why were you kissing the sun-dial?"

"Because it said it was 5 o'clock," was the odd reply.

"Gee!" he murmured. "In my time I've wished I was a lot of things. But this is the first time I ever wished I was 5 o'clock. But why does that special hour make sure a hit with you?"

"Oh," cooed the girl. "It's—it's as good as being any, isn't it?"

"A million times better. I've known that ever since you told me you walk in this garden every afternoon at 5. Over in our country we call a sun-dial a 'lover's clock.' You see, when you kissed that clock, you were kissing a time that they forget there's such a thing as time.

"Then," laughed the girl, "I'm glad I kissed it. I hate to hear it's time to go. Don't you?"

"It's the one thing I do hate—to-day. Say—not that it's any business of mine, as you were about to part—why were you standing by the sun-dial the first day I came here? Were you kissing at 5 o'clock then?"

"No. I was giving audience." "Giving audience?"

"Audience. It's a foolish little game I play sometimes. Don't laugh at me. I was pretending this was my court. I was giving audience to a hero—a preserver of our country. Then I looked up and saw—"

"Oh. You looked like a princess out of a story book. I wondered why you spoke as you did. Say, it's a dandy game. Let's play it again. You can pretend you're a royal princess—the Princess of Borrovina—if there is one—and I'll be—I'll be—let's see! What sort of a face could she have?"

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs," she cried, delightedly, entering into the spirit of the game. "I've sent you around the world to report on other nations and you've just returned. Now, enter the royal presence."

Hawthorne started forward with as much of an ambassadorial air as he could summon.

for a very promising little conspiracy on the part of his relative, Prince Vladimir Halberstadt, pretender to the Borrovina throne.

"The King greeted his daughter with absent-minded affection, quite oblivious of her accused glance in the direction of the summer house.

"Sit down, Irma," he said. "I have come to speak to you on a serious matter—a matter that will change your whole future and Borrovina's too."

"The Princess looked at him in puzzled eagerness. He mended on.

"Borrovina is facing a crisis. The treasury is empty. The people are murmuring. 'Because the country is poor'—"

"I can't say from personal experience," grimly retorted the King. "But I have a strong suspicion that that effect. However, money is not our only trouble. There is a growing danger from the House of Halberstadt. Prince Vladimir has never ceased intriguing for."

"Prince Vladimir!" she broke in, angrily. "How I hate him! I hate him as bitterly as if I'd really seen him instead of only hearing how abominable he is."

"Why," faltered the King in confusion, "that makes it very awkward, Irma. For, the fact is, everything is changed now. Prince Vladimir and I are now friends on each other's necks."

"Friend?" gasped Irma, incredulously. "The very best of friends," her father assured her. "and you mustn't hate him any longer, my dear, because you see, you're going to be Prince Vladimir's wife."

"Oh, no! It's—you're joking! It isn't possible!" "In diplomacy everything is possible. A treaty was signed to-day between myself and Vladimir—between the house of Oberich and the house of Halberstadt. And after spending a century at each other's throats we're falling on each other's necks."

"And I am to marry him? Marry a man I hate? A man I've been taught to hate because he is the enemy of our house?"

"Can you imagine a more fitting revenge?" "But I don't want to marry him. I don't want to marry anybody!"

"You inherit that from me, Irma. I didn't want to marry, either. But I did it. And my only child is a daughter, which makes my sacrifice useless. It is your turn now, dear, to sacrifice. You can do your country a tremendous service. You can save it from bloodshed and revolution. This treaty is a great benefit to Borrovina. It insures us perpetual peace and security. It makes Vladimir and yourself my successors on the throne."

"But," cried the Princess, "if I had to marry at all, why couldn't I marry some one I love?" And her glance again strayed toward the summer house.

"That is the price of royalty, my dear," answered the King. "The seat of royal affections is not in the heart, but in the Foreign Office. Come, come, little girl. You mustn't cry. Prince Vladimir and the Chancellor will be here in a moment. I told them to wait until I had broken the news to you. They mustn't find you crying. There, there! Remember, this marriage is not forced on us. We consent to it willingly, proudly, royally."

"For the sake of our country," she whispered, more to herself than to the King. "To bring peace and safety and happiness to the dear land I love. To serve the kingdom that is dearer to me than all the world. Yes, it is worth the sacrifice, no matter how terrible that sacrifice may be."

"That's right!" approved the King. "That's a good, brave little girl. So! They're coming!"

He took her by the hand and stood beside her in the garden walk, a certain dignity ennobling his meagre figure. The girl, too, forced herself to choke back the tears that blinded her and to stand proudly at her father's side to receive the group of men who were coming forward from the palace.

Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne took a quick step forward from his hiding place behind the summer house. His bronzed face had gone dead white. His alert eyes were ablaze. And his muscular body was tense.

"History is going to be made here in a minute or two," he muttered under his breath. "And maybe Trouble, too. And, as usual, the U. S. A. is going to be right on the spot when things begin to happen. Now for it!"

It had also greatly smoothed the way for a very promising little conspiracy on the part of his relative, Prince Vladimir Halberstadt, pretender to the Borrovina throne.

"Koenigskinder" With Miss Farrar And Her Geese

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING.

PRIMA DONNAS with a "pull" at the Metropolitan Opera House would do well to get out of Monday night engagements if they desire to be heard as well as to be seen.

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voice and with proper consideration for art. Karl Jara, as the King's Son, although he confessed in private that he was nervous, never sang or acted the part better. Otto Goetz was the same lovable fuffler and Adamo Didiur and Albert Weiss were as funny as ever as the Woodcutter and the Poomaker.

Fin-Curi, as the Inkkeeper, Rita Fornia as the Inkkeeper's daughter, and Marie Mattfeld as the Stationmaid were excellent. Marcel Reiner was the Senior Comedian and Julius Bayer was the Tallor. Cleo Desnoigne sang and acted the little bits that fall to the principal child naturally and effectively.

The newcomer was Lila Robinson, who made her debut as the Witch, the character created by Louise Homer. Miss Robinson was discovered by Mrs. Galski. She justified the favorite prima donna's judgment of her capacities by singing and acting well and showing originality in her makeup.

Alfred Heriz conducted with his accustomed skill and the orchestra and chorus and stage presentation were all that could be desired.

Miss Farrar's goose seemed to be experienced actors, although, probably, they were a new flock. They took the centre of the stage at every opportunity. Once or twice the Goose Girl had to work hard to control them, in the un-restrained laughter of the audience, in which Miss Farrar herself heartily joined.

Sonata Was His Death Dirge. While his daughter Clara was playing Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique in the parlor of his home, John Goldman, fifty years old, of No. 104 Bond street, Brooklyn, went to an adjoining room yesterday and attempted suicide by drinking carbolic acid. He died later in the Holy Family Hospital. Goldman, who had a stationery store at No. 109 Bond street, had suffered severely from headaches for some time.

Constipated, Headachy, Bilious, Tongue Coated?—CASCARETS SURE

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged, constipated bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel.

That's the first step to untold misery—foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental frets, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret to-night will straighten you out by morning—10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver active, bowels clean and regular, stomach sweet, head clear, and make you feel bully for months. Don't forget the children.

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\$40 Women's and Misses' Coats..... 29.75

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Florida Water .19 size .19
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