

GOOSE

That a wooden shoe, simple minded goose girl should plunge monarchs and monarchies into a most mysterious confusion of affairs is a novelty. Yet the lovely Gretchen, the heroine of this fascinating old world novel, did just that, for no one can deny that Ehrenstein is a land of romance. There Carmichael, the dashing young American consul, learned of the dangers of falling in love with a princess; there Herbeck, the sly chancellor, tried a master stroke, evilly designed, to change the history of a throne; there royalty in disguise wandered and plotted and learned to know fellow human beings; there the treacherous Magyar gypsies lurked in the shadows to abduct a princess. And through all the little goose girl trod her lowly way toward a fate that the magic wand of chance had destined she must fill—a fate as amazing as it is fascinating to read about.

CHAPTER II.

FOR HER COUNTRY.

Count von Herbeck, chancellor, "Why?" asked Count von Herbeck, chancellor. "One of my reasons is that I do not want any alliance with a country so perfidious as Jugendheim. What! I make overtures—I, who have been so cruelly wronged all these years? You are mad."

"But what positive evidence have you that Jugendheim wronged you?" "Positive? Have I eyes and ears? Have I not seen and read and heard?" "Your highness knows that I look only to the welfare of the country. In the old days it was a foregone conclusion that this alliance was to be formed. Now, you persist in averring that the late king was the chief conspirator in abducting her serene highness, aided by Arnsberg, whose successor I have the honor to be. I have never yet seen any proofs. Show me something which absolutely convicts them and I'll surrender."

"On your honor?" "My word." "The duke struck a bell." "My secretary and tell him to bring me the packet marked A. He will understand."

"The duke was frank in his likes and dislikes. He hated secrets, and he loved an opponent who engaged him in the open. It was this extraordinary rectitude which made the duke so powerful an aid to Bismarck in the days that followed. The man of iron needed this sort of character as a cover and a backer to his own duplicities. Herbeck was not so excellent. He was as silent and secretive as sand. He moved, as it were, in circles, thus always eluding dangerous corners. He was tall, angular, with a thin, immobile countenance, well guarded by his gray eyes and straight lips. He was a born financier, with almost limitless ambition, though only he himself knew how far this ambition reached. Twice had he saved Ehrenstein from the dragnet of war and with honor."

"The secretary came in and laid a thick packet of papers on the chancellor's desk." "The secretary bowed and withdrew. The duke stirred the papers angrily, took one of them and spread it out with a rasp."

"Look at that. Whose writing, I say?"

Herbeck ran over it several times. At length he opened a drawer in his desk, sorted some papers and brought out a yellow letter. This he laid down beside the other.

"Yes, they are alike. This will be Arnsberg. But"—mildly—"who may it be that is not a cunning forgery?"

"Forgery?" roared the duke. "Read this one from the late king of Jugendheim to Arnsberg then if you still doubt."

Herbeck read slowly and carefully. Then he rose and walked to the nearest window, studying the letter again in the sharper light.

Herbeck returned to his chair. "I wish that you had shown me these long ago. You accused the king?" "Certainly, but he denied it."

"In a letter?" "Yes, here, read it."

Herbeck compared the two. "Where did you find these?" "Returned to the duke—Arnsberg, my boyhood playmate, the man I loved and trusted and advanced to the highest office in my power. Is that not the way? Well, dead or alive, 10,000 crowns to him who brings Arnsberg to me dead or alive."

"You are very bitter," said Herbeck. "And have I not cause? Did not my wife die of a broken heart, and did I not become a broken man? You do not know all, Herbeck—not quite all. Franz also sought the hand of the Princess Sofia. He, too, loved her, but I won. Well, his revenge must have been sweet to him."

"But your daughter has been restored to her own." "Due to your indefatigable efforts alone. Ah, Herbeck, nothing will ever fill up the gap between, nothing will ever restore the mother." The duke bowed his head.

The



GIRL

HAROLD MacGRATH

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come to think about the matter. You can change your mind at any time. A reply like this commits you to nothing, whereas your abrupt refusal will only widen the breach."

"The wider the breach the better." "No, your highness; the past has disturbed you. We can stand war, and it is possible that we might win, even against Jugendheim, but war at this late date would be a colossal blunder. Victory would leave us where we began thirty years ago. And an insult to Jugendheim might precipitate war."

"Have your way, then." "The duke departed, stirred as he had been since the restoration of the princess. He sought his daughter. She was in the music room. "My child," he began, taking Hildegard's hand and drawing her toward a window seat. "The king of Jugendheim asks for your hand."

"Then I am to marry the king of Jugendheim?" There was little joy in her voice. "Ah, we have not gone so far as that! The king, through his uncle, has simply made a proposal."

"It is for you to decide, father. Whatever your decision I shall abide by it."

"It is a hard lesson we have to learn, my child. We cannot always marry where we love. Diplomacy and politics make other plans. But fortunately for you you love no one yet, and the king is young, handsome, they say, and rich. Politically speaking, it would be a great match."

"I am in your hands. You know what is best."

"The duke was poignantly disappointed. Why did she not refuse outright, as became one of the house of Ehrenstein?"

"What is he like?" she asked. "That no one seems to know. He has been in his capital but twice in ten years. The young king has been in Paris most of the time. That is the way they educate kings these days. They teach them all the vices. Your father loves you, and if you are inclined toward his majesty, if it is in your heart to become a queen, I shall not let my prejudices stand in the way."

"She caught up her hand with a strange passion and kissed it."

"Father, I do not want to marry any man," wistfully. "But a queen?" she added thoughtfully. "Would it be for the good of the state?"

"Here was reason. 'Yes, my objections are merely personal,' said the duke.

"For the good of my country I am ready to make any sacrifice."

"Very well, but weigh the matter carefully. There is never any retracing a step of this kind." He paused and then said:

"You are all here, girl."

"The restoration of the Princess Hildegard of Ehrenstein had been the sensation of Europe, as had been in the earlier days her remarkable abduction. For sixteen years the search had gone on fruitlessly. In a garret in Dresden the agents of Herbeck found her, a singer in the chorus of the opera. The newspapers and illustrated weeklies asked about her for a while, elaborated the story of her struggles, the mysterious remittances which had from time to time saved her from direst poverty, her ambition, her education which by dint of hard work she had acquired. The duke accused Franz of Jugendheim. Search as they would, the duke and the chancellor never traced the source of the remittances. The duke held stubbornly that the sender of these benefactions was moved by the impulses of a guilty conscience and that this guilty conscience was in Jugendheim."

"And was the girl happy with all her new grandeur, with all these lackays and attendants and environs? Sometimes she longed for the freedom and lack of care of her Dresden garret, her musician friends, the studios, the crash and glitter of the opera."

"She was lovely enough to inspire fervor and homage and love in all masculine minds. She was witty and talented. Carmichael said she was one of the most beautiful women in all Europe."

"She was still in the window seat when the chancellor was announced. 'Your highness,' he said, 'I am come to announce to you that there waits for you a high place in the affairs of the world.' 'The second crown in Jugendheim?' 'Your father?'"

GOOSE

"All Americans are rich," she said soberly.

The vintner laughed pleasantly.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG VINTNER.

CARMICHAEL thirstily drank his first tankard, thinking: "So this vintner is in love with our goose girl? Confound my memory! I was given 20 crowns to know where I have seen him. A fine beer," he said aloud, holding up the second tankard.

The vintner raised his. There was an unconscious grace in the movement. A covert glance at his hands satisfied Carmichael in regard to one thing. He might be a vintner, but the hand was as soft and well kept as a woman's. Could a man with hands like these mean well toward Gretchen? Gretchen was both innocent and unworried. To the right man she might be easy prey; never to a man like Colibert von Walden. Her eyes were big and bright and were alike sinister to any girl of the peasantry. But a man in the guise of her own class, of her own world and people, here was a snare Gretchen might not be able to foresee.

A tankard rapping a table nearby called Gretchen to her attention. "Gretchen is beautiful enough to be a queen, and yet she is merely a Hebe in a tavern," remarked Carmichael. "Hebe?" suspiciously.

"Hebe was a cup bearer to the mythological gods in older times," Carmichael explained. He had set a trap, but the vintner had not fallen into it. He understood now.

Carmichael would lay another trap. "What happened to her?" "Oh," said Carmichael, "she spilled wine on a god one day, and they banished her."

"I suppose you are familiar with all the tales," Carmichael said.

"Yes. That is a fine country." The old man in tatters sat erect in his chair.

"You have served?" "A little. If I could be an officer I should like the army." The vintner reached for his pipe, which lay on the table.

"Try this," urged Carmichael, offering his pouch.

"This will be good tobacco, I know." The vintner filled his pipe.

Carmichael followed this gift with many questions about wines and vintages, and hidden in these questions were a dozen clever traps. But the old man walked on to the door and with a certainty of step which charged the trapper.

By and by the vintner rose and bade his table companion a good night. He had not offered to buy anything. This fragility was purely of the thrifty peasant. But the vintner expressed a hand's approval of the same table and seated himself. It was then a dumpy baker came along and repeated this procedure, and Carmichael's curiosity was enlivened. Undoubtedly they were Socialists, and this was a little conclave, and the peculiar manner of their meeting, the silence and mystery, were purely traditional.

Had Carmichael not fallen a-dreaming over his pipe he would have seen the old man pass three slips of paper across the table. He would have seen the carrier, the butcher and the baker pocket these slips stolidly. He would have seen the mountaineer wave his hand sharply and the trio rise and disappear. Carmichael left the Black Eagle, nursing the smoken ember in his pipe.

Intermediately the mountaineer paid his score and started for the stairs which led to the bedrooms above. But he stopped at the bar. A very old man was having a pipe filled with hot coffee. It was the ancient clock mender across the way. The mountaineer was startled out of his habitual reserve. The clock mender had the aspect of a weary, broken man. He shuffled noiselessly up. The mountaineer followed him cautiously. Once in his shop the clock mender poured the steaming soup into a bowl, broke bread in it and began his evening meal. The other, his face pressed against the dim pane, stared and stared.

"Got in himself it is he?" he gasped chokingly.

Krumerweg was indeed a crooked way. It formed a deep elbow and ragged half circles as it snaked off to the Adiergasse. It was half after 9 when Gretchen and the vintner picked their way over cobbles pitted here and there with mudholes. They were arm in arm.

"Only a little farther," said Gretchen, for the vintner had never before passed over this way.

"Long as it is and crooked, heaven knows it is short enough!" He encircled her with his arms and kissed her forehead. "I love you! I love you!" he said.

Her forehead was wet from sweat, and she breathed in ecstasy the sweet chill air that rushed through the broken street.

"After the vintage," she said, giving him a pressure. For this handsome fellow was to be her husband and the wine she pressed and freshened against the coming winter.

"Aye, after the vintage," he echoed. But there was tragedy in his heart as deep and profound as his love. "My grandmother—I call her that, for I haven't any grandmother—is old and seldom leaves the house. I promised that after work tonight I'd bring my man home and let her see how hand some he is. She is always saying that we need a man about, and yet I can do a man's work as well as the next one. I love you, too, Leo!" She pulled the wine from her lips and quickly kissed it, frightened and shy.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF COUNTY PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners will meet on the 12th day of September, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the rooms of the County Commissioners in the Court House at Olympia, Washington, for the purpose of leasing and determining the advisability of making a sale of all the described real estate, to-wit: Lots 1 and 2 of Orchard Park Addition to the city of Olympia, Washington; when and where all parties interested in any appearance and be heard upon the propriety and advisability of making such proposed sale.

H. A. RAYMOND, J. A. VAN EATON, Board of County Commissioners of Thurston County, Washington. First publication, Aug. 19, 1910. 4t.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the County of Thurston. C. H. Robbins, Plaintiff, vs. James F. Fitzgerald and Julia M. Fitzgerald, husband and wife, and Andrew Eldred and Jane Doe Eldred, husband and wife, Defendants.

State of Washington to the said James F. Fitzgerald and Julia M. Fitzgerald, and Jane Doe Eldred: You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty (60) days after the date of the first publication of this summons to wit within sixty days after the 19th day of August, 1910, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled Court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorneys for plaintiff at their office below stated, and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the Clerk of said Court.

This is an action of plaintiff against defendant for the recovery of \$2,000.00 and for the setting aside of a deed to the following described real estate in Thurston County, Washington, to-wit: 108 feet of front of the south end of Block four (4), Town of Telem, Thurston County, Washington, for fraud, and to subject the same to such judgment as plaintiff may recover from the said James F. Fitzgerald and Julia M. Fitzgerald.

TROY & STURDIVANT, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Post Office Address: Box 355, Olympia, Wash. Date of first publication, Aug. 19,