

The Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Copyright, 1909, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS

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

Gretchen's lover is Leo, a vintner. The prince regent of Jugendheit sends Hildegarde 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. Hildegarde's betrothal is announced. Chancellor Herbeck suspects Grumbach, who later tells Carmichael his real name is Breunner. He has a forged passport. King Frederick refuses to marry Hildegarde, who is pleased.

Gretchen takes a letter from a mysterious old woman to Hildegarde. This woman is a friend of Hildegarde 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 Hildegarde and is amazed by a locket she carries.

The grand duke and Herbeck plan to arrest Leo and the mountaineer. Carmichael is abducted by the mountaineer's party, who think he is Leo.

Carmichael tells Hildegarde he loves her. Grumbach studies Hildegarde with opera glasses. A gypsy claims a reward offered by the clock mender. Grumbach tells Carmichael that he and a gypsy stole the princess.

Grumbach sees a scar on Gretchen's arm and recognizes the gypsy. Grumbach, the clock mender and the gypsy offer to right a great wrong.

Carmichael recognizes Leo, the vintner, as King Frederick of Jugendheit. The mountaineer is his uncle, the prince regent. They are arrested. Gretchen finds she loves a king.

Grumbach tells the grand duke that Gretchen, not Hildegarde, is his daughter and the real princess. The grand duke suspects Herbeck as the arch plotter.

Herbeck admits that he had the real princess, Gretchen, abducted and later substituted his own daughter, Hildegarde, in her place. King Frederick offers to marry Gretchen.

Hildegarde, her disgraced father and Carmichael sail for America. Carmichael's love for Hildegarde is returned.

"How can I save him?"

"He is not a spy."

"That must be proved, Gretchen. I cannot go to the Steinschloss and order them to liberate him." She lifted Gretchen to her feet.

"I have been there, and they will not let me see him. I love him so."

"I can arrange that for you. I will go with you myself to the prison."

"Thanks, highness, thanks!" Gretchen was hysterical.

The king and his uncle had been given adjoining cells on the ground floor. The princess and her protegee were admitted without objection. The sergeant in charge of that floor even permitted them to go into the corridor unattended.

Voices.

"Hush!" whispered her highness, pressing Gretchen's arm.

"Ach! Wall, dear nephew; beat your hands upon the bars, curse, waste your breath on stone. Did I not warn you against this very thing when you proposed this mad junket? A fine scandal!"

"Woe to the duke for this affront!" Gretchen started to speak, but the princess quickly put her hand over the goose girl's mouth.

"Uncle, I will have revenge for this!" "Good! Bang—bang! Slash and cut! War is a great invention—on paper. Come, my boy; you were sensible enough when they brought us here. Control yourself. Be a king in all the word implies. For my part, I begin to see."

"And what do you see?"

"I see that the duke knows who we are, even if his police do not. He will keep us here a day or two and then magnanimously liberate us with pro-

hess loves a jest too well to let this chance escape. Besides, I see in the glass the fine Italian hand of Herbeck."

"Gretchen, Gretchen!" said the king.

Gretchen could stand it no longer. She wrenched herself free from the grasp of the princess, who, with pitying heart, understood all now. Poor, unhappy Gretchen!

"Here I am, Leopold," the goose girl cried, pressing her body against the bars and thrusting her hands through them.

"The devil!" murmured the man in the other cell.

"You here, Gretchen?" The king covered her hands with passionate kisses.

"Yes, yes! They have made a dreadful mistake. You are no spy from Jugendheit."

"No, Gretchen," said the voice from the next cell. "He is far worse than that. He is the king, Gretchen, the king."

"Uncle!" in anguish.

"Let us have it over with," replied Prince Ludwig sadly.

"The king!" Gretchen laughed shrilly.

"What jest is this, Leopold?"

The king, still holding her hands, looked down.

"Leopold!" plaintively.

Still he did not speak, still he averted his head. But God knew that his heart was on the rack.

"Leo, look at me! You are laughing!" Gretchen cried. "Why, did we not work together in the vineyards, and did we not plan for the future? Ah, yes! You are a king only to me. I see. But it is a cruel jest, Leopold. Smile at me! Say something!"

"Gretchen, forgive me!" despairingly.

"He asks me to forgive him?" dully.

"For what?"

"For being a villain! Yes," his voice keen with agony, "I am the king of Jugendheit. But am I less a man for that? Ah, God help me, I have a right to love like other men! Do not doubt me, Gretchen; do not think that I played with you. I love you better than my crown, better than my honor!"

CHAPTER XVI.

TWIN LOCKETS.

CARMICHAEL, tramped about his room restless, uneasy, starting at sounds. He was waiting for Grumbach and his conferees. Anything but this suspense. A full day! And deeper, firmer, became his belief and conviction that Grumbach's affair vitally concerned her highness. He welcomed the knock on his door. Grumbach came in carrying under his arm a small bundle.

"Where are your companions?"

"They are waiting outside."

"The duke agrees," went on Carmichael. "He will give us an audience at 8:30."

"Did you mention my name?"

"No. I went roundabout. I also obtained his promise to say nothing to Herbeck till the interview was over."

Grumbach spread out on the bed the contents of the bundle.

"Look at these and tell me what you see, captain."

Carmichael inspected the little yellow shoes. He turned them over and over in his hand. He shook out the fold of the little cloak and the locket fell on the bed.

"When did you get this?" he cried excitedly. "It is her highness!"

"So it is, captain, but I have carried it about me all these years."

"What?"

"Yes, captain. Count von Herbeck is a great statesman, but he made a terrible mistake this time. Listen. As sure as we are in this room together I believe that she whom we call the princess is not the daughter of the grand duke."

Carmichael sat down on the edge of the bed numb and without any clear idea where he was. Free! If she was not a princess she was free, free!

The duke allowed the quartet to remain standing for some time. He strode up and down before them, his eyes straining at the floor, his hands behind his back.

"I do not recognize any of these persons," he said to Carmichael.

"Your highness does not recognize me, then?" asked the clock mender.

"Come closer," commanded the duke. The clock mender obeyed. "Take off those spectacles." The duke scanned the features, and over his own came the dawn of recollection. "Your eyes, your nose—Arnsberg, here and alive? Oh, this is too good to be true!" The duke reached out toward the bell, but Carmichael interposed.

"Your highness will remember," he warned.

"Ha! So you have trapped me blindly? I begin to understand. Who is this fellow Grumbach? Did I offer immunity to him?"

"I am Hans Breunner, highness, and I ask for nothing."

"Breunner! Breunner! Hans Breunner, brother of Hermann! And you put yourself into my hands?" The tone developed into a suppressed roar. The duke took hold of Hans by the shoulders and drew him close. "You dog! So you ask for nothing? It shall be given to you. Tomorrow morning I shall have you shot! Hans Breunner! God is good to me this night! Thanks, Herr Carmichael, a thousand thanks! And I need not ask who that damnable scoundrel is who has the black face and heart of a gypsy."

"Your highness," said von Arnsberg quietly, "all I have left in the world are these two withered hands, and may God cut them off if they ever wronged you in any act. I am innocent. Those letters purporting to have been written by me were forgeries. Tonight I shall leave this palace a free man, and you shall ask pardon for the wrong you have done me."

There was no fear in the voice. The duke glared at the speaker soberly, frowning what Herbeck had often said.

"What you say still remains to be proved. Now, what is at the bottom of all this?" was the demand.

Hans crossed the room to the duke's desk and spread out his treasures under the flickering candlelight. The duke, with a gasp of terror, sprang toward the secret drawer. His first thought was that the shoes and cloak, upon which only his eyes ever rested, now had been stolen. Nothing was missing. He was overwhelmed, but he steadied himself. He came back to the desk and fingered the locket. The duke opened the locket, looked long and steadily at the portrait and shut it. Then he went to the drawer again and returned with the counterpane. He laid them side by side. The likeness was perfect in all details.

"Carmichael," he said, "will you please help me? Do I see these things or do I not? And if I do which is mine, and what does this signify?"

Grumbach answered: "This, highness. I took these from the little princess with my own hands. They have never been out of my keeping. Those you have I know nothing about."

The duke rubbed his eyes. "My daughter?"

"The Princess Hildegarde is not your daughter, highness," said Hans.

"Gott!" The duke smote the desk in despair. "Herbeck! I must send for Herbeck!"

"Not yet, highness; later."

"But if not Hildegarde—I believe I must be growing mad!"

"Patience, your highness," said Carmichael.

"Patience!" wearily. "You say patience when my heart is dying inside my breast! Patience! Who, then, is this woman I have called my child?"

"God knows, highness!" Hans stood bowed before this parental agony.

"But what proof have you that she is not? What proof, I say?"

"Would there be two lockets, highness?"

"More proof than this will be needed. Produce it!"

"Speak," said Hans to the gypsy.

"Highness," said the gypsy, bowing. "He speaks truly. He came with us. For fear that the little highness might be recognized as we traveled, we changed her clothes. He took them, together with the locket. One day the soldiers appeared in the distance. We all fled. We lost the little highness, and none of us ever knew what became of her. She wore the costume of my own children."

"We shall produce that in time," said von Arnsberg.

"Damnable wretch!" said the duke, addressing the gypsy.

The other shrugged. He had been promised immunity. That was all he cared about unless it was the bag of silver and gold this old clock mender had given him a few hours gone.

"I am summoning her highness," said the duke as he struck the bell.

"And, highness," added Grumbach, [To be Continued]

OLD TIME PUNISHMENT.

Agony of a Day in the Stocks For a Fit of Bad Temper.

A record on file in the library of congress contains an account of the adventures of a certain Hubbard, who was sentenced in Boston to the stocks for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper, says Harper's Weekly. When he had taken his seat for the day there came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet and making feints—unpleasantly approaching reality—of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below, and presently a rough fellow, after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him feinted toddlers and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some fancied injury, rushed at Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright, which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter, for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage dashed off. The bull made a dash at the stocks and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of the said Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

A COURSE OF DINNERS.

It Includes Roasted Peas as a Substitute For Coffee.

In a little book called "The Economical Housekeeper," published about the year 1840, there is given on one page "A Course of Dinners For a Week." At the time of its publication the little book was most popular, as is proved by the author's preface to the second revised edition. She says:

"Encouraged by the very favorable reception that our humble labors have met in the rapid sale of the first edition of 1,500 copies in about fifteen weeks, and the demand still continuing, we have improved the time by endeavoring to make the present edition more worthy of patronage, if possible, than the first."

Therefore it is probable that the "course of dinners" which follows was considered admirable at that time:

"Monday—Tea, coffee or cocoa, with mince-meat, bread and butter in winter, bread and butter in summer."

"Tuesday—Boiled dish, with apple dumplings."

"Wednesday—Roasted or baked meat, with bread pudding."

"Thursday—Broiled steak or fresh fish, with baked rice pudding."

"Friday—Baked beans, with baked Indian pudding."

"Saturday—Salt codfish boiled, with apple pie."

"Sunday—Morning, hashed fish and coffee; noon, bread and butter, cheese, pie, doughnuts."

It is a suggestive paragraph which appears on the same page:

"Peas, roasted and ground, are an excellent substitute for coffee, and you would hardly know which is best."

—Youth's Companion.

MY CLOTHES ARE AT THE BANDON STEAM LAUNDRY

Where Yours Ought to be

A. F. DERINGER - Prop.

Clarence Y. Lowe

BANDON - OREGON

Druggist and Apothecary

Is just in receipt of a new stock of

Drugs and Chemicals, Patent and Proprietary Preparations, Toilet Articles, Drug Sundries, Perfumes, Brushes, Sponges, Soap, Nuts and Candies, Cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes, Paints, Oils, Glass and Painter's Supplies.

WOOD TO BURN

Prepare for Christmas

By Making Your Own Gifts
Nothing Better. Nothing
Neater, Nothing Cheaper
than

Pyrographic Work

A Large Assortment of the
Latest Novelties and Designs at the

BANDON DRUG CO.

The Opera

HAS A SELECT STOCK OF

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Steam Beer on Draught

COURTEOUS TREATMENT

GROSS BROS.

BANDON - OREGON

M. G. POHL, Optometrist



Saturdays at Gallier Hotel
BANDON, OREGON

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

BANK OF BANDON
BANDON - OREGON
Capital Stock \$50,000
BOARD OF DIRECTORS: J. L. Kronenberg, President; J. Denholm, Vice President; F. J. Fahy, Cashier; Frank Flam, 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.

Home Bakery
1st Class, Bread, Cakes, Pies and Pastry
OF ALL KINDS. SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
A trial will convince you
Opposite Trowbridge's Store
CHAS. HERZIG, PROP.

THE COQUILLE RIVER LINE
Strs. Fifield & Bandon
Twin Screw, New and Fast
1st Class Passage, - \$10.00 & \$7.50
Up Freight, - 3.00
Our interests are your interests. Fair rates and good service our motto
A. F. Estabrook Co., 245 Cal. St., San Francisco
L. L. BRANDENBURG, Agent, Bandon, Oregon

SHIELDS & KENNEDY
BLACKSMITHS AND WAGONMAKERS
Wagons of All Kinds Made to Order Horseshoeing a Specialty
Job Work attended to promptly and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Shop on Atwater Street, Bandon, Oregon.

MARTIN TRANSFER LINE
B. C. MARTIN, Proprietor
(Successor to J. Jenkins)
Heavy and Light Draying. Best grade of Coal on Hand.
Barns—Timmons' Old Cannery

S. S. BREAKWATER
Fast and Commodious
Leaves Portland (Ainsworth Dock) 8 p. m. every Tuesday.
Leaves Coos Bay every Saturday at service of the tide.
Confirm Sailings Through C. M. SPENCER, Agent Bandon

Have you Thought About Lights for this Winter
Now is the time to make preparation for electric lights for the long winter evenings. Call and see us and let us show you may have better lights than the kerosene lamp can give, with little or no more cost. Avoid the risk of fire—do away with the nuisance of cleaning lamp chimneys. Install electric lights, and you will not be without them for twice the cost. Let us figure with you. We will treat you right.
BANDON LIGHT & POWER COMPANY.
Next Door West of Courmerth Christensen Co.
A. S. ELLIOTT, Manager

A. Mc NAIR
THE HARDWARE MAN
BRIDGE & BEACH Stoves, Ranges and Heaters have in them so many excellencies that they are now acknowledged the greatest sellers on the coast and they are growing in favor every year. We have the exclusive agency in Bandon for these household and office necessities, and prices range exceedingly modest in either case.
TINNING AND PLUMBING A SPECIALTY.
Our Assortment of Hardware, Tinware and Edged Tools is Most Complete.

BANDON Harness Shop
Full line of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Blankets and everything usually kept in a first-class harness shop.
Repairing a Specialty
W. J. SABIN, Prop.
BANDON, OREGON



"I AM THE KING OF JUGENDHEIT." fuse apologies. We shall be escorted to the frontier with honors. His high-