

THE STORY OF LOVE BEHIND THE THRONE. COPYRIGHT BY HERBERT S. STONE & CO.

By G. P. CUTCHEON

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued. THE GUESSING OF ANGUISH.

ABRIEL'S lips parted, but nothing more than a gasp escaped them. Involuntarily his eyes sought the door, then the windows, the pendulum swinging in the room, the faint gleam of light from the balcony above his gaze to leap instantly to that pallid face and every eye in the room followed. Yetteve was standing again, her hand on the door.

"An accomplice has confessed all. I have the word of the man who saw the crime committed. I charge Prince Gabriel with the murder of his Highness Prince Lorenz."

"I am deeply interested," said the Princess, eagerly. "In the first place, it was all a bluff," said he, coolly. "A what?" demanded Dagmar.

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Yetteve begged Bolazox to continue to make the Court his home while in Graustark, and the old Prince responded with the declaration that he would remain long enough to sign and approve the new covenant, at least. Before stepping from the throne, Yetteve called in low tones to Lorry, a pretty flush mantling her cheek:

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who had gone to the capital of their country with the news of the catastrophe, remained close to the hotel. One of them confessed that but little sympathy would be felt at home for Gabriel, who was hated by his subjects. Already there was talk among them of Prince Danton, his younger brother, as his successor to the throne. The young Prince was a favorite with the people.

Bolazox was pleased with the outcome of the sensational accusation and the consequent removal of complications which had in reality been unpleasant to him. One feature of the scene in the throne room was not discussed, although it was uppermost in the minds of all. The positive stand taken by the Princess and her open avowal of love for the dashing American were never to be forgotten. The serious wrinkles on the brow of Halfont and the faraway expression that came frequently to his eyes revealed the nature

of the man told of a conflict now only in abeyance. "I will never give you up," he said, as he came from the door. A wistful gleam flickered in her eyes, but she did not respond in words.

Near the head of the staircase an animated group of persons lingered. Harry Anguish was in the center and the Countess Dagmar was directly in front of him, looking up with sparkling eyes and parted lips. The Count and Countess Halfont, Gispou, the Baron Dangloss, the Duke of Mirox, with other ladies and gentlemen, were being entertained by the gay-spirited stranger.

"Here he comes," cried the latter, as he caught sight of the approaching couple. "I am delighted to see you, Harry. You were the friend I needed, old man," said Lorry, wringing the other's hand. Yetteve gave him her hand, her blue eyes overflowing.

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world—the United States. His home is his kingdom; his wife, his mother, his sisters are his Queens and his Princesses; his fellow citizens are his admiring subjects if he is wise and good. In my land you will find the poor man climbing to the highest pinnacle, side by side with the rich man. The woman I love is a Princess. Had she been the lowest maid in all that great land of ours, still would she have been my Queen, I her King.

When first I loved the mistress of Graustark she was, you must not forget, Miss Guggenstocker. I have said all this to you, sir, not in egotism nor in bitterness, but to show my right to hope in the face of all obstacles. We recognize little as impossible. Until death destroys this power to love and to hope I must say to you that I shall not consider the Princess Yetteve beyond my reach. Frankly, I cannot, sir."

The Count heard him through, unconsciously admiring the man's boldness and the sincerity of his words. He was not a man to be trifled with.

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scious admiration mingling with the sadness in his eyes. "There are some obstacles that bravery and perseverance cannot overcome, my friend," he said, slowly. "One of them is fate."

"As fate is not governed by law or custom, I have the best reason in the world to hope," said Lorry, yet modestly. "I would, indeed, sir, that you were a Prince of the realm," fervently cried the Count, and Lorry was struck by the fact that he repeated word for word his wish Gaspon had uttered some hours before.

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getting to be a Princess." "No; it is because you no longer look upon me as a possibility in other days. It is because I am a possibility, an entity instead of a shadow. Yesterday you were the Princess and looked down upon the impossible sultan; to-day you find that you have given yourself to him and that you do not regard the barrier as insurmountable. You were not timid until you found your power to resist gone. To-day you admit that I may hope, and in doing so you open a gate through the walls of your pride and prejudice that can never be closed against the love within and the love without. You are afraid of me because I am no longer a dream, but a reality. Am I not right, Yetteve?"

She looked out over the hazy, moonlight park. "Yesterday I might have disputed all you say; to-day I can deny nothing."

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knowing that she was also watching the strollers. "They are so sure of each other," she repeated, as she watched them. "When almost directly beneath the rail the Countess glanced upward, impelled by the strange instinct of an easily startled love, confident that prying eyes were upon her. She saw the dark forms leaning over the rail and rather jerkily brought her companion to a standstill and to a realization of his position. Anguish turned his eyes aloft.

"Can you, fair maid, tell me the names of those beautiful stars that see in the darkness above?" he asked, in a loud, happy voice. "Oh, can they be eyes?"

"Eyes, most noble sir," replied his companion. "There are no stars so bright."

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Then followed a long, animated discussion, growing brighter and more hopeful as the speakers' words were heard. The proposition, Lorry was a favorite but he could not be his prince. Hereditary law prohibited. Still his children, if God gave them to him, might be declared rightful heirs to the throne of their mother, the Princess. The Princess talked, the more the problem seemed to solve itself. Many times the Princess and her wise men met and overcame obstacles, huge at first, minimized in the end, all because of love, for she always loved them. The departure from traditional custom, as suggested by the Princess—coupled with the threat to abdicate—was the weightiest yet the most delicate question that had ever come before the chief men of Graustark. It meant the beginning of a new line of Princes, new life, new blood, a complete transformation of order as it had come down through the reigns of many Gaspouks. For the first time in the history of the country there was a woman to direct male heirs to the throne. With old Prince Gaspouk's passing the masculine side of the illustrious family ended. No matter whom his daughter took for a husband, the line was broken. Why not the bold, progressive, rich American, argued, for the first time there had been no direct male heir to the throne. With old Prince Gaspouk's passing the masculine side of the illustrious family ended. No matter whom his daughter took for a husband, the line was broken. Why not the bold, progressive, rich American, argued, for the first time there had been no direct male heir to the throne.

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"They Are Very Fappy," Said Lorry.

President's Heads on Stamps

President McKinley's portrait is put on one of the postage stamps of this country, as dispatches from Washington have indicated. The Postoffice Department has announced a new issue, his portrait will be the ninth of a Presidential series in that way. As the regular series of stamps, excluding the 10-cent issues, has now been in circulation with only slight changes in watermarks and the like since 1890, a change of some sort is expected soon by philatelists.