

The GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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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 love of Gretchen, the heroine of this fascinating old world novel, did just that, for no one can deny that Ehrenstein is a kind of romance. There Carmichael, the dashing young American consul, learned of the dangers of falling in love with a princess; there Herbeck, the witty chancellor, tried a master stroke, cunningly 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 fulfill—a fate as amazing as it is fascinating to read about.

CHAPTER XIII.

"YOU" began the steward. "Patience, Hoffman!" warned her highness. Then she laughed blithely. "Your hat, sound!" cried Hoffman. The vintner snatched off his hat apologetically and swung it around on the tips of his fingers. "Is this the way you work?" "I have picked nice baskets." "You should have picked twelve." It interested her highness to note that this handsome young fellow was not afraid of the head vintner. So this was Gretchen's lover? He was really handsome. There was nothing coarse about his features or figure. The pause was broken by Gretchen. "Pardon, highness?" "For what, Gretchen?" "For not having seen your approach." "That was my fault, not yours. When is the wedding?" "After the vintage, highness." Her highness then spoke to the bridegroom elect. "You will be good to her?" "Who could help it, your highness?" The pronoun struck her oddly, for presents as a usual thing never used it in addressing the nobility. "Well, on the day of the wedding I will stand sponsor to you both. And good luck go with you." She passed down the aisle, the head vintner following, wagging his head. The day was ended. The lad swung the basket to his shoulder, and the sun, flashing upon its contents, turned the bloomy globes into dull rubies. He presented his card at the office and was duly credited with three crowns, which, according to Gretchen, was a fine day's work. Hoffman said nothing about diamonds.

"Come day after tomorrow. Tomorrow is a feast day. You are always having feast days when work begins. All summer long you loaf about, but the minute you start to work you must find excuses to lay off. Clear out, both of you!" "Work at last," said Dietrich as he and Gretchen started for the city. Arm in arm they went on. Sometimes Gretchen sang. Often he put her hand to his lips. By and by they came abreast of an old gypsy. He wore a coat of Joseph's, and his face was as lined as a frost bitten apple. "Will you tell me how to find the Adalgasse?" he asked in broken German. His accent was that of a Magyar.

They carelessly gave him specific directions and passed on. He followed grimly, like fate, whose agent he was, though long delayed and in one of the Adalgasse he looked for a sign. He came to a stop in front of the dingy shop of the clock maker. He went inside, and the ancient clock mender looked up from his work, for he was always working. He rose wearily. The gypsy smiled mysteriously and laid a hand on his heart. "Who are you?" sharply demanded the clock mender. "Who I am does not matter. I am he whom you seek."

"God in heaven!" The bony hands of the clock mender clutched the other's coat. The gypsy released himself slowly. "But first show me your pretty woman and the paper which will give me immunity from the police. Your crowns, as you offered, and immunity; then I speak."

"Man, I can give you the crowns, but God knows I have no longer the power to give you immunity." The gypsy shouldered his bundle. "For God's sake, wait!" begged the clock mender. But the gypsy walked out, unheeding. Two days later, in the afternoon, "Grumbach," said Carmichael, "what were you looking at the other night with those opera glasses at the ball?" "I was looking into the past."

"Oh, is that so?" You were following her highness with them. I want to know why. "She is beautiful." "You made a promise to me not long ago."

"I did?" "Yes, soon I shall be shaking the dust of Dreiherr, and I want to know beforehand what this Chinese puzzle is. What did you do that compelled your flight from Ehrenstein?" Grumbach's pipe hung pendulous in his hand. He swung it to and fro absently. "I am waiting. Remember, you are an American citizen for all that you were born here. If anything should happen to you I must know the whole story in order to help you. You know that you may trust me."

slid back in his chair and murmured to the butler. "Good day to you, herr," was her greeting. "When is the wedding? I should like to come to it." "You will be welcome, herr." "And may I bring along a little present?" "If it so please you, I must be going," she added to Frau Bauer. Grumbach walked with her to the Kramerweg, and he asked her many questions, and some of her answers surprised him.

"Never know father or mother?" "No, herr, I am only a foundling who fell into kind hands. This is where I live." "And if I should ask to come in?" "But I shall be too busy to talk. This is bread day," evasively. "I promise to sit very quiet in a chair." Her laughter rippled. She was always close to that expression. "You are a funny man. Come in, then; but mind, you will be dusty with flour when you leave."

Into the kitchen she led him. She was moved with curiosity. Why should any man wish to see a woman knead bread? "Sit there, herr," and she pointed to a stool at the left of the table. Gretchen deliberately rolled up her sleeves and began work. Upon Gretchen's left arm, otherwise perfection, there was a white scar, rough and uneven, more like an ancient burn than any thing else. Grumbach's eyes rested upon the scar and became fixed.

"Where did you get that?" he asked. He spoke with a strange calm. "The scar? I do not do not remember. Grandmother says that when I was little I must have been burned." "What did you say, herr?" "Nothing. You can't remember? Think? I tensely now." "What's all this nonsense about?" she cried, with a nervous laugh. "It's only a scar." She patted the dough into four squares. These she placed on the oven stones. "There! It's a fine mystery, isn't it?" "Yes," but Grumbach was shaking as with ague.

"What is the matter, herr?" with concern. "I grow dizzy like this sometimes. It doesn't amount to anything." Gretchen turned down her sleeves. "You must go now, for I have other work." "And so have I, Gretchen." He raised the street, but how he never knew. A great calm suddenly winged down upon him, and the world became clear—as clear as his purpose, his courage, his duty. They might shout or bang him as they saw fit. This would be his scar.

"The gypsy, standing in the center of the walk, did not see Grumbach, for he was looking toward the palace. Grumbach, even more oblivious, crashed into him. Grumbach stammered an apology, and the other replied in his peculiar dialect. The jar, however, had roused Hans out of his tragic musings. There was a glint of yellow in the gypsy's eye, a flaw in the iris. Hans gave a cry. "You? I find you at this moment of all others?" The gypsy retreated. "I do not know you. It is a mistake." "But I know you," whispered Hans. "And you will know me when I tell you that I am the gardener's boy who ruined some sixteen years ago."

"[TO BE CONTINUED.]"

A Coin Worth millions—Somewhere in the world—possibly among the relics kept by some lover of the great Napoleon—there is a fortune, perhaps unsuspected. Among the coins Napoleon had minted were some millions of five franc pieces, and he determined to popularize these in an extraordinary way. In one of the coils, folded to a tiny size, was inclosed a note signed by Napoleon and promising the sum of 5,000,000 francs to the finder of that particular coil. Naturally everybody who changed a large piece demanded the new five franc coins in exchange and, as a rule, profited and dug and sounded the metal in eager search for the hidden note. But the years went on, and yet the note did not appear. Napoleon's pledged word is a sacred trust to the French nation, and today the government stands ready to pay the debt, which, with interest, is now worth many millions—London Answers.

A Grand Rout. It is not always the largest foe who can make the greatest disturbance and cause the most confusion. In his "Hunting Grounds of the Great West" Richard Irving Dodge tells of a little incident of the Mexican war which proves that it is quality, not quantity, which is most effective. While General Taylor's little army was marching from Corpus Christi to Matamoras a soldier of the flank of the column fired at a bull. The animal charged, and the soldier, taking to his heels, ran into the column. The bull, undisturbed by the number of the enemy, followed him headlong, scattering several regiments like chaff, and finally escaped unhurt, having demoralized and put to flight an army which a few days after covered itself with glory by victoriously encountering five times its number of human enemies.

Leigh Hunt's Grave. In the serene silence of Kensal Green cemetery, London, Leigh Hunt's body lies at rest. A visitor, reaching over the iron fence to part the fragrant shrubs that shadow the tombstone, reads these words: "Write me as one who loves his fellow men." It was his own cheerful philosophy of life that Leigh Hunt expressed through the lips of his Abou Ben Adhem, and the sentiment is very touching come upon in this way. A Preliminary. Mrs. Ferguson—George, what do you have to do when you want to draw some money out of a bank? Mr. Ferguson—You have to put some money in the bank beforehand. That's always been my experience. It is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and the sand—Gladstone.

No. 1283. Order Fixing Time to Hear Final Account and to Show Cause Why Distribution Should Not Be Made. In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in the County of Thurston—In Probate. In the matter of the estate of L. A. Bushon, deceased. Kila I. Stork, Executrix of the estate of L. A. Bushon, deceased, has filed in this court her final account and petition setting forth the distribution of the estate of L. A. Bushon, deceased, and the persons entitled by law to the same. It is therefore ordered by the court that all persons interested in the estate of the said L. A. Bushon, deceased, be and appear before the said Superior Court of Thurston County, State of Washington, at the Court room of the Department of said County in Olympia, Wash., on the 15th day of November, 1910, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have why said final account should not be allowed and an order of distribution be made of the residue of said estate in accordance with the provisions of said petition, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be posted in three of the most public places in Thurston County, for a period of four weeks prior to said day of November, 1910, and that for four consecutive weeks before said 15th day of November, 1910, in the Washington State newspaper printed and published in said Thurston County and of general circulation there, and in open Court this 10th day of October, 1910. JOHN R. MITCHELL, Judge.

HAWAII'S BIG VOLCANO. Curious Relics of Lava It Has Left in the Forests. Hawaii possesses one of the greatest natural wonders of the present day—a world-wide lava volcano as high as Vesuvius and twice its diameter. Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, stands thirty miles from the sea in a mountain range in which are three dead volcanoes and one partially alive. This last, called Mauna Loa, from time to time sends streams of lava down its slopes. In 1881 three streams burst forth from the sides of this mountain, and one of them came within three-quarters of a mile of Hilo, the chief city of the island. There have been several outbreaks of Kilauea in the last hundred years. In 1840 there was a brilliant eruption of lava, the light of which, it was said, could be seen a hundred miles away, while at the distance of forty miles one could read print at midnight.

Where the lava flowed through the forest it has left curious relics in lava arches, bridges and great vessels. These vessels were formed by the lava filling itself about some lofty tree trunk, burning away the wood within and killing the upper part of the tree. In the course of time seeds were deposited in the open top, filled with decaying bark, until now there is a gigantic lava vase, holding ferns and flowers and vines—Exchange.

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION. The State of Washington, County of Thurston, in the Justice Court, Milton Giles, J. L. C. Ramberg, Plaintiff vs. Lewis W. Williams, alias Lew McKrack and Clara Williams, alias Clara Williams, defendants. In the name of the State of Washington, You are hereby notified that L. C. Ramberg, has filed a complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at my office in Olympia, Thurston County, State of Washington, on the 25th day of October, A. D. 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., and unless you appear and then defend yourself, judgment will be rendered against you in accordance with the demand of the plaintiff granted. The object and demand of said claim is to get judgment for the sum of \$100, together with costs for necessities of life furnished the defendants within sixty days next prior to the commencement of the action.

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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY. NOTICE OF PRIMARY ELECTION. Notice is hereby given that a Primary Election will be held in the city of Olympia on the 8th day of November, 1910, for the purpose of nominating candidates for officers to be filled at the municipal election to be held on the 6th day of December, 1910. Declarations of candidacy have been duly filed as follows: MAYOR. Republican party—Mitchel Harris; residence No. 107 East Seventh street. Democratic party—O. George; residence No. 113 West Seventeenth street. CITY ATTORNEY. Republican party—George R. Bigelow; residence No. 230 Quince street. Republican party—C. E. Claypool; residence No. 1617 Sylvester street. CITY CLERK. Republican party—George Stuth; residence No. 1015 Langridge street. Republican party—W. N. Bailey; residence No. 313 East Ninth street. Republican party—L. N. Holmes; residence No. 1015 East Tenth street. CITY TREASURER. Republican party—W. H. Brackett; residence No. 1011 Columbia street. COUNCILMAN AT-LARGE. Republican party—R. H. Leupke; residence No. 144 West Nineteenth street. COUNCILMAN FROM SECOND WARD. Republican party—Gordon Mackay; residence No. 300 Columbia street. Republican party—O. G. Brager; residence No. 206 Washington street. COUNCILMAN FROM FOURTH WARD. Republican party—George H. Funk; residence No. 1102 Second street. Republican party—A. A. Gottfeld; residence No. 722 East Fourth street. COUNCILMAN FROM SIXTH WARD. Republican party—Joseph Zamberlin; residence No. 219 Hancock Avenue. Republican party—D. E. Werts; residence No. 137 Farragut Avenue. Republican party—E. McLeynolds; residence No. 907 West Bay Avenue. Polls will be open from 11 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. at the following places: First ward—Lobby, Seventh and Adams streets. Second ward—Northwest corner Fourth and Jefferson streets. Third ward—Union Block. Fourth ward—Northwest corner Fourth and Chestnut streets. Fifth ward—Hose-house, Eighteenth and Washington streets. Sixth ward—Port Townsend Southern depot. J. R. DEVER, City Clerk.

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