

# The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Copyright, 1909 by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

Gretchen, a goose girl, meets a mysterious mountaineer (Carmichael, American consul in Dreiberg, Kingdom of Ehrenstein. Carmichael loves Princess Hildegarde.

Gretchen's lover is Leo, a vintner. The prince regent of Jugendheim sends Hildegarde an offer of marriage from King Frederick. The princess was abducted in infancy and later restored to her father, the grand duke.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE YOUNG VINTNER.

CARMICHAEL, thirstily drank his first tankard, thinking: "So this vintner is in love with our goose girl? Confound my memory! I would give 20 crowns to know where I have seen him. A fine beer," he said aloud, holding up the second tankard.

The vintner raised his. There was an unconscious grace in the movement. A covert glance at his hand satisfied Carmichael in regard to one thing. He might be a vintner, but the hand was as soft and well kept as a woman's. Could a man with hands like these mean well toward Gretchen? Gretchen was both innocent and unworried. To the right man she might be easy prey; never to a man like Colonel von Wallenstein, whose power and high office were alike sinister to any girl of the peasantry. But a man in the guise of her own class, of her own world and people, here was a snare Gretchen might not be able to foresee.

A tankard rapping a table nearby called Gretchen to her duties.

"Gretchen is beautiful enough to be a queen, and yet she is merely a Hebe in a tavern," remarked Carmichael.

"Hebe?" suspiciously.

"Hebe was a cup bearer to the mythological gods in olden times," Carmichael explained. He had set a trap, but the vintner had not fallen into it. "A fairy story?" The vintner nodded. He understood now.

Carmichael would lay another trap. "What happened to her?"

"Oh," said Carmichael, "she spilled wine on a god one day, and they banished her."

"It must have been a rare vintage."

"I suppose you are familiar with all the valleys. Mosell?"

"Yes. That is a fine country."

The old man in tatters sat erect in his chair.

"You have served?"

"A little. If I could be an officer I should like the army." The vintner reached for his pipe, which lay on the table.

"Try this," urged Carmichael, offering his pouch.

"This will be good tobacco, I know." The vintner filled his pipe.

Carmichael followed this gift with many questions about wines and vintages, and hidden in these questions were a dozen clever traps. But the other walked over them unheeding, with a certainty of step which charmed the trapper.

By and by the vintner rose and bade his table companion a good night. He had not offered to buy anything. This frugality was purely of the thrifty peasant. But the vintner expressed many thanks. On his way to the door he stopped and whispered into Gretchen's ear.

The press in the room was thinning. A carter snatched past and sat down unconcernedly at the table occupied by the old man, whose face Carmichael had not yet seen. A little later a butcher approached the same table and seated himself. It was then a dusty baker came along and repeated this procedure, and Carmichael's curiosity was enlivened. Undoubtedly they were Socialists, and this was a little conclave, and the peculiar manner of their meeting, the silence and mystery, were purely fictional.

Had Carmichael not fallen a-dreaming over his pipe he would have seen the old man pass three slips of paper across the table. He would have seen the carter, the butcher and the baker pocket these slips stolidly. He would have seen the mountaineer wave his hand sharply and the trio rise and disperse. Carmichael left the Black Eagle, nursing the smoldering ember in his pipe.

Immediately the mountaineer paid his score and started for the stairs which led to the bedrooms above. But he stopped at the bar. A very old man was having a pall filled with hot cabbage soup. It was the ancient clock mender across the way. The mountaineer was started out of his habitual reserve. The clock mender had the aspect of a weary, broken man. He shuffled noiselessly out. The mountaineer followed him cautiously. Once in his shop the clock mender poured the steaming soup into a bowl, broke bread in it and began his evening meal. The other, his face pressed against the dim pane, stared and stared.

"Gott in himmel! It is he!" he gasped chokingly.

Krumerweg was indeed a crooked

way. It formed a dozen elbows and ragged half circles as it snaked off from the Adlergasse. It was half after 9 when Gretchen and the vintner picked their way over cobbles pitted here and there with mudholes. They were arm in arm.

"Only a little farther," said Gretchen, for the vintner had never before passed over this way.

"Long as it is and crooked, heaven knows it is short enough!" He encircled her with his arms and kissed her. "I love you! I love you!" he said.

Her bosom swelled, her heart throbed, and she breathed in ecstasy the sweet chill air that rushed through the broken street.

"After the vintage," she said, giving his arm a pressure. For this handsome fellow was to be her husband when the vines were pruned and freshened against the coming winter.

"Aye, after the vintage," he echoed. But there was tragedy in his heart as deep and profound as his love.

"My grandmother—I call her that, for I haven't any grandmother—is old and seldom leaves the house. I promised that after work tonight I'd bring my man home and let her see how hand some he is. She is always saying that we need a man about, and yet I can do a man's work as well as the next one. I love you, too, Leo!" She pulled his hand to her lips and quickly kissed it, frightened but unashamed.

"Gretchen, Gretchen!"

She stopped. "What is it?" keenly.

"There was pain in your voice."

"The thought of how I love you hurts me. There is nothing else, nothing, neither riches nor crowns, nothing but you, Gretchen."

They proceeded until they came to the end of their journey at No. 40 in the Krumerweg. It was a house of hanging gables, almost as old as the town itself.

Fran Schwarz, Gretchen's grandmother, owned the house. It was all that barricaded her from poverty's wolves, and, what with sundry taxes and repairs and tenants who paid infrequently, it was little enough.

Gretchen opened the door, which was unlocked. There was no light in the hall. She pressed her lover in her arms, kissed him lightly and pushed him into the living room. Gretchen ran forward, lighted two candles, then kissed the old woman seated in the one comfortable chair.

"Here I am, grandmother!"

"And who is with you?"

"My man," cried Gretchen gayly.

"Bring him near me."

Gretchen gathered up two stools and placed them on either side of her grandmother and motioned to the vintner to sit down.

"Where are you from? You are not a Dreiberger," the old woman asked.

"From the north, grandmother."

"Your name?"

"Leopold Dietrich, a vintner by trade."

"Give me your hand."

The vintner looked surprised for a moment. Gretchen approved. So he gave the old woman his left hand. The grandmother smoothed it out upon her own and bent her shrewd eyes. A frown began to gather on the vintner's brow and a sweat in his palm.

"I see many strange things here," said the palmist in a brooding tone.

"What do you see?" asked Gretchen.

"I see very little of vineyards. I see riches. I see vast armies moving against each other; powder and fire; devastation. I do not see you, young man, among those who tramp with guns on their shoulders. You ride. There is gold on your arms. You will become great. But I do not understand."

"War?" he murmured.

"Gretchen's heart sank.

"Shall I live?" asked the vintner.

"There is nothing here save death in old age, vintner." Her gauged hand seized his in a vise. "Do you mean well by my girl?"

"Grandmother!" Gretchen remonstrated.

The vintner withdrew his hand slowly.

"Is this the hand of a liar and a cheat? Is it the hand of a dishonest man?"

"There is no dishonesty there, but there are lines I do not understand. It is like seeing people in a mist. They pass instantly and disappear. But I repeat, do you mean well by my girl?"

"Before God and his angels I love her; before all mankind I would gladly declare it. Gretchen shall never come to harm at these hands. I swear it."

"I believe you." The old woman's form relaxed its tenseness.

There was a sound outside. A carriage had stopped. Some one opened the door and began to climb the stairs.

"There is something strange going on up there," said Gretchen in a whisper.

"Three times a veiled lady has called at night on a sick lodger; three times a man muffled up so one could not see his face."

"Let us not question our 20 crowns rent, Gretchen," interrupted the grandmother. "So long as no one is disturbed, so long as the police are not brought to our door, it is not our affair."

The vintner picked up his hat, and Gretchen led him to the street.

He hurried away, giving no glance at the closed carriage, the sleepy driver, the weary horse. Neither did he heed the man dressed as a carter who, when he saw the vintner, turned and

followed. Finally when the vintner veered into the Adlergasse he stopped, his hands clinched, his teeth bared upon each other. He was leaning against the wall of a house, his face for the moment hidden in his arm.

"Wretch that I am! Damnable wretch! Krumerweg!" Krumerweg! Crooked way, indeed!" He hung down his arm passionately. "There will be a God up yonder," looking at the



"I DO NOT WISH ANY QUARREL, MY CAPTAIN."

"He will see into my heart and know that it is not bad, only young. Oh, Gretchen!"

"Gretchen!" the carter stepped into a shadow and waited.

Carmichael did not enjoy the opera that night. He had missed the first acts, and the last was gawdawny, and the royal box was vacant. Outside he sat down on one of the benches near the fountains in the Platz.

He left the bench and strolled around the fountain, his cane behind his back, his chin in his collar.

"Just a moment, my studious friend," he was saluted.

"Wallenstein! I didn't see you," Carmichael halted.

"I'm absentminded," Carmichael admitted.

"Not always, my friend. Now, I do not believe that it was absentmindedness which made you step in between me and that pretty goose girl the other night."

"Ah!" Carmichael was all alertness.

"It was not, I believe?"

"It was coldly premeditated," said Carmichael, folding his arms over his cane, which he still held behind his back. "But that happens to be an innocent girl, colonel. You're no Herod. You really annoyed her."

"Pretense. They always begin that way. I do not wish any quarrel, my captain. But that girl's face was fascinating me. I propose to see her as often as I like."

"I have no objection to offer. But I told Gretchen that if any one, no matter who, ever offers her disrespect to report the matter to me at the consulate."

"Well, in case she is what you consider insulted what will you do?" a challenge in his tones.

"Report the matter to the police," Wallenstein laughed.

"And if the girl finds no redress there," tranquilly, "to the chancellor."

The colonel laughed harshly and strode abruptly away.

Carmichael saw a carriage coming along. He recognized the white horse as it passed the lamps. He stood still for a space, undecided. Then he sped rapidly toward the side gates of the royal gardens. The vehicle stopped there. But this time no woman came out. Carmichael would have recognized that lank form anywhere. It was the chancellor. Well, what of it? Couldn't the chancellor go out in a common hack if he wanted to? But who was the lady in the veil? As soon as the chancellor disappeared Carmichael hailed the coachman and engaged him for a drive for 3 crowns.

Carmichael slid over to the forward seat and touched the Jehu on the back.

"Where did you take the chancellor tonight?" he asked.

"Du lieber Gott! Was that his excellency? He said he was the chief steward."

"So he is, my friend. I was only jesting. Where did you take him?"

"I took him to Krumerweg. He was there half an hour—No. 40."

"Where did you take the veiled lady?"

The coachman drew in suddenly.

"Here, are you from the police?"

"Thousand thunders, no! It was by accident that I stood near the gate when she got out. Who was she?"

"That is better. They both told me that they were giving charity. She went into No. 40. You won't forget an extra crown, here?"

"No; I'll make it five. Turn back and leave me at the Grand hotel."

On the return to the hotel the station omnibus had arrived with a solitary guest.

"Your excellency," said the concierge, rubbing his hands, "a compatriot of yours arrived this evening."

"What name?" indifferently.

"He is Hans Grumbach of New York."

"An adopted compatriot. It would seem. He'll probably be over to the consulate tomorrow to have his passports looked into. Good night."

So Hans Grumbach passed out of his mind; but, for all that, fortune and opportunity were about to knock on Carmichael's door, for there was a great place in history ready for Hans Grumbach.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE BLACK EAGLE.

HANS GRUMBACH was standing on the curb in front of the Grand hotel, his back to the sun. It was 9 o'clock. Hans was short, but strongly built—a wild, blue-eyed German, smooth faced, ruddy cheeked, white haired, with a brown button of a nose.

Presently two police officers came along and went into the hotel. Grumbach turned with a sigh and followed them. Doubtless they had come to look over his passports. And this happened to be the case.

The senior officer unfolded the precious document.

"It is not yet vised by your consul," said the officer.

"I arrived late last night. I shall see him this morning," replied Grumbach.

"You were not born in America?"

"Oh, no; I came from Bavaria when twenty."

"Did you go to America with your parents?"

"No; I was alone."

"What is your business in America?"

"I am a plumber, now retired."

"You are forty?" said the officer, referring to the passports.

"Yes."

"As soon as these are approved by his excellency the American consul kindly have a porter bring them over to the bureau of police. It will be only a matter of form. I shall return them at once."

Grumbach produced a Louis Napoleon, which was then, as now, acceptable that side of the Rhine.

"Drink a bottle, you and your comrade," he said.

This the officer promised to do forthwith and, followed by his assistant, walked off briskly.

Grumbach took off his derby and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

Coming up the thoroughfare with a dash of spirit and color was a small troop of horses. Grumbach watched them till they disappeared into the palace courtyard. He called to the waiter.

"Who are they?"

"The grand duke and some of his staff, here."

"The grand duke? Who was the gentleman in civilian clothes?"

"That was his excellency Herr Carmichael, the American consul."

"Very good. And the young lady?"

"Her serene highness the Princess Hildegarde."

"Bring me a glass of beer," said Grumbach, sinking down at a table.

When the waiter returned he said, "Where does Herr Carmichael live?"

"The consulate is in the Adlergasse. He himself lives here at the Grand hotel."

So Herr Carmichael lived here. That would be convenient. Grumbach decided to wait for him. The American consul later came along with energetic stride. Grumbach rose and caught Carmichael by the arm.

"Your pardon, sir, but you are Mr. Carmichael, the American consul?"

"I am."

"Will you kindly look over my papers?" Grumbach asked.

"You are from the United States?" Then Carmichael remembered that this must be the compatriot who arrived the night before. "I shall be very glad to see you in the Adlergasse at half after 10. Any one will show you the way. I cannot transact my business in these dusty clothes. Good morning."

Grumbach liked the consul's smile. More than that, he recognized instantly that this handsome young man was a gentleman.

He had more than an hour to idle away, so he wandered through the park, admiring the freshness of the green, the well kept flower beds, the crisp hedges and the clean graveled paths. Nothing had changed in Dreiberger save the Königstrasse, whose cobbles had been replaced by smooth blocks of wood. At times he sent swift but uncertain glances toward the palaces. He longed to peer through the great iron fence, but he smothered this desire. He would find out what he wanted to know when he met Carmichael at the consulate. Here the bell in the cathedral struck the tenth hour. Not a semitone had this voice of bronze changed in all these years. It was good to be here in Dreiberger again.

He had put out his first protest against the world in the Adlergasse forty years since. He came to a stand before the old tavern. Not even the sign had been painted anew. He noted the dingy consulate sign, then started up the dark and narrow stairs. The consulate door stood open. A clerk, native to Ehrenstein, was writing at a table. At a desk by the window sat Carmichael deep in a volume of Dumas.

"Mr. Carmichael?" said Grumbach in English.

The clerk indicated with his pen toward the individual by the window. Carmichael read on. Grumbach went boldly over and seated himself in the chair at the side of the desk.

"I am Mr. Grumbach. I spoke to you this morning about my passports. Will you kindly look them over?"

### Summons

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF COOS,

A. M. Hitchcock, and Emma Hitchcock, Plaintiffs.

vs

May Pearce, and any and all persons unknown having or claiming an interest or estate in the property made the subject of the above entitled action, Defendants.

SUMMONS

To May Pearce and to any and all persons having or claiming an interest or estate in the property made the subject of this suit; the above named Defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within 10 days from the date of the service of this Summons upon you, if served within Coos County or within 20 days if served within any other County in the State of Oregon, but if served by publication then on or before the last day of the time specified in the order for the publication of

this Summons which time prescribes six weeks and which last day of publication will be upon Thursday the 29th day of September 1910, and if you so fail to appear and answer said Complaint by said time Plaintiffs will apply to the above entitled Court for an order decreeing a Partition of real property; said order being more specifically defined as the Partitioning and setting separate and apart from the remainder of the land herein described the one fourth interests of the Defendants which said real property is described as follows:

Beginning at a point 990' West of the North-east corner of Section 36, Twp. 28, South of Range 15, West of the Willamette Meridian in Coos County, Oregon, and from said point running thence South 264', thence West 350', thence North 264', thence East 350' to the place of beginning, and containing two acres.

This Summons is published in the Bandon Recorder, a weekly newspaper published at Bandon, Coos County, Oregon for a period of six consecutive weeks, beginning with the 18th day August 1910, and ending with the 29th day of September, 1910, pursuant to an order of publication made by an order of the Hon. John F. Hall, County Judge of Coos County Oregon and dated the 17th day of August, 1910.

C. R. Wade

32-71 Attorney for Plaintiff

The RECORDER for Job Work.

### little house-maid says give your house some furniture

mr. and mrs. homelover:-

your home is begging you to fix it up. do so and you will get lots more out of life, because it will make you feel happier. the nicer your home the happier you will feel.

you will find that at our store. we have just the things you want. the prices will not be high.

we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock. no trouble to show goods. call and see us.

yours truly,

## Woodruff & Turner

The House Furnishers

<b>NONE BUT THE BEST</b>	 M. G. POHL Optometrist, Bandon, Ore.	<b>Saturday At Gallier Hotel</b>
--------------------------	---	----------------------------------

### BANK OF BANDON

BANDON OREGON

Capital, \$25,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. Kronenberg, President, J. Denholm, Vice President, F. J. Fahy, Cashier, Frank Fiam, T. P. Hanly.

A general banking business transacted and customers given every accommodation consistent with safe and conservative banking.

CORRESPONDENTS: The American National Bank, of San Francisco, Calif; Merchants National Bank, Portland, Oregon; The Chase National Bank, of New York.

Subscribe For The Recorder

[To be Continued]