NOT FIT FOR A CROWN.

Austria's People Are Very Solicitous as to the Accession of Francis Ferdinand.

SAID TO BE A SORT OF A FREAK.

Queen Victoria Is Anticipating a Rather Unpleasant Time With Visitors From the East.

THE ORIGIN OF WIDOW SACRIFICE.

Portugal Likely to Have Trouble Through the Influence of Dowager Queen Pia.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The shot that ended Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria's life ended the joys of two other persons, so far as their earthly existence is concerned. The two referred to are his father and mother. In his study the first sits, wrapped in gloomy silence the long day through. His meditations are those of one who has left hope behind for evermore, and the fast-whitening hair tells how bitter the blow has been to him. The poor mother's case is even more pathetic, and now we are told she is losing her mind.

Prince Francis Ferdinand.

The Austrians always appreciated their great loss, but never at its full value until the present time. Rudolph was an exceptional man in his way. He was bright, clever, energetic and very ambitious, and his people expected great things of him when he came to reign. But when he was gone and they looked about them for his successor, I am not exaggerating when I say they were horrified to find him in the person of Prince Francis Ferdinand, son of the Emperor's brother, Charles Louis. Their horror arose not from his being a monstrosity, an idiot or a madman. On the contrary, Francis is a rather well-built fellow, of an athletic turn. He hunts, rides, drives, in fact, does everything calculated to make a man strong and healthy. Neither can he be said to be bereft of his senses. He is fully endowed in this respect, but it is the quality that the Austrians find fault with.

To sum up, the new Crown Prince is comparatively well balanced mentally and physically, but his is the temperament that will not harmonize with its surroundings. His natural disposition is said to be so repelling that he has not a single friend of either sex. He is universally hated because he is so utterly heartless and brutal in everything. He has been guilty of some of the most despicable acts imaginable. One of these may serve as an index to his character. Riding one day in the fields he met a funeral procession on its way to the cemetery. The worthy Prince thought it would be great sport to command the peasants bearing the coffin to set it down that he might leap his horse over it. No sooner thought than done. Needless to say the Emperor, who is of a gentle nature, was wild with indignation when he heard the story. He immediately banished his nephew from court for 12 months. In the meantime he endeavored to have him educated up to a proper realization of his position. But no! Francis Ferdinand would not have it that way. He absolutely refused to study or learn anything. He burned his books and swore he would never touch them again. As a result he is one of the most illiterate princes living. On top of this he is unpopular, scornful and haughty and necessarily a very incapable man for the high honors in store for him. A bright outlook for Austria indeed! The people of that country unhesitatingly aver the belief that this prince will rush them into war and ruin within six months of his accession. But he is not yet king. Who knows what changes may take place before that becomes possible?

The Origin of Sutteeism.

A case of sutteeism is reported from Bengal, India. Some 50 years ago the affair would have attracted slight attention, but, since the East India Company and the English Government undertook to stop it, but few instances are heard of, and in every one vigorous measures are taken to punish those having a hand in the cruel act. It is interesting to note how many persons will ask, every time the suttee is discussed, the cause of the barbarous custom. Many answers have been given, in fact, the subject has been under general consideration for centuries. Of course, the belief is, that it is part of the Hindoo religion, and learned Brahmans have offered parts of their sacred books in explanation of it, but these were so contradictory that it came to be believed that the practice was the result of an erroneous interpretation of the Vedic laws.

Dr. Chever, an eminent authority, introduced some years ago an ingenious and more plausible theory than the religious one. He claimed that Hindoo wives had gotten into the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for their cruelty and neglect, by secretly poisoning them. The custom became so general that some means had to be taken to prevent it. Sutteeism or the sacrifice of the wife when the husband died was instituted with the result that the mortality among married men was very appreciably diminished.

The Beauty of Russia.

No doubt many readers have noticed numerous paragraphs going the rounds exploiting the beauty of the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia. The last one to come under my observation declared her to be "so wonderfully beautiful as to be universally known as the crowned Ophelia." I never knew before that the name Ophelia was the synonym for beauty, but, leaving that aside, I suppose most persons will be interested in a portrait of the royal beauty. There are quite a number of different kinds in existence; of these but three are worthy serious attention, from a beauty point of view, and neither one of the three resembles in the least the other, and not one, so far as my judgment goes, offers any unusual pretensions to loveliness of person.

The Crowned Ophelia.

As it is I submit the best appearing one of the lot herewith that the readers may judge for themselves. The Duchess was formerly Princess Elizabeth, of Hesse-Darmstadt, grandchild of Queen Victoria, of England. Her history contains no remarkable phases, excepting that she has been, with all her charms, the recipient of the most brutal kind of treatment from her husband.

Pleasant Visitors for Queen Victoria.

The Queen of England must be in jolly humor. Most people are when they know they are to have pleasant visitors, and as Victoria is promised them from all quarters of the globe during the coming year, she must feel highly gratified at the prospect. Among those who have signified such intentions may be mentioned Abdurraman Khan, the worthy but somewhat uncouth Ameer of Afghanistan; the Maharajah of Johore, the Maharajah of Mysore and several others to be heard from.

I suppose the majority of these princes have heard of the fun the Shah of Persia had in England on his last visit. The Shah enjoyed himself hugely; so did Albert Edward of Wales. So much fun did the prospective heir to the English throne have, that it is possible he would have loaded his best gun with buckshot and gone gunning for the Persian monarch, if he had remained in the kingdom three days longer.

An Epidemic of Dictatorship.

A republican is pretty generally considered — especially in this country—the most perfect form of government. The United States offers good argument in favor of this opinion, but what's the matter with the Republics of South America? They are all in more or less hot water down there just now. Chile is in a muddled condition consequent on its recent war; Brazil has had just two years of republicanism and does not appear to be any too well satisfied with its experience; Salvador is trembling on the brink of financial ruin and Guatemala is all torn up by a civil war. There must be something wrong with the people who are elected to office in those countries or they would not be having such troubles. Possibly they have not yet reached such a degree of culture as to be able to direct the affairs of state intelligently. We have in Chile an exhibition of a President who tried to assert as much, if not more, than the kingly prerogative; in Brazil Fonseca has about got himself in the same shape, and there is hardly any doubt that the same complaint is at the bottom of the troubles in Salvador and Guatemala.

Barillas, of Guatemala.

It is well known that the last President of the latter country was a good man, until his ambition mastered him. He then gathered to himself nearly all the available cash in the country and departed with his amiable wife and numerous progeny for the United States, where the wife, who is now a charming widow, is complacently engaged in spending it for him. Barillas, the good Barillas, President, General and what not, who was then placed in power to succeed Barrios as a reform candidate, did well enough for awhile, but has now got the "dictator" bee in his bonnet as bad as any of them, and heaven only knows where he will end up. It would be a good scheme for the South American republics to declare a sort of regency or provisional government, while some of their most available material is being put through a course of sprouts in this country as to the proper ways and means of conducting governments of our kind.

Money Chasing in America.

Perhaps it is wrong to boast too freely about the perfections of the United States. The condition of our finances, the low grade of morality permeating our political systems and false methods of conducting business are all bound to yield bitter fruit some day if some means are not taken to improve matters. Mommsen, the German historian of Rome, and there are none better, makes a statement that is strikingly applicable to some of the most pronounced evils existent in this country. It is at that point of one of his works where he depicts the character of the Romans at the beginning of their national decline. He says: "Money, and nothing but money, became the watchword with high and low. Men did not, if possible, steal outright, but all shifts seemed allowable in order to attain rapidly to riches—plundering and begging, cheating on the part of contractors, and swindling on the part of speculators, usurious trading in money and in grain, even the turning of purely moral relations, such as friendship and marriage, to economic account. Marriage, especially, became on both sides a matter of mercantile speculation; marriages for money were common, and it appeared necessary to refuse legal validity to the presents which the spouses made to each other."

The Power Behind Portugal's Throne.

The father of the present King of Portugal was a very clever man. He took more pleasure in literary work, especially the translation of Shakespeare into Portuguese, than in attending to his kingly duties. Under the circumstances, the Government would have been neglected if he had not the luck to have an energetic and ambitious wife, who gladly took charge where her husband left off. As the result, the period of King Louis I. was one of prosperity for Portugal. Previous to his ascending the throne matters were in a very bad shape indeed. Brazil had assumed independence and serious home troubles had impaired the Government in every department.

Dowager Queen Pia.

With the new monarch in power Portugal improved. To Louis is given the credit of introducing the telegraph and railroads into the country; providing a better army and navy, and generally compelling the respect of other countries, which the latter had hitherto neglected to extend. If the truth be told, however, to the Queen Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emanuel of Italy, the real credit belongs. She it was that instigated the improvements mentioned while her husband was closeted in his study with his Shakespeare.

Is it any wonder then, that such a woman, after enjoying for years practically the powers of a king, should feel keenly their loss as she did when her husband died and she was compelled to give way to a young inexperienced man, her son, and his wife. Nevertheless, for a number of years she is believed to have been the guiding power in Portugal, but, as lately the young queen Amelia, evidences as much desire to rule as her mother-in-law, the latter must in consequence take a back seat. This the dowager is not willing to do. Absolute retirement from authority is galling to her ambition and it is now said she is determined to have a voice in the affairs of the government at any cost, even if that be the forcing of her unruly eldest son to abdicate and the placing of her obedient second son in control.

Reports of trouble here and there among the Portuguese, indicate that some hidden influence is at work. Even in court circles, it is claimed, the queen dowager is back of it all. WILKIE.

The Grand Inquest of the Nation

Finds Hostetter's Stomach Bitters foremost among tonics. This verdict would not have been rendered had it not been perfectly consonant with facts. The medicine is a peerless reviver of declining strength, an unsurmountable check to premature decay. Besides being productive of these grand results, it overcomes dyspepsia, malaria and rheumatism, liver complaint and kidney weakness. It is a superb appetizer.

Turkey Day. Great Expectations.

MARSHALL WILDER'S TALES.

A Turkey Who Thought He Was Wise—An Unhappy Small Boy—Well-Meant, But Badly Put—Trials of Railway Officials—An Accommodating Irishman—A Street Car Scene.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

THANKSGIVING is so near at hand that the farmers are putting the last touches of fat upon their old turkeys, and the ministers are fattening up their old Thanksgiving sermons, which reminds me of a little story which may be interesting and beneficial to both of the industrial classes named.

One fall an old farmer began to feed up the only two turkeys he had remaining. One of them ate everything that was offered him, but the other went hungry and kept himself very thin, for he was an experienced old chap who had seen all his family and friends disappear, and he knew just where they'd gone. So, he said to himself, "If I don't eat anything, I won't be fit to kill, and I'll have a chance to peck through another year." So he went on starving himself until there wasn't much of him left except bones and feathers, but just before Thanksgiving, the farmer killed both turkeys, put a big stone in the middle of the thin one, and sold him to the grocer for rather more than the fat one brought. Moral: It's never safe to refuse a good thing.

Why a Boy Was Thankful.

Everybody ought to be thankful on Thanksgiving Day. Some people think they haven't got much to be thankful for, but they might, at least, be grateful that things aren't any worse. But there's a good many that never can be satisfied. They remind me of a little boy that I met in the street. He was crying so hard that he appealed to my sympathies.

"Well, boy," said I, "lost your mother?"

"Nope," said he.

"Lost something else?" said I.

"Yep," said he with a sob.

"What is it, then?" said I.

"I didn't feel good," sobbed he, "and I cried, an' a man give me a penny, an' I felt bad some more, an' another man give me a penny, an' now I feel bad 'cause I've lost my bellyache that made me feel bad in the first place."

Not Exactly Complimentary.

Everybody ought to feel good natured on Thanksgiving Day, ought to be friendly to whomever they meet, no matter who it is. They ought to be like an old fellow up in Vermont, upon whom a young man called one day, introduced himself as the son of an old local preacher who had preached about there, and said he'd called upon this old parishioner of his father's merely for sentimental reasons.

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed the old parishioner heartily. "Your father was a warm friend of mine. I'd be glad to see your father's dog. Come right in!"

Every time I've started out on one of my reading tours lately I've had a hard time to get to the ticket window of the railway station. There are always a lot of people there who are asking questions. They remind me of an old woman whom I heard of in London who went to a station a little way out of the city and asked when the next train would go to London.

"Twelve fifteen," said the agent. It was then 9:00 A. M.

Shortly afterward the woman came again and asked the same question. Same reply. At 10 o'clock, same question, same answer, and so on at intervals of 30 minutes until 11:30. Then the agent was vexed.

"Madam," said he, "no train will pass this station—express, freight, goods, or accommodation, to London or from London—until 12:15."

"Oh," said the old lady, much relieved, "then I think I'll venture to cross the tracks."

Pulling a Horn to Pieces.

There'd be a great deal less fun in the world if there weren't any Irishmen in it. They're always doing something to amuse other people, and not knowing it themselves. There was one of them once watching a German who was playing a trombone. Presently the latter laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated, and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. The musician returned:

"Who's meddled with my trombone?" he asked, indignantly.

"Oi did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, and I did it in one minute."

I believe I've remarked before that one sees a good deal of human nature in traveling in railway cars, and it's just the same the other side of the water as it is here. One day, in a suburban tram car in London that I got into, the seats were all full, but one very vacant place. Man, very drunk, hanging to a strap, tries to sit down. Another man, not relishing a beery companion, spreads himself all over the seat. The "jag" steadies himself a minute, pulls himself together and asks sobriety to "move up." Sobriety refuses.

"You're drunk," says sobriety.

"I knows that—hic—" replied the "jag" with some difficulty, "I'm drunk, but I'll get over it. You're a—hic—hog, and you'll never get over it."

Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THEIR AIM WAS ACCURATE.

How Two Swallows Made It Very Uncomfortable for a House Cat.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

BIG newspaper space is daily given up with accounts of accurate throwing and catching and hitting of balls. But a short time ago I saw two creatures only a year old outdo in aim and accuracy any human beings I ever knew. They were a pair of barn swallows. A very gentle little house cat was in the habit of taking her daily nap in the hayloft, directly under the nest among the rafters. All went well until the mother bird began to sit on her eggs. Then, presumably, the cat lifted her eyes to contemplate the pretty sight, for about 4 o'clock of the first day the bird stayed on the nest, the cat came rushing out of the barn, the two swallows after her. Giving her in turn a vicious peck, they rose in air, swooped down, and pecked her again squarely on the back, one after the other, though she was running in all directions. Twenty-three times I watched them rise in air so high as to be out of sight, then came sailing down, one behind the other, and each time giving the poor cat a peck apiece on the back, although she was speeding hither and thither bewildered, seeking to hide under carts, under trees, here and there; they never missed her once, though they never slowed their swift flight to do it, never paused for the peck, but swiftly gave it as they skimmed down over her, rising on the same point of curve, to descend again presently. For about two weeks they were seen to fly out and repeat this punishment whenever the cat appeared on the green near the barn.

Punishing the Cat.

J. GRAYSON.

VICTORIA'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

He Only Gets Ten Thousand a Year, but He Has Many Advantages.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, Queen Victoria's private secretary, writes Edwadr Wakefield to THE DISPATCH, is a smart, well-preserved, military looking man of 66, always dressed with exquisite taste, though with a good deal of style, and possessed of such polished manners and such a suave and dignified bearing that nobody can help being strongly attracted to him. Like all the persons most closely attached to the Queen, he is poorly paid for the work he does. He receives altogether about $10,000 a year, with a house rent free at St. James' Palace, and, of course, free quarters wherever the Queen is.

But he has a considerable income of his own and his wife has means; and their position at court has advantages altogether apart from pecuniary ones. They are in the very inner circles of the best society without any of the burdens of grandeur, and their children have excellent prospects in life open before them. Their eldest daughter, Alberta Victoria, the Queen's godchild, made a brilliant marriage quite recently, and the presents that poured in from all quarters, even from several European sovereigns, were almost equal in splendor to those of a royal wedding. The Queen herself made a special journey to London to attend the ceremony—a thing she has seldom done—and the first name witnessing the marriage of the private secretary's daughter in the register of the Guards' chapel is the bold, stiff signature of "Victoria R. & I."

SHE CRITICISED PHILIPS BROOKS.

The Great Divine Speaks Too Rapidly and a Little Listener Knew It.

The only criticism that is made upon Philips Brooks, the most powerful man in the American pulpit, is that he speaks so rapidly that it is difficult for many people to follow him and take all his meaning. A little baby girl in his audience one Sunday expressed her opinion of his delivery. She was standing on the seat by her mother's side, watching the great orator in his pulpit robes, her blue eyes fastened on his countenance; suddenly her face wreathed itself with smiles—that rapid flow of consonants was a feat for her entertainment, and she was not to be outdone by Philips Brooks.

Clapping her little hands, and striking out her little chin toward him, she shouted forth in her tiny voice, "Peter Pepper picked a peck of prickly pears," when her mother caught her down and hushed her, and the great rector of Trinity preached on, unconscious of the stricture passed upon his style by his small parishioner.

MUSIC FROM THE WINDS.

The Æolian Harp Which Lulls the Senses to Rest by Its Sweet Sounds—Any Boy Can Make One—Directions That Will Be Found Trustworthy—Some Famous Instruments.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

HERE is not a boy anywhere, if he has patience and a little skill, who cannot make his own Æolian harps. This harp is a contrivance named after Æolus, who was believed by the ancients to preside over the winds. All needed to make an Æolian harp are a few dry boards of some light seasoned wood; such as white pine or white cedar, and it should not be more than an eighth of an inch thick. As the harp should be placed in the window so that the wind, or even the draughts, passing into the house or out of it may move the strings, the box should be made the width of the sill, and the window ought to rest upon it when down.

The smoother the surface is made the better will be the sound as is the case with violins.

Cut the longer boards of a length equal to the width of the window. The box should be about five inches thick, and five or six inches deep; the sides and ends should fit as closely as possible together, for slovenly work in this respect will retard the sound. It is best to use wooden pegs to put the box together, though I have seen many good instruments which have been fastened with nails.

The Box Should Be Solid.

The holes should be carefully bored with a small brad-awl, for if any of the boards are split the sounding capacity of the box will be injured. Most of the boxes, however, are fastened together with glue, and also with pegs and I am pretty sure that these give a better sound than those having nails or pegs only; but putting them together requires great care. All the parts should be fastened carefully and firmly together till the glue is dry, and a good plan would be to first connect the sides, ends and the bottom, and when they are firm to put on the top or chief sounding board. The Æolian harp is constructed on the same principle as the violin, and this is why the top of the box is called the sounding board.

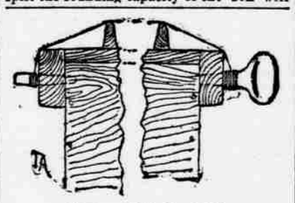
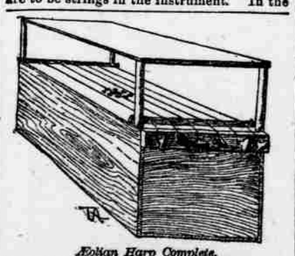


Diagram of the Two Ends.

The box, completed, made solid and close in the joints, the next step is to put on bridges on which the strings must rest. These should consist of beech, oak, boxwood, or some other description of hard wood, about half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, the strips long enough to extend across the box, a short distance from the ends. These two strips serve the same purpose as the bridge of a violin, the strings being drawn over them from end to end of the box. In the center of the top or sounding board draw with a pair of compasses a circle, say, an inch and a half in diameter; and perforate this circle with a number of small and carefully made holes a short distance apart. Holes may also be made within the circle.

Stretching the Strings.

It is necessary also to put on two other strips, one across each end of the box, on the outside, and on a level with the top of the sounding board, and into one of these are placed as many small brass pins as there are to be strings in the instrument. In the other strip bore a corresponding number of holes, which should be large, and make hard wood pegs to fit into these. The pegs should be arranged like those in a guitar or violin and made to fit tight so that when the peg is turned to tune the instrument it will remain firm. It must be borne in mind, however, that the strings should not be made too tight, for if they are they will not sound. The best way to determine this is to first make the box, set it in a breezy window and note the amount of tension that gives the best sound.



Æolian Harp Complete.

The finest catgut strings are generally used, and they can be obtained at the store of nearly any music dealer. Four is the smallest number used, but six, eight and even more may be stretched along the box and should be so arranged as to form a harmony of sounds. The music dealer can explain this, but when the strings are put in you will have to trust your own ear to tune the harp. The strings should be pitched all in the same key, though high, low and middle notes may be used.

The box is now nearly finished, but one thing more remains to be done, and this is to put a thin cover made of sound, dry, resonant board about three inches above the top of the box so that the wind may be able to course over the strings. Four stout wooden pegs should be glued onto the corners of the box, and to these the board must be fastened firmly. Some fasten on the upper or covering board with glue, but others attach it with pegs, which are made tight on top by driving in small wedges.

Æolian Harp in the Window.

Silk Threads Will Serve.

If catgut strings cannot be obtained, an Æolian harp may be made by following the instructions given and using silk threads. Heavy threads are used for the bass strings or low keys, and fine thread for the high notes. I once succeeded in finishing an instrument for which I could not obtain catgut, and it gave forth a continous strain of sweet musical sounds.

Placed at some distance from the room where one sleeps, the music seems to be in the air and everywhere through the house. When the wind blows hard the strings are shaken with great force and swiftness, and the wailing of the harp sounds as loud as the crying of the storm. I know many persons who cannot bear to listen to this crying music in the storm, but to the majority the sounds are soothing and full of beauty. When the traveler visits Strasburg, he wants first of all to see the Cathedral with its wonderful clock, but when he stops below one of the towers, if the wind is blowing hard, he hears overhead a mild tempest of lovely music, and his guide informs him that there are Æolian harps set in the great windows. The instruments are large and are left exposed in bad weather, but the wood is protected from the wet by varnish. At Baden-Baden there is an old castle, in the windows of which are several large Æolian harps, and the whole air about the place is filled with musical sounds during a storm. EDMUND COLLINS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIGHTNING.

The Unique Explanation of the Appearance of Faces in a Plate Glass Window.

On F street, Washington, writes Mrs. Mira Delano, stands a large house, formerly owned and occupied by Commodore Meade. He and his old mother lived and died there. Afterward everybody saw ghosts; they said the handsome old place was haunted. No colored servants could be hired to live there. People moved in and out suddenly. An old colored man said to President Grant, whom he saw walking on F street one day: "'Mass' Grant, don't you dar to go to de Meade house! 'Fore de Lawd, sah, Ise seen de ole Com'dore lookin' outen dat back winder on to de po'ch, jes as I seen him fur 40 year! His ole mudder, too, cap an' all! gran' and livin'!'"

Faces in the Window.

True enough, the faces were in the window, and wonderfully life-like. The glass was examined by the most learned glass-makers in the world. An expert from New York copied the faces. A committee of photographers waited upon the best electricians, the electricians waited upon the scientific men of the Smithsonian Institution. The panes were of the finest French plate glass, brought over the seas more than 100 years ago. They were made from finten sand and possess a much softer, finer finish than glass of the present day. One unique explanation is that Commodore Meade and his aged mother were sitting near the window in a violent thunderstorm and were photographed upon the glass by a brilliant flash-light from the heavens by a process only known to the maker of all mankind.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

Author of "The House at High Bridge," "Romance and Reverie," "The Adventures of a Widow," numerous songs and poems and several plays.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens with a ball Alonzo Lispenard has given in his palatial residence in honor of his betrothed, Kathleen Kennaird, the daughter of a cold and calculating mother. In the midst of the festivities, Alonzo's Uncle Crawford arrives and informs him that by the rascality of a member of his firm who has just committed suicide, his immense fortune has been swept away. After the ball Alonzo informs his sister, Mrs. Van Santvoord, a frivolous society woman who has set apart an allowance for her husband on condition that he leave her free to enjoy society without his company. The news almost prostrates Mrs. Van Santvoord. At her home, Alonzo and her husband, Hector, quarrel, the latter claiming Alonzo's neglect of the business made the defalcation possible. Mrs. Van Santvoord restores peace and Alonzo goes back to his home to meditate. After learning the worst Alonzo visits Kathleen and thinks he observes a coldness in her manner. A few days later he requests his close friend, Philip Lexington, to ask Kathleen her real feelings. Philip turns on him, and Alonzo discovers that all Philip's regard for him vanished with his fortune. Desperate, he visits Kathleen. Mrs. Kennaird meets him and says Kathleen is ill, and, furthermore, that the engagement must be broken. In a rage Alonzo calls Kathleen, who comes to him, avowing love and constancy. But Mrs. Kennaird exercises a kind of mesmerism over her daughter and forces her to repulse Alonzo. When affairs are finally adjusted it is found that Alonzo and his sister have $6,000 a year each. Alonzo sets apart half of his for his sister. Just at this point Alonzo's friend, Eric Thaxter, confidant of the King of Saltravia, offers him the position of art superintendent for the realm. Alonzo accepts and goes to Saltravia. Meanwhile Kathleen, disgusted with herself for repulsing Alonzo, with her mother for her mercenary motives, and with society for its hypocrisy, resolves to sell her jewels to pay off her mother's debts and then take her to Stuttgart to live a quiet and economical life. She says she will never marry. Alonzo is greeted cordially by the King of Saltravia, and finds it indeed a realm of beauty. At the close of his first day there the Princess of Brindisi, mother of the King, whom Eric calls the most insolent and arrogant woman in Europe, arrives on a visit to the palace. She brings with her Bianca d'Este, of noble blood, beautiful, but not extraordinarily brainy. She designs this girl for King Clarimond's Queen, but the latter is not taken with her. During Alonzo's absence at Munich the Kennairds arrive. The King gets a glimpse of Kathleen and is impressed. He asks Eric to see she is presented to him. This meeting soon occurs, much to Mrs. Kennaird's delight. Indeed, she confesses to Kathleen that the visit to Saltravia was for the sole purpose of this meeting, the hope being that the beautiful American girl might become queen. Both are unaware that Alonzo had come to Saltravia. The discovery gladdens Kathleen's heart and fills her aspiring mother's with woe. Alonzo first sees Kathleen in company with the King. The discovery causes him to lose his self-control and he hurries away to his room. Later the King follows him, and, divining the truth, gets him to tell the story. Alonzo has painted a picture of Kathleen. This the King tries to buy. Alonzo refuses to sell it and discovers that the King loves Kathleen.

CHAPTER X.

Taking a few quick steps toward the Princess, and passing Philibert's unstirred figure, Clarimond leaned his lips close to the lady's cheek, and shot out one low, determined sentence: "You have gone too far, madam—too far, as you will perceive!"

In another moment he turned and spoke to Philibert.

"You are insolent," he said, "and most meaningly so."

The Prince gave a slight shudder, and seemed about to respond.

"Not a word!" commanded the King, and his voice, though loud, was wholly calm." I dismiss you from the palace. Do not presume to enter it again, on pain of exile."

Philibert stood as if irresolute, and then, growing almost ghastly, stammered forth in reply: "If I wore a sword, as my forefathers did, I would break it and drop the fragments at your Majesty's feet."

With glistening eyes, the King curled his lip. "Better if you thought less about deporting yourself like the pet tenor in a French grand-opera, monsieur, and spent your heroics into a more wholesome form. There are throngs of hungry beings in Saltravia that need the 40,000 francs I am told you flung away on a single night, last month, at a Parisian gaming-table."

These words, pronounced with a bell-like clearness, penetrated far. The guests who heard them rapidly whispered them to others who had not heard. A dead silence followed, while the ladies huddled together in alarm, and the gentlemen (mostly all quite ready to throw themselves between Philibert and the King if any treasonable act were attempted by this noble of such renowned bad temper), gathered nearer to the scene of dispute.

I HAVE THOUGHT OF OFFERING YOU THIS FOR A HOME.

In Prince Philibert (who would instantly have decided to challenge any equal and almost any inferior who should thus have assailed him), this reproach from his King produced only a sort of grief-stricken dismay. He clasped both hands together like a terrified woman, and then, with a look of infinite reproach from his splendid, dusky eyes, hurried almost reelingly away.

Clarimond at once called out to the assemblage, in tones vibrant, high-pitched, yet full of extreme dignity: "Ladies and gentlemen, I ask your pardon for what has occurred, and beg that you will now all do me the kindness of leaving me alone with my mother, the Princess, to whom I must speak a few words."

He stood, as he spoke, at the side of the chair into which his mother had sun . He was the picture of perfect self-control, and though paler than anyone present had ever before seen him, the kingliness of his bearing had never been more finely manifest.

In a little hubbub of murmurs the entire throng pushed toward the door. To the King's ears came nothing articulate, and yet the excited hum might in part have been translated by phrases like these, falling with sibilant tumult from friends, lukewarm friends, partial foes, and foes inactive though malign:

"A fine King, on my life!"

"To insult a great nobleman for merely paying him the proper court!"

"He rebuked him quite justly!"

"He's a horrible gamester!"

"As if a King should talk like a schoolmaster!"

"So he should spend some of his millions in charity!"

"What does the King spend? Come, now!"

"They're always calling him so generous!"

"He gives thousands and thousands to the poor every year."

"He's enormously rich."

"Oh, bah!"

"Did you ever hear of anyone who sought him for help going away empty-handed?"

"And he spends hours each week visiting the poor."

"Anyway, Philibet deserved just what he got."

"The Emperor may take this up."

"I hope he will. Philibert's his friend."

"The Emperor can do nothing."

"Oh, absurd!"

"Preposterous!"

"I should say it was! That a king as noble and good as ours should be browbeaten in his own palace!"

And thus the talk buzzed on, finally dying into complete silence. The doors had closed behind the last retreating figure. Not even a servant remained. The Princess was still seated. Her son stood before her, looking down into her face. And his own face was far sterner than she had ever before seen it.

"At last I can speak," he said, measuredly breaking the silence, "and tell you what long ago you should have heard from me."

"And that is?" she queried, with an intonation of hauteur, though secretly not a little alarmed.

"It is this: your reign has now ceased, and mine, if you please, must begin."

"Your reign, Clarimond? If only you would reign——"

"Oh, I shall; never fear." And he lifted one hand with a telling gesture that seemed to add, "Wait and see." "But I shall reign, be sure of it, in my way, not yours."

"My son! As if I had sought to interfere with it. Yes, of late even politically—but now all such folly is at an end. I have been far too lenient with you—I shall show you henceforward how in playing with fire one sometimes may singe one's fingers."

"Clarimond! Have you forgotten that I am your mother?"

"No, I remember it too well; otherwise I would have your past my frontier inside the next two hours."

"Ah!" wailed the Princess, equally swayed by rage and fright, "it is too plain that you have forgotten!"

No; but it was you that for many years forgot I am your son. When the chances of a throne overshadowed me then you remembered my existence.

"You—you insult me!"

"I have no wish to do so, but believe me, I have both the wish and the intention of restraining you. Since you came into my territory, weeks ago, nothing but discord has resulted. In a hundred minor ways you have opposed me. My dislikes have been set at naught; my detractors have been encouraged; my allies and supporters have been treated with contempt. Appointing yourself royal chatelaine of the palace without my permission, you have invested that dignity with continuous if not covert revolt. I need define myself no further. I owe you no explanation of your own deplorable conduct. From this time forward you are under the strictest surveillance. Every act of yours will be watched."

"You—you threaten me!"

"I do not threaten, I warn you. There will be no threats. The instant that you show the least rebellious spirit, the least desire to set your own tastes, convictions, formulas, of deportment against my own, that instant the carriage will be waiting—a state coach, with outriders and all the royal paraphernalia that you so love to convey you outside of my domain."

"Such treatment!" burst from the Princess. "It is inhuman."

"It is deserved. You thought to continue this amazing policy of making my little land an abode for disrespect to its sovereign. The silly insubordination of Philibert to-night is merely an effect of your many imprudent and ill-advised counsels. For a long time you have been trespassing with strange boldness upon my royal prerogative. You have now reached the limit of your unhappy imprudence. Your further residence in Saltravia depends upon your complete courtesy to me, and your complete recognition of my place at the head of my own government. More than this, it depends upon your acceptance of my so-termed democracy. Still more, it depends upon your graciousness toward my friends—and in particular toward my near and honored American friend, Eric Thaxter, concerning whom you have spread idle and hurtful reports, and on whom you have endeavored to cast odium by excluding him from entertainments which you have daringly given, as may be said, with the full apparent sanction of the Crown."

All these words of Clarimond's were spoken with a simple repose which finely became him. His manner, his voice, never once lost that serenity and equipoise, without which he would have seemed less commandant than accusative. He seemed both to the lady, who now rose half totteringly