

The GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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[CONTINUED.]

"Perhaps I am a fool, perhaps I am willing to pay the penalty of my crime. At least that was uppermost. I have learned that her highness has been found, and the rope is not made that will fit my neck. Will you denounce me, brother?"

the top floor of my grandmothers house was rich. She left me a thousand crowns. "And what will you do with all that money?" asked Hans.

"Tell me about it. Tell me under what circumstances you met her highness. Every one knows that this marriage is to take place." Gretchen nodded. "Nevertheless, her highness has changed her mind."

Vintners and presses and pruners wanted for the season. Find and liberal compensation. Apply Holtz. Gretchen laughed joyously; the vintner grinned; the subchief swore under his breath.

"He tried to kiss me," said Gretchen. "The man who tried to kiss a woman against her will is always at heart a coward," said the mountaineer.

secret is as dead as it ever was. "Gott! For seventeen, eighteen years I have traveled hither and thither, always on some false clew. Never a band of gypsies I heard of that I did not seek them out. Nothing, nothing! You will never know what I have gone through, and uselessly, to prove my innocence. What benefit to me would have been a crime like that of which I was accused? Was I not high in honor and wealth? What benefit to me, I say—all my estates confiscated, my wife dead of shame!"



I WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS.

THE CLOCK MENDER PRIED OPEN THE CASE.

GRUMBACH PICKS UP A LOCKET.



PROUD OLD IMBECILE.

CHAPTER IX. LOVE'S DOUBTS.

GRETCHEN, troubled in heart and mind over the strange event of the night, walked slowly home. A footstep from behind caused her to start. The vintner took her roughly in his arms and kissed her many times.

CHAPTER X. GRUMBACH PICKS UP A LOCKET.

I AM going into the garden, Gretchen. Bring me a stein of brown. The mountaineer smiled genially. "But I am not working here any more," said Gretchen.

among all the clocks in the house. The grand duke has a wonderful Frisian clock. One day it fell out of order, and the court jeweler could do nothing with it. I was summoned—I! No one recognized me, I have changed so. I had begun to give up hope when the gypsy I was seeking was seen by one of my agents. He alone knows the secret. And I am waiting, waiting. But you believe, Ludwig?