

# THE PRINCESS ELOPES

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By HAROLD MACGRATH  
AUTHOR OF "THE MAN ON THE BOX," "HEARTS AND MASKS," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Doppickin, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While horseback riding in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other 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 felling 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.

## CHAPTER IV.

He came straight to the consulate and I was so glad to see him that I sat him down in front of the sideboard and left orders that I was at home to no one. We had been classmates and roommates at college, and two better friends never lived. We spent the whole night in recounting the good old days, sighed a little over the departed ones, and praised or criticized the living. Hadn't they been times, though? The nights we had stolen up to Philadelphia to see the shows, the great Thanksgiving games in New York, the commencements, and all that!

Max had come out of the far west. He was a founding who had been adopted by a wealthy German ranchman named Scharfenstein, which name Max assumed as his own, it being as good as any. Nobody knew anything about Max's antecedents, but he was so big and handsome and jolly that no one cared a hang. For all that he did not know his parentage, he was a gentleman, something that has to be bred in the bone. Once or twice I remember seeing him angry; in anger he was arrogant, deadly, but calm. He was a god in track-linen, for he was what few big men are, quick and agile. The big fellow who is catlike in his movements is the most formidable of athletes. One thing that invariably amused me was his inordinate love of uniforms. He would always stop when he saw a soldier or the picture of one, and his love of arms was little short of a mania. He was an expert fencer and a dead shot besides. (Pardon the parenthesis, but I feel it my duty to warn you that nobody fights a duel in this little history, and nobody gets killed.)

On leaving college he went in for medicine, and his appearance in the capital city of Barscheit was due obviously to the great medical college, famous the world over for its nerve specialists. This was Max's first adventure in the land of gutturals. I explained to him, and partly unraveled, the spangle of laws; as to the language, he spoke that, not like a native, but as one.

Max was very fond of the society of women, and at college we used to twist him about it, for he was always eager to meet a new face, trusting that the new one might be the ideal for which he was searching.

"Well, you old Dutchman," said I, "have you ever found that ideal woman of yours?"

"Bah!"—lighting a pipe. "She will never be found. A horse and a trusty dog for me; those two you may eventually grow to understand. Of course, I don't say, if the woman came along—the right one—I mightn't go under. I'm philosopher enough to admit that possibility. I want her tall, hair like cornsilk, eyes like the corn-flower, of brilliant intellect, reserved, and dignified, and patient. I want a woman, not humorous, but who understands humor, and I have never heard of one. So, you see, it's all smoke; and I never talk woman these times unless I'm smoking,"—with a gesture which explained that he had given up the idea altogether. "A doctor sees so much of women that he finally sees nothing of woman."

"Oh, if you resort to epigrams, I can see that it's all over."

"All over. I'm so used to being alone that I shouldn't know what to do with a wife." He puffed seriously.

Ah! the futility of our desires, of our castles, of our dreams! The complacency with which we jog along in what we deem to be our own particular groove! I recall a girl friend of my youth who was going to be a celibate, a great reformer, and toward that end was studying for the pulpit. She is now the mother of several children, the most peaceful and unobtrusive woman I know. You see, humanity goes whirling over various sidetracks, thinking them to be the main line, till fate puts its peculiar but happy hand

to the switch. Scharfenstein had been plugging away over rusty nails and grass-grown ties—till he came to Barscheit.

"Hope is the wings of the heart," said I, when I thought the pause had grown long enough. "You still hope?"

"In a way. If I recollect, you had an affair once,"—shrewdly.

I smoked on. I wasn't quite ready to speak.

"You were always on the hunt for

recent letter from him had told of an encounter with the goddess at Monte Carlo. Fortune had been all things but favorable.

"I'm not afraid of your princess; besides, I came here to study."

"And study hard, my boy, study hard. Her highness is not the only pretty woman in Barscheit. There's a raft of them."

"I'll paddle close to the shore," with a smile.

"By the way, I'll wake you up Thursday."

"How"—lazily.

"A bout at Mueller's Rathskeller. Half a dozen American lads, one of whom is called home. Just fixed up his passports for him. You'll be as welcome as the flowers in the spring. Some of the lads will be in your classes."

"Put me down. It will be like old times. I went to the reunion last June. Everything was in its place but you. Hang it, why can't time always go on as it did then?"

"Time, unlike our watches, never has to go to the jeweler's for repairs," said I owlishly.

Max leaned over, took my bull-ter-



"Max, There Never Was a Girl Like Her."

ideals, too, as I remember; hope you'll find her."

"Max, my boy, I am solemnly convinced that I have."

"Good Lord, you don't mean to tell me that you are hooked?" he cried.

"I see no reason why you should use that particular tone," I answered stiffly.

"Oh, come now; tell me all about it. Who is she, and when's the wedding?"

"I don't know when the wedding's going to be, but I'm mighty sure that I have met the one girl. Max, there never was a girl like her. Witty she is, and wise; as beautiful as a summer's dawn; merry and brave; rides, drives, plays the cello, dances like a moon-shadow; and all that,"—with a wave of the hand.

"You've got it bad. Remember how you used to write poetry at college? Who is she if I may ask?"

"The Honorable Betty Moore, at present the guest of her highness, the Princess Hildegarde,"—with pardonable pride.

Max whistled. "You're a lucky beggar. One by one we turn traitor to our native land. A Britisher! I never should have believed it of you, of the man whose class declamation was on the frey subject of patriotism. But is it all on one side?"

"I don't know, Max; sometimes I think so, and then I don't."

"How long have you known her?"

"Little more than a month."

"A month? Everything moves swiftly these days, except European railway cars."

"There's a romance, Max, but another besides her is concerned, and I can not tell you. Some day, when everything quiets down, I'll get you into a corner with a bottle, and you will find it worth while."

"The bottle?"

"Both."

"From rumors I've heard, this princess is a great one for larks; rides bicycles and automobiles and generally raises the deuce. What sort is she?"

"If you are going to remain in Barscheit, my boy, take a friendly warning. Do not make any foolish attempt to see her. She is more fascinating than a roulette table."

This was a sly dig. Max smiled. A

riar by the neck and deposited him on his lap.

"Good pup, Artie—if he's anything like his master. Three years, my boy, since I saw you. And here you are, doing nothing and lallygagging at court with the nobility. I wish I had an uncle who was a senator. 'Pull' is everything these days."

"You Dutchman, I won this place on my own merit,"—indignantly.

"Forget it!"—grinning.

"You are impertinent."

"But truthful, always."

And then we smoked a while in silence. The silent friend is the best of the lot. He knows that he hasn't got to talk unless he wants to, and likewise that it is during these lapses of speech that the vine of friendship grows and tightens about the heart. When you sit beside a man and feel that you need not labor to entertain him it's a good sign that you thoroughly understand each other. I was first to speak.

"I don't understand why you should go in for medicine so thoroughly. It can't be money, for heaven knows your father left you a yearly income which alone would be a fortune to me."

"Chivalry shivers these days; the chill of money is on everything. A man must do something—a man who is neither a sloth nor a fool. A man must have something to put his whole heart into; and I despise money as money. I give away the bulk of my income."

"Marry, and then you will not have to," I said flippantly.

"You're a sad dog. Do you know, I've been thinking about epigrams."

"No!"

"Yes. I find that an epigram is produced by the same cause that produces the pearl in the oyster."

"That is to say, a healthy mentality never superinduces an epigram? Fudge!" said I, yanking the pup from his lap to mine. "According to your diagnosis, your own mind is diseased."

"Have I cracked an epigram?"—with pained surprise.

"Well, you nearly bent one," I complained.

Then we both laughed, and the pup started up and licked my face before I could prevent him.

"Did I ever show you this?"—taking out a locket which was attached to one end of his watch chain. He passed the trinket to me.

"What is it?" I asked, turning it over and over.

"It's the one slender link that connects me with my babyhood. It was around my neck when Scharfenstein picked me up. Open it and look at the face inside."

I did so. A woman's face peered up at me. It might have been beautiful but for the troubled eyes and the drooping lips. It was German in type, evidently of high breeding, possessing the subtle lines which distinguish the face of the noble from the peasant's. From the woman's face I glanced at Max's. The eyes were something alike.

"Who do you think it is?" I asked, when I had studied the face sufficiently to satisfy my curiosity.

"I've a sneaking idea that it may be my mother. Scharfenstein found me toddling about in a railroad station, and that locket was the only thing about me that might be used in the matter of identification. You will observe that there is no lettering, not even the jeweler's usual carat mark to qualify the gold. I recall nothing; life with me dates only from the wide plains and grazing cattle. I was born either in Germany or Austria. That's all I know. And to tell you the honest truth, boy, it's the reason I've placed my woman ideal so high. So long as I place her over my head I'm not foolish enough to weaken into thinking I can have her. What woman wants a man without a name?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Common Sense in Diet.

As man was created for a varied and mixed diet, he has abundant opportunities for selecting his food and supplying his individual needs. In most cases' appetite is the surest guide to healthy digestion and proper nourishment. This certainly is the common sense view that must appeal to all rational feeders: "Eat with regularity and in accordance with the demands of hunger such dishes as have always been regarded as innocuous, and remember that, as a rule, it is neither meats nor bouillon nor wine nor spices nor coffee which poison us, but their abuse."

## His Vain Threat.

Here is a verbatim report of a conversation overheard in a New York elevated train: He—What would you do if some other man told you he loved you? She—Don't be silly. He—But I mean it. What would you do? She (impatiently)—I don't know what I'd do. He (fiercely)—Well, I know what I'd do. She—What? He—I'd kill him. She (serenely)—I don't suppose you'd ever know anything about it.

## A Fatal Mistake Made by Many.

A great many people seem to think that the marriage ceremony absolves them from all further courtesies and attentions to the person whom they have wed.

After that they are always in negligence, both as to manners and clothes, when they are at home.

This is a fatal mistake. Because a woman is married is no excuse for her going untidily about the house and telling her husband home truths that hurt his vanity. Because a woman is his wife gives a man no right to say things to her he would not dare to say to any other lady who possessed a big, able-bodied brother.

Good manners are the preservative of peace and concord, and are warranted to keep happiness in any climate.

The problem of how to be happy though married is really no problem at all. No mystery should ever have been made of it, says Home Notes.

It is merely fair dealing in fair partnership—giving the other party the same privileges and perquisites

you assume for yourself, and allowing the person you love as much consideration and civility as you would show a stranger.

## Meaning of Babylon.

Babylon was great. She used science and she used art, but she abused humanity. She invented sundials, but forgot to regulate with justice the hours of labor. She could calculate a star's eclipse, but not her own. No state has been more guilty of the waste of human life. And when we see her ruins lying like a vast, mysterious autograph scrawled over the desert her history appears to be full of warning.—From W. R. Paterson's "Nemesis of Nations."

A New Jersey banker is dying from blood poisoning contracted from handling money. Ah, 'tis a happy death!—Chicago Journal.

"Money," said Uncle Eben, "hab wings, an' it depends on circumstances whether it acts like an eagle or a goose."—Washington Star.

## WHAT IS PE-RU-NA?

### Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBEBS and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

### The Truth of it.

"Well," said Nagget, during their quarrel, "you'll give me credit for a good disposition at least."

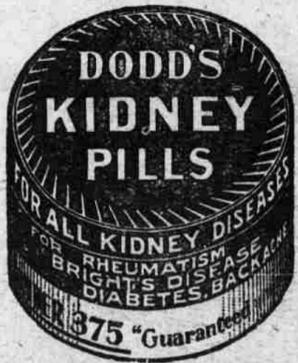
"Not at all," replied his wife, "it isn't that you've a good disposition, but you're simply too lazy to kick."—Philadelphia Press.

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