

The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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SYNOPSIS

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

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

Gretchen and Leo are to wed after the vintage. Hans Grumbach of America reaches Dreiberg.

Carmichael becomes fond of Grumbach, who admits he was born in Dreiberg. Hildegrade's betrothal is announced.

Chancellor Herbeck suspects Grumbach, who later tells Carmichael his real name is Brunner. He has a forged passport. King Frederick refuses to marry Hildegrade, who is pleased.

Gretchen takes a letter from a mysterious old woman to Hildegrade. This woman cared for Hildegrade when she was abducted.

Herbeck prevents the grand duke from declaring war on Jugendheit. Grumbach proves to have been one of the princess' abductors.

Implored that you forget that black moment. He was young, he said, and they offered him a thousand crowns. In a moment of despair he fell.

"Despair! Did he confess?" "Yes."

"Did he tell you to whom he sold his honor?" "That he never knew. A gypsy from the hills came to him, so he said."

"From Jugendheit?" "I say that he knew nothing. He believed that the gypsy wanted her highness to hold for ransom. Hans spoke of a girl called Tekla."

"Tekla? Ah, yes; Hans was in love with that doll face."

"Hans followed the band of gypsies into the mountains. The real horror of his act did not come home to him till then. Ah, the remorse! But it was too late. They dressed the little one in rags. But when I ran away from them I took her little shoes and cloak and locket."

Herrmann was on his feet. Grumbach's eyes were as bright and glowing as coals.

Herrmann leaned forward. "Is it you, Hans, and I did not know you?"

"It is I, brother." "My God!" Herrmann sank down weakly.

CHAPTER VIII. THE SOCIALISTS.

THE ceiling spun and the gaslight separated itself into a hundred flames before the gaze of the amazed Herrmann. "You said he was dead?" he gasped to Grumbach.

"So I am to the world, to you and to all who knew me," quietly.

"Why have you returned? The duke will hang you."

"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?"

"I?" "Why not? Five thousand crowns still hang over me."

"Blood money for me? No, Hans!" "Besides, I have made a will. At my death you will be rich."

"Rich?" "Yes, Herrmann. I am worth 200,000 crowns."

Herrmann breathed with effort. "But riches are not everything."

"Sometimes they are little enough," Hans agreed.

"Oh, why did you do it?" "Have I not told you, Herrmann? There is nothing more to be added."

Then, with rising passion: "Nothing more now that my heart is blistered and scarred with regret and remorse. God knows that I have repented and repented. I went to war because I wanted to be killed. They shot me here and here and here, and this saber cut would have split the skull of any other man. But it was willed that I should come back here."

"My poor brother! You must fly. The chancellor is suspicious."

"I know that. But since you, my brother, failed to identify me certainly his excellency will not. And you will not betray me when I tell you that I have returned principally to find out whence came those thousand crowns."

"Ah! Find that out, Hans; yes, yes!" Herrmann began to look more like himself. "But what was your part?"

"Mine? I was to tell where her highness and her nurse were to be at a certain hour of the day, nothing more. My running away was the expression of my guilt; otherwise they would never have connected me with the abduction."

Hans rose. "Hans, have you no other greeting?" Herrmann asked, spreading out his arms.

The wanderer's face beamed, and the brothers embraced.

"You forgive me, then, Herrmann?" "Must I not, little Hans? You are

all that is left me of the blood. True, I swore that if ever I saw you again I should curse you."

"And what has become of the principal cause—Tekla?" "Bah! She is fat and homely and the mother of seven squalling children."

"What a world! To think that Tekla should be at the bottom of all this tangle!"

A rap on the door startled them. Hans slowly opened the door. Carmichael stood outside.

"Ah, captain!" Hans shook Carmichael by the hand and drew him in to the room.

Herrmann passed into the hall and softly closed the door after him. It was better that the American should not see the emotion which still illumined his face.

"What's the good word, captain?" inquired Hans.

Carmichael put in a counter query. "What was your brother doing here?"

"I have told him who I am."

"Was it wise?" "Herrmann sleeps soundly. He will talk neither in his sleep nor in his waking hours. He has forgiven me."

"For what?" thoughtlessly. "The time for explanations has not yet come, captain."

"Pardon me, Grumbach. But I came to bring you the invitation to the military ball."

The broad white envelope emblazoned with the royal arms fascinated Hans, not by its resplendency, but by the possibilities which it afforded.

"Thank you. It was very good of you."

"It was a pleasure, comrade. What do you say to an hour or two at the Black Eagle? We'll drown our sorrows together."

The Black Eagle was lively, as usual, and there were some familiar faces. The vintner was there, and so was Gretchen. Carmichael hailed her.

"This is my last night here, Herr Carmichael," she said.

"Somebody has left you a fortune?" There was a jest in Carmichael's eyes.

"Yes," replied Gretchen, her lips unsmiling. "The poor lady who lived on the top floor of my grandmother's house was rich. She left me a thousand crowns."

"And what will you do with all that money?" asked Hans.

"I am going to study music."

"I thought you were going to be married soon," said Carmichael.

"Surely. But that will not hinder. I shall have enough for two."

The vintner scowled over the top of his paper. Carmichael eyed him mischievously. Gretchen picked up her coppers and went away.

"A beautiful girl," said Hans abstractedly. "She might be Hebe with no trouble at all."

At that day there was only one newspaper in Dreiberg. The vintner presently smoothed down the journal, opened his knife and cut out a paragraph. Carmichael followed his movements slyly. The vintner crushed the remains of the sheet into a ball and dropped it to the floor. Then he finished his beer, rose and proceeded down the stairs leading to the ratskeller below. Carmichael called a waitress and asked her to bring a copy of that day's paper. Meantime he recovered the vintner's paper, and when he finally put the two together it was a simple matter to replace the missing cutting. Grumbach showed a mild interest over the procedure.

"Why do you do that, captain?" "A little idea I have. It may not amount to anything." But the American was puzzled over the cutting. There were two sides to it. Which had interested the vintner? "Do you care for another beer?"

"No; I am tired and sleepy, captain."

"All right. We'll go back to the hotel."

A little time later Herr Goldberg harangued his fellow Socialists bitterly. Gretchen's business in this society was to serve. They had selected her because they knew that she inclined toward the propaganda. The ratskeller had several windows and doors. These led to the biergarten, to the wine cellar and to an alley which had no opening on the street. The police has as yet never arrested anybody, but several times the police had dispersed Herr Goldberg and his disciples on account of the noise. The window which led to the blind alley was six feet from the floor, twice as broad as it was high and unbarred. Under this window sat the vintner. He was a probationer, a novitiate. This was his second attendance.

"Brothers, shall this thing take place?" cried Herr Goldberg. "Shall the daughter of Ehrenstein become Jugendheit's vassal? Oh, how we have fallen! Where is the grand duke's pride we have heard so much about? Are we, then, afraid of Jugendheit?"

"No!" roared his auditors.

"I have a plan, brothers. It will show the duke to what desperation he has driven us at last. We will

we will tear it apart, brick by brick, stone by stone."

"Hurrah!" cried the noisy ones.

The noise subsided. Gretchen spoke. "Her serene highness will not marry the king of Jugendheit."

"Oh, indeed?" said Goldberg, bowing with ridicule. "Since when did her serene highness make you her confidant?"

"Her serene highness told me so her-

self."

A roar of laughter went up, for the majority of them thought that Gretchen was indulging in a little pleasantry.

"Ho-ho! So you are on speaking terms with her highness?" Herr Goldberg laughed.

"Is there anything strange in this fact?" she asked.

"Strange?" echoed Herr Goldberg. "Since when did goose girls become intimate with her serene highness?"

"Does not your socialism teach that we are all equal?"

The vintner thumped with his stein in approval, and others imitated him. Goldberg was no ordinary fool. He sidestepped deftly by an assumption of frankness.

"Tell us about it. Tell us 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." And she recounted picturesque her adventure in the royal gardens, and all hung on her words in a kind of maze.

"Hurrah!" shouted the vintner. "Long live her highness! Down with Jugendheit!"

There was a fine chorus. A police officer and three assistants came down the stairs quietly.

"Let no one leave this room!" the officer said sternly.

The dramatic pause was succeeded by a babel of confusion.

"Ho, there! Stop him, you!"

It was the vintner who caused this cry, and the agility with which he scrambled through the window into the blind alley was an inspiration.

"After him!" yelled the officer. But they searched in vain.

"Out into the street, every mother's son of you!" cried the officer. "This is your last warning, Goldberg. The next time you go to prison."

Gretchen alone remained. It was her duty to carry the steins up to the

[To be Continued]

ASK YOURSELF THESE QUERIES

Are You Doing All You Can to Improve Your Business?

NOW THE TIME TO GET BUSY

Take Your Mental Scales and Weigh Matters Thoroughly From the Viewpoint of an Outsider—Keep on the Main Street of Success, Not the Side Alleys of Failure.

The science of merchandising has risen rapidly in the past half decade, but there are still merchants who sell only trash and who care more for today's profits than for future patronage. Such merchants are no longer important. They are has-beens. They are too weak, mentally and financially, to withstand the rising standard of modern business. They are gradually finding their way to the side streets, where they can dry up without anybody's knowing it.

The time to tune up your business is now. Tomorrow begins with every tick of the watch. Every good business man knows the necessity of planning for the next minute and the next hour and the next day.

Take your mental scales and weigh your business thoroughly, from the standpoint of an outsider. Would you consider it a high class business if some one else owned it? That's the test.

What are you doing to raise the tone of your store?

Are you steadily improving the quality of the goods, to give your customers a maximum value for the price? Your competitor probably is.

Do your methods conform to the golden rule? Are they as liberal as your competitors?

Do you run your business with as much dignity as your banker conducts his? You should.

Do you try to sell each customer what is really best for him, or merely try to pick his pocket as soon as possible?

Do you lie or juggle words in your advertising? Exaggeration does more harm than good.

Do you use big box car black capital letters in your advertising? Circuses do, but they appeal to a different kind of crowd.

Do you print your entire catalogue in each advertisement? You should not. Nobody wants to read your invoice.

Do you always state the price in each advertisement? That's the principal point the reader wants to know.

Do you put glaring printed signs on packages? No customer wants to be a walking signboard for your store.

Do you pay enough attention to the appearance of your store? Is it modern and attractive? Take a look at it now, from the standpoint of the man on the street.

Do you notice whether every corner is thoroughly clean and every article ready for a customer to see or handle? Do you use enough light for a close inspection of the goods? If you don't customers will distrust you.—Progressive Retailer.

Busy, but No Account.

The generally accepted belief that a person is useful in proportion as he is busy is controverted by a writer who says: "I have a dog who is load-

ed up with fleas. In the summer time when fleas are plenty that is the busiest dog I ever saw; when he isn't biting at the fleas he's snapping at the flies. He never has a minute to spare, but when he is the busiest he is the least account for practical purposes.

And there is a young fellow in my neighborhood who has a Waterbury watch and smokes cigarettes. When he isn't winding his watch he is lighting a cigarette. He is a mighty busy young man, but he isn't worth two hoops in a water barrel."—Elli Grocer.

For the Business Man's Benefit. Some ads. are tiny tinkles when they ought to be dynamite explosions.

The man who starts in to knock his competitor knocks himself hardest.

The man who doubts himself is like the chap who rowed all night with his boat tied to a stake.

A human yeast cake or two is needed in every community to leaven the lump and start the think bubbles. Be one yourself.

No small minded man can become a great success as a merchant. The man who would achieve a big success must have a brain to grasp large things in their entirety and in their detail as well.

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The Price is \$1.50 a year, but to introduce it we will send six months for fifty cents. This offer must be accepted on or before February 1, 1911. Send your name and address accompanied by fifty cents in stamps and learn all about Oregon, Washington, Idaho and California.

Address, The Pacific Monthly, Portland, Oregon. 37 14X

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 19, 1910

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Noah M. Davison, contestant against Homestead Entry No. 13645, Serial 03779, made July 1, 1904, for S.W. 1-4 Section 20, Township 29 S., Range 13 W., Willamette Meridian, by Benjamin Perry, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Benjamin Perry has never resided upon or in any way improved said land since making said entry, but has abandoned said land for over five years last past; said parties are hereby notified to appear and respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 1, 1910, before A. D. Morse, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Bandon, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 15, 1910, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed September 19, 1910, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register. 38-15

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, September 14, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Albert N. Treadgold of Cass City, Michigan, who on September 3, 1909, made Timber and Stone Entry No. 05456, for Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 2, Township 30, S. Range 14 W. W. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Timber and Stone Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. D. Morse, United States Commissioner, at Bandon, Oregon, on the 29th day of November 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Robert Walker, of Bandon, Oregon; Harry Walker, of Bandon, Oregon; G. T. Treadgold, of Bandon, Oregon; Pearl R. Walker, of Bandon, Oregon. BENJAMIN F. JONES, Register. 37-10x

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