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"You were not here when I came!" "I have been standing on this spot BOARD OF DIRECTORS for an hour. You have been very much J. W. McLEOD, W. E. BROWN, excited, I'll agree, but it is strange you did not see me," lied Quinnox.

JOSEPH SPROTT A. LEVI.

"You were here when I came in?" he asked wonderingly.
"Ask her royal highness," command-Indigestion Causes ed the captain, smiling.

"Captain Quinnox brought the prischanically.

oner to me an hour ago," she said me-"It is a lie!" cried Gabriel. "He was

not here when I entered!" The captain of the guard laid a

heavy band on the shoulder of the prince and said threateningly: "I was here, and I am here. Have a

care how you speak. Were I to do right I should shoot you like a dog. You came like a thief, you insult the ruler of my land. I have borne it all because you are a prince, but have a care-have a care. I may forget myself and tear out your black heart with these hands. One word from her royal highness will be your death warrant."

He looked inquiringly at the princess as if anxious to put the dangerous witness where he could tell no tales. She shook her head, but did not speak. Lorry realized that the time had come for him to assert himself. Assuming a distressed air, he bowed his head and

said dejectedly: "My pleading has been in vain, then, from his conscience.

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON Copyright, 1901, by Herbert S. Stone

GRAUSTARK

CHAPTER XXIV.

OFF TO THE DUNGEON.

her forever. Gabriel of all men!

neck and temples. "Do I intrude? I

was not aware that you expected two,

your highness." There was no mistak-

ing his meaning. He viciously sought

to convey the impression that he was

there by appointment, a clandestine

"What do you mean by coming to my

visitor in her apartments at midnight.

apartment at this hour?" she stam-

eral feet behind her. He understood

the prince and quickly sought to inter-

may I ask you why you are here?"

Gabriel's wit saved him from death.

course he had begun, for there was

murder in the American's eye. Like a

fox, he swerved and, with a servile

promise of submission in his glance,

"I thought you were here, my fine

eyes were glassy with the malevolence

"I am here as a prisoner," said Lorry

"And how often have you come here

princess, the guard dismissed! A pris-

oner, eh? Ha, what a prison!"

way to the red of insulted virtue.

"I see it all! You have not been out-

prince! But you could bring him here

and hide him where no one would

With a snarl of rage Lorry sprang

"Liar! Dog! I'll kill you for that!"

he cried, but before he could clutch the

prince's throat Yetive had frantically

"Not that!" she shrieked. "Do not

kill him! There must be no murder

him, the prince tottering to his knees

had saved her maligner's life, but cour-

lessly she looked into the blazing eyes

"I-I do not know what to say or do.

"Courage, courage!" he whispered

"You shall pay for this," shrieked

Gabriel. "If you are not a prisoner you

shall be. There'll be scandal enough in

Graustark tomorrow to start a volcano

of wrath from the royal tombs where

lie her fathers. I'll see that you are a

prisoner!" He started for the door, but

Lorry's pistol was leveled at his head.

"The world will understand how and

why I fell by your hand and in this

room. Shoot!" he cried triumphantly.

Lorry's hand trembled, and his eyes

filled with the tears of impotent rage.

A face suddenly appeared at the door,

the room behind the prince and gently

"A prisoner?" sneered Gabriel

"Here!" answered a voice at his back.

The prince wheeled and found himself

looking at the stalwart form of the

captain of the guard. "I am surely

privileged to speak now, your high-

ness," he went on, addressing the prin-

"How came you here?" gasped Ga-

"I brought my prisoner here. Where

"When-when did you enter this

Gabriel looked about helplessly, non-

should I be if not here to guard him?"

"lf you move, I'll kill you!"

The prince held the higher card.

'Where is your captor, pray?"

cess significantly.

"An hour ago."

plused.

your apartments"-

seized his arm.

here!"

gently.

the keenest knife blade.

of her lover and faltered:

My brain is bursting!"

boldly. Gabriel laughed derisively.

her from the sting.

he was subduing.

handed.

You have said I shall have a rair trial That is all you can offer?" "That is all," she said shrilly, her HE tableau lasted but a moment mind gradually grasping his meaning.

Gabriel advanced a few steps, "You will not punish the poor peohis eyes gleaming with jealple who secreted me in their house for weeks, for they are convinced of my ousy and triumph. Before him stood the petrified lovers caught redinnocence. Your captain here, who found me in their house tonight, can Through her dazed brain struggled the conviction that he could also speak well of them. I have only never escape. Through his ran the misthis request to make in return for what erable realization that he had ruined little service I may have given you: Forgive the old people who befriended "I arrive inopportunely," he said me. I am ready to go to the tower at harshly, the veins standing out on his

once, captain." Gabriel heard this speech with a skeptical smile on his face. "I am no fool," he said simply. "Captain," shrewdly turning to Quinnox,

permit him to retain his revolver?" The conspirators were taken by surprise, but Lorry had found his wits. "It is folly, your highness, to allow mered, trying to rescue dignity from this gentleman and conquering prince the chaos of emotions. Lorry was to cross examine you. I am a prisoner standing slightly to the right and sevand that is the end of it. What odds is it to the Prince of Dawsbergen how

and where I was caught or why your

pose with the hope that he might shield officer brought me to you?" "You were ordered from my house "She did not expect me, sir," he said, once today, yet you come again like a and a menacing gleam came to his conqueror. I should not spare you. eyes. His pistol was in his hand. Ga-You deserve to lose your life for the acbriel saw it, but the staring princess tions of tonight. Captain Quinnox, will you kill him if I ask you to end his did not. She could not take her eyes from the face of the intruder, "Now, wretched life?" Yetive's eyes were blazing with wrath, beneath which gleamed a hope that he could be fright-He saw that he could not pursue the ened into silence.

"Willingly-willingly!" cried Quin-"Now, your highness? 'Twere nox. better in the hall!" "For God's sake, do not murder me!

Let me go!" cringed the prince. "I do not mean that you should kill fellow, and I came to satisfy myself. him now, Quinnox, but I instruct you Now, sir, may I ask why you are to do so if he puts foot inside these here?" His fingers twitched and his walls again. Do you understand?" "Yes, your highness."

"Then you will place this prisoner in the castle dungeon until tomorrow morning, when he is to be taken to the tower. Prince Gabriel may accompain this manner as a prisoner? Midnight ny you to the dungeon cell if he likes, and alone in the apartments of the after which you will escort him to the gates. If he enters them again, you are to kill him. Take them both away!"

"Stop!" cried Lorry, white to the lips. "Your highness, I must ask you to The princess was beginning to underwrite a pardon for the good people in stand. Her eyes grew wide with horwhose house the prisoner was found," suggested Quinnox, shrewdly seeing a ror, her figure straightened imperiously and the white in her cheeks gave chance for communication unsuspected by the prince. "A moment, your highness," said the side this castle since you left the pris-

prince, who had recovered himself on. A pretty scheme! You could not cleverly. "I appreciate your position. I marry him, could you, eh? He is not a have made a serious charge, and I now you. If this man is not produced todare to think of looking for him-in happened in this room tonight. If he is produced, I shall kneel and beg your upon him, cutting short the sentence that would have gone through her like pardon."

The princess turned paler than ever and knew not how she kept from falling to the floor. There was a long silence following Gabriel's unexpected but fair suggestion.

"That is very fair, your highness," said Lorry. "There is no reason why I should not be a prisoner tomorrow. He reluctantly hurled Gabriel from | don't see how I can hope to escape the inevitable Your dungeon is strong. in the effort to keep from falling. She and I have given my word of honor to the captain that I shall make no furage deserted her with the act. Help- ther effort to evade the law."

"I agree," murmured the princess, ready to faint under the strain. "I must see him delivered to Prince Bolaroz," added Gabriel mercilessly.

"To Bolaroz," she repeated. "Your highness, the pardon for the

poor old people," reminded Quinnox.



"For God's sake, do not murder me." She glided to the desk, stunned, bewilroz our people will tear him to pieces. No one will believe him." "You-you can save him, then?"

gasped joyously. "If he will permit me to do so. Write to him what you will, your highness, and he shall have the message. Be pardon.

She wrote feverishly, a thousand thoughts arising for every one that she ican and said: was able to transfer to the paper. When she had finished the hope inspired scrawl, she grose and with a gracious smile handed to the waiting captain the pardon for those who had secreted the fugitive.

"I grant forgiveness to them gladly," she said "I thank you," said Lorry, bowing

"Mr. Lorry, I regret the difficulty in which you find yourself. It was on my account, too, I am told. Be you guilty or innocent, you are my friend, my protector. May God be good to you." She gave him her hand calmly, steadily, as if she were bestowing favor upon a subject. He kissed the hand gravely. "Forgive me for trespassing on your

good nature tonight, your highness." "The 5,000 gavyos shall be yours tomorrow, Captain Quinnox," she said graciously. "You have done your duty well." The faithful captain bowed deep and low and a weight was lifted

Evaler ice She closed the door and stood like a statue until their footsteps died away in the distance. As one in a daze she sat at the desk till the dawn. Grenfall

Lorry's revolver lying before her. Through the halls, down the stairs and into the clammy dungeon strode the silent trio. But before Lorry stepped inside the cell Gabriel asked a question that had been troubling him for many minutes.

"I am afraid I have-ah-misjudged her"- muttered Gabriel, now convinced that he had committed himself irretrievably.

"You will find she has not misjudged you," said the prisoner grimly. "Can't I have a candle in here, captain?"

"You may keep this lantern," said Quinnox, stepping inside the narrow cell. As he placed the lantern on the floor he whispered: "I will return in an hour. Read this!" Lorry's hand closed over the bit of perfumed paper. The prince was now inside the cell, peering about curiously, even timorous-

ly. "By the way, your highness, how would you enjoy living in a hole like this all your life?"

"Horrible!" said Gabriel, shuddering like a leaf. "Then take my advice-don't commit

any murders. Hire some one else." The two men eyed each other steadily for a moment or two. Then the prince looked out of the cell, a mad desire to fly from some dreadful, unseen horror coming over him. "if he is your prisoner, why do you Quinnox locked the door and, striking

a match, bade his highness precede him up the stone steps. In the cell the prisoner read and re-

read the incoherent message from Ye-

tive: It is the only way. Quinnox will assist you to escape tonight. Go, I implore you; as you love me, go. Your life is more than all to me. Gabriel's story will not be entertained, and he can have no proof. He will be torn to pieces, Quinnox says. Do not think of me, but save yourself. I

would lose everything to save you. He smiled sadly as he burned the "pardon." The concluding sentences swept away the last thought he might have had of leaving her to bear the consequences. "Do not think of me, but save yourself. I would lose everything to save you." He leaned against the stone wall and shook his head slowly. the smile still on his lips.

CHAPTER XXV. "BECAUSE I LOVE HIM." HE next morning Edelweiss was astir early. Great throngs of people flocked the streets long before the hour set for the signing of the decree that was to divide the north from the south. The whole nation, it seemed, stood before the walls awaiting with bated breath and dismal faces the announcement that Yetive had deeded to Bolaroz the lands and lives of half of her subjects. Shortly before 9 o'clock Harry Anguish, with his guard of six, rode up to the castle. Captain Dangloss was beside him on his gray charger. They had scarcely passed inside the gates when a cavalcade of mounted men came riding up the avenue from the Hotel Regengetz. Then the howling, the hissing, the hooting began. Maledictions were hurled at the heads of Axphain noblemen as they rode between the maddened lines of people. They smiled sardonically in reply to have a fair proposition to suggest to the impotent signs of hatred, but they were glad when the castle gates closed morrow morning, I take it for granted between them and the vast, despairing that I am liberty to tell all that has crowd, in which the tempest of revolt was brewing with unmistakable ener-

> gy. Prince Bolaroz, the Duke of Mizrox and the ministers were already in the castle and had been there since the previous afternoon. In the royal palace the excitement was intense, but it was of the subdued kind that strains the nerves to the point where control is martyrdom.

> When the attendants went to the bedchamber of the princess at 7 o'clock, as was their wont, they found, to their surprise, no one standing guard.

The princess was not in her chamber, nor had she been there during the night. The bed was undisturbed. In some alarm the two women ran to her parlor, then to the boudoir. Here they found her asleep on the divan, attired in the gown she had worn since the evening before, now crumpled and creased, the proof positive of a rest-

less, miserable night. Her first act after awakening and untangling the meshes in her throbbing, uncomprehending brain was to send for Quinnox. She could scarcely wait for his appearance and the assurance that Lorry was safely out of danger. The footman who had been sent to fetch the captain was a long time in returning. She was dressed in her breakfast gown long before he came in with the report that the captain was explain his absence. To her it meant but one thing-Lorry's flight from the castle. Where else could Quinnox be except with the fugitive, perhaps once

more inside St. Valentine's? Preparations began at once for the eventful transaction in the throneroom. The splendor of two courts was to shine in rivalry. Ten o'clock was the hour set for the meeting of the two rulers, the victor and the victim. Her nobles and her ladies, her ministers, her guards and her lackeys moved about in the halls, dreading the hour, brushing against the hated Axphain guests. In one of the small waiting dered. It seemed as though death were rooms sat the Count and Countess Halupon her. Quinnox followed and bent font, the latter in tears. The young near her ear. "Do not be alarmed," he | Countess Dagmar stood at a window whispered. "No one knows of Mr. Lor- with Harry Anguish. The latter was ry's presence here save the prince, and flushed and nervous and acted like a if he dares to accuse you before Bola- man who expects that which is unexpected by others. With a strange confidence in his voice, he sought to cheer his depressed friends, but the cheerfulness was not contagious. The sombreness of a burial hung over the castle. Half an hour before the time set for the meeting in the throneroom Yetive brave, and all will go well. Write sent for her uncle, her aunt and Dagquickly. This is supposed to be the mar. As Anguish and the latter followed, the girl turned her sad, puzzled eyes up to the face of the tall Amer-

"Are you rejoicing over our misfortune? You do not show a particle of regret. Do you forget that we are sacrificing a great deal to save the life of your friend? I do not understand how you can be so heartless."

"I think I can explain satisfactorily when I have more time," he said softly in her ear, and, although she tried, she could find no words to continue. He left her at the head of the stairs and did not see her again until she passed him in the throneroom. Then she was pale and brave and trembling. Prince Bolaroz and his nobles stood

to the right of the throne, the Graustark men and women of degree to the left, while near the door on both sides | glare coming to his eyes. were to be seen the leading military men of both principalities. Near the Duke of Mizrox was stationed the figure of Gabriel, prince of Dawsbergen. ing a piteous, hunted glance over the He had come, with a half dozen followers, among a crowd of unsuspecting Axphainlans, and had taken his position near the throne. Anguish entered she could make the first stroke a harsh am the man you would send to the mamma?" cried the child. "Grandpa with Baron Dangloss, and they stood voice, in which there was combined tri- block, guilty or innocent."

whiter than he had ever been in his

Then came the hush of expectancy. The doors swung open, the curtains parted and the princess entered. She was supported by the arm of her carried the train of her dress, a jew-

tall uncle, Caspar of Halfont. Pages eled gown of black. As she advanced to the throne, calm and stately, those assembled bent knee to the fairest woman the eye ever had looked upon. The calm, proud exterior hid the most unhappy of hearts. The resolute

courage with which her spirit had been braced for the occasion was remarka ble in more ways than one. Among other inspirations behind the valiant show was the bravery of a guilty conscience. Her composure sustained a shock when she passed Allode at the door That faithful heartbroken servitor looked at her face with pleading, horror struck eyes, as much as to say: "Are you going to destroy Graustark for the sake of that murderer? Have pity on us-have pity!" Before taking her seat on the throne she swept the thrilled assemblage with

her wide blue eyes. There were shadows beneath them, and there were wells of tears behind them. As she looked upon the little knot of white faced northern barons her knees trembled and her heart gave a fresh throb of pity. Still the face was resolute. Then she saw Anguish and the suffering Dangloss, then the accusing, merciless eyes of Gabriel. At sight of him she started violently, and an icy fear crept into her soul. Instinctively she searched the gorgeous company for the captain of the guard. Her stanchest ally was not there. Was she to hear the condemning words alone? Would the people do as Quinnox had prophesied, or would they believe Gabriel and curse her?

She sank into the great chair and sat with staring, helpless eyes, deserted and feeble.

At last the whirling brain ended its flight and settled down to the issue first at hand-the transaction with Bolaroz. Summoning all her self control, she said: "You are come, most noble Bolaroz

to draw from us the price of our defeat. We are loval to our compact, as you are to yours, sire, yet in the presence of my people and in the name of mercy and justice I ask you to grant us respite. You are rich and powerful, we despoiled and struggling beneath a weight we can lift and displace if given a few short years in which to grow and gather strength. At this last hour in the fifteen years of our indebtedness I sue in supplication for the leniency that you can so well accord. It is on the advice of my counselors that I put away personal pride and national dignity to make this request, trusting to your goodness of heart. If you will not hearken to our petition for a renewal of negotiations, there is but one course open to Graustark. We can and will pay our debt of honor.'

Bolaroz stood before her, dark and uncompromising. She saw the futility

of her plea. "I have not forgotten, most noble pe titioner, that you are ruler here, not I; therefore I am in no way responsible for the conditions which confront you except that I am an honest creditor come for his honest dues. This is the 20th of November. You have had fifteen years to accumulate enough to meet the requirements of this day. Should I suffer for your faults? There is in the treaty a provision which applies to an emergency of this kind. Your inability to liquidate in gold does not prevent the payment of this honest debt in land, as provided for in the sixth clause of the agreement, 'All that part of Graustark north of a line drawn directly from east to west between the | gladly attached. I have not forgotten | and 675 pounds per square inch. With provinces of Ganlook and Doswan, a tract comprising Doswan, Shellotz, Varagan, Oeswald, Sesmai and Gattabatton.' You have two alternatives, your highness. Produce the gold or sign the decree ceding to Axphain the lands

stipulated in the treaty. I can grant no respite." "You knew when that treaty was framed that we could raise no such funds in fifteen years," said Halfont, away the lands of Graustark, forgetful forgetting himself in his indignation. Gaspon and other men present approv-

ed his hasty declaration. "Am I dealing with the Princess of Graustark or with you, sir?" asked Bo-

laroz roughly. "You are dealing with the people of Graustark, and among the poorest, I. and defiant. "I could not have saved I will sign the decree. There is noth his life, perhaps, but I might have ing to be gained by appealing to you. The papers, Gaspon, quick! I would that man's vengeance would have inhave this transaction finished speedily," cried the princess, her cheeks flushing and her eyes glowing from the that will be done." flames of a burning conscience. The a great throb of joy. She alone could groan that went up from the northern Bolaroz. "Seize him, men! I will see nobles cut her like the slash of a knife. that justice is done. It is no girl he

"There was one other condition," said Bolaroz hastily, unable to gloat as he had expected. "The recapture of



"I have the prisoner, your highness." the assassin who slew my son would have meant much to Graustark. It is ed, perhaps to his death. For me, for unfortunate that your police depart- you and for Graustark he has done ment is so inefficient." Dangloss writh- this. Is there a man among you who you tell 'em how much a masterplece ed beneath this thrust. Yetive's eyes | would have done as much for his own | cost."--Washington Star. went to him for an instant sorrowfully. | country? Yet he does this for a coun-Then they dropped to the fatal docu- try to which he is stranger. I must ment which Gaspon had placed on the commit him to prison once more. But," table before her. The lines ran together and were the color of blood. ise him now, before the trial, a royal Unconsciously she took the pen in her pardon. Do I make my meaning clear nerveless fingers. A deep sob came to you, Prince Bolaroz?" from the breast of her gray old uncle, and Gaspon's hand shook like a leaf as frame no reply to this daring speech. he placed the seal of Graustark on the table, rendy for use.

you," went en Bolaroz, a vengeful

She looked up and her lips moved as if she would have spoken. No words ple to suffer when it is in my power to whose eyes seek and find out the truth. came, no breath, it seemed to her. Cast- prevent it. All that I can ask is fair- The other day the little boy licked some faces before her, she bent forward and God will protect me. Prince Bolaroz, his mother chided him. "Sammy, dear," blindly touched the pen to the paper. I call upon you to keep your promise. The silence was that of death. Before I am not the slayer of your son, but I their knives." "How can you say that,

ness like the clanging of a bell

"Have you no honor?" The pen dropped from her fingers as the expected condemnation came. In sheer desperation, her eyes flashing with the intensity of defiant guilt, bitter rage welling up against her persecutor, she half arose and cried: "Who uttered those words? Speak!"

"I, Gabriel of Dawsbergen! Where is the prisoner, madam?" rang out the voice.

"The man is mad!" cried she, sinking back with a shudder.

"Mad, eh? Because I do as I did promise? Behold the queen of perfidy! Madam, I will be heard. Lorry is in this castle!"

first of the stunned spectators to find his tongue. There was a commotion near the

door. Voices were heard outside. "You have been duped!" insisted Gabriel, taking several steps toward the meal along. They want to make room ceiver! I say he is here! She has seen | men who take all their meals at reshim! Let her sign that decree if she taurants will not object to this at dares! I command you, Yetive of breakfast; in fact, it is rather gratify-Graustark, to produce this criminal!" The impulse to crush the defiler was | willing to hurry. The same thing is checked by the sudden appearance of | true, more or less, with luncheon

two men inside the curtains. and Lorry, breathless and haggard, to be hurried over their dinner. Any nushed through the astonished crowd. followed by Captain Quinnox, upon whose ghastly face there were blood | meal, course by course, always ready, stains.

tonishment and, if must be said, relief.

Harry Anguish staggered, but recovered himself instantly and turned his Times. eyes toward Gabriel. That worthy's legs trembled and his jaw dropped. "I have the prisoner, your highness," said Quinnox in hoarse, discordant tones. He stood before the throne with animal on earth. He can tell you any tress in the face. As they stood there scented at very long distances: Now it the story of the night just passed was is a covey of chickens winded at 300 told by the condition of the two men. | yards, or, again, a bevy of quail drawn There had been a struggle for supremacy in the dungeon, and the prisoner had won. The one had tried to hold the other to the dungeon's safety after | the sea otter hunters do not dare build his refusal to leave the castle, and the a fire for days at a time on the little isother had fought his way to the halls lands of the Pacific ocean frequented

most of all, he had wished to avoid. "The prisoner!" shouted the northern nobles, and in an instant the solemn have been known to wind a man at two throneroom was wild with excitement. "Do not sign that decree!" cried some

"Here is your man, Prince Bolaroz!" cried a baron. "Ouinnox has saved us!" shouted an

one from a far corner.

other The princess, white as death and as motionless, sat bolt upright in her royal "Oh!" she moaned pitcously, and,

clinching her hands, she carried them

to her eyes as if to shut out the sight. The Countess Halfont and Dagmar ran to her side, the latter frantic with alarm. She knew more than the oth-"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 on the ends, but not many would cred-Graustark. In an hour your ministers it the results of tests recently made,

years' extension of time, in proper

my promise." Yetive straightened suddenly, seized the pen and fiercely began to sign the sures varying between thirty-two decree in spite of all and before those pounds and sixty-five pounds per about her fairly realized her intention. Lorry understood and was the first to crush the eggs varied between forty snatch the document from her hands. A half written Yetive, a blot and a average thickness of the shells was long, spluttering scratch of the pen told how near she had come to signing of the fact that it could be of no bene-

fit to the prisoner she loved. "Yetive!" gasped her uncle in horror. "She would have signed," cried Gas-

pon in wonder and alarm. "Yes, I would have signed!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet, strong | Any ordinary imagination can conjure saved him from the cruel injustice that | closed. It is the great sieve into which vented. He is innocent, and I would to be shaken down to the common level give my kingdom to stay the wrong

"What! You defend the dog!" cried has to deal with now."

"Stop!" cried the princess, the command checking the men. Quinnox leaped in front of his charge. "He is my prisoner, and he shall have justice. Keep back your soldiery, Prince Bolaroz. It is a girl you have to deal with. you in spite of all my parents could and that I sincerely regret his capture, as big a fool as I was." fortunate as it may be for us. He shall bave a fair and a just trial, and I shall do all in my power, Prince, Bolaroz, to secure his acquittal."

him?" cried the heart broken Halfont. the growing tumult:

"Because I love him!" As if by magic the room became suddenly still.

have saved him at the cost of my honor. Scorn me if you will, but listen to superstitious as that. this: The man who stands here accused came voluntarily to this castle, surrendering himself to Captain Quinnox that he might, though innocent, stand between us and disaster. He was safe from our pursuit, yet returnshe cried in sudden fierceness, "I prom-

The white lips of the old prince could "Be careful what you say, your highness!" cried the prisoner hastily. "The assassin's life could have saved must refuse to accept a pardon at the cost of your honor. It is because I love | The father actually sometimes relapses you better than my life that I stand | into the barbarism of eating with his

here. I cannot allow you and your peoness and justice. I am not guilty, and

back in the chair, her rash courage gone. A stir near the doorway followed his concluding sentence, and the other American stepped forward, his Moses of Scriptural fame was called

face showing his excitement. "Your highness," he said, "I should have spoken sooner. My lips were partsigning of the decree. Grenfall Lorry thiel, saying, "I had hoped for him." produce the guilty man!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Few Good Dinner Waiters.

A New York fashionable restaurant man who was asked why he specified "He is mad!" gasped Bolaroz, the a good "dinner" waiter in his advertisement said: "Because all good waiters are not necessarily good dinner waiters: quite the contrary. The tendency with most waiters, unless they know their customer, is to hurry a "Your idol is a traitress, a de at the tables for newcomers. Most ing than otherwise to find a waiter where the restaurant is exclusively "He is here!" cried a strong voice, for gentlemen. But very few men like waiter who knows his business will coax his customers gently over this but never around when he is not want-A shout went up from those assem- ed. Such a man will get a liberal tip bled, a shout of joy. The faces of Dan- and send customers away with the gloss and Allode were pictures of as- opinion that he works in the best restaurant in town. But such waiters are few and far between .- New York

Strength of Animal Scent. The bird dog man is likely to think his favorite has a better nose than any his captive, but dared not look his mis- amount of stories about birds being straight to at seventy-five. There are other animals, however, which have wonderfully keen noses. For instance, above. It was then that Quinnox by those animals because the otter can had wit enough to change front and smell the fumes from the smallest drag his prisoner to the place which, blaze a distance of five miles out at sea. It is said of this animal that he can trail a fish under the sea. Moose miles and make up their minds so positively about him as to never quit running under twenty-five.

A White Ant Diet. A book on the Kongo Free State gives this picture of the fondness of the natives for white ants: "In the white ant month the natives have a very busy time. The river is deserted, and men and women, be's and girls, go out to gather the white ant for food. I cannot say I admire their taste, but the white ant is not bad as food, merely very rich. In this month he is about an inch long. The natives gather him in hundreds, pull off the wings and roast him. The native boys have a shorter way with him. Sometimes at mess white ants flopped on to the table, attracted by the light. The boys who were waiting pounced on them and without further ceremony popped them into their mouths."

Most people are aware of the power of eggshells to resist external pressure and mine will have drawn up a ten which appear to be genuine. Eight ordinary hen's eggs that were submitted form, to which my signature shall be to pressure varied between 400 pounds the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs these gave way at pressquare inch. The pressure required to pounds and seventy-five pounds. The thirteen one-thousandths inch.

The Public School. The public school is generally underestimated and is frequently looked upon with indifference. Its influence cannot be expressed in a few words, but its influence is the lifeblood of the home, the community and the nation. up a state of affairs that would soon come to pass if the schoolhouse were all the nations of the world are thrown, of obedience and patriotism .- Schoolmaster.

History Repeating. Mr. Binks-I don't like the looks of that young man who calls to see

Clara. Mrs. Binks-He looks exactly as you did when you first came to see me. "Was I any such fool as that?"

"Yes, you were, and yet I married I will say to you all, my people and say, and I am afraid that in spite of all yours, that I believe him to be innocent | we can say our Clara will now be just An Odd Inscription.

At Wymondham, Norfolk, England, is this inscription at an old country "Why do you take this stand, Ye- house engraved on an oak board and tive? Why have you tried to shield all in one line: "Nee nishi glis servus, nec hospes hirudo." Translated from She drew herself to her full height, the Latin, in which it appears in anand, sweeping the threatening crowd tique Roman capital letters, it may be with a challenge in her eyes, cried, the rendered, "No dormouse as a servant keeping and domestic life. tones ringing strong and clear above for me, neither a horse leech for a guest."

Not a Case of Superstition. Mrs. B.-Oh, Charles, we can never "Behold an honest man. I would sit down with thirteen at table. Mr. B .- Pshaw! I hope you're not so Mrs. B .- No, of course not, but we have only twelve dinner plates.

> Widespread Interest. "Do you think that people appreciate art in this country?" "Certainly," answered Mrs. Cumrox.

"Everybody gets interested as soon as What He Didn't Mean. Ambiguous-How are you, old fellow? Are you keeping strong?

"No; only just managing to keep out of my grave." "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that." An Observing Child.

One man in New York had social aspirations which somewhat warped his admiration of his homespun father. knife. But the man has a little son mashed potatoes from his knife, and she said, "only stupid people eat with eats with his knife. And he made all

The Name Moses It is a curious fact, unknown perhaps to a majority of readers, that by eight different names in various places in the Bible. Bathia, the daughter of Pharaoh, called him Moses beed and ready to cry out when Prince | cause she drew him out of the water. Gabriel interposed and prevented the Jochebed, his mother, called him Jekudid not kill the young prince. I can Miriam, his sister, called him Jared because she had descended after him into the water to see what his end would be. Aaron called his brother Abi Zanuch because his father had deserted their mother. Amram, the father of Moses, called the boy Chabar because he was again reunited to the mother of the lad.

Kehath, the grandfather of Moses called him Abigdor because God had repaired the breach in the house of Jacob. The nurse of the grandfather of Moses called him Abi Socho because he was once hidden three months in the Tabernacle. All Israel called him Shemaiah because "in his days God heard their cries and rescued them from their oppressors."

A Useful Coffin. A writer in an English church maga zine once found in a collier's cottage

in Staffordshire a coffin used as a bread and cheese cupboard. Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrance, he toid the story of the coffin as follows: Eighteen years ago I ordered that coffin. The wife and me used to have good many words. One day she said 'I'll niver be content till I see thee in thy coffin.' 'Well, lass,' I said, 'if that 'll content thee it 'll soon be done.'

"Next day I gave directions to have the thing made. In a few days it came home, to the wife's horror. I got into it and said, Now, lass, are thee content?' She began to cry and wanted the 'horrid thing' taken away. But that I wouldn't allow. In the end she got accustomed to seein' it, and, as we wanted to turn it to some use, we had some shelves put in and made it into a bread and cheese cupboard. We have niver quarreled since it came."

Preferred Hogs to Land. They tell a good one on a prominent

real estate man of Waurika. Some time ago he carried a prospector over on Beaver creek to show him a certain claim. He told the man that it was an exceptionally fine claim, that the land did not overflow and that he would sell it to him for \$4,000. The man looked around and discovered some red mud way up in a tree and asked the real estate man what caused that mud in the tree tops if the land did not overflow. The agent promptly replied that there was a kind of hog raised over in the Chickesaw country which used to range on the creek and that they rubbed the mud on the trees. The prospector took a look over the land, glanced up in the tree again and told the Waurika man that he wouldn't take the claim, but he would give him \$4,000 for a couple of those hogs.-Kansas City Journal.

The value of the cranberry as a me-

dicinal agent was early recognized by the American aborigines, who prepared poultices from fhem to extract the venom from poisoned arrows. On the same principle they are used now as a remedy for erysipelas, taken internally or applied as a poultice. In malarial and typhoid conditions the acid of the fruit is specially commended, while dyspeptics who lack gastric juice are also offered cranberries. Eaten raw they are said to be an excellent remedy for biliousness. As a health food cranberries should not be strained, as too much

of their substance is lost. Sugar Making In 1700. The historian Lafittall, the period of whose observation dat back to 1700-05, describes how in March the Indians make transverse incisions with their hatchets, from which trickles an abundance of water, which they afterward boil over a fire. He says the sugar thus made has nearly always a burned taste, but that the French make it better than the Indian women, from whom they learned how to make

explicit as to the source of sugar mak-Nothing to Do. Towne-The last time I saw Jenkins he was looking pretty blue; said he had nothing to do. Browne-He told me the same thing

it. Bossu, writing in 1756, is equally

today when I met him, but he was quite cheerful. Towne-Resigned to it, I suppose. Browne-Resigned to it! No; just appointed to it. He's got a political

Soothing.

Pompous Customer-That insect powder you sold me the other day is no good. The cockroaches fatten on it. Affable Salesman - Yes, sir. That's

job.-Philadelphia Press.

the first stage. They get fat on it and then die of apoplexy. Come round next week and report again. Anything I can do for you, ma'am? Heroic Sacrifice. Belle-Do you think Chappie loves

that he was going to shave off his mustache so that he could devote more thought to you. Encouraging. The Prospective Bride-I sometimes wish I had more experience in house-

Grace-I know it. He told me today

The Old Stager-But, my dear, if you had you would never get married Brutally Frank. The Wife-What will you do when

you have no little wifie to mend your clothes for you? The Wretch-Have money to buy new ones.-Exchange.

Launched on His Literary Career. "I understand your son has decided to go in for literature." "Yes, and he's made a splendid start

already." "You don't say." "Yes; he went to an auction this morning and bought a secondhand writing desk for only \$4.98."-Catholic

Standard and Times. An Inviting Field. "They say there's an island in the Pacific with 600 inhabitants where drunkenness, crime, jails, police and courts are unknown." "Is that so? It's a wonder some-

body hasn't started in to civilize it."-Brooklyn Life. Thought She Knew. "Say, mamma," queried little Elsie,

"what is a stag party?"

"Stag, my dear, is an abbreviation of stagger," replied the knowing mother.-Chicago News. Under some conditions a man can

make more noise in the world by keeping his mouth shut than in any other way.-Chicago News.

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dyspensia and all stomach troubles.

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which had been stealthily opened from Transacts a general banking busiwithout. Captain Quinnox glided into closed the door, unnoticed by the gloat-

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