

of his gentle heart; but the jovial manner soon returned, and Henry's fears that the Margrave was acting a part were allayed. Henry, of course, was glad to know that his heart was not breaking; but was surprised and somewhat amused to learn that his love, seemingly so deep and genuine, had so quickly evaporated.

Henry congratulated the Margrave on his lucky escape from the pain of unrequited love, and the good fellow answered with a laugh, a sigh, and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Ach! what matters it? The thing that pains me most is the thought that I have made a fool of myself in the eyes of you and the Princess."

"In what respect have you made a fool of yourself in our eyes?" asked Henry.

"First, as I told my mother, I was a fool for imagining that I might win the heart of the Princess. That hallucination was partly my mother's fault, though I don't blame her. I would not say, 'She did tempt me.' I am not of the race of Adam. My people came from Nod, where Cain got his wife. No, I do not blame her. Her mistake had its birth in a heart of love, and love will sanctify anything. She told me that only a woman could know a woman's heart. Ach, der Teufel! The poor old woman meant well; but she doesn't know a woman's heart from a pig's foot. I am beginning to believe that no woman knows another woman's heart. Each woman's heart is a new secret in the universe, and remains hidden till the seal is broken by one man. Then, in many cases, I believe it closes itself against all the rest of the world for all time, though to him it may remain an open book. My first mistake was made because I did not know all these little facts. Against my judgment, I believed my mother."

"Many a man has fallen into the same errors," suggested Henry.

"Yes, yes," returned Adolph, "and each man, I suppose, thinks he suffers alone. My second mistake was made in trusting a man I knew was in love with the woman I loved. That was a grave error. But I fell into it because I was too sober. I had no right to expect fidelity in such a case."

"Did you know that I loved the Princess?" asked Henry.

"Yes," replied the Margrave. "I knew that you could not help it; no man can who once sees and

feels the sweetness of her smile. But I thought you were of low degree. I don't understand how I made that mistake, either, and—and— Well, as I have said, I was a fool, and that tells it all." The great red handkerchief was in active operation, and the Margrave's emotions were oozing rapidly from the pores of his skin. "I should not have trusted you. It was a greater test of friendship that I had any right to make."

"But your doing so lost you nothing," suggested Henry.

"Because I had nothing to lose," returned the Margrave.

AFTER a long silence, Henry asked, "Why do you say you made a mistake in supposing me to be of low degree?"

"Why? Because I, being a fairly good judge of human nature, needed only to open my eyes and learn the truth."

"What is the truth, Margrave?"

"How can I tell?" asked Adolph, shrugging his shoulders. "I am not a wizard. I know what you are; but who you are I cannot know unless you wish to tell me. The puzzling fact is that you were kidnapped. It is hard for me to understand how one of your rank fell into the recruiter's net, and why, being netted, you did not flounce out. But nothing that this mad King might do would cause me wonder. If King George of England was six feet high, by the devil, I believe our King would have him in his regiment! I'm expecting, one of these fine days, to walk down the parade line and recognize August of Saxony or Henry of Bayreuth in the ranks. It is said they are both over six feet tall."

Another long silence ensued, and Henry said, "I have half a mind to trust you with my secret,—to tell you who I am."

"A man should not trust another when both are in love with the same woman," suggested the Margrave, laughing and shrugging his shoulders. "That, you know, is a lesson I have just learned, and one naturally longs to impart fresh knowledge. That is why the hen cackles when the astonishing always new fact that she has laid an egg dawns on her intellect."

"But you, Margrave, are not as other men are, and I am going to make amends for the fault I could not

help by making you my confidant, by trusting you to an extent that I would trust no man save my father. I am the hereditary Prince of Bayreuth."

"Ach, Gott!" exclaimed Adolph, violently rubbing his face and going to the window. After standing at the window two or three minutes, he came back, stopped in front of Henry, and began to laugh. "So my jest about August of Saxony may after all come to be a fact. Your rank is equal to that of the King of Poland, though your father's State is smaller. But why did you come and why do you remain? Ach, I know! The Princess. Of course! Of course! Yes."

"She was not the cause of my coming. There were grave reasons why I left home and became an unknown soldier; but the Princess was no part of them, and I would not have you tell her who I am."

"I'll guard your secret," said Adolph. "It seems almost like a marvel that one who talks as much as I do should be able to keep a secret; but to me the confidence of a friend is a sacred thing."

"I believe you, and I believe in you, Margrave. Read this letter. In showing it to you, I give you the highest proof of my faith in your discretion and honor."

Henry gave Adolph Grumkow's letter, and the Margrave read it without speaking. After the third reading, he spoke under great excitement:

"Ach, Gott! this is horrible. And I was ready to be their tool! I thank you! I thank you! You should carry this letter to the King forthwith."

"And go forthwith to Spandau's dungeons or fall by an assassin's knife," interrupted Henry.

"Why?" asked Adolph.

"Because," said Henry, "Grumkow would declare the letter to be a forgery. He would swear that he had never before seen it. Ramen would swear that she had never seen the letter. When it came to the test, Don't Care would swear that she had not given it to me. And the King would believe them all."

"You are right," returned the Margrave.

YES, I am right, Margrave, and now you are to learn that there is at least one man besides yourself who can at times act from unselfish motives. Deeply as I regret the fact, it is nevertheless true that the Princess can never be my wife. You are not handsome to look upon; but in many respects your heart is the kindest, gentlest, and noblest I have ever known. You must marry this beautiful Princess. It is hard for me to give you this advice; but I have thought the situation over carefully, and there is no other course to pursue. You must marry her to save her from a worse fate."

"Ach! Never! Never!" interrupted Adolph. "But you too must think, and you must take my advice," insisted Henry, grasping the Margrave's hand. "You and I, who love this rare girl, must lose sight of ourselves and think only of her. The King will, within a few days, force her to marry you or Weissenfels. You already know Grumkow's purpose in desiring one or the other marriage, and if by any chance his plan ripens, and you become King of Prussia, you will not be his tool; you will be his Nemesis."

"Or he will be my Brutus," suggested Adolph.

"But you must not think of yourself, and if you are to find your Brutus, you must let him come when he will. The Princess only is to be considered, and you must not forget the fact that if she does not become your wife she will fall to the lot of Weissenfels."

The Margrave rose from his chair, straightened himself to his greatest height, thrust his hand into the breast of his coat, threw back his head, and answered, "You forget that I have made an oath,—an oath that the Princess shall never marry Weissenfels! That oath settles the question."

"No, it does not," returned Henry. "There is but one way to settle it. You must marry the Princess. Go to her now and ask her opinion."

Adolph's face lighted joyfully as he said, "I'll go at once."

Henry's strange advice jumped with Adolph's burning desire, and it was easy for him to convince himself that there was only one way to serve the Princess; so in accordance with his announcement he left the room and sought her Highness.

IT is needless to try to describe Henry's state of mind when the Margrave left him. Adolph's example had been a good one, and the rare flower of unselfishness had grown up in Henry's heart as the beanstalk grew in the night. His unselfish advice was all the more commendable in view of his suffering. There were, however, two considerations that softened his pain. They were these: he had learned to know the Margrave and to love him; and he knew that while Wilhelmina respected Adolph and loved his gentleness, there was no passionate longing for him in her heart and there never could be. Jealousy, therefore, was not among Henry's sources of pain. In truth, he was so harassed by his passionate love and sense of loss on one hand, and by his fear of Weissenfels and an unselfish longing for Mima's happiness on the other, that he was not in a

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SAN JUAN—By HERBERT KAUFMAN



Drawing by
Joseph Clement Coll.

Stuttering Gatling and sputtering Mauser,
Rumble of field piece and grumble of shell,
On they come flying, boot-heels on their dying,
Yapping and scrapping and raising blue hell!

Shoulder to shoulder, up hillside they fumble.
One man is singing and one dropping dead.
One has gone daft with the joy of the killing.
One has a spurting hole plugged through his head.

Idaho herder and clearing house runner,
Riff of the mining camps, doctors of law,—
Strangers in motherhood, wrought into brotherhood,—
Brought down to cavemen and brutes in the raw.

Rough of the cowlands, you gambler and rustler,
Godless you are; but you kill like a prince!
Loafer of clubrooms, your soul-code is putrid,
But never the bared teeth of death make you wince!

Go to Wyoming or out to Nevada,
Ask in Missouri, and they'll tell you how
When that whole hillside spewed bullets like hailstones
Laughing and chaffing the dudes led the row.

Up at Tuxedo, at Newport, at Larchmont,
Round about Hempstead, you'll find chaps who say
That a man doesn't need to know pink teas or germans
To set out for death in a gentleman's way.