

# THE Princess Virginia

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON,  
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "Rose-  
mary in Search of a Father," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

**B**REAKFAST at Schloss Lyndalberg was an informal meal under the reign of Mechtild. Those who were sociably inclined appeared. Those who loved not their species until the day was older ate in their rooms.

Leopold had shown himself at the table each morning, however, and set the fashion. And the day after the parting in the garden he was earlier even than usual. It was easy to be early, as he had not been to bed that night, but he had an extra incentive. He could scarcely wait to see how Helen Mowbray would meet him—whether she would still be cold or whether sound advice from her mother would have made her kind.

This was his last day at Lyndalberg. By his special request no programme of entertainment had been arranged, and before coming down to breakfast Leopold had been turning over in his mind plan after plan for another chance of meeting the girl alone. He had even written a letter, but had torn it up because he was unable to say on paper what was really in his heart.

Breakfast passed, however, and when she did not appear Leopold grew restless. He did not ask for her before the others, but when he and the baroness had strolled out together on the terrace, where white peacocks spread their jeweled tails, the emperor sought some opportunity of bringing in the name that filled his thoughts.

"I see the red October lilies are opening," he said. "Miss Mowbray will be interested. She tells me there's nothing like them in England."

"Ah, she has gone just too soon!" sighed the baroness.

The emperor glanced quickly from the mass of crimson flowers to his hostess' face. "Gone?" he repeated. "Yes," the baroness answered. "They must have reached Kronburg before this. You know, they left their companion there. Perhaps your majesty did not realize that they were leaving here quite so early?"

He turned so white under the brown tan the mountains had given that the baroness was alarmed. She had taken Virginia's words as Virginia had meant her to take them and therefore supposed that a formal farewell of some sort had been spoken. This impression did not prevent her from guessing that there must have been a misunderstanding, and she was fidgeting with a lively curiosity which she was obliged carefully to hide.

The romance which had been enacted under her eyes she believed to be largely of her own making, and, not being a bad hearted woman, she had grown fond of Virginia. She had even had pang of conscience, and, though she did not see the way for a happy ending to the pretty drama, it distressed her that the curtain should go down so sad.

"I did not know they were going at all," Leopold answered frankly, willing to sacrifice his pride for the sake of coming quickly at the truth.

"Oh," exclaimed the baroness, "I am distressed! Miss Mowbray distinctly said when I begged that they would wait, 'The emperor will understand.'"

"I do understand—now I know they have gone," he admitted. "But Miss Mowbray thinks she has some cause of complaint against me, and she's mistaken. I can't let such a mistake go uncorrected. You say they must be at Kronburg before this. Are they staying on there?"

"I'm afraid not, your majesty. They leave Kronburg for England today by the Orient express."

"Do you happen to remember at what hour the train starts?"

"I believe at 12."

Leopold pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes past 11. Forty times sixty seconds and the girl would be gone!

The blood rushed to his face. Barring accidents, he could catch her if he ordered his motor car and left at once. But to cut short his visit at Schloss Lyndalberg would be virtually to take the world into his secret. Let him allege important state business at the capital if he chose, gossip would still say that the girl had fled; that he had pursued her. The baroness knew already. Others would chatter as if they knew. That was inevitable—if he went.

A month ago, when yielding to inclination meant humbling his pride as emperor and man, such a question would have answered itself. Now it answered itself also, the only difference being that the answer was exactly opposite to what it would have been a month earlier.

"Baroness, forgive me," he said quickly. "I must go. I can't explain."

"You need not try," she answered softly. "Thank you a hundred times. Make everything as straight for me as you can. Say what you will. I give you carte blanche, for we're old friends, and I trust you."

"It's for me to thank your majesty."

You want your motor car?"

"Yes."

"I'll telephone. Your chauffeur will have it here in six minutes. And your maid-camp. Will you?"

"I don't want him, thanks. I'd rather go alone."

Seven minutes later the big white motor car was at the door which was the private entrance to the emperor's suit, and the emperor was waiting for it, having forgotten all about the sable lined coat which had been a present from the czar. If it had been midwinter he would have forgotten, just the same, nor would he have known that it was cold.

There was plenty of time now to carry out his plan, which was to catch the Orient express at the Kronburg station and present himself to the Mowbrays in the train later. As to what would happen afterward, it was beyond planning, but Leopold knew that the girl had loved him, and he hoped that he would have Lady Mowbray on his side.

The only way of reaching Kronburg from Schloss Lyndalberg was by road. There was no railway connection between the two places. But the town and the castle were separated by a short eight miles, and until checked by traffic in the suburbs the sixty horsepower car could cover a mile in less than two minutes.

Unfortunately, however, police regulations were strict, and of this Leopold could not complain, as he had approved them himself. Once he was stopped and would certainly not have been allowed to proceed had he not revealed himself as the emperor, the owner of the one unnumbered car in Rhaedia. As it was, he had suffered a delay of five minutes, and just as he was congratulating himself on the goodness of his tires, which had made him no trouble for many weeks, a loud report as of a pistol shot gave warning of a puncture.

But there was no moment to waste on repairs. Leopold drove on to the rims, only to acknowledge presently the truth of an old proverb, "The more haste the less speed."

Delayed by a torn and flapping tire, the car arrived at the big central station of Kronburg only five minutes before 12. Leopold dashed in, careless whether he were recognized or not, and was surprised at the absence of the crowd which usually throngs the platform before the departure of the most important train of the day.

"Is the Orient express late?" he asked of an inspector to whom he was but a man among other men.

"No, sir. Just on time. Went out five minutes ago."

"But it isn't due to start till 12."

"Summer time table, sir. Autumn time table takes effect today, the 1st of October. Orient express departure changed to 11:50."

An unreasoning rage against fate boiled in the emperor's breast. He ruled this country, yet everything in it seemed to conspire in a plot to wreck his dearest desires.

For a few seconds he stood speechless, feeling as if he had been dashed against a blank wall and there were no way of getting around it. Yet the seconds were but few, for Leopold was not a man of slow decisions.

His first step was to inquire the name of the town at which the Orient express stopped soonest. In three hours, he learned, it would reach Felgarde, the last station on the Rhaetian side of the frontier.

His first thought on hearing this was to engage a special and follow. But even in these days there is much red tape entangled with railway regulations in Rhaedia. It soon appeared that it would be quicker to take the next train to Felgarde, which was due to leave in half an hour and would arrive only an hour later than the Orient express.

Leopold's heart was chilled, but he shook off despondency and would not be discouraged. Telephoning to the hotel where the Mowbrays had been stopping, he learned that they had gone. Then he wrote out a telegram: Miss Helen Mowbray, Traveling From Kronburg to Paris by Orient Express. Care of Station Master at Felgarde: I implore you leave the train at Felgarde and wait for me. Am following in all haste. Will arrive Felgarde one hour after you and hope to find you at Leopoldhof.

So far the wording was simple. He had signified his intention and expressed his wish, which would have been

(Continued.)

however, Helen Mowbray was not a subject and had exhibited no sign of subjection. It was therefore futile to prophesy whether or no she would choose to grant his request.

Revolving the pros and cons, he was forced to conclude that she probably would not grant it—unless he had some new argument to bring forward. Yet what had he to urge that he had not already urged twice over? What could he say at this eleventh hour which would not only induce her to await his coming at Felgarde, but justify him in making a last appeal when he came to explain it in person?

As he stood pen in hand suddenly he found himself recalling a fairy story which he had never tired of reading in his childhood. Under the disguise of fancy it was a lesson against vacillation, and he had often said to himself as a boy that when he grew up he would not, like the prince of the story, miss a gift of the gods through weak hesitation.

The pretty legend in his mind had for a hero a young prince who went abroad to seek his fortune and received from one of the fates to whom he paid a visit three magic citrons, which he must cut open by the side of a certain fountain. He obeyed his instructions, but when from the first citron sprang an exquisite fairy maiden, demanding a drink of water, the young man lost his presence of mind. While he sat staring the lovely lady vanished, and with a second experiment it was the same. Only the third citron remained of the fate's squandered gifts, and when the prince cut it in half the maiden who appeared was so much more beautiful than her sisters that in adoring wonder he almost lost her as he had lost the others.

"My knife is on the rim of the last citron now," Leopold said to himself. "Let me not lose the one chance I have left."

Last night he had believed that there would not be room in a man's heart for more love than his held for Helen Mowbray; but, realizing to the full how great was the danger of losing her, he found that his love had grown beyond reckoning.

He had thought it a sacrifice to suggest amorganatic marriage. Now a voice seemed to say in his ear: "The price you offered was not enough. Is love worth all to you or not?" And he answered: "It is worth all. I will offer all, yet not count it a sacrifice. That is love, and nothing less is love."

A white light broke before his eyes like a meteor bursting, and the voice in his ear spoke words that sent a flame through his veins.

"I will do it," he said. "Who is there among my people who will dare say 'No' to their emperor's 'Yes'? I will make a new law. I will be a law unto myself."

His face, that had been pale, was flushed. He tore up the unfinished telegram and wrote another, which he signed "Leo, the Chamols Hunter." Then, when he had handed in the message and paid, there was but just time to buy his ticket, engage a whole first class compartment for himself and dash into it before his train was due to start.

As it moved slowly out of the big station Leopold's brain rang with the noble music of his great resolve. He could see nothing, think of nothing, but that. His arms ached to clasp his love. His lips, cheated last night, already felt her kisses, for she would give them now, and she would give herself. He was treading the past of an empire underfoot in the hope of a future with her, and every throb of the engine was taking him nearer to the threshold of that future.

But such moments of supreme exaltation come rarely in a lifetime. The heart of man or woman could not beat on for long with such wild music for accompaniment, and so it was that as the moments passed the song of the emperor's blood fell to a minor key. He thought passionately of Virginia, but he thought of his country as well and tried to weigh the effect upon others of the thing that he was prepared to do. There was no one on earth whom Leopold of Rhaedia need fear, but there was one to whom he owed much, one whom it would be grievous to offend.

In his father's day one man, old even then, had built upon the foundations of a tragic past a great and prosperous nation. This man had been to Leopold what his father had never been and, without the magic power of inspiring warm affection, had instilled respect and gratitude in the breast of an enthusiastic boy.

"Poor old Von Breitstein!" the emperor sighed. "The country is his idol—the country with all the old traditions. He'll feel this break sorely. I'd spare him if I could. But I can't live my life for him."

He sighed again and looked up, frowning, at a sudden sound which meant intrusion.

Like a spirit called from the deep, there stood the chancellor at the door between Leopold's compartment and the one adjoining.

(Continued.)

**Due West Female College.**  
With the best modern conveniences and equipment, and high standards of teaching and living, this is an ideal place for preparation for the great responsibilities of womanhood.  
TERMS REASONABLE.  
For attractive catalog write  
REV. JAMES BOYCE,  
Due West, S. C.

## MARTIAN LIFE.

Conditions Make For Creatures of an Advanced Order of Intellect.

Whatever its actual age, any life now existent on Mars must be in the last stage of its development—on the whole, a much higher one than the marine. But, more than this, it should probably have gone much further if it exists at all, for in its evolving of terra firma Mars has far outstripped the earth. Mars' surface is now all land. Its forms of life must be not only terrestrial as against aquatic, but even as opposed to terraqueous ones. It must have reached not simply the stage of land dwelling where the possibilities are greater for those able to embrace them, but that further point of pinching poverty where brain is needed to survive at all.

The struggle for existence in the planet's decrepitude and decay would tend to evolve intelligence to cope with circumstances growing momentarily more and more adverse. But, furthermore, the solidarity that the conditions prescribed would conduce to a breadth of understanding sufficient to utilize it. Intercommunication over the whole globe is made not only possible, but obligatory. This would lead to the easier spreading over it of some dominant creature—especially were this being of an advanced order of intellect—able to rise above its bodily limitations to amelioration of the conditions through exercise of mind. What absence of seas would thus entail. These two obstacles to distribution removed, life there would tend the quicker to reach a highly organized stage. Thus Martian conditions themselves make for intelligence.—Percival Lowell in Century.

## RAYS AND SKATES.

They Are Known to Fishermen as the Jokes of the Sea.

The rays and skates are the jokes of the sea. Their bodies are as flat as the pancakes made by the man in white on a griddle in the window of a "beef and" restaurant. Their eyes look upward, and they have tails as slender and tapering as the whip of a ringmaster of a circus.

In the United States the most common rays are called "skates." The whip tailed rays because of their long, slender tails with their erectile spines at the end, capable of inflicting severe and dangerous wounds, are frequently called sting rays. The common sting ray feeds on oysters, clams and other valuable mollusks and in the Atlantic waters is known as the "clam cracker." Of the skates the commonest as well as the smallest species on the Atlantic coast is known as the tobacco box; the largest is aptly called the barn door. On the western coast of the United States is found the big skate, which reaches a length of six feet, two feet larger than its eastern relative.

Because of its habit of rolling itself up when caught the common skate has been called "bonnet skate." It is also known as the "hedgehog ray."

On the New Jersey coast the trawl fishermen cut off the broad, fleshy "wings" and they are sold for "saddles," sometimes bringing 5 and even 10 cents a pound. These men call the fish "possum," "sea possum" and "hob-tailed skate." As a rule, anglers throw the fish back into the water as being of no value.

## Not at All Like Him.

To the studio of an artist who had just finished a portrait of a distinguished resident of a neighboring city a friend of the sitter came to look at the newly painted canvas. The visitor was nearedighted and not particularly well acquainted with studios. He wanted to see how good a likeness had been made of his friend. He kept walking nearer and nearer to the painting and finally put out his finger as if to touch it. The artist was getting nervous at the approach of the finger not to touch the portrait, as it was not dry. The nearedighted man put down his hand and walked to the door, turning only to say, "If it isn't dry it isn't my friend." And he walked out.—New York Sun.

## The Land of Fire and Ice.

An example of the strangeness of Iceland is furnished by the volcano Matla. This is buried under immense snow fields, but from time to time its fires burst through the glittering blanket, and then such floods are poured from the melting ice that a great stretch of country between the volcano and the sea is inundated and huge masses of ice are carried out into the ocean. It is unsafe even to cross the territory lying between Matla and the sea, so suddenly come the floods.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Their Crimes.

Two boys of strict Free church parentage and upbringing in a Scottish town were comparing iniquities. One boasted that he had furtively been at a circus show. "Ah, but I have done worse than that," said the other, "for I've been once in the pit at the theater and twice in the Established Kirk."—Blackwood's Magazine.

## A Pert Answer.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read. Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well? New Cook—Shore, mum, O! lay it 't' not 'bein' able to rade th' cookbooks.—Town and Country.

## His Weight.

"What do you think young Chumpley weighs?"  
"About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The News From Rabun.

Rabun, Aug. 3.—A family re-union was held at the home of Misses Christie Clarinda and Unice Abercrombie last week, quite a crowd of friends and relatives being present. The old Abercrombie homestead, situated a mile north of Rabun, has been there for something like a century. This was their first re-union and it is hoped they will continue to have it annually in the future.

Mr. Ivan Abercrombie, who has been quite ill with fever, is reported somewhat better.

Mr. Nesbitt Mahon, who has also been quite sick, threatened with fever, is improving.

A meeting is in progress at Rabun, being conducted by the pastor.

## The Best Pills Ever Sold.

"After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion and spending over two hundred dollars nothing has done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I consider them the best pills ever sold," writes B. F. Ayscue, of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at Laurens Drug Co.'s and Palmetto Drug Co.'s drug stores. 25c.

## Annual Re-union of Co. "F."

The annual re-union of Co. "F," 14th S. C. V., will be held on the 19th inst. at Langston's church. We invite all old soldiers and the public generally to meet with us with well filled baskets to spend the day.

J. P. DILLARD.

## Chronic Diarrhoea Relieved.

Mr. Edward E. Henry, with the United States Express Co., Chicago, writes, "Our General Superintendent, Mr. Quick, handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy some time ago to check an attack of the old chronic diarrhoea. I have used it since that time and cured many of our trains who have been sick. I am an old soldier who served with Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley four years in the 23rd Ohio Regiment, and have no ailment except chronic diarrhoea, which this remedy stops at once. For sale by Laurens Drug Co."

## Excursion August 14th.

Excursion rates from Laurens to Norfolk, Va., (for seaside resorts), \$10.30; to Wilmington, N. C., (Wrightsville beach), \$6.50. Corresponding rates from other points. Through Pullman sleeping cars on train No. 82 direct to Norfolk, arriving Norfolk 7.30 a. m. August 16th. Tickets limited to return on any train until September 1st, 1908. Make up your party and go via the Atlantic Coast Line. Enjoy the surf and ocean breezes for two weeks.

For reservations or any information write W. J. Craig, passenger traffic manager; T. C. White, general passenger agent, Wilmington, N. C., or J. F. Livingston, soliciting agent, Columbia, S. C.

## Case After Case.

Plenty More Like This in Laurens.

Scores of Laurens people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Mrs. Georgia Pitts, 139 Mill St., Laurens, S. C., says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered a great deal from dizzy headaches and constant pains through my back and loins. The kidneys were very irregular in action. I was weak and nervous and at times felt so run down that I could not do my work. None of the many remedies I tried helped me and when I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills I procured a supply at the Palmetto Drug Co. I took them as directed and as a result I am now free from any of the above named annoyances."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## Final Settlement.

Take notice that on the 12th day of Sept., 1908, we will render a final account of our acts and doings as executors of the estate of Jane A. Auld, deceased, in the office of the Judge of Probate of Laurens county at 11 o'clock a. m. and on the same day will apply for a final discharge from our trust as executors.

All persons indebted to said estate are notified and required to make payment on that date; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them on or before said date, duly proven, or be forever barred.

C. E. ROWLAND,  
C. R. ROWLAND,  
Executors.

August 12, 1908—2-4t

**J. L. M. IRBY**  
CIVIL ENGINEER  
Office over Laurens Drug Co.

**KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS**  
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**  
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.  
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.  
PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottle Free.

**Ironing Made Easy.**  
Manufactured by **SMOOTHING IRON HEATER CO.** Sumter, S. C.  
Saves Fuel, Time and the Ironer.  
Only \$2  
Send orders to **JNO. T. BRYANT, Level Land, S. C. COUNTY AGENT.**

## CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA RAILROAD

Arrival and Departure of Trains, Laurens, South Carolina.

EFFECTIVE JUNE 16, 1908.

WEST BOUND.  
No. 1. Leave Augusta.....10:10 a m  
No. 1. Leave Laurens..... 2:32 p m  
No. 1. Arrive Spartanburg. 4:05 p m

No. 5. Leave Greenwood..... 6:50 a m  
No. 5. Leave Laurens..... 7:55 a m  
No. 5. Arrive Spartanburg. 9:30 a m

No. 53. Leave Greenville.....12:20 p m  
No. 53. Arrive Laurens..... 1:45 p m

No. 86. Leave Greenville..... 4:30 p m  
No. 86. Arrive Laurens..... 6:25 p m

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 2. Leave Spartanburg.....12:20 p m  
No. 2. Leave Laurens..... 2:32 p m  
No. 2. Arrive Augusta..... 6:15 p m

No. 6. Leave Spartanburg..... 5:00 p m  
No. 6. Leave Laurens..... 7:55 a m  
No. 6. Arrive Greenwood..... 7:50 p m

No. 87. Leave Laurens..... 8:10 a m  
No. 87. Arrive Greenville.....10:20 a m

No. 52. Leave Laurens..... 2:35 p m  
No. 52. Arrive Greenville..... 4:00 p m

Trains '86 and '87 daily except Sunday.

Tri-weekly through Pullman Parlor Car service between Augusta and Asheville on trains Nos. 1 and 2. Northbound, Tuesdays, Saturdays; Southbound Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

C. H. GASQUE, Agent,  
Laurens, S. C.  
G. T. BRYAN, Gen. Agt.,  
Greenville, S. C.  
A. W. ANDERSON, Gen. Supt.,  
ERNEST WILLIAMS, G.P.A.,  
Augusta, Ga.

**The Laurens Trust Comp'y Insurance AND Real Estate.**

If you have Real Estate for sale, let us sell it for you. If you want to buy see us. We have some nice property, city and county to offer.

**The Laurens Trust Comp'y**

**Wilkinson's Matchless Mineral Water**

Nature's iron tonic, insuring rapid convalescence from any illness which has weakened or lowered the vitality. While this is purely a medicinal water, it is a delightful drink, and one drink will frequently cure a severe headache, heartburn, fullness and oppression of the stomach, following a hearty meal. For sale at

Dr. Posey's Drug Store

**The Princess RubberGloves**

Pure and Seamless.  
For general household use, Surgeons, Physicians, Undertakers, Photographers, Ladies' Toilet, Electricians, etc.  
Try a pair and keep your hands in good condition.

FOR SALE AT **Posey's Drug Store.**