



Market Ferry Grammar School boasted of a French professor—one John Henry, English by compulsion, French by birth and training. Everybody could see that by his manner, his dress, his tall, ferris French hat, his silver buckled French shoes. He was a diminutive, courtier-like gentleman, rather shabby on his pittance of a hundred pounds a year, but none the less proud of his ancestry. We believed him to be of royal blood. Yet we did not show respect, even for his attainments. Indeed, with his insignificant stature and his absent-mindedness, he was something of a butt for raw jokes. I remember so well the winter (for it led me to her who has become the light of my life) when he strayed thoughtlessly into the midst of a snow-bell fight between two classes on the school green. Both sides joined in the attack, and the old professor was well-nigh unconscious when I rescued him, set him in a hansom, and took him to his home.

A tiny cottage, on a corner near the outskirts of town, where the river drive swept into our little park—how often I remembered it in after days. There Adelaide and her father spent their quiet, happy life. The professor was absorbed in his books; the daughter moved quietly around the house, or attended her flowers. So it was when I called a few nights later to inquire as to Mr. Henry's condition. The Christmas holidays were on. I had ample leisure. And what a team love and leisure make!

For two years more did Market Ferry was heaven. I think I did myself credit in certain studies, although the professor told me blandly that I was so well posted in certain others that he would not find it necessary to examine me, which explanation my parents swallowed without hesitation. If I failed in any I must confess my greater interest at the little cottage. I spent a good many hours studying a pair of eyes and a pretty face and the kind of voice that makes you think.

I graduated with two precious possessions; a heart and a diploma.

next dooryard, and gave their tribute to another. The weeds had come up and run to seed twice since she picked their blossoms. Neighbors said the professor and his daughter left suddenly. Some one heard him exclaim to some one else—"I go back to my kingly rights. I am a monarch." That was all. Something clutched at my throat. I was hardly fifteen. Do you wonder I cried a little?

I went to Paris and studied the great newspapers for months past. One morning I found in a year old American New York Herald, reference to the little kingdom of Barrataria, an island in the northern sea. The writer told of great fetes in the little town of a thousand souls over the return of its king, driven out during a revolution some years before. Then my heart went sick for there was a picture of little Adelaide, as the king's daughter, wearing a quaint lace headress with gold ornaments around the ears. The old love rekindled. I packed my grip and departed for Barrataria on the night train.

Barrataria consisted of a city of some four thousand souls, on a two-hundred-acre island, reached by long, heavy bridges from the mainland. It was an elevated plain, built up solid with residences and warehouses. Its people were well-to-do. Many of them dried shiploads of herring and sole, storing their packages of fragrant fish under open sheds, or in loosely built frame barns. Others operated big steamship lines, spending their days at business and their resting hours in Barrataria. Others were gentlemen of leisure and gamblers. They came from several near-by provinces. And presently they were intermarrying and rearing sons with more money than brains. It is no wonder that the voters—the native born were turbulent. When I arrived a new party had been organized; some kind of an anti, or may be a liberal. Anyhow the little town was broken up into cliques, and they were at one another's throats. Opposite the City Hall, Government troops sat on



"KISSED HER PASSIONATELY BEFORE THEM ALL"

think I far out-valued the heart, for there never was another like it, and none ever will be. But at my paternal home, Charter's Court, there was blood on the face of the moon, and a leather strap awaiting the youthful scion. So I deviated and spent a blissful month in France, pending a reduction of the tempest. For I had told them of my engagement to Adelaide, and my desire to marry her immediately and bring her home. "It will blow over," I said to myself, laughing at love letters from Adelaide, and writing her a stream of tender replies. Then I got mad. For she told me her father, old Henry, had thrown a fit when she spoke of her contemplated co-operative association. I chased back to Ferryville and dropped in at the house about tea time. I ate a formal supper. Old Henry's manner chilled me to my spurs, and I could think of nothing but army gossip. For I had graduated into an organization of prospective army officers.

Then I broke loose and told him what I wanted, while Adelaide discreetly withdrew. He was a stone post to my entreaty, my demand, my storm. So as I had put pride beneath my heel, and could not give her up, I offered him a home, an annuity, an indefinite leave of absence, with pay and expenses—any old plan that would give a fair exchange for his sorrow. He shook his head. He even swore at me in French. And then he called her in and made her dismiss me, though she did it in tears.

From India to Africa, from ice to equator, I moved about through English Army Stations. We were on a tour of England's outposts—one of the first school trips of the young officer. I attained new grades, and donned new uniforms. I added stars and bars, cords and fringe. I had become a real soldier. I even got into some scurrilous with the blacks in Egypt—a gang of robbers who inhabited an abandoned city. And after five years knocking about, I returned to England. But my heart was still at the little cottage, and thither I went on the first train. It was empty. Adelaide's chickens inhabited the

knapacks and laughed about the possible end. They were a brave, rollicking, fitful class—these young students and merchants of the town. They could form instant attachments. But they could forget as easily. Hence their present bitterness.

It took a passport and an International secret badge and password to get in at all. Then, weary to death after a three-day rail and boat voyage, I went to bed in the only hotel.

Toward morning I was awakened by gun firing. I arose and dressed immediately. There was skirmishing to the south, where the island ran off in a long neck of land. Then I heard marching in the street near by, and the rattle of cannon. It was none of my business, really; but Adelaide or no Adelaide, a British Army Officer cannot rest supinely in the midst of civil war, even though it be merely opera bouffe. So I went among them, as a citizen, discreetly leaving my uniform in my portmanteau.

In the dark—for it was not yet morning—I mixed with the crowd and caught the drift of the revolution. They were tired of old John Henry—now gracefully styled Enrique XVII. For a time his return to Barrataria was the occasion of festivities and brilliant ceremonials. Now they wanted a young man. There was Trastamara, Adelaide's distant cousin. He was of royal blood and full of fire. Why not make him king? And I found by questioning that Trastamara, the gambler and sport of the island, was laying wires along devious paths to accomplish just that end, forcing the abdication of John Henry and—how it floored me—talking Adelaide as his queen. I ground my teeth. Sooner than see that sweet angel Trastamara's wife I would wet my sword in the villain's blood and carry off the prize myself.

I saw that action was necessary if I were to accomplish anything, and the next day, early in the afternoon, attired in full uniform, made my way to the palace. It was surrounded by the King's guards, with instructions to admit only the appointed. My highland garb, with kilt and sperran, tartan and feather bonnet, was un-

known in Barrataria and attracted some attention. I represented myself as a distant relative of the royal family on an important mission, and after bribing the guard, was permitted to see in my card. I prescuted the guard returned, and bowing low, entreated me to follow him. I passed through the marble halls of the palace, and was ushered into a dimly-lighted drawing-room. And in a few minutes entered Adelaide, my own, my darling, holding out both hands and smiling her greeting. I took her to my heart. I covered her dear face with kisses. And when we were quieted, I told her how I had found her and why I had come. She insisted that it was no use—that it only made her lot harder to bear. She had been ordered by the king to wed Trastamara, "the gambler," though she loathed him. "Oh, Gregory," she sobbed, "if we could only be back in the little cottage in Ferryville."

Ah! the bitter sweet of those days—the hunger for my sweetheart, the infrequent glimpses of her dear face, the haunting fear of Trastamara's schemes. For two weeks I remained at the hotel, while the revolution smouldered, and I racked my brains for a method of rescuing Adelaide. Then my plan formed, I sat still and awaited the crucial moment.

It was the night of the annual Grand State Ball. With a somewhat doubtful heart, I entered the palace, in full uniform, with short Scotch sword. Before many minutes I was summoned by Adelaide's Chamberlain to meet her in the dancing-hall, and thither I went for a brief dance with my beloved. Near by her, guarding her jealously, stood Trastamara, a dark-browed desperado. I had learned—though he knew it not—that he had several hundred trusty followers in the palace and out, ready to rush to his call. He had planned to carry out his scheme that night. I knew all this, and I, alone and almost empty-handed, was there to talk him.

After our dance, I had an opportunity to draw Adelaide into the conservatory. I abjured her to go with me back to England—to leave the place with all its hickories and plotings, and be my bonnie English wife. "But father," she faltered; "they would tear him to pieces if they found me gone. And yet, Gregory dear, I believe he would go if he had a chance. He is so feeble, so sick of it all. If you could talk with him."

Suddenly Adelaide's eyes grew big and dark with fright. My back was to the door, and I had one hand on her waist, smoothing her dear hair with the other. I turned and my heart chilled. There, peeping between the great leaves of a palm, grinning hatefully, was Trastamara. He disappeared.

The next moment there was a hub-bub in the hall. "The King!" I heard them cry. "The King!" "Come with me quick," said Adelaide, in an excited whisper. "It is our only chance!" And taking me by the arm, she drew me into the ball-room and up on to the stage. The crowd approached us on tiptoe with excitement. For Trastamara had undoubtedly spread the news, in the front came the king with brilliant robes and jewelled crown. How old and feeble he looked. How worn and tired. But he had lost none of his proud anger of old days. Raising his mace he called aloud: "That man is an interloper. He has designs on the body of the king! Put him out! Banish him! Away with him!"

I turned Adelaide. She stood there tremulous, her eyes shining like stars, an adorable creature. On sudden impulse I threw one arm about her and kissed her passionately before them all. Then, facing the crowd:—"The princess is my affianced wife!" I cried. "Let him who dares put foot on this platform!"

I drew my sword just in time. Brave as a lion, Trastamara leaped upon the platform and came at me snarling. He held a short knife in his right hand, and circled for an opening. "Dog!" I cried. Letting out with my sword I fetched him a mighty stroke across the temple, and he rolled back into the crowd. There was now a babel in the hall. The possibility of defense was at an end, for I heard orders outside and knew that soldiers were approaching. A door stood open behind us. I took Adelaide by the shoulders and pushed her through it. "To the south gate," I whispered in her ears. "For your life, darling!"

Down the stairs we ran lightly. Behind swept the king, the courtiers, and the crowd of gay dancers. Old John Henry had thrown aside his long robes and his crown, and was sprinting after me in excellent style. At the bottom of a long flight of stone steps, we opened a massive door, and found ourselves at the great southern gate of the palace. A two-horse carriage stood outside. "It is my own!" cried Adelaide. "It has been waiting since noon. We are saved!"

The door of the palace closed with a secret spring, but not so fast as to keep back old John Henry. He slipped through, looking very odd in his short tunic and bare head—shorn of his kingly habiliments. But it slammed in the face of the crowd, and we three were alone.

Adelaide leaped into the carriage. With a smothered oath John Henry jumped after her. He had no thought but to capture his daughter. The soldiers could take care of me. But this was exactly what I wanted. I slipped in beside Adelaide, closed the door, called to the driver to make across the southern bridge at top speed, and we were off without a single pursuer.

A moment later the king came at me with knotted, blood-thirsty fingers. He was in a fearful rage. I met him half-way with my fist beneath his chin. He doubled up like a jack-knife and knew no more until we were on the mainland, in a fast train for Paris, reeling off the miles between Hell and Heaven.

Henry took it unkindly, but in time he became grateful to me for saving his life. For it was really planned that night to make way with him and to turn Adelaide over to Trastamara. Adelaide's chickens have come back, singing; the vines curl up with delight; and the flowers bloom themselves to death, all for the lady in the little cottage. Old Henry is in his heaven—the library; Adelaide is in hers, the nursery. I am busy and contented. I have fought the good fight; I have won my queen.

Preservative For Stone.
The Hungarian chemist, Brun, says he has discovered a liquid chemical compound which renders certain kinds of matter proof against the effects of time. He says it doubles the density of nearly every kind of stone and renders it water proof.

COURT NOTES.
The Strange Mystery of the "Haunted Room" Revealed by Lord Glamis.
Lord Glamis, son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, came of age September 22, and the secret of the "Haunted Room" was communicated to him by his father. This has been an invariable practice on such occasions from time immemorial. What secret the "Haunted Room" contains is supposed to be passed on to every heir as he attains his majority. Thus its precise nature is in the possession of never more than two persons at the same time. Conjecture and traditions say, however, that in the long ago when the Lindsays and Ogilvies were at feud a number of the latter clan were imprisoned and died in that particular chamber. That the room has some uncanny peculiarities appears to be beyond a doubt, for the late Lord Strathmore had it walled up after visiting the apartment one night to determine the origin of certain weird noises which, it is said, had for a long time disturbed and puzzled him. The Earl opened the door with a key," wrote a correspondent to a Dr. Lee, "and dropped back in a dead swoon into the arms of his companions; nor could he ever be induced to open his lips on the subject afterward." The experiences of a lady visitor at the castle are quoted in the book, "Haunted



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.
Homes and Family Legends. "Suddenly," so the story runs, "a cold blast stole into the lady's room, extinguishing the light by her bedside. She saw a tall, mailed figure pass into the dressing-room. Immediately thereafter there was a shriek from her child in an adjoining room. Her maternal instinct was aroused. She rushed into the dressing-room and found the child in an agony of fear. It described what it had seen as "a giant" who came and leaned over its face."

The operation Mrs. Arthur Paget underwent recently at the hands of Sir Alfred Fripp was a very delicate and wonderful one, though thoroughly successful. More than a year ago Mrs. Paget fell down an elevator shaft and fractured her thigh. The bone failed to mend and in spite of an operation and a special course of treatment under Prof. Haffa, the great Berlin specialist, Sir Alfred Fripp took a photograph of the injured bones by means of the Roentgen rays, which showed that the fracture was as bad as ever. It was necessary to make an incision so that the fractured bones could be reached. These were screwed together with ivory, and it is confidently believed that in a few months' time they will knit and become strong enough to bear the weight of the body. In spite of the agony extending over thirteen months which Mrs. Paget has endured, she is able to drive out every day in an open carriage. Mrs. Paget recently visited the new ward at Charing-Cross Hospital, built from the proceeds of a great charity bazaar she organized, and called the Minnie Paget ward. It contained many fracture cases and Mrs. Paget cheered the sufferers greatly by her hopeful conversation, which was appreciated even more than the gifts of fruit and flowers she bore to each patient.

Of Abdul-Hamid's two predecessors, the one was assassinated, the other went mad and was deposed. These two tragical events have made the Sultan immensely suspicious. Always keeping watch against conspirators, he regards as his most faithful and useful servants the men who spend their time in discovering his enemies, in finding out their plans, and in preventing the execution of these plans. The best rewarded will be he who has given his Majesty the most exhaustive information.

As everybody wants to obtain such reward, all keep busy collecting information. Constantinople is a perfect paradise for the secret police. In all classes of Ottoman society you encounter the secret agent; and the very highest dignitaries gladly furnish the Sultan with confidential information.

Van Calava.

Encouragement to Young Writers.
To young and ambitious writers, who become discouraged at the non-acceptance and non-appearance in print of their accepted articles it will be interesting to know what Edward Clarence Stedman writes in a current magazine, that Mr. Fields of the Atlantic Monthly once advised him that he had lots of stuff, which had been in an unpublished state for five years. Stedman adds that one of his famous "South Sea Idyls" remained in their office for seven years before it found its way into print.

The Green Prevailed.
A green little boy in a green little way
A green little apple devoured one day,
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

The oldest tombstone in New York is in Trinity Churchyard. It is inscribed, "Richard Clemde, 1681." The remainder of the inscription has been worn away from the stone by wind and rain.

The great rock of Gibraltar is crumbling and the rotting masses of the rock must be continually bound together with huge patches of masonry and cement.

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