

# The GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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## 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 would give 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 hand 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 Colonel von Wallenstein, whose power and high office 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 duties. "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 olden times," Carmichael explained. He had set a trap, but the vintner had not fallen into it. "A fairy story," the vintner nodded. 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."

"It must have been a rare vintage." "I suppose you are familiar with all the valleys, Mosell?"

"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 vineyards, and hidden in these questions were a dozen clever traps. But the other walked over them unheeding, with a certainty of step which charmed the trapper.

By and by the vintner rose and bade his table companion a good night. He had not offered to buy anything. This frugality was purely of the thrifty peasant. But the vintner expressed many thanks. On his way to the door he stopped and whispered into Gretchen's ear.

The press in the room was thinning. A carter sauntered past and sat down unceremoniously at the table occupied by the old man, whose face Carmichael had not yet seen. A little later a butcher approached the same table and seated himself. It was then a dusty baker came along and repeated this procedure, and Carmichael's curiosity was enticed. Undoubtedly they were Socialists, and this was a little conclave, and the peculiar manner of their meeting, the silence and mystery, were purely fictional.

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 carter, the butcher and the baker pocket these slips stolidly. He would have seen the mountaineer wave his hand sharply and the trio rise and disperse. Carmichael left the Black Eagle, nursing the sunken ember in his pipe.

Immediately 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 pall filled with hot cabbage soup. 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 out. 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.

"Gott in himmell! It is he!" he gasped chokingly.

Krumerweg was indeed a crooked way. It formed a dozen elbows and ragged half circles as it slunk off from the Adlersgasse. 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 crooked, heaven knows it is short enough!" He encircled her with his arms and kissed her. "I love you! I love you!" he said. His bosom swelled, her heart throbbled, and she breathed in ecstasy the sweet chill air that rushed through the broken street.

"After the vintage," she said, giving his arm a pressure. For this handsome fellow was to be her husband when the vines were pruned 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 handsome 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 his hand to her lips and quickly kissed it, frightened but unashamed.

"Gretchen, Gretchen!" She stopped. "What is it?" keenly. "There was pain in your voice."

"The thought of how I love you hurts me. There is nothing else, nothing, neither riches nor crowns, nothing but you, Gretchen."

They proceeded until they came to the end of their journey at No. 40 in the Krumerweg. It was a house of hanging gables, almost as old as the town itself.

Frau Schwarz, Gretchen's grandmother, owned the house. It was all that barricaded her from poverty's wolves, and, what with sundry taxes and repairs and tenants who paid infrequently, it was little enough.

Gretchen opened the door, which was unlocked. There was no light in the hall. She pressed her lover in her arms, kissed him lightly and pushed him into the living room. Gretchen ran forward, lighted two candles, then kissed the old woman seated in the one comfortable chair.

"Here I am, grandmother!" "And who is with you?" "My man!" cried Gretchen gayly. "Bring him near me."

Gretchen gathered up two stools and placed them on either side of her grandmother and motioned to the vintner to sit down.

"Where are you from? You are not a Dreiberger, the old woman asked. "From the north, grandmother."

"Your name?" "Leopold Dietrich, a vintner by trade."

"Give me your hand." The vintner looked surprised for a moment. Gretchen approved. So he gave the old woman his left hand. The grandmother smoothed it out upon her own and bent her shrewd eyes. A frown began to gather on the vintner's brow and a sweat in his palm.

"I see many strange things here," said the palmist in a brooding tone. "What do you see?" asked Gretchen.

"I see very little of vineyards. I see riches. I see vast armies moving against each other, powder and fire, devastation. I do not see you, young man, among those who tramp with guns on their shoulders. You ride. There is gold on your arms. You will become great. But I do not understand."

"War!" he murmured. Gretchen's heart sank. "Shall I live?" asked the vintner. "There is nothing here save death in old age, vintner." Her gnarled hand seized his in a vise. "Do you mean well by my girl?"

"Grandmother!" Gretchen remonstrated. The vintner withdrew his hand slowly.

"Is this the hand of a liar and a cheat? Is it the hand of a dishonest man?"

"There is no dishonesty there, but there are lines I do not understand. It is like seeing people in a mist. They pass instantly and disappear. But I repeat, do you mean well by my girl?"

"Before God and his angels I love her; before all mankind I would gladly declare it. Gretchen shall never come to harm at these hands. I swear it."

"I believe you." The old woman's form relaxed its tenseness. There was a sound outside. A carriage had stopped. Some one opened the door and began to climb the stairs.

"There is something strange going on up there," said Gretchen in a whisper. "Three times a veiled lady has called at night on a sick lodger; three times a man muffled up so one could not see his face."

"Let us not question our 20 crowns rent, Gretchen," interrupted the grandmother. "So long as no one is disturbed, so long as the police are not brought to our door, it is not our affair."

The vintner picked up his hat, and Gretchen led him to the street. He hurried away, giving no glance at the closed carriage, the sleepy driver, the weary horse. Neither did he heed the man dressed as a carter who, when he saw the vintner, turned and followed. Finally when the vintner veered into the Adlersgasse he stopped, his hands clinched, his teeth hard upon each other. He even leaned against the wall of a house, his face for the moment hidden in his arm.

"Wretch that I am! Damnable wretch! Krumerweg, Krumerweg! Crooked way, indeed!" He flung down his arm passionately. "There will be a God up yonder," looking at the stars. "We will see into my heart and know that it is not bad, only young. Oh, Gretchen!"

"Gretchen!" The carter stepped into a shadow and waited.

Carmichael did not enjoy the opera that night. He had missed the first acts, and the last was grousing, and the royal box was vacant. Outside he sat down on one of the benches near the fountains in the Plaza.

He left the bench and strolled around the fountain, his cane behind his back, his chin in his collar. "Just a moment, my studious friend," he was saluted.

"Wallenstein! I didn't see you." Carmichael halted. "I'm absentminded," Carmichael admitted.



"I DO NOT WISH ANY QUARREL, MY CAPTAIN."

"Not always, my friend. Now I do not believe that it was absentmindedness which made you step in between me and that pretty goose girl the other night."

"Ah!" Carmichael was all alertness. "It was not, I believe?"

"It was coldly premeditated," said Carmichael, folding his arms over his cane, which he still held behind his back. "But that happens to be an innocent girl, colonel. You're no Herod. You really annoyed her."

"Fretless. They always begin that way. I do not wish any quarrel, my captain. But that girl's face has fascinated me. I propose to see her as often as I like."

"I have no objection to offer. But I told Gretchen that if any one, no matter who, ever offers her disrespect to report the matter to me at the consulate."

"Well, in case she is what you consider insulted what will you do?" a challenge in his tones.

"Wallenstein laughed. "And if the girl finds no redress there, tranquilly, to the chancellor?"

The colonel laughed harshly and strode abruptly away.

Carmichael saw a carriage coming along. He recognized the white horse as it passed the lamps. He stood still for a space, undecided. Then he sped rapidly toward the side gates of the royal gardens. The vehicle stopped there. But this time no woman came out. Carmichael would have recognized that lank form anywhere. It was the chancellor. Well, what of it? Couldn't the chancellor go out in a common hack if he wanted to? But who was the lady in the veil? As soon as the chancellor disappeared Carmichael hailed the coachman and engaged him for a drive for 3 crowns.

Carmichael slid over to the forward seat and touched the Jehu on the back. "Where did you take the chancellor tonight?" he asked.

"Du lieber Gott! Was that his excellency? He said he was the chief steward."

"So he is, my friend. I was only jesting. Where did you take him?"

"I took him to Krumerweg. He was there half an hour—No. 40."

"Where did you take the veiled lady?"

The coachman drew in suddenly. "Herr, are you from the police?"

"Thousand thunders, no! It was by accident that I stood near the gate when she got out. Who was she?"

"That is better. They both told me that they were giving charity. She went into No. 40. You won't forget an extra crown, herr?"

"No; I'll make it five. Turn back and leave me at the Grand Hotel."

On the return to the hotel the station omnibus had arrived with a solitary guest.

"Your excellency," said the concierge, rubbing his hands, "a compatriot of yours arrived this evening."

"What name?" indifferently. "He is Hans Grumbach of New York."

"An adopted compatriot. It would seem. He'll probably be over to the consulate tomorrow to have his passport looked into. Good night."

So Hans Grumbach passed out of his mind; but for all that, fortune and opportunity were about to knock on Carmichael's door, for there was a great place in history ready for Hans Grumbach.

(To Be Continued.)

To Encourage Thrift. Schoenberg, one of the municipal cities of greater Berlin, has passed an ordinance requiring its municipal savings bank to issue to each new baby a pass book showing a deposit of one mark, or about 24 cents, presented by the city, not as a partial compensation for being required to enter this cold world, nor yet regarding the parents, but as an encouragement to thrift on the part of both child and parents.

All Signs Favored It. It was the first anniversary of their matrimonial career. "Henry," said Mrs. Peckem, "did you really expect me to accept you the night you proposed?" "I had every reason to believe you would, my dear," replied Henry. "On my way to your house I walked under a ladder, saw the new moon over my left shoulder, a black cat crossed my path, and I heard a dog howl three times."—Chicago News.

## HARD TO AWARD THE CREDIT

Fully Seven or Eight Scientists Shared in the Invention and Development of the Thermometer.

It would be impossible to ascribe the invention of the thermometer to a single scientist for the reason that no less than seven or eight of them shared in its invention and development.

Galileo was probably the first to devise a crude form of thermometer, about 1577; then Daniel Fahrenheit further perfected the instrument in 1699; Paolo Scarpi also contributed to the work in the same year, and in 1610 Sanctorio added to the instrument.

The Fahrenheit thermometer was invented in about 1724, and soon afterward Reaumur and Celsius came out with the so-called Centigrade. Fahrenheit's scale of reckoning is in general use in this country and England, while the Centigrade thermometer is used on the continent.

The thermometer contributed little to science in the early stages of its development. It was not until the eighteenth century, when Fahrenheit, Celsius and Reaumur measured of the tube into degrees so that the exact rise and fall of the temperature could be reckoned, that it came to be of any considerable value.

Celsius and Reaumur took the melting point of ice as zero, or 0 degrees on their scale, while Fahrenheit took his from a mixture of snow and salt, which produced the greatest degree of cold he knew how to produce. For this reason 92 degrees is the freezing point of water in a Fahrenheit thermometer, and his other divisions are different from those of Celsius and Reaumur.

Celsius' scale is the one in universal use in Europe, and scientists are endeavoring to introduce it into England and America, on the contention that it is much simpler than Fahrenheit's. It is called Centigrade, or a hundred steps, for the reason that the tube is so divided that there are exactly 100 degrees between the freezing and boiling points.

Among the government's patent exhibits is a collection of miniature steam engines. Models of the engines of Heron of Alexandria, of Newcomb and of Watt illustrate the successive steps in the development of what has become the giant of our modern industry. There may be seen a model of the early engine upon which boys were employed to turn the cocks that, alternating, let the steam on and shut it off. One of these boys, Humphrey Potter, by name, instead of settling down like a machine to the monotonous work, kept his eyes open. He discovered that a certain beam, above his head worked in unison with the cocks that he opened and closed. He accordingly connected the two, and after seeing that the device worked properly, ran off to play.

His employers began to notice a much greater regularity in the movement of the engine than before; this led to the discovery of his secret, and to the subsequent adoption of his device everywhere. An examination of the model of the engine to which the scoggin was applied arouses in one the wonder, not that the boy thought of it, but that anybody before him should have failed to do so. This is the "after thought" of a great many notable inventions. Opponents of the patent system often raise the point that all great inventions are "in the air"; that the same suggestion sooner or later will come to a great many different men, and hence that the patent is simply a reward to the one who happens to arrive first.

Patent experts acknowledge considerable basis for this contention. They say also that the lament often seen in the newspapers, "His invention died with him," referring to a secret process, is rarely borne out by events.

Strongest at Thirty-One. Inasmuch as a man's muscles develop with use it would appear logical that the older he gets the stronger he should become, but such is not the case. Experiments made with thousands of men show that the muscles of the average man have their period of increase and decline, whether he uses them much or little. The average youth of seventeen has a lifting power of 280 pounds. By his twentieth year his power has increased to such a degree that he should be able to exert a lifting power of 320 pounds, while his maximum power is reached in his thirtieth or thirty-second year, 365 pounds then being recorded. At the expiration of the thirty-first year his power begins to decline, very gradually at first, falling but eight pounds by the time he is forty. From forty to fifty the decrease of power is somewhat more rapid, having dropped to 320 pounds at the latter age, the average lifting power of a man of fifty, therefore, being slightly greater than that of a man of twenty. After fifty the decrease in strength is usually rapid, but the rate of decrease varies so surprisingly in individuals that it has been impossible to obtain accurate data as to average strength after that age.

Mistaken Identity. A Westchester county commuter told this story a few days ago to his daily fellow-travelers while the cards were being made ready for the first rubber: "As I entered the station this afternoon a man with a number of parcels said to me in German: 'I want to go to Fort Chester.' The man was warm and cross and felt like quoting 'Wash- ington' and asking him: 'Why in heaven don't you go?' But he seemed so nervous that I thought I would not do so thoroughly foreign that I knew the joke would have been wasted and I gave him the information he wanted in a few words. Then I was curious to know what made him think that I could speak German and I asked him in the best German I could, 'I understand

## ROME'S INFAMOUS PERIOD

Time When the Ancient City's Illustrious Personages Were Nearly All Notoriously Vicious.

It is well-known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the empire. This period has a very bad reputation; not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous law suits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Caesar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were dissolute, when not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have escaped: capped from this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Arippus, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme or else depraved like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Maecenas, Tiberius, Nero—to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners outright, were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror.—Guglielmo Ferrero in Atlantic.

Ret for a Forge. Harper's Weekly relates that more than five centuries ago the corporation of London acquired from the crown a forge for which it promised to pay an annual rent in its products. Although the forge was demolished in a riot during the reign of Richard II, 1377-1399, and was never restored, the rent is still punctually paid every October.

Last autumn, on the appointed day, the city solicitor went to the office of the king's remembrancer and made the following proclamation: "Oyez, oyez, certain tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called the Forge in the parish of St. Clement Danes in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service."

The city solicitor then solemnly counted six horseshoes and 61 nails.

Tip the Assistant. A word to those who may be planning for the first time to go to some famous Paris house for their gowns. The assistant must be tipped. Otherwise one might sit unnoticed for a long time, with every one seemingly too busy to heed. An assistant must be seized as she passes and embraced, after which miracles will occur. A very good tip will even, at the end, after one or two frocks have been purchased, bring forth from some remote recess a "bargain," and it will be one in verity.

Had to Have His Cigar. There have been many devotees of the cold cigar. Liszt was one. Massenet says that the abbe could not play the piano unless he had a cigar in his mouth. But he did not light it or smoke it; he used to eat it. He would sit down to the instrument with a big cigar between his teeth and when the cigar was eaten up the performance closed.

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## ROME'S INFAMOUS PERIOD

Time When the Ancient City's Illustrious Personages Were Nearly All Notoriously Vicious.

It is well-known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the empire. This period has a very bad reputation; not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous law suits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Caesar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were dissolute, when not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have escaped: capped from this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Arippus, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme or else depraved like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Maecenas, Tiberius, Nero—to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners outright, were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror.—Guglielmo Ferrero in Atlantic.

Ret for a Forge. Harper's Weekly relates that more than five centuries ago the corporation of London acquired from the crown a forge for which it promised to pay an annual rent in its products. Although the forge was demolished in a riot during the reign of Richard II, 1377-1399, and was never restored, the rent is still punctually paid every October.

Last autumn, on the appointed day, the city solicitor went to the office of the king's remembrancer and made the following proclamation: "Oyez