

# SERIAL STORY

## The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

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### SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul in Barscheit, tells how resigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegarde and a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of flogging the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfenstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped. Efforts are made to stop the princess at the frontier. Betty Moore asks for her passport. She asks Warrington for assistance in leaving Barscheit, and invites him to call on her in London. Max finds the princess in the railway carriage. She accuses him of following her. He returns to her the purse he had found. It contained a thousand pounds in bank notes.

### CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Trust me to keep silent, then," He continued: "I have lived a part of my life on the great plains; have ridden horses for days and days at a time. As a deputy sheriff I have arrested desperados, have shot and been shot at. Then I went east and entered a great college; went in for athletics, and wore my first dress suit. Then my foster parent died, leaving me his fortune. And as I am frugal, possibly because of my German origin, I have more money than I know what to do with." He ceased.

"Go on," she urged.

"When the Spanish war broke out I entered a cavalry regiment as a trooper. I won rank, but surrendered it after the battle of Santiago. And now there are but two things in the world I desire to complete my happiness. I want to know who I am."

"And the other thing?"

"The other thing? I can't tell you that!"—hurriedly.

"Ah, I believe I know. You have left some sweetheart back in America." All her interest in his narrative took a strange and unaccountable slump.

"No; I have often admired women; but I have left no sweetheart back in America. If I had I should now feel very uncomfortable."

Somehow she couldn't meet his eyes. She recognized, with vague anger, that she was glad that he had no sweetheart. Ah, well, nobody could rob her of her right to dream, and this was a very pleasant dream.

"The train is slowing down," he said suddenly.

"We are approaching the frontier." She shaded her eyes and searched the speeding blackness outside.

"How far is it to the capital?" he asked.

"It lies two miles beyond the frontier."

Silence fell upon them, and at length the train stopped with a jerk. In what seemed to them an incredibly short time a guard unlocked the door. He peered in.

"Here they are, sure enough, your excellency!" addressing some one in the dark beyond.

An officer from the military household of the Prince of Doppelkinn was instantly framed in the doorway. The girl tried to lower her veil; too late.

"I am sorry to annoy your highness," he began, "but the grand duke's orders are that you shall follow me to the castle. Lieutenant, bring two men to tie this fellow's hands,"—nodding toward Scharfenstein.

Max stared dumbly at the girl. All the world seemed to have slipped from under his feet.

"Forgive me!" she said, low but impulsively.

"What does it mean?" His heart was very heavy.

"I am the Princess Hildegarde of Barscheit, and your entering this carriage has proved the greatest possible misfortune to you."

He stared helplessly—And everything had been going along so nicely—the dinner he had planned in Dresden, and all that!

"And they believe," the girl went on, "that I have eloped with you to avoid marrying the prince." She turned to the officer in the doorway. "Colonel, on the word of a princess, this gentle-

man is in no wise concerned. I ran away alone."

Max breathed easier.

"I should be most happy to believe your highness, but you will honor my strict observance of orders." He passed a telegram to her.

"Search train for Doppelkinn. Princess has eloped. Arrest and hold pair till I arrive on special engine."

"BARSCHHEIT."

The telegraph is the true arm of the police. The princess sighed pathetically. It was all over.

"Your passports," said the colonel to Max.

Max surrendered his papers. "You need not tie my hands," he said calmly. "I will come peaceably."

The colonel looked inquiringly at the princess.

"He will do as he says."

"Very good. I should regret to shoot him upon so short an acquaintance." The colonel beckoned for them to step forth. "Everything is prepared. There is a carriage for the convenience of your highness; Herr Ellis shall ride horseback with the troop."

Max often wondered why he did not make a dash for it, or a running fight. What he had gone through that night was worth a good fight.

"Good-by," said the princess, holding out her hand.

Scharfenstein gravely bent his head and kissed it.

"Good-by, Prince Charming!" she whispered, so softly that Max scarcely heard her.

Then she entered the closed carriage and was driven up the dark, tree-shrouded road that led to the Castle of Doppelkinn.

"What are you going to do with me?" Max asked, as he gathered up the reins of his mount.

"That we shall discuss later. Like as not something very unpleasant. For one thing, you are passing under a forged passport. You are not an American, no matter how well you may



"Good-by, Prince Charming!"

ber. How time wars upon custom! In olden times they created pain; now they strive to subdue it.

I might go into a detailed history of the Doppelkinn, only it would be absurd and unnecessary since it would be inappreciable under the name of Doppelkinn, which happens to be, as doubtless you have already surmised, a name of mine own invention. I could likewise tell you how the ancient dukes of Barscheit fought off the insidious flattery of Napoleon, only it is a far interest, and Barscheit is simply a characteristic, not a name. Some day I may again seek a diplomatic mission, and what government would have for its representative a teller of tales out of school?

It was, then, to continue the fortunes and misfortunes of Max Scharfenstein, close to midnight when the cavalcade crossed the old moon-bridge, which hadn't moved on its hinges within a hundred years. They were not entering by the formal way, which was a flower-bedded, terraced road. It was the rear entrance. The iron doors swung outward with a plaintive moaning, like that of a man roused out of his sleep, and Max found himself in an ancient guardroom, now used as a kind of secondary stable. The men dismounted.

"This way, Herr Ellis," said the colonel, with a mocking bow. He pointed toward a broad stone staircase.

"All I ask," said Max, "is a fair chance to explain my presence here."

"All in due time. Forwa! The prince is waiting and his temper may not be as smooth as usual."

With two troopers in front of him and two behind, Max climbed the steps readily enough. They wouldn't dare kill him, whatever they did. He tried to imagine himself the hero of some Scott or Dumas tale, with a grim cardinal somewhere above, and oubliettes and torture chambers besetting his path. But the absurdity of his imagination, so thoroughly Americanized,

evoked a ringing laughter. The troopers eyed him curiously. He might laugh later, but it was scarcely probable. A tramp through a dark corridor and they came to the west wing of the castle. It was here that the old prince lived, comfortably and luxuriously enough, you may take my word for it.

A door opened, flooding the corridor with light. Max felt himself gently pushed over the threshold. He stood in the great living-room of the modern Doppelkinn. The first person he saw was the princess. She sat on an oriental divan. Her hands were folded; she sat very erect; her chin was tilted ominously; there was so little expression on her pale face that she might have been an incompleting statue. But Max was almost certain that there was just the faintest flicker of a smile in her eyes as she saw him enter. Glorious eyes! (It is a bad sign when a man begins to use the superlative adjectives!)

The other occupant of the room was an old man, fat and bald, with a nose like a russet ferret. He was stalking—if it is possible for a short man to stalk—up and down the length of the room, and judging from the sonorous, rumbling sound, was communing half-aloud. Between whiles he was rubbing his tender nose, carefully and lovingly. When a man's nose resembles a russet ferret it generally is tender. Whoever he was, Max saw that he was vastly agitated about something.

This old gentleman was (or supposed he was) the last of his line, the Prince of Doppelkinn, famous for his wines and his love of them. There was, so his subjects said, but one tender spot in the heart of this old man, and that was the memory of the wife of his youth. (How the years, the good and bad, crowd behind us, pressing us on and on!) However, there was always succrease in the cellars—that is, the Doppelkinn cellars.

"Ha!" he roared as he saw the blinking Max. "So this is the fellow!" He made an eloquent gesture. "Your highness must be complimented upon your good taste. The fellow isn't bad-looking."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FARMERS' EDUCATIONAL AND CO-OPERATIVE UNION OF AMERICA

The very busy man is generally the very happy one.

Let no day pass without preaching the gospel of good cheer.

Make another New Year swear, and let it be that you will know what it is going on at the school house.

The busy hen has not yet heard of the low price of cotton nor of the financial flurry. Go to the hen and be wise.

While you are not too lazy, get out and fix up those flower beds for the girls. You won't have time a little later on.

The forthcoming census will cost the people \$14,000,000, and will be worth—well, mighty little to the average man.

Life is too short to spend a day without doing some good deed that has helped some struggler to make a better Union man.

Let the watchword for this year be: "Better packing and more warehouses for cotton; and unto this add large diversification."

Ask the prosperous farmer how it was done, and nine times out of ten he will tell you that it was "through diversification."—Terrell Transcript.

The late flurry has not hurt any legitimate and sound business; the firms are making as much profit as ever, and it tastes as good as it used to.

The good Union man who has not a split-penny drag already has a good-sized sapling picked out to make one the very first rainy day that comes along.

Take plenty of the cheap newspapers that are now offered to the public. This is a time when "cheap" refers to the price only; be sure you get the quality.

Poultry and prosperity; peanuts and prosperity; pigs and prosperity; and so the story goes along through the whole gamut of the man who is pushing and persevering.

Philosophizing is a very good thing for one who has nothing else to do, but we will give a great deal to find a man who has not a big lot of things that need doing that have been left over from last week.

The carloads of turkeys that are going out of Texas for the Eastern markets is another evidence that the good seed of the Union is taking hold and bearing fruit that will be the relief from the cotton fiend.

Of course there are a lot of politicians inside of the Union who would be glad to run the whole thing in their own interests. That is a mighty good sign that the thing is worth running. Stick to the Union and weed out this sort of fellows as fast as they bob up; that's the way to do business.

Has your Union ever talked of a neighborhood cannery? Not one of those great big things that it takes an army to run and a bank to sustain, but a little quiet sort of a place where you and a few of your neighbors can take care of the surplus fruit on your place for future home use and a little to sell to the fellows you know over in town. Talk it up; it is a good thing.

This is an election year, but it is decided by all the prophets that pigs, poultry, peanuts and prosperity are keeping step to the march of progress, and that all Union men are putting lots of stress on the diversification idea.

The reason for the cheapness of cotton is found in the unpaid labor of women and children who put in from twelve to sixteen hours a day raising the stuff. Figured at the price which labor ought to bring, the cotton crop is a money-losing game from start to finish at anything like the price it has brought for the last fifteen years.

Whatever you do, or don't do, be sure that you plant only good seed. This fact should be emphasized all the time. The reason that the world is away behind in many plants is because there is little or no care exercised in the selection of seeds. Thousands of cotton raisers make no efforts to save the best seed for planting, just as if they thought that any sort of old seed would produce as good stuff as those that are particularly noted for productiveness.

The Journal wants peace between the landlord and the tenant as individuals, so long as there must be landlords and tenants. But if meting out justice to all men should cripple the private interests of any one, by all means sacrifice the personal friendship of such a one rather than hinder the course of justice. In other words, if he won't be your friend unless you meekly consent to suffer injustice, let him be your enemy. Such a friend should be spurned.—Farmers' Journal.

DON'T GIVE A MORTGAGE.

Don't give a mortgage. Do not go into debt. Make sacrifices this year, says National Co-Operator, that you may be free and independent the balance of your life. You do not know how easy it is to make sacrifices until you try. And right here listen to a little story: A good farmer man and his good wife live in Harrison County, Texas, not far from Hallville. It was in the younger days of their married life, although three boys and perhaps a daughter, were growing up about them and would eat. Every year their little cotton crop had to go to their merchant for the supplies they had bought during the year, and not a cent did they have left over. After four or five years of this procedure, the wife said, when they had to pitch their little crop, "Not a dollar's worth of anything is bought on a credit this year. All we eat will raise hereafter, except those things we can not raise." The husband looked askance at her, but he knew when the little woman put her foot down, things had to be that way. When the coffee and the sugar gave out, she sent some eggs and chickens and butter to town, and, selling them, expended the money for these things. Not a cent's worth of anything was bought on credit that year, and never has since. They sell their cotton to whom they please, raise everything possible at home, have raised their three boys and their two girls, giving them good educations, and there are not three better young men in Texas, nor sweeter, better, women than the two daughters, both married. Now, what that couple did, or rather that good little wife, every couple can do, if they will try, and it is so easy to do when you once commence.—National Co-Operator.

LEGISLATION ASKED FOR.

At the recent meeting of the Farmers' Union at Memphis, the following legislation was asked of the National lawmakers:

A law by which all money shall be issued by and under the direct control of the Government.

The passage of a law by Congress prohibiting the buying and selling of cotton futures, and all other farm products, or gambling in agricultural products in any manner.

The immediate abolition by Congress of the Federal bureau for distribution of seeds and the speedy enactment of laws substantially excluding the present alien influx by means of an increased head tax, a money requirement, the illiteracy test and other measures.

That Congress extend the parcels post, increasing the number of pounds to be carried in the mails from four to eleven, and a reduction in postage from 16 cents to 12 cents per pound; also the establishment of a parcels post system on the mail delivery routes, carrying a special rate to be charged on packages originating on rural routes, the rate to be 5 cents for the first pound and 2 cents for each additional pound up to eleven pounds.

The establishment of a postal savings bank system as a means of keeping money at home, aiding circulation and guaranteeing for the farmers a safe depository.

It has always looked to this scribe that it must be a mighty lively bug which could stand being plowed under good and deep in the fall and turned over at least once during the winter, and still come up in the spring ready for its work of destruction. By plowing under all the green stuff that you can you enrich the land and prepare it for the next crop, and if you will break up the bug some time during the winter, he will be gathered to his fathers mighty quick.

Have you an open meeting planned for your local? It is about the best time in your life to DO IT NOW.

This life is not calculated to make angels of any of us, but the mean, low-down cuss that fails to make his imprisoned live stock comfortable is suffering for a few days out of doors in the rains and half rations in his belly. That would help him a great deal.

Every shipload of immigrant coming to America raises the price of land, thus enriching the land speculator, while increasing the burdens that the homeless Americans and their families must bear before they can ever obtain homes. Yet those homeless ones get together in unions and resolve against the foreign immigrant, but are silent concerning their real enemy—the land monopolist at home.

Don't play into the hands of the implement and vehicle trust by letting your implements and vehicles go to ruin for lack of shelter, paint and repair. The implement and vehicle men all wear good trousers, but the blooming idiot, to whom it is too much trouble to take care of his things, can always feel the north wind mightily plain when he happens to face the south.

It is a mighty sorry bunch of farmers who can not get together and use their combined credit for anything they may need to.

Is the water and the wood as handy to your partner as they can be? If not, one of these rainy days is a mighty good time to fix em so they will be; and you are a powerful poor Union man if you are in the habit of neglecting your partner just because she is not man enough to take you and bump your head for your lack of helpfulness.

## WOMAN SITS ON PIG; BUT ONLY FOR MOMENT

### FEMALE PASSENGER GETS A BAD SCORE ON A BROOKLYN TROLLEY CAR.

New York.—Passengers on a Bergen street trolley in Brooklyn didn't pay very much attention when two men got aboard and placed a well-filled carpet bag beside them. Not until the car reached Buffalo avenue and St. John's place did the conductor learn that he was carrying a "dead head."

The two men were engaged in earnest conversation and didn't notice a stout woman, who climbed on the car and stood glaring at the space taken by the bag. She was carrying a large, square package and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, but the men kept right on talking and ignored her presence.

Suddenly she turned and sat down on the bag, but the second she did so



An Agonized Squeal Sent Her Sailing Across the Aisle.

an agonized squeal from directly underneath her sent her sailing across the aisle. She landed in a group of school girls, her package knocking off their hats. The bag had rolled off the seat and the way the occupant squirmed and squealed caused most of the women folks to tuck their skirts tightly around their feet. One of the men had picked up the bag and was trying to pacify the contents.

"I want those men arrested," shouted the woman. "They've got a baby in that bag, the brutes!"

"What's in it?" demanded the conductor, who figured he'd been done out of a fare.

"Tools!" chorused the men.

Thinking the men were fooling him the conductor grabbed the bag. In the tussle which followed the string broke and out bounded a live pig. Released from its captivity the porker ran wildly through the car and was finally dragged from under a seat by Special Officer Edward J. Manton, of the S. P. C. A., who happened to be on the rear platform.

He placed the two men under arrest, charging them with cruelty to animals. They said they were Jacob Becker of No. 1516 De Kalb avenue, and Edward J. Lewis of No. 432 Essex street, Brooklyn. They were taken to Liberty avenue station.

## STEER LEADS BAND OF WOLVES, MAURAUERS TERRORIZE FARMERS IN THE NORTHWEST.

Vancouver, B. C.—A weird tale comes from Alberni, one of the northern districts where white men are few and the beasts of the forest generally reign supreme. The hero of this story is a big steer that escaped from his herd some time past and is now a real outlaw, preying upon his fellow creatures and warring against the white man.

This big steer has in some remarkable way obtained dictatorship over a huge pack of wolves and is now their leader in raids upon civilization.

Recently the wolves under their strange leader raided the farm of F. Muller. The steer charged a big fence, knocked it down by his weight, and then with his horns and hoofs battered in the doors to the barn and sheds. He made a nice meal off the grain bin, while the wolves attacked the calves and chickens and left the place looking as if a cyclone had struck it.

Many men declare they have fired at the steer and hit him. So frequent and costly have become the depredations of the outlaw steer and his friends the wolves that a big force of men has organized and will endeavor to round up and exterminate the crew.

Not Undressed in Fourteen Years.

Adrian, Mich.—Mrs. Sylvester Eaves, aged 82, is dead here, after living 50 years in this section. Fourteen years ago her husband left home somewhat after the fashion of Rip Van Winkle in the second act of the play, some trouble having occurred with a sister of the wife, who lived with the couple.

Since that time, 14 years ago, Mrs. Eaves, through some superstitious notion, had never undressed and never occupied a bed. She got what sleep she took by lying on a sofa or lounge. Even in her last sickness she could not be persuaded to go to bed, but died in her chosen resting place.