business of Baumenstorg-Deippe and the Princess Virginia.

The four mysterious gentlemen left Aschenbach the day after Virginia's encounter with the chamois hunter. But the Mowbrays lingered on. The adventure had begun so gloriously that the girl feared all anticlimax for the rest of her stay. Though she longed for the second meeting she dreaded it as she would anything else that might rob her of the charm of it from now to date. The story of the Mowbrays at Aschenbach, interrupted into a [illegible] and [illegible] left at last. It was [illegible] for the great fault in [illegible] Kronburg [illegible] Lady Mowbray's [illegible] when he received that letter a fortnight before and that he had alighted there a good [illegible] before overlooking the river at the back of the house—quite a Canadian [illegible] he knew he would find. He was to remain at the Grand Duke's [illegible] All that was unknown [illegible] Baumenstorg. The Mowbrays [illegible] great carving a thousand golden [illegible] for one hour, and it would [illegible] today. For the [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] the blood procession. Virginia was pale with disappointment. "Then I'll go down into the crowd and take my chance of seeing something," she said to her mother when the [illegible] were being shown into handsome rooms and refreshed. "In everything but situation I cannot believe or there'd be no hope."

"My dear child, impossible for you to do such a thing!" exclaimed the grand duchess. "I can't think of allowing it. Fancy what a crush there will be, all sorts of creatures trampling on each other for places. Besides, you could see nothing."

"Oh, mother," pleaded the princess in her softest, sweetest voice, the voice she kept for extreme emergencies of cajoling. "I couldn't bear to stay shut up here while the music plays and the crowds shout themselves hoarse for our emperor. Besides, it's the most curious thing. I feel as if a voice kept calling to me that I must be there, Miss Portman and I'll take care of each other. You will let me go, won't you?"

Of course the grand duchess yielded, her one stipulation being that the two should keep close to the hotel, and the princess urged her reluctant companion away without waiting to hear her mother's last counsels.

Their rooms were on the first floor, and the girl turned eagerly down the broad flight of marble stairs, Miss Portman following dutifully upon her heels.

They could not get out by way of the front door, for people had paid for standing room there and would not yield an inch even for an instant, while the two or three steps before and the broad pavement in front were as closely blocked.

Matters began to look hopeless, but Virginia would not be thwarted. They tried the side entrance and found it free, the street into which it led being comparatively empty, but just beyond, where it ran into the great open square of the Leopoldplatz, there was a solid wall of sightseers.

"We might as well go back," said Miss Portman, who had more of the princess's keenness for the unpleasant long. She was tired after the journey and for herself would rather have had a cup of tea than see fifty emperors moved as many statues by celebrated sculptors.

"Oh no!" cried Virginia. "We'll get to the front somehow, secure or not, even if we're taken off our feet. Look at that man just ahead of us. He doesn't mean to turn back. He's not a nice man, but he's horribly determined. Let's keep close to him and see what he means to do then, maybe we shall be able to do it as well."

Miss Portman glanced at the person indicated by a nod of the princess' head. I am sorry for the sake of his good name, that blocked the Leopold place, [illegible] ahead, he walked [illegible] the front beside them. [illegible] the air of knowing exactly [illegible] to do and how to do it [illegible] Miss Portman, who had [illegible] saw this by his back [illegible] the head on the [illegible] determined, and [illegible] a consciousness of [illegible] accounted for perhaps by the gray and crimson uniform which might be that of some official order. On the back brim [illegible] was a large cocked hat adorned with an eagle's feather fastened in place by a goodly pewter [illegible] hat was pulled down over his eyes to keep the face [illegible]

"Perhaps he knows that they'll let him through," said Miss Portman. "He [illegible] Virginia. So they were [illegible]

"He [illegible] We narrowly escaped his being crushed the other to the same [illegible]

No. But look at the back of his neck and his ears.

Miss Portman looked and gave a little shiver. She would never have thought of observing it if her attention had not been called to the peculiarity. But it was true. The back of the man's neck and his ears were of a ghastly yellow white.

"Horrid!" she exclaimed. "He's probably dying of some contagious disease. Do let's get away from him."

"No, no!" said Virginia. "He's our only hope. They're going to let him pass through. Listen."

Miss Portman listened, but as she heard and read and could hear or see nothing of the excitement.

"We must be in time! We shall be in time," she said to herself. "I shall hear out from my windows and see him."

But at the hotel, which they did finally reach, the girl had to bear a keen disappointment. With many apologies the manager explained that he had done his very best for Lady Mowbray's party when he received that letter a fortnight before and that he had allotted them a good suite, with balconies overlooking the river at the back of the house—quite a Canadian outlook, he knew they would find. But as to rooms at the Grand Duke's disposal! All had been engaged long ago. In fact, [illegible] offering a thousand golden [illegible] for one hour, nay, if it might be [illegible] for the asking and agreed to surrender. In the street procession. Virginia was pale with disappointment. "Then I'll go down into the crowd and take my chance of seeing something," she said to her mother when the [illegible] being shown into handsome rooms and refreshed. "In everything but situation I cannot believe or there'd be no hope."

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Miss Portman listened, but as she understood only such words of Rhaetian as she had picked up in the last few weeks she could merely surmise that he was opening the crowd out of his way because he had a special message from the lord chamberlain to the burgomaster.

The herald shrill caused. The man darted through, and Miss Portman was dragged after him by the princess. So close to him had they kept that the middle easily be supposed to be made his escort, and in any case they proceed before there was time to discuss their right of [illegible]

"It must be the secretary of the Hofburgh, the [illegible] burgomaster," [illegible] heard [illegible] say to another "and there he is—we are with him."

On and on through the crowd pushed the man in gray and crimson, oblivious to the rare deference which was being paid to his rank. There was something about that disagreeable back of his which prejudiced him in most of his one idea at a time. Close to the front line of spectators, however, there came a check.

"We could do better."

People were vexed at the audacity of the girl and the elderly woman and would have pushed them back, but at the critical second the blue and silver uniformed band of Rhaetia's crack regiment, the Imperial Life guards, struck up an air which told that the emperor was coming. Promptly the small group concerned forgot its grievance in excitement, crowding together so that Virginia was pressed to the front, and even Miss Portman was pushed ruthlessly into the background.

The poor lady raised a feeble protest in English which nobody heeded unless it were the man who had inadvertently acted as pioneer. At her shrill outburst he turned quickly, as if startled by the sudden cry, and Virginia was so close to him that her chin almost touched his shoulder. For the first time she had a glimpse of his face, which caused the yellow way of his neck to pale.

The girl shrank away from him involuntarily. "What a death's head," she thought—"a sly, wicked face and awful eyes. He looked frightened. I wonder why."

Assuredly the shortcoming did not concern [illegible] the man [illegible] in the front [illegible] and having obtained his object, [illegible] in the foremost rank of the crowd with one [illegible] the [illegible] he proceeded to take from his breast a roll of parchment tied with narrow ribbon and sealed with a large red seal. As he drew it out and rearranged his coat his hand trembled. If, too, was yellow white. The fellow seemed to have no blood in him.

Virginia, standing now shoulder to shoulder with the man in gray and crimson, had just time to feel a shifting of awake and perhaps curiosity when a great cheer arose from thousands of throats. The square rang with a roar of loyal acclamation. Men waved their hats, soft hats and green peasant hats with feathers. Beautifully dressed women grouped on the high decorated balconies waved handkerchiefs or scattered roses from gilded baskets. Women in gorgeous costumes from forest provinces held up half frightened, half laughing children, and then a white figure on a white charger came riding into the square under the triumphal arch wreathed with flags and flowers.

Other figures followed, men in uniforms of green and gold and red on coal black horses yet Virginia saw only the white figure, shining, wonderful.

Under the glittering helmet of steel with its gold eagle, the dark face was clear cut as a cameo, and the eyes were bright with a proud light. To the crowd he was the emperor, a fine popular, brilliant young man, who ruled his country better than it had been ruled yet by one of his house and, where all provided many a plausible specious for the people, but to Virginia he was far more an ideal St. Gabriel or a St. George strong and brave to slay all dragon wrongs which might threaten his wide land.

"What if he should never love me?" was the one sharp thought which pierced her pride of him.

The people were proud, too, as he sat there controlling the white war horse with its gold and silver trappings, the crusted jewels of many orders sparkling on his breast, while he saluted his subjects in his soldier's way.

For a moment there was a pause, save for a shouting, which rose and rose again. Then he alighted, whereupon important looking men with ribbons and decorations came forward bowing, to receive the emperor. The ceremony of unveiling the statue of Rhaetia was about to begin.

To reach the great crimson draped platform on which he was to stand the emperor must pass within a few yards of Virginia. His gaze flashed over the girl's head. What if it should rest upon her? The girl's heart was in her throat. She could feel it leaping there, and for a moment the tall white figure was lost in a mist which dimmed her eyes.

She had forgotten how she came to this place of vantage, forgotten the pale man in gray and red to whom she owed her good fortune, but suddenly, while her heart was at its fullest and the mist before her eyes at its thickest, she grew conscious again of his existence, vaguely conscious of his close presence. So near her he stood that a quick start, a gathering of himself for a leaping, shot like an electric message through her own body.

The mist was burnt up in the flame of a strange enlightenment, a clarity of vision which showed not only the hero of the day, the throng and the way white man beside her, but something which was in the soul of that man as well.

"He is going to kill the emperor!"

It was as if a voice spoke the words in her ear. She knew now why she had struggled to win this place, why she had succeeded, what she had to do or die in failing to do.

Leopold was not half a dozen yards away and was coming nearer. No one but Virginia suspected evil. She alone had felt the thrill of a murderer's nerves, the tense spring of his muscles. She alone guessed what the roll of parchment hid.

"Now—now?" the voice seemed to whisper again, and she had no fear.

While the crowd shouted wildly for "Unser Leo!" a man in gray and red leaped, cattike, at the white figure that advanced. Something sharp and bright flashed out from a roll of parchment, catching the sun in a streak of steely light.

Leopold saw, but not in time to swerve. The crowd shrieked, rushed forward too late, and the blade would have drunk his life had not the girl who had felt all, seen all, struck up the arm before it fell.

The rest was darkness for her. She knew only that she was sobbing and that the great square, with its crowded balconies, its ropes of green, its waving flags, seemed to collapse upon her and blot her out.

It was Leopold who caught her as she swayed, and while the people surged around the thwarted murderer the emperor sprang up the steps of the great crimson platform with the girl against his heart.

It was her blood that stained the pure white of his uniform, the hand from her arm, wounded in his defense. And, holding her up, he stood dominating the crowd.

Down there at the foot of the steps the man in gray and red was like a great fox among the hounds, and Leopold's people in the fury of their rage would have torn him in pieces as the hounds tear the fox despite the cordon of police that gathered round him, but the voice of the emperor bade his subjects fall back.

"My people shall not be assassins!" he cried to them. "Let the law deal with the madman. It is my will. Let him live and unhurt. Now give your cheers for the lady who has saved my life, and the ceremonies shall go on."

Three cheers had he said? They gave three times three and bade fair to split the skies with shouts for the emperor. While women laughed and

"Let the law deal with the madman."

wept and all eyes were upon that noble pair on the red platform something limp and gray was hurried out of sight and off to prison. On a signal the national anthem began. The voices of the people joined the brass instruments. All Kronburg was singing or asking "Who is she?" of the girl at the emperor's side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. **She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it.** She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing of distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

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