

GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"The prisoner," shouted the northern nobles, and in an instant the solemn atmosphere was wild with excitement. "Do not sign that decree!" cried some one from a far corner. "Here is your man, Prince Bolaroz!" cried a baron. "Quinnox has saved us!" shouted another. The princess, white as death and as motionless, sat bolt upright in her royal seat. "Oh!" she moaned piteously, and, clenching her hands, she carried them to her eyes as if to shut out the light. The Countess Halfont and Lagmar ran to her side, the latter frantic with alarm. She knew more than the others. "Are you the fugitive?" cried Bolaroz. "I am Grenfall Lorry. Are you Bolaroz?" "The father of the man you murdered. Ah, this is rapture!" "I have only to say to your highness I did not kill your son. I swear it, so help me God!" "Your highness," cried Bolaroz, stepping to the throne, "destroy that decree. This brave soldier has saved Graustark. In an hour your ministers and mine will have drawn up a ten years' extension of time, in proper form, to which my signature shall be gladly attached. I have not forgotten my promise."

"Prince Gabriel, why do you shake like a leaf? Is it because you know what I am going to say?" exclaimed Anguish, pointing his finger accusingly at the astonished Prince of Dawsbergen. Gabriel's lips parted, but nothing more than a gasp escaped them. Involuntarily his eyes sought the door, then the windows, the peculiar, uncontrollable look of the hunted coming into them. Bolaroz allowed his gaze to leap instantly to that pallid face, and every eye in the room followed. Yetteve was standing again, her face glowing. "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." With a groan Gabriel threw his hands to his heart and tottered forward, glaring at the merciless face of the accuser. "Confessed! Betrayed!" he faltered. Then he whirled like a maniac upon his little coterie of followers. "Vile traitor!" he shrieked. "I will drink your heart's blood!" With a howl he leaped toward one of the men, a dark faced nobleman named Berrowag. The latter evaded him and rushed toward the door, crying: "It is a lie, a lie! He has tricked you! I did not confess!" The prince was seized by his friends, struggling and cursing. A peculiar smile lit up the face of Harry Anguish. "I repeat, he is the assassin!" Gabriel broke from the detaining hands and, drawing a revolver, rushed for the door. "Out of the way! I will not be taken alive!" Alode met him at the curtains and grasped him in his powerful arms, Baron Dangloss and others tearing the



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weapon from his hand. The utmost confusion reigned—women screaming, men shouting—and above all could be heard the howls of the accused prince. "Let me go! Curse you! Curse you! I will not surrender! Let me kill that traitor! Let me at him!" Berrowag had been seized by willing hands, and the two men glared at each other, one crazy with rage, the other shrinking with fear. Dangloss and Alode half carried, half dragged the prince forward. As he neared Bolaroz and the princess he collapsed and became a trembling, moaning suppliant for mercy. Anguish's accusation had struck home. "Prince Bolaroz, I trust you will not object if the Princess Yetteve substitutes the true assassin for the man named in your promise to Graustark," said Anguish dramatically. Bolaroz, as if coming from a dream, turned and knelt before the throne. "Most adorable Yetteve," he said, "I sue for pardon. I bow low and lay my open heart before the truest woman in the world." He kissed the black lace hem of her gown and arose. "I am your friend and ally. A sphinx and Graustark will live no more with hatred in their hearts. From you I have learned a lesson in justice and constancy."

Prince Gabriel was raving like a madman as the officers hurried him and Berrowag from the room. A shout went up from those assembled. His echo, reaching the halls, then the gardens, was finally taken up by the waiting masses beyond the gates. The news flew like wildfire. Rejoicing such as had never been known shook Edelweiss upon the monks on the mountain looked down in wonder.

After the dazed and happy throng about the throne had heaped their expressions of love and devotion upon the radiant princess a single figure knelt in submission just as she was preparing to depart. It was the Duke of Mizrox. "Your royal highness, Mizrox is ready to pay his forfeit. My life is yours," he said calmly. She did not comprehend until her uncle reminded her of the oath Mizrox had taken the morning after the murder. "He swore on his life that you killed Lorenz," she said, turning to Lorry. "I was wrong, but I am willing to pay the penalty. My love for Lorenz was greater than my discretion. That is my only excuse, but it is one you should not accept," said Mizrox, as coolly as if announcing the time of day. Lorry looked first at him and then at the princess, bewildered and uncertain. "I have no ill will against you, my lord duke. Release him from his bond, your highness."

"Gladly, since you refuse to hold him to his oath," she said. "I am under an eternal obligation to you, sir, for your leniency, and I shall ever reverse the princess who pardons so graciously the gravest error."

Yetteve begged Bolaroz 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: "Will you come to me in half an hour?" "For my reward?" he asked eagerly. "Ach!" she cried softly, reprovingly. Count Halfont's face took on a troubled expression as he caught the swift communication in their eyes. After all, she was a princess.

She passed from the room beside Halfont, proud and happy in the victory over despair, glorying in the exposure of her heart to the world, her blood tingling and dancing with the joys of anticipation. Lorry and Anguish, the wonder and admiration of all, were given a short but convincing lecture in the hallway. Lords and ladies praised and lauded them, overwhelming them with the homage that comes to the brave. But Gaspon uttered one wish that struck Lorry's warm, leaping heart like a piece of ice. "Would to God that you were a prince of the realm," said the minister of finance, a look of regret and longing in his eyes. That wish of Gaspon's sent Lorry away with the sharp steel of desolation torturing intensely as it drove deeper and deeper the reawakened pangs of uncertainty. There still remained the fatal distance between him and the object of his heart's desire.

He accompanied Captain Quinnox to his quarters, where he made himself presentable before starting for the enchanted apartment in the far end of the castle. Love and fear combined to give him strength; from his eyes fled the hopeless look, from his brain the doubt, from his blood the chill. "Quinnox, give me your hand; don't mind the blood! You have been my friend, and you have served her almost to the death. I injured and would have killed you in that cell, but it was not in anger. Will you be my friend in all that is to follow?" "She has said that she loves you," said the captain, returning the hand clasp. "I am at your service as well as hers."

A few moments later Lorry was in her presence. What was said or done during the half hour that passed between his entrance and the moment that brought them side by side from the room need not be told. That the interview had had its serious side was plain. The troubled, anxious eyes of the girl and the rebellious, dogged air of the man told of a conflict now only in abeyance. "I will never give you up," he said as they came from the door. A wistful gleam flickered in her eyes, but she did not respond in words.

Near the head of the stairway 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, Gaspon, the Baron Dangloss, the Duke of Mizrox, 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 in need, old man," said Lorry, wringing the other's hand. Yetteve gave him her hand, her blue eyes overflowing.

"Mr. Anguish had just begun to tell us how he—how he—began Dagmar, but paused helplessly, looking to him for relief.

"Go ahead, countess. It isn't very elegant, but it's the way I said it. How I got next to Gabriel is what she wants to say. Perhaps your highness would like to know all about the affair that ended so tragically. It's very quickly told," said Anguish.

"I am deeply interested," said the princess eagerly. "Well, in the first place, it was all a bluff," said he coolly. "A what?" demanded Harry briefly. "American patois, dear countess."

"In what respect?" asked Lorry, beginning to understand. "In all respects. I didn't have the slightest sign of proof against the festive prince."

"Do I understand you to say that you have no evidence against Gabriel?" asked Halfont, dumfounded. "Not a particle."

"But you said his confederate had confessed," protested Dangloss. "I didn't know that he had a confederate, and I wasn't sure that he was guilty of the crime," boasted Anguish, complacently enjoying the stupefaction. "Then why did you say so?" demanded Dangloss, excited beyond measure. "Oh, I just guessed at it!" "God save us!" gasped Baron Dangloss, chief of police. "Guessed at it?" cried Mizrox. "That's it. It was a bold stroke, but it won. Now, I'll tell you this much: I was morally certain that Gabriel killed the prince. There was no way on earth to prove it, however, and I'll admit it was intuition or something of that sort which convinced me. He had tried to abduct the princess, and he was madly jealous of Lorenz. Although he knew there was to be a duel, he was not certain that Lorenz would lose, so he adopted a clever plan to get rid of two rivals by killing one and casting suspicion on the other. These deductions I made soon after the murder, but, of course, could secure no proof."

"Early this morning at the hotel I made up my mind to denounce him suddenly if I had the chance, risking failure, but hoping for such an exhibition as that which you saw. It was clear to me that he had an accomplice to stand guard while he did the stabbing, but I did not dream it was Berrowag. Lorry's sensational appearance, when I believed him to be far away from here, disturbed me greatly, but it made it all the more necessary that I should take the risk with Gabriel. As I watched him I became absolutely convinced of his guilt. The only way to accuse him was to do it boldly and thoroughly; so I rang in the

accomplice and the witness features. You all know how the bluff worked." "And you had no more proof than this?" asked Dangloss weakly. "That's all," laughed the delighted strategist.

Dangloss stared at him for a moment, then threw up his hands and walked away, shaking his head, whether in stupefied admiration or utter disbelief no one knew. The others covered Anguish with compliments, and he was more than ever the hero of the day. Such confidence paralyzed the people. The only one who was not overcome with astonishment was his countryman.

"You did it well," he said in an undertone to Anguish—"devilish well!" "You might at least say I did it to the queen's taste," growled Anguish meaningly.

"Well, then, you did," laughed Lorry.

CHAPTER XXVII. ON THE BALCONY AGAIN.

THREE persons in the royal castle of Graustark, worn by the dread and anxiety of weeks, fatigued by the sleepless nights just past, slumbered through the long afternoon with the motionless, death-like sleep of the utterly fagged. Yetteve in her darkened bedchamber dreamed with smiling lips of a tall soldier and a throne on which cobwebs multiplied. Grenfall Lorry saw in his dreams a slim soldier with troubled face and averted, timid eyes, standing guard over him with a brave, stiff back and chin painfully uplifted, Captain Quinnox dreamed not for his mind was tranquil in the assurance that he had been forgiven by the princess.

While Lorry slept in the room set apart for him Anguish roamed the park with a happy faced, slender young lady into whose wavy ears he poured the history of a certain affection, from the tender beginning to the distracting end, and she smiled and trembled with delight, closing not her ears against the sound of his voice nor her heart to the love that craved admission. They were not dreaming.

After dinner that evening Lorry led the princess out into the moonlight. The November breezes were soft and balmy and the shadows deep. "Let us leave the park to Dagmar and her hero, to the soldiers and the musicians," said Yetteve. "There is a broad portico here, with the tenderest of memories. Do you remember a night like this a month or more ago—the moon, the sentinel and some sorrows? I would again stand where we stood on that night and again look up to the moon and the solemn sentinel, but not as we saw them then, with heartache and evasion."

"The balcony, then, without the old restrictions," Lorry agreed. "I want to see that dark old monastery again and to tell you how I looked from its lofty windows through the chill of wind and the chill of life into the fairest Eden that was ever denied man."

"In an hour, then, I will meet you there."

"I must correct you. In an hour you will find me there."

She left him, retiring with her aunt and the Countess Dagmar. Lorry remained in the hall with Halfont, Prince Bolaroz, Mizrox and Anguish. The conversation ran once more into the ever recurring topic of the day, Gabriel's confession. The Prince of Dawsbergen was confined in the tower with his confederate, Berrowag. Reports from Dangloss late in the afternoon conveyed the intelligence that the prisoner had fallen into melancholia. Berrowag admitted to the police that he had stood guard at the door while Gabriel entered the prince's room and killed him as he slept. He described the cunning, deliberate effort to turn suspicion to the American by leaving blood stains.

The other Dawsbergen nobles, with the exception of two 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.

Bolaroz 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 throneroom 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 far-away expression that came frequently to his eyes revealed the nature of his thoughts. The greatest problem of them all was still to be solved.

As they left the room he dropped behind and walked out beside Lorry, rather timidly detaining him until the others were some distance ahead. "You were closeted with the princess this morning, Mr. Lorry, and perhaps you can give me the information I desire. She has called a meeting of the ministers and leading men of the country for tomorrow morning. Do you know why she has issued this rather unusual call? She did not offer any explanation to me."

"I am only at liberty to say, your excellency, that it concerns the welfare of Graustark," answered the other after a moment's thought. They walked on in silence for some distance. "I am her uncle, sir, but I love her as I would love my own child. My life has been given to her from the day that her mother, my sister, died. You will grant me the right to ask you a plain question. Have you told her that you love her?" The count's face was drawn and white.

"I admire you more than any man I have ever known," said the count huskily. "You are the soul of honor, of courage, of manliness. But you cannot become the husband of a princess of Graustark! I need not tell you that, however. You surely must understand."

"I do understand," said Lorry dizzily. "I am not a prince, as you are saying over and over again to yourself. 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. 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, unconscious 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, the wish Gaspon had uttered some hours before.

By this time they were joined by the others, whereupon Grenfall hurried eagerly to the balcony, conscious of being half an hour early, but glad of the chance afforded for reflection and solitude. Voices came up from below, as they did on that night five weeks ago, bringing the laughter and song of happy hearts. Music swelled through the park from the band gallery; from afar off came the sounds of revelry. The people of Edelweiss were rejoicing over the unexpected deliverance from a fate so certain that the escape seemed barely short of miraculous.

Every sound, every rustle of the wind through the plants that were scattered over the balcony caused him to look toward the door through which she must come to him.

At last she appeared, and he hastened to meet her. As he took her hands in his she said softly, dreamily, looking over his shoulder toward the mountain's crest, "The same fair moon," and smiled into his eyes.

"The same fair maid and the same man," he added, "I believe the band is playing the same air—upon my soul I do."

"Yes, the same air, 'La Paloma.' It is my lullaby. Come, let us walk. I cannot sit quietly now. Talk to me. Let me listen and be happy."

Slowly they paced the wide balcony, through the moonlight and the shadows, her hand resting on his arm, his clasping it gently. Lorry talked but little, she not at all, and yet they understood each other.

"Why are you so quiet?" he asked at last, stopping near the rail. "I cannot tell you why. It seems to me that I am afraid of you," she answered, a shy quaver in her voice. "Afraid of me? I don't understand."

"Nor do I. You are not as you were before this morning. You are different—yes, you make me feel that I am weak and helpless and that you can say to me 'Come' and 'Go' and I must obey. Isn't it odd that I, who have never known submissiveness, should so suddenly find myself tyrannized?" she asked, smiling faintly.

"Shall I tell you why you are afraid of me?" he asked. "You will say it is because I am forgetting to be a princess."

"No; it is because you no longer look upon me as you did in other days. Yesterday you were the princess and looked down upon the impossible suitor; today you find that you have given yourself to him and that you do not regard the barrier as insurmountable. 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, moonlit park. "Yesterday I might have disputed all you say; today I can deny nothing."

Leaning upon the railing, they ten into a silent study of the parade ground and its strollers. Their thoughts were not of the walkers and chattering, nor

of the music, nor of the night. They were of the day to come. "I shall never forget how you said 'Because I love him,' this morning, sweetheart," said Lorry, betraying his reflections. "You defied the whole world in those four words. They were worth dying for."

"How could I help it? You must not forget that you had just leaped into the lion's den defenseless because you loved me. Could I deny you then? Until that moment I had been the princess adamant. In a second's time you swept away every safeguard, every battlement, and I surrendered as only a woman can. But it really sounded shocking, didn't it? So theatrical!"

"Don't look so distressed about it, dear. You couldn't help it, remember," he said approvingly. "Ach, I dread tomorrow's ordeal!" she said, and he felt the arm that touched his own tremble. "What will they say? What will they do?"

"Tomorrow will tell. It means a great deal to both of us. If they will not submit, what then?" "What then, what then?" she murmured faintly.

Across the parade, coming from the direction of the fountain, Harry Anguish and Dagmar were slowly walking. They were very close together, and his head was bent until it almost touched hers. As they drew nearer the dreamy watchers on the balcony recognized them.

"They are very happy," said Lorry, knowing that she was also watching the strollers. "They are so sure of each other," she replied sadly.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE MAID OF GRAUSTARK.

EXPECTANCY, concern, the dread of uncertainty marked the countenances of Graustark's ministers and her chief men as they sat in the council chamber on the day following, awaiting the appearance of their princess, at whose call they were unexpectedly assembled.

All realized an emergency. Not one in that assembly had heard the vivid, soulful sentence from the throne. Not one but wished in secret as Gaspon and Halfont had wished in open speech.

When the princess entered with the prime minister they narrowly scanned the face so dear to them. After the greetings she requested them to draw chairs about the great table. Seating herself in her accustomed seat, she gazed over the circle of anxious faces and realized, more than at any time in her young life, that she was frail and weak beyond all comparison. How small she was to rule over those strong, wise men of hers. How feeble the hand that held the scepter!

"My lords," she said, summoning all her strength of mind and heart, "I am gratified to find you so ready to respond to the call of your whimsical sovereign. Yesterday you came with hearts bowed down and in deepest woe. Today I assemble you here that I may ask your advice concerning the events of that strange day. Bolaroz will do as he has promised. We are to have the extension papers this afternoon, and Graustark may breathe again the strong, deep breath of hope. You well remember my attitude on yesterday. If on yesterday I would not let my kingdom stand between me and my love, I cannot do so today. I have called you here to tell you, my lords, that I have promised to become the wife of the man who would have given his life for you and for me—that I love as a woman, not as a princess."

The silence of death stole into the room. Every man's eyes were gazed upon the white face of the princess, and none could break the spell. Not a word was uttered for many seconds. Then old Caspar's tense muscles relaxed and his arms dropped limply from their crossed position on his breast.

"My child, my child!" he cried lifelessly. "You cannot do this thing!" "But the people?" cried Gaspon, his eyes gleaming. "You cannot act against the will of the people. Our laws, natural and otherwise, proscribe the very act you have in mind. The American cannot go upon our throne. No man, unless he be of royal blood, can share it with you. If you marry him, the laws of our land—you know them well—will prohibit us from recognizing the marriage."

"Knowing that, my lords, I have come to ask you to revise our laws. My throne will not be disgraced by the man I would have share it with me." She spoke as calmly as if she were making the most trivial request instead of asking her ministers to overthrow and undo the laws and customs of ages and of dynasties.

"The law of nature cannot be changed," muttered Caspar as if to himself. "In the event that the custom cannot be changed I shall be compelled to relinquish my right to occupy the throne and to depart from among you. It would break my heart, my lords, to resort to this monstrous sacrifice, but I love one man first, my crown and my people after him."

"You would not leave us—you would not throw aside as despised the crown your ancestors wore for centuries?" cried Gaspon. "The others were staring with open mouths and icy hearts."

"Yes, as much as it would grieve me. I would do all this," she answered firmly, not daring to look at her uncle. Her heart ached to turn to him with a prayer for forgiveness, but there could be no faltering now.

"I ask you, my lords, to acknowledge the marriage of your ruler to Grenfall Lorry. I am to be his wife, but I entreat you to grant me happiness without making me endure the misery that will come to me if I desert my father's throne and the people who have worshiped me and to whom I am bound by a tie that cannot be broken. I do not plead so much for the right to rule as I do for the one who may rule after I am gone. I want my own to follow me on the throne of Graustark."

Then followed a long, animated discussion, growing brighter and more hopeful as the speakers' willing hearts warmed to the proposition. Lorry was a favorite, but he could not be their prince. Hereditary law prohibited. Many times the princess and her wise men met and overcame obstacles, huge at first, minimized in the end, all because they loved her and she loved them. The departure from tradition, a 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. For the first time in the history of the country a woman was sovereign; for the first time there had been no direct male heir to the throne. With the death of old Prince Ganolok 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 some. Count Caspar held out until all were against him, giving way finally in a burst of oratory which ended in tears and sobs and which made the sense of the gathering unambiguous.

The Princess Yetteve won the day, so far as her own position was concerned, but there was Lorry to be considered. "Mr. Lorry knows that I called you together in consultation, but he does not know that I would have given up my crown for him. I dared not tell him that. He knows only that I was to ask your advice on the question of marriage, and that alone. I fear he will object to the plan we have agreed upon," she went on. "He is sensitive, and it is possible he will not like the idea of putting our marriage to the popular vote of the people."

"I insist, however, that the people be considered in the matter," said Gaspon. "In three months' time the whole nation can say whether it sanctions the revision of our laws of heredity."

"I have no hesitancy in saying that Graustark already idolizes this brave American," said Halfont warmly. "He has won her affection. I will vouch for it that the whole nation will rise and cry: 'Long live the princess! Long live the princess! Long live the prince consort!'"

"Goin' back, I see," said Sitzky, the guard, some months later, addressing a very busy young man who was hurrying down the platform of the Edelweiss railway station toward the special train which was puffing impatiently.

"Hello, Sitzky! Is it you? I'm glad to see you again. Yes, we are going back to the land of the stars and stripes." The speaker was Mr. Anguish.

"You'll have fine company 's fer as Vienna too. D' you ever see such a celebration's dey're havin' here today? You'd think de whole world was interested in de little visit her royal highness is goin' to pay to Vienna. Durned if de whole city, soldiers an' all ain't down here to see 'er off. Look at de crowd! By glory, I don't believe we c'n pull de train out of de station! Quainted wid any of de royal crowd?"

"Slightly," answered Anguish, smiling. He was watching a trim figure in a tailor made gown as it approached, drawing apart from the throng. It was Mrs. Harry Van Brugh Anguish.

"Say, you must cut some ice wid dese people. But dat's jest like an American, dough," the little guard went on. "De princess married an American, an' dey say he's goin' to put de crown away where de moths won't git at it an' take her over to live in Washington fer six months. Is it a sure thing?"

"That's right, Sitzky. She's going back wid us, and then we're coming back wid her."

"Why don't he keep 'er over dere when he gits her dere? What's de use—what's de use?"

"Well, she's still the Princess of Graustark, you know, Sitzky. She can't live always in America."

"Got to be here to hold her job, eh?" "Inlegant, but correct. Now, look sharp! Where do we find our—ah! His wife was with him, and he forgoed Sitzky."

The guard turned to watch the procession—a file of soldiers, a cavalry troop, carriages and then the carriage with spirited horses and gay accouterments. It stopped with a jangle, and a man and woman descended.

"The princess!" cried Sitzky. "Long live the princess!" cried the crowd. "God save our Yetteve!" Sitzky started as if shot, staring at the tall man who approached with the smiling sovereign of Graustark. "Well," he gasped, "what d' you tink o' dat?"

The train that was to carry them out of the east into the west puffed and snorted, the bell clanged, the people cheered, and they were off. Hours later, as the car whirled through the Hungarian plain, Yetteve, looking from her window, said in that exquisite English which was her very own: "Ah, the world, the dear world! I am so sorry for queens!"

THE END.

That Awful Cold. And its terrible cough can soon be cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Try it. No cure, no pay. 50c., \$1.00. F. B. Clark.

Driven Insane by brooding over blindness, James Turner, aged 80 of Eddyville, inflicted a fatal wound on himself, using a razor.

A Policeman's Testimony. J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes: "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough medicine in the world." For sale by W. D. Elliott, corner of Main and Court streets.

CHAPTER XXVI. THE CROSSING OF ANGUISH. THE startling assertion created a fresh sensation. Sensations had come so thick and so fast, however, that they seemed component parts of one grand, bewildering climax. The new actor in the drama held the center of the stage undisputed. "Harry!" cried Lorry.