

The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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SYNOPSIS

Gretchen, a goose girl, meets a mysterious mountaineer and Carmichael, American consul in Dreberg, 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 Dreberg.

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

Chancellor Herbeck suspects Grumbach, who later tells Carmichael his real name is Brenner. 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.

Leo, the vintner, escapes when the police raid a socialist meeting. Gretchen hears he is a spy from Jugendheit. The mountaineer shadows him. Leo lays a trap for Carmichael.

The mountaineer defends Gretchen from insult and offers her a palace and jewels. She declines. An old clock mender is recognized by the mountaineer. Grumbach meets Hildegrade and is amazed by a locket she carries.

The officer, rather thorough for his kind, studied the floor under the window. He found a cutting from a newspaper. This interested him. "Do you know who this fellow was?" with a jerk of his head toward the window. "He is Leopold Dietrich, a vintner, and we are soon to be married." "What made him run?" "He is new to Dreberg. Perhaps he thought you were going to arrest every one." "Ask him if he is not a spy from Jugendheit," the officer said roughly. The stuns clicked crisply in Gretchen's arms. One of them fell and broke at her feet.

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.

"Gretchen?"

She did not speak.

"What is it?"

"You ask?"

"Was it a crime, then, to jump out of the window?" He laughed.

Gretchen's face grew sterner. "Were you afraid?"

"For a moment. I have never run afoul of the police. I thought perhaps we were all to be arrested."

"Perhaps you did not care to have the police ask you questions?"

"What is all this about?" He pulled her toward him so that he could look into her eyes. "What is the matter? Answer."

"Are you not a spy from Jugendheit?"

He flung aside her hand. "So! The first doubt that enters your ear finds harbor there. A spy from Jugendheit! That is a police suggestion, and you believed it?"

"Do you deny it?"

"Yes," proudly, snatching his hat from his head and throwing it violently at her feet—"yes, I deny it. I am not a spy from any country."

"I have asked you many questions," she replied, "but you are always laughing. It is a pleasant way to avoid answering."

The vintner saw himself at bay.

"Gretchen, I have committed no crime. But you must have proof. We will go to the police bureau and settle this doubt."

"When?"

"Now, tonight, while they are hunting for me."

"Forgive me," brokenly.

"I insist. This thing must be righted publicly."

"And I was thinking that the man I loved was a coward!"

"I am braver than you dream, Gretchen." And in truth he was, for he was about to set forth for the lion's den and only amazing cleverness could extricate him. The police bureau was far away, but the distance was nothing to these healthy young people. It was Gretchen who drew back fearfully.

The subchief of the bureau received them with ill concealed surprise.

"I have learned that you are seeking me," said the vintner, taking off his cap.

Immediately the subchief did not know what to say. This was out of the ordinary.

"You are not a native of Dreberg," he began.

"No, herr; I am from Bavaria. You

will find that my papers were presented two or three weeks ago."

The vintner's passports were produced. The subchief compared them



"DEVIL FLY AWAY WITH YOU BOTH!"

to the corresponding number in his book. There was nothing wrong about them.

"What is your business?"

"I am a vintner by trade, herr."

"Why did you jump out of the window?"

"I was frightened at first, herr. I believed that we were all to be arrested."

"You accused him of being a Jugendheit spy," broke in Gretchen.

"I am here because of that accusation," said the vintner.

"What have you to say?"

"I deny it."

"Read this."

It was the cutting. The vintner read it, his brows drawn together in a puzzled frown.

"I can make nothing of this, herr. When I cut this out of the paper it was to preserve the notice on the other side." The vintner returned the cutting.

The subchief read aloud:

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.

"The devil fly away with you both!" he cried, making the best of his chagrin. "And when you marry don't invite me to the wedding."

After they had gone, however, he called for an assistant.

"Did you see that young vintner?"

"Yes."

"Follow him night and day. Find out where he lives and what he does and ransack his room if possible. He is either an innocent man or a sleek rascal. Report to me this time each night."

On reaching the street Gretchen gave rein to her laughter. As they turned into the Krumerweg they almost ran into Carmichael.

"Herr Carmichael!" said Gretchen. "And what are you doing here this time of the night?"

"I am looking for a kind of ghost, a specter in black that leaves the palace early in the evening and returns late, whose destination has invariably been 40 Krumerweg."

The vintner started.

"My house?" cried Gretchen.

"Yours? Perhaps you can dispel this phantom?" said Carmichael.

"She was a lady who comes on a charitable errand. But now she will come no more. The object of her visits is gone," Gretchen answered sadly.

"My luck!" ruefully.

"Are you not afraid to walk about in this part of the town so late?" put in the vintner.

"Afraid? Of what? Thieves? Bah, my little man! I carry a sword stick, and, moreover, I know how to use it tolerably well. Good night." And he swung along.

The vintner was not patient tonight.

"Who is this mysterious woman?"

"I am not free to tell you."

"Oh!"

"Leopold, what is the matter with you tonight? You act like a boy."

"I am wrong, Gretchen. You are right. Kiss me."

She liked the tone; she liked the kisses, too, though they hurt.

"Good night, my man!" she whispered.

"Good night, my woman! Tomorrow night at 8."

He turned and ran lightly and swiftly up the street.

From the opposite doorway a mountaineer, a carter, a butcher and a baker stepped cautiously forth.

"He heard something," said the mountaineer. "He has ears like a rat for hearing. What a pretty picture!" cynically. "All the world loves a lover—sometimes. Touching scene!"

No one replied; no one was expected to reply. More than that, no one cared to court the fury which lay thinly disguised in the mountaineer's tones.

"Tomorrow night; you heard what he said. I am growing weary of this play. You will stop him on his way to yonder house. A closed carriage will be at hand. Before he enters, remember. She watches him too long when he leaves. Fool!"

The quartet stole along in the darkness noiselessly and secretly.

The vintner had indeed heard something. He knew not what this noise was, but it was enough to set his heels to flying. His room held a cot, a table and two chairs. Out of the drawer in the table he took several papers and burned them. Ah! A patch of white paper just inside the door caught his eye. He fetched it to the candle.

What he read forced the color from his cheeks, and his hands were touched with transept palsy.

"The devil! What shall I do now?" he muttered.

What indeed should he do? Which way should he move? Carmichael, Carmichael! The vintner chuckled softly as he scribbled this note:

If Herr Carmichael would learn the secret of No. 40 Krumerweg, let him attire himself as a vintner and be in the Krumerweg at 8 o'clock tonight.

"So there is a trap, and I am to beware of a mountaineer, a carter, a butcher and a baker? Thanks, Scharnsstein, my friend, thanks! You are watching over me."

Colonel von Wallenstein curled his mustaches. It was a happy thought that had taken him into the Aldergasse. This Gretchen had been haunting his dreams, and here she was coming into his very arms, as it were. Gretchen stopped, a cold flurry in her heart.

"Herr, I wish to pass."

"That is possible, Gretchen."

"Will you stand aside?"

"You haunt my dreams."

"That would be a pity."

"I am not going to let you pass till I have had a kiss."

"Ah!" Battle flamed up in Gretchen's eyes.

"Will you let me pass peacefully?"

"After the toll—after the toll."

Too late she started to run. He laughed and caught hold of her. With a supreme effort she freed herself and struck him across the face. Quick as a flash she whirled around and ran up the street. The one hope for Gretchen now lay in the Black Eagle, and into the tavern she darted excitedly.

"Frau Bauer," she cried, "may I come behind your counter?"

Wallenstein came in. His hand, held against his stinging cheek, was telltale enough for the proprietress of the Black Eagle.

"Shame!" she cried. "She shall stay here all day," declared Frau Bauer decidedly.

"I can wait." The colonel made for the door. But there was a formidable bulk in the doorway.

"What is going on here, little goose girl?" asked the grizzled old man.

"Herr Colonel insulted me."

"Insulted you!" The colonel laughed boisterously. "Out of the way!" he snarled.

"He tried to kiss me," said Gretchen.

"The man who tries to kiss a woman

[To be Continued]

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Elinor C. Zimmerman of East St. Louis has won a prize for drawing the best plan of a seven room house to cost \$2,500. She had more than 5,000 competitors.

Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland is to have a library named in her honor at Wells college, New York, where she was graduated. She was present at the ceremony of breaking the sod.

Miss Mary B. May of Peacedale, R. I., and Miss Alice Cook of Oskaloosa, Ia., received the degree of bachelor of divinity at the seventy-sixth anniversary of Hartford Theological seminary.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago public schools, has been elected president of the National Education association. Mrs. Young is the first woman to be chosen president of the association.

Princess Kahumanaoale is the wife of the representative from Honolulu. Last winter she proved herself a charming hostess in Washington, giving many elaborate entertainments, and her rare collection of jewels attracted much attention.

One of the pioneers in "back to the soil" idea is Mrs. Henry Parsons of New York. Farm plots, established in vacant city lots, are the means by which she approaches the important question of the enriching and saving of child lives in the congested districts.

Why She Was Pleased.

"Do you mean to tell me that you actually overcame that ancient antipathy of yours for Mrs. Muggsly and called on her this afternoon?" said his wife's husband.

"That's about the size of it," replied her husband's wife.

"And she was glad to see you?"

"There isn't any doubt about it."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, I had on that old dress I've worn three seasons and a hat that is entitled to a prominent place in some museum for antiques, while she had on a new gown just from Paris. Oh, yes, I'm sure she was tickled to death, figuratively speaking, when I called!"

—Chicago News.

A Sample of Suggestion.

A popular comedian and playwright was praising the humorous value of suggestions.

"It is funnier to suggest a thing," he said, "than to say it out. Playwrights should remember this. Suggestion, pregnant suggestion, is what makes really funny the little boy's remark to his father:

"Pa, if you help me with my arithmetic lesson tonight I'll tell you where ma hid your trousers!"—New York Sun.

A Painful Inference.

A teacher was instructing a class of boys and had spent half an hour trying to drive into their heads the difference between man and the lower animals, but apparently with little success.

"Tommy," he said coaxingly to a little chap, "do you know the difference between, say, me and a pig or any other brute?"

"No," replied Tommy innocently, but another teacher standing by laughed.—London Answers.

Poor Pickings.

The new boarder had never been on a farm before. She was filled with interest and delight in everything she saw. On the morning after her arrival she saw Mrs. Howe apparently picking berries from some pretty green plants beyond the wall as she strolled in the road.

"Those are charming little plants," she said, pausing, with her eyes fixed on a pail which hung on Mrs. Howe's arm. "What kind of berries grow on them? Does it take long to fill a pail like that?"

Mrs. Howe looked down into the pail with a meditative air and answered the second question.

"I should hope 'twould," she replied.

"What kind of berries are they?" persisted the young woman. "I can't quite see. What are you picking?"

"Tater bugs," said Mrs. Howe as she made another contribution to the depths of the pail.—Youth's Companion.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Common Council of the City of Bandon, Coos County, Oregon, until 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, the Nineteenth (19th) day of October, 1910, for the improvement of First Street as follows:—1st, for the improvement of First Street and laying of sidewalk in front of and abutting on Lot 2, Block 1, Breakwater Addition to the City of Bandon. 2nd, for moving the building on said lot North of the North line of First Street and placing same on a foundation, and 3rd, for building a bulk-head or breakwater from First Street northwards along the west boundary line of the said city's property on which is located the city jail, all according to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the Recorder and open to the inspection of all persons interested therein. Bids on each of the above improvements must be submitted separately or separately stated; and each bidder may make one lump bid for the whole. All bids must be sealed.

By order of the Common Council.
Dated October 8th, 1910.
41-11 E. B. KAUSRUD, City Recorder.

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 said 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 Nov. 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.
37-10

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