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### A ROVAL ROMANCE

(Original.)

The king was dead, and the people would have cried, "Long live the king!" but they did not know which of two claimants would secure the throne. Prince Ludwig, the representative of a rival dynasty, was at the capital, but the Crown Prince Rudolph, who had been banished by his father, was in Paris. Rudolph was the choice of the people, but the Austrian government

lesired to place Ludwig on the throne. Rudolph made his preparations to go to claim his crown, and, being obliged to pass through Austrian territory, the government desired to intercept him.

"Your majesty," said Rudolph's bosem friend, Count Ernest Gerhart, who proposed to accompany his sovereign to his capital, "I suggest that we travel as master and valet, I to be the master. you the valet."

"An admirable plan," said Rudolph. 'We will adopt it."

That night the two started, the count lisguised as a bourgeois merchant, Rudolph as a German valet. The two carried their parts well, the count enacting a shopkeeper who bad made money and was consequently purse broud. Rudolph playing a servant who and all the spirit beaten out of him by tyrannical master. Count Ernest, being the king's intimate friend and faithful adherent, took pleasure in giving him plenty to do and abusing him soundly at the slightest remissness. Passing down the Danube by boat, the we attracted the attention of the old Baroness von Vallenstein and her beautiful daughter Bertha.

"Hans," cried Count Ernest, "bring me some bock and soda water, and ion't spend the whole day gabbling with the other servants. Be quick!"

Hans moved away, and Bertha von Vallenstein, who had looked up from her book, cast an indignant glance at the count for the severity of his tone. When the valet returned with the bock and soda Count Ernest rated him for having been gone so long. Bertha von Vallenstein, indignant at the count's ibuse, called Hans to her and said to

"Do you wish to leave the service of the man who treats you so harshly? If you do I will engage you at once. My mother and I need a manservant." "Thank you, fraulein," stammered the astonished king incognito. "He pays me such good wages that"-

"I will pay you double." The king was in a quandary. Count Ernest, who saw what was going on. ordered him away on another errand and when he was gone said to the

young lady: "Pardon me, fraulein. This servant whom you think I treat so unjustly nust be handled with great severity He has overridden every master he has served till he came to me, and at the slightest evidence of kindliness he vould turn upon me with violence.

This failed to satisfy the young lady Soon after, when Count Ernest was not present, Hans spoke to her and discovered that she and her mother were lourneying to the same point as himself. He asked her hotel at the capital. which she gave him, and he promised to communicate with her with a view to entering her service.

After that Count Ernest, seeing his mistake in attracting attention by his feigned severity, treated his servant ess barshly. They pursued their journey, eluding the spies both of Prince Ludwig and the Austrian government. and at last Rudolph found himself safe over the borders of his kingdom. He immediately threw off his incognito and, having been joined by a num ber of his adherent nobles, moved on toward the capital, everywhere greeted with great joy and affection by the

Bertha von Vallenstein and her mother, having taken a direct route while the king was obliged to take a very circuitous one, arrived long before him She could not put away the image of the valet who had borne so patiently the harshness of his master, and she looked for him every day to appear and enter her service. Her mother laughed at her, assuring her that after what his master had said of him she would

run a great risk in engaging him. Meanwhile the whole kingdom had zone overwhelmingly for the legitimate beir, and preparations were made for his reception. It was a beautiful morning that Rudolph entered his capital mounted on horseback, attended by his nobles, Count Ernest Gerhart riding be side him, and followed by a large milltary escort. As he passed the botel where the baroness and ber daughter were stopping he looked up at the windows till his eyes caught those of Bertha, when he smiled and bowed, re-

moving his hat with especial deference. "Mother," gasped Bertha, withdrawing from the window, "what does it mean? Am I dreaming or am I detrious? The king has the features of

he valet Hans." "Nonsense, my dear! There is a reemblance, and since that valet has

urned your bead you magnify it." The king was proclaimed, and to the state ball following the proclamation nyltations came to the Von Vallensteins. When Bertha was presented to the king, he was observed to whisper something in her ear, and she passed

face also covered with blushes. What the king whispered was this: 'I am ready to enter your service, but ot as your valet."

on with an expression of delight on a

And so it happened that King Rutolph XII, took a wife not of royal blood, but as he received with her an enormous fortune, most of which was spent on the poor of the kingdom, the match was highly approved by his sub-F. A. MITCHEL fects.

### A Secret Service Girl

(Original.)

A few years after the close of the civil war I visited my comrade, Captain Collins. He had been married, while I had remained a bachelor. While waiting for dinner we talked over old

"Women are the worst enemies we have to meet in war," I said. "If I were a general, I'd have a corps of women to defeat the schemes of women of the opposite side. Men are no match for them."

"Kinsey," Collins protested, "you were always a woman bater. The stories of how southern women carried information are all rubbish. I never saw nor heard of any of it. I married a southern girl."

"I experienced it," I went on. "It was in the early summer of 1862. I was then a second lieutenant of cavalry and on duty at Pulaski, Tenn., with a picket guard on one of the turnplkes leading northward. We were stationed some five miles out of town on a crest, so that I could look either back to town or up the pike. Of course I had orders to let no one go through except those who had passes. Well, one morning, looking back to Pulaski, I saw a wagon coming loaded with furniture, and when it reached me I noticed that a woman, a very pretty young woman. was driving it. The major was in command of that part of the picket line and happened to be at our post at the

"'I'm going no'th,' said the lady, 'I'm tired of this war country. I'm a no'th-'n woman anyway, and I'm going to join my friends in Ohio."

"'Let me see your pass,' said the ma-

"'Haven't any pass; didn't know I'd have to get one.

"'You can't go on without a pass." "I was standing directly behind the major, and the woman was looking right over him to me. She was little more than a girl, and I sympathized with her. I didn't see any reason why ten miles should be added to the journey of a northern woman trying to get out of the south. I gave her the wink and, suddenly pushing forward, threw my arms around her neck and kissed her, exclaiming:

"Why, Alice, who would ever have thought of meeting you here?"

"She twigged at once and received my caress without making any fuss. Then I turned and introduced my cousin, Alice Warfield. This fixed matters. The major not only passed her through, but gave me permission to accompany her some distance up the plke. I rode by her, she thanking me with the sweetest of words and the most honeyed smiles for saving her the trouble of going back for her pass. I asked her at what point in Ohio her people lived, but she said she'd never been there herself and didn't seem to know much shout it. She expinined this by saying that she'd lived in the south ever since she was

ten years old. "Well, we were riding through a wood when I heard a clattering of the hoofs of many horses. We become accustomed to noticing small things in war, and I couldn't understand how the coming cavalry-for such it must be-made no din of sabers. Our men always wore sabers, but the southerners didn't. Suddenly I saw between the trees a Confederate flag coming. I was about to turn when the girl in the wagon whipped out a revolver and called on me to throw up my hands. I was too late anyway, for the comers were right on

me, so I obeyed her order When the troopers came up, it turned out that General John Morgan, the celebrated Confederate partisan leader, was in command. He took off his hat to the girl in the wagon, with whom he was evidently well acquainted.

"'For heaven's sake,' be exclaimed, what are you doing with all that furniture?

"The girl laughed. I tried hard to get a pass to come out to meet you, but the Yanks were too smart for me, so I played the northern woman trying to go home. This gentleman helped me through by owning me for his cousin. But, general, there's a Yankee wagon train at Pulaski, and I've taken all this trouble to come out and tell you. There's a small guard, and you can easily capture the whole kit."

" 'General,' I said, 'take me south, please, somewhere, anywhere, where I'll not see my comrades again. I'd rather go to Libby than meet one of

"The general laughed, but I was obliged to go with him back to Pulaski. The girl left her household effects in a farmyard on the road and, mounting a horse, rode back with us, guying me pleasantly all the way.

"That was the way John Morgan came to know of the wagon train being et Pulaski. He drove off the guard and after belping himself to what supplies he wanted burned the rest."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Collins, "She was a plucky girl, wasn't she?"

"Yes and there were plenty more of the same sort in the south. I have often wondered if the girl ever married. Her husband might expect to wake up any night with the cold muzzle of a revolver on his temple."

At that moment Mrs. Collins entered, and her husband rose, as I did also, to introduce me. I started, and Mrs. Collins looked at me scrutinizingly. She was the girl who had tricked me.

"Colonel Kinsey, my dear, has been telling me a cock and a buil story about"

"It's all true," she said. "I was the voman, and I've never forgotten the gentleman's kindness. I never teld you the story for fear of incurring your prejudice, but now that it's all out I for the secret service work I did on that If he did. ALFRED TOWNSEND.

### WHAT'S IN A SHADOW?

[Original.]

"A shadow," said the lecturer, "is something formed from the interposition"-

"Beg pardon, professor," interrupted the facetious student, "A shadow is nothing."

The class tittered, while the professor cast a provoked glance at the facetious student. Controlling himself, however, he naused a moment to consider how he should meet the interruption. Technically the student was right, but he was hypercritical. He had taken a like course several times before, and the professor desired to put a stop to his interruptions.

"You think that a shadow is nothing." he said, addressing the class, while looking at the facetious student "I think I can demonstrate that a shadow may be something fraught even with life and death. Some years ago I was traveling in the far west, where things are not done as we do them here, and strolling through the central square of a small town I came upon a gallows. A crowd was collecting. and upon inquiry I learned that a murderer was to be hanged at noon. I did not remain to witness the hanging, but on going back to the botel I asked the landlord something about the culprit and his crime. This is what he told me:

"Some months previous a house had been entered, an old man who lived there alone murdered, his tin box where he kept his valuables rided and his money taken. There had evidently been a struggle, and spots of blood appeared here and there on the furniture. A careful examination of the marks on the box was made, resulting in the discovery by the blood stains on it that the index finger of the right hand of the murderer was missing. But that was all the headway made in the case for some months. Everybody for miles around knew that a murderer was at large minus the index finger of his right hand, and everybody was on the watch for such a person.

"One night about 10 o'clock a woman was sitting before embers on a fireplace dozing. Behind her on a table was a bright light, before her a white wall. Opening her eyes, she saw on the wall the shadow of a man. He stood still for a moment; then, raising his right hand, in which he held a knife pointing downward, he began to advance without noise. One thing was noticeable-there was something wanting in the shadow of the thumb and foreinger. If you will make such a shadow, you will see that in that position it; will show the forefinger a protuberance. The woman noticed there was no such protuberance. The bandle of the knife took its place, but did all it. At any rate, markable instance of coolness than that of this woman threatened with intant death is on record.

"'Sarah!' she called in a perfectly controlled voice to a servant in the kitch

"The shadow retreated. Probably the of that by Osteopathy. One to three man stepped into the hall. Sarab came in, and her mistress said to her:

"I have some bills to pay tomorrow morning and some purchases to make. There's not a cent of money in the house. I wish you to take a note to my brother and ask him to let me have \$50, which amount I will draw from the bank tomorrow and send it to his office. Stop; he will not give it with out the order. I will write one. Hand me my writing case."

"The servant did as she was directed, and the woman wrote the note, reading it over aloud carefully to make sure that she had made berself plain and that the servant understood what she was to do. Then the latter left the

bouse. "For five minutes by the clock on the mantel the woman sat perfectly still. She could not be sure that her plan would succeed. She must take her chances on its succeeding without an effort to determine whether it had or not. After five minutes, not seeing the shadow reappear, she got up and went out the front door to the next house, where she sent a messenger to the police station with the following note:

"The three fingered murderer came just now to my house to murder and rob me I sent my servant with a note to my I sent my servant with a note to my brother living on the Hilton road for \$50 The murderer heard me tell her what to do. He will follow her and on her return

"The police were out at once, followed the girl and saw her enter the house where she was to get the money. One of their number entered, dressed himself in the servant's clothes and started back as if to deliver the money. From behind a bush a man sprang up and called out, 'Your money or your life!' at the same time covering the supposed servant with a revolver. Instead of complying be sounded a sharp whistle. It was needless, however, for the police were in touch and in an instant had the robber handcuffed. His right hand was found to be minus the index finger. There was absolutely no other testimony to convict him of the murder committed some months before, but this bit of circumstantial evidence was sufficient. The shadow of the forefinger"-

"Wrong again, professor," interrupted the facetious student. "It was the absence of shadow."

"You are incorrigible," said the professor, smiling. "What can't be cured must be endured."

The class, the facetious student and the teacher all laughed together, and the latter proceeded with his discourse. But the interrupter never offended again. He had no desire to do so, and will admit I have a Confederate medal | he knew the class would cry him down

HENRY R. SHOENBERGER.

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