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Old fools are more foolish than young ones.—Rochefoucauld.

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**HOSTETTER'S
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STOMACH BITTERS**

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

"All Asia Minor is more or less Persian," said Norheys, "and, anyway, I don't want to take an action against her. I don't believe I could even if I wanted to, on account of having got married myself before she did. So that's that; and there's no use worrying."

Troyte was talking fast to someone in the foreign office.

"There'll be the devil of a fuss," said Norheys, "if Uncle Ned stirs up all those ambassadors and people. And they won't like it. Nobody would like it. I say, Uncle Ned!"

Troyte, working steadily through Cable's telegrams, waved an impatient hand at Norheys.

"It's all very fine," said Norheys to me. "Uncle Ned may say what he likes, but they won't like it. No ambassador would like being pulled out of his bed at this hour of the night and set on to chase a princess up and down the Himalaya mountains, as if she was a goat or a chamois or something of that kind. And what I always say is: If nobody wants a thing done, why do it? There are lots of unpleasant things every fellow has to do. Why chip in with unnecessary ones and make everyone uncomfortable?"

"Notify the legations at Sophia," said Troyte into the telephone, "and Prague and Bukarest, and Warsaw, and Budapest, and Belgrade."

"Just listen to him," said Norheys. "Jolly glad I didn't go into the diplomatic service. They wanted me to. You remember that, Uncle Ned? But I was firm about that. 'Not my line at all,' I said. 'Hate complications and always did.' Now I see I was quite right. I simply couldn't stand being set on to persecute some poor girl who'd run off with the chauffeur. And I expect that's what's happened. Looks like it anyhow. What I always say is: If a girl wants to marry a chauffeur, let her, and be jolly thankful it's no worse."

Cable had edged over to the table at which Troyte was sitting at the telephone.

"Tell them," he said, "to engage places for us in the Warsaw express. We must go tomorrow."

"I suppose we must," said Troyte with a sigh.

"Of course we must," said Cable. "Heaven knows what middle there'll be if we're not there. It's a complicated business and you and I are the only two people who understand the whole of it. Tell them to book two sleepers for us."

"I say," said Norheys. "I say, Uncle Ned, are you really going off to this what-you-call-em place to see the princess?"

Troyte took no notice of this, so I answered for him.

"He must," I said. "As minister for Balkan affairs, it's his duty to have his hand on the helm when the ship is in the rapids."

Norheys turned to his wife, who had been sitting quietly and very comfortably where Troyte left her.

"I say, Vi, old thing, what about it?" she understood him at once, though I confess that I did not.

"I should simply love it," she said, "and you promised that we should have a honeymoon."

"Righto," said Norheys. "I say, Uncle Ned, tell him to book four sleepers, will you. Vi and I are going to trot along with you."

Troyte very nearly dropped the receiver in his astonishment. I was a little startled myself. The very last place a man ought to take his wife for a honeymoon is into the middle of a Balkan war, and that, if I could trust Troyte's judgment, was just what there was going to be.

"You can't go with us," said Troyte. "I'm d—d if you do," said Cable.

"You ought to be pleased to have us," said Norheys. "We'd cheer you up and all that when you're feeling a bit down and out."

"You've done mischief enough already," said Cable. "You shan't go near Lystra if I can stop you."

"I don't suppose you can stop us," said Norheys. "I say, Uncle Ned, do book those sleepers. I promised Vi that she should see the black princess, and she wants to, don't you, Vi?"

"I should like to see Lystra," she said.

"So there you are, Uncle Ned," said Norheys. "You can't go back on Vi when she comes rushing home all the way from Paris just to tell you that she'd married me. Very few girls would have done that."

"I protest strongly," said Cable.

"That's no use," said Norheys. "If Uncle Ned won't book the sleepers for us we'll have to go without them. I've got my passport all right. You gave it to me yourself, Uncle Ned, and I'll manage to slip Viola through somehow. You generally can, you know, if you tip the right man. Besides, I might come in useful. You never know. That princess has run off with the chauffeur and the Lystrians may not want him for a king. It's a bit awkward for them. A fellow who's touching his hat to you one day and you have to take yours off to him the next day. Nobody likes to be let in

for that sort of thing. Well, you know, if the worst comes to the worst and they still want a king, I'll be there."

Cable, who had been drumming impatiently with his fingers on the table, moved over suddenly and looked at Norheys. I do not know whether he actually thought that it might still be possible to make Norheys king of Lystra. If the thing were possible, it would certainly be a way out of a nasty situation. Even the Balkan war might be averted.

"I always said," said Norheys, "that I'd no objection to being a king, so long as I didn't have to marry that princess. Well, that part of the program is off now. But if the Lystrians don't care for the chauffeur, why not pop me and Viola on to a couple of thrones? Not that we want to hoof out the princess. We don't. Only just if she happens to have done herself in by skipping off with the chauffeur. And that's the sort of thing it takes a girl a long time to get over—specially if she happens to be a princess—why, in that case what I say is: Why not us?"

Cable is an adventurer with no sense of responsibility and little regard for convention. He may have seriously contemplated financing another revolution in Lystra and setting up Norheys as a king at the end of it. But Troyte is a serious statesman. He could not possibly have regarded Norheys' plan as worthy of consideration. Nevertheless, he agreed to take the young couple to Lystra. It was Viola who persuaded him.

She left her seat, went over to him in the prettiest possible manner, put one arm round his neck and set her



"Do Take Us," She Said. "We Want to Go Most Awfully, and I Ought to Have a Honeymoon, Oughtn't I?"

cheek quite close to his. "Do take us," she said. "We want to go most awfully, and I ought to have a honeymoon, oughtn't I?"

Troyte picked up the telephone receiver again.

"Hullo!" he said. "Yes, Foreign office. Lord Edmund Troyte speaking again. Did I say two sleepers on the Warsaw express? Well, four will be wanted. Engage four."

"Say five," I said; "I'd rather like to go, too."

Troyte took no notice of me. He laid down the receiver, crossed the room holding Viola's hand, and sat down.

"Why on earth do you want to go?" said Cable.

"Well," I said, "I'm thinking of applying for shares in the oil company of yours, so, of course, I'd like to look into things for myself. And Lord Norheys is my godson, so if you're going to make him a king, I ought to be there to help to crown him. Godparents have duties as well as rights. And, besides, I want to find out who that princess has run away with. I believe myself that my sister Emily's curate has got her, and that Janet Church has gone along with them to be bridesmaid."

I picked up the telephone receiver, and asked for the Foreign office. Cable growled. Troyte lit a cigarette and poured himself out a glass of brandy. Norheys clapped me on the back.

"Good old Uncle Bill!" he said. "I always knew you were a sport. Tell us all about that curate, won't you?"

"That the Foreign office?" I shouted down the telephone. "Yes, I'm speaking for Lord Edmund Troyte. Please engage five sleepers in the Warsaw express tomorrow instead of four. If they haven't that number vacant tell them to put on another coach. Yes. A whole coach. Never mind about the expense. Mr. Cable will settle that whatever it is."

CHAPTER XIX

I did not enjoy the first part of the journey to Lystra, for I was left almost entirely alone. That is always

disagreeable to me, for I am a man of sociable disposition with a very strongly formed habit of conversation. I could not blame Norheys and his wife for deserting us. They were on a honeymoon and it was natural enough that they should shut themselves up together in their own compartment. I did not see them, except at meals in the restaurant car. Troyte and Cable ignored me. Cable resented my being with the party at all and kept Troyte to himself in another compartment on pretense of talking business. They could not talk business in any useful way because they did not know what had happened in Lystra. All they could do was to speculate, and I might have been useful to them there. In fact, my guess about Emily's curate was the only good guess any of them made.

Casimir, Count Istvan, who lives somewhere in that neighborhood, got into the train at Charlottenberg station, just outside Berlin. King Wladislaw joined us at the Friedrichstrasse station farther on. There is not enough room for four people to be comfortable in a wagon-lit's compartment, so Cable, who does not care what he spends, engaged an ordinary first-class compartment farther down the train. There the four, Troyte, Cable, Casimir and the king, settled down. I was not invited to join the party.

Neither the king nor Casimir could cross the frontier into Megalla, but they were willing to go as far as Breslau and tell all they knew about what had happened. Unfortunately, they did not know very much.

Casimir explained that he had all along believed Tommy to be the Lord Norheys. He had regarded the "Reverend Thomas A. Norreys'" passport as a clever trick intended to deceive Von Steineveldt and the Germans while conveying to him the news that Lord Norheys had arrived in Berlin. That would have been an ingenious plan, much more ingenious than anything Troyte or Cable had thought of. It did make Casimir certain that Lord Norheys had arrived. It would, apparently, have deceived Von Steineveldt and his police if their suspicions had not been awakened by what happened in the Mascotte the night after Tommy's arrival. Von Steineveldt heard all about that from one of his spy waiters.

The king also believed that Tommy was Lord Norheys; but he understood the passport differently. His view was that Norheys pretended to be a curate in order to clear himself of the charge of being entangled with Miss Temple. Here he expressed the greatest desire to see Viola, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Troyte kept him from wandering along the train to look for Norheys' compartment. He said that he had particularly admired the way in which Lord Norheys had kept up his pretense, even acting the part of a curate when there was no real need for it.

Then came the question of who Rev. Thomas A. Norreys really was. The king did not know. Nor did Casimir. Casimir could tell exactly what was on the passport, and the king repeated all that Tommy had said about himself. But that got them no further. They had to send for me. Cable was unwilling to do so; but Troyte insisted. Cable remembered that I had said something about a curate.

When I heard the story told by the king and Casimir, I saw at once that my guess was very likely to be right.

"My sister Emily lost a curate early last week," I said. "He was last heard of at the Adlon hotel in Berlin, where he stayed two nights and then disappeared. The dates—"

We discussed the dates and they fitted in with each other very well. I could not help looking at Cable with an expression of satisfaction. The man had been abominably rude to me since we left London and had snubbed me pitilessly. I did not actually say "I told you so." But I looked as if I thought it.

"Anyhow," said Cable, "no curate would dare to marry the princess."

Like many successful business men, Cable underestimates the courage and ability of the clergy. In all probability he never speaks to a clergyman at all and only sees one once in two years or so clad in a surplice, at some wedding or funeral which he's obliged to attend. A curate in a surplice looks innocent and mild, not at all the kind of a man who would seize a vacant European throne. The same curate on the golf links is a very different person. Besides, Tommy was an exceptional curate. I told them what Emily and Canos Pyke had said about him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Facts About Compass

The angle between the true north and the magnetic north is called the "magnetic variation," and has to be allowed for in navigation. Thus, when the song says "True as the compass to the star," it is talking nonsense because, although the star is fixed, the compass is not. Nevertheless, its variations are well known, so that the compass remains the seaman's most valuable possession.

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Kewanee, Illinois.—"When I was married about a year and a half I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because of ill health. I did not have any children. I now have two healthy little girls and I am sure I would not have had them had it not been for your medicine. Last spring and summer I got all run down, irregular, and I had awful headaches, and my back and side hurt me so that I could stay up only a short time. My limbs would get so tired and ache till I could cry. I started to take the Vegetable Compound again and used the Sanative

Wash, and it was not long till I was relieved. Now I do all my own work and help others. I sure praise Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines to any one I meet that is suffering from similar troubles. I think if mothers with girls would give it to them when they come to womanhood it would make them stronger. People who have known me all my life are astonished to see me now as I was always sickly when in my teens until I started taking the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MARY R. BENEDICT, 815 PAYSON STREET, KEWANEE, ILL.

Has a Beautiful Baby Girl Now
Bridport, Vermont.—"In the first place I wanted a baby, but none seemed to come to me. I just love children and my husband is away all day, so I was not happy at all. A doctor told me I could not have a baby until I went to a hospital. But my sisters said, 'Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and you will be O.K.' I was nervous, had organic weakness, with backache, headache, and no strength. I had been in bed nearly a week when I began taking the Vegetable Compound. It was all that ever helped me and I just wish you could see my beautiful baby girl. I am fine now, and so is she. I am still taking the medicine as it keeps me well. You may be sure I am recommending the Vegetable Compound and always will."—Mrs. A. W. HOWE, Bridport, Vermont.

We are all of us more or less the slaves of opinion. Peace can be engendered forever, and yet war will break out.

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