

King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XX

The king and Casimir left us at Breslau. There was no help for that. Neither one nor other of them would have been allowed to cross the frontier. The Megalian government was determined not to have Wladislaws on the throne of Lystria again. And they knew Casimir for a persistent plotter.

They said good-by to us with regret which was quite unfeigned. It must have been intensely annoying to Casimir to miss the last scene of the drama he had planned. It was not working out exactly as he planned it, which made the end all the more exciting for him. "What should we find at the Schloss Amberg when we got there? What would Casimir have found if he could have been with us? A wedding and a coronation? The public execution of a pretender to the throne? A counter-revolution, with the Megalian troops in possession of the schloss? A patriarch prime minister under a new monarchy, or—such things have happened in Russia, which is not very far away—a martyred archbishop?"

For King Wladislaws the turn of events was even more thrilling. He had developed a personal liking for Tommy, and, in his own way, he was really fond of Calypso. For all he knew when he said good-by to us at Breslau, she might be a queen, a prisoner of state, a fugitive among the mountains, a widow, a bride, or an exceedingly indignant young woman anxious for vengeance on everyone concerned in the trick which had been played on her.

I felt very sorry for the king when he had to say good-by to us at Breslau. He is the only king I ever met personally and I liked him. I do not wonder that there is a strong monarchical reaction in Europe at present. If there are many kings like Wladislaws, it is natural enough that their people should want to have them back. Democratic institutions are all very well in their way, but they invariably end in elected presidents. Presidents—I have known three or four in my time—are stodgy compared to King Wladislaws, and Europe does nowadays want a little brightness.

Europe has so long been used to the pomp and pageantry of monarchy that it is hard for the people to accustom themselves to the simplicity of republics. Of course the socialistic element is perfectly satisfied, or at least that wing of the socialists that is not looking for something more radical than republics and seeking communistic forms of government, but there are but few of that class in Lystria.

The next part of our journey was accomplished in much faster time than Tommy and the princess had done it in. We crossed the frontier in a train. For we had no fear of being stopped, and did not feel, as they did, the necessity for keeping off the main traffic routes. We had only twenty-five miles to go by motor. I fancy that we had the same car and the same driver that Tommy did; though I cannot be sure about this. Men of the bearded brigand type are common enough in Lystria and many of them may be chauffeurs. If I kept a car in London—a thing which I cannot afford to do—I should try to persuade the Lystrian chauffeur to come home with me. He would give an air of aristocratic distinction to any car.

But I was not so concerned about the air of distinction just at that time. I wanted to reach the frontier. I wanted to be where I could feel that we were safe, and I was not feeling that way with that brigand-looking individual at the wheel. He would be all right in London where there was a bobby on every corner to offer protection if it were needed, but it was different on the lonely roads we were traveling.

If I had time and aptitude for the literary guidebook style of writing, I should describe our journey through that beautiful and little-known part of Europe. I am sure that people would like to read about the mountains, torrents, villages, long-boned oxen, ruined fortresses and so forth. However, the thing will be done, far more competently than I could hope to do it. Cable has conceived the idea of developing Lystria as a tourist resort as soon as he has the oil industry in working order. He intends to hire a couple of our best-known literary men—he even mentioned the names of those he had in mind—to write the country up. "Lotus Eating in Lystria," I suppose, "with Six Colored Illustrations"; and perhaps "The Beautiful Bypaths Series. Lystria, by— With ten photographs of the author." Cable is extraordinarily thorough. He is writing to an American literary paper for the name of the best-known poetess "raised on their side." He means to commission her to do some Lystrian Lyrics. It is plainly no use my entering into competition with such people by describing the scenery, manners, costumes, customs and morals of the Lystrians. They are a nice people, and they have a beautiful country, but my only interest just then was to get through

it as fast as possible. I was not specially enjoying the scenery, was not noticing the mountains, the torrents, the villages, the pastoral scenes or the ruined fortresses except to note the speed at which we passed them. The quicker we could get by it, all the better pleased I would be. At another time I might return to admire the scenery.

We caught our first glimpse of the Schloss Amberg just as Tommy did, from the top of the hill on the other side of the valley. It was decked with flags. They hung out of every window, fluttered from every flagstaff—there were a good many flagstaffs—and were festooned along the walls.

"I wonder what that means," said Troyte.

"Looks like a king's birthday show," said Norheys. "Wladislaws might have told us what to expect."

"Much more likely to be the princess' wedding," said Cable.

"Perhaps," I said. "It may be a public rejoicing at the death of Emily's curate. I shall be sorry if they've executed him."

The car slid down toward the valley and the stream that ran through it. It was going at a comfortable pace—comfortable because it was rapid. The chauffeur was missing the bumps, and the speed at which we were traveling did not seem to be as fast as it actually was, because of the quality of his driving.

The car crossed the bridge and began to climb up the twisty road to the gate of the schloss. Suddenly a salute was fired by the guns on the walls. They did not all go off at once, and they were not very big guns, but they made quite an impressive amount of noise. Every rifle about the place was shot off at or about the same time, adding a clatter to the din. Our bearded chauffeur, who had been getting more and more excited since we saw the flags, lost control of himself altogether when he heard the guns. He stood up, waved his arms wildly and shouted. There are nasty steep banks on each side of the road. If Norheys, who was sitting in front of the car, had not grabbed the steering wheel, we should certainly have left the road and gone rolling over and over till we reached the river in the valley. In that case we should none of us have heard what had happened about the princess and Tommy. I should have been sorry, for I was full of curiosity.

We left the car at the gate of the schloss and passed into the courtyard. It was half full of soldiers. I fancy that the whole Lystrian army was drawn up there in a square. Many of them were still firing off their rifles. The officers were waving their swords.

Something unusual was happening, but what? All the excitement portended some great event, something in which the entire populace of Lystria was intensely interested. In what way did it concern us, if at all?

We were just in time. Through the door of the chapel at the opposite side of the courtyard came the sound of the wedding march, played on the organ. Tommy, with the princess on his arm, walked out amid deafening cheers. Immediately behind them came Janet Church, a solitary and most unattractive-looking bridesmaid. Behind her thronged the Lystrian nobility. All the Count Casimirs were there, except Istvan. The half-dozen or so nobles with other names were also there. Janet, in an old gray tweed dress, and our party in our traveling clothes were the only commonplace people. The princess was splendid in a dress much finer, also much longer, than the one she had worn when she danced at the Mascotte. Tommy had been fitted out by Count Albert Casimir in a very handsome crimson silk suit with a jacket faced, hussar fashion, with gold. I noticed that he wore one of his own clerical collars round his neck. Perhaps that was his idea of full dress for a ceremonial occasion. Perhaps he did it to please the patriarch. The nobles were gorgeous. No one who has not seen the Lystrian nobility in their best clothes has any idea how magnificent clothes can be. People who understand dressing-up as the Lystrians do ought to have a king of their own. They would be wasted in the drab monotony of a republic. I think Troyte felt this as he looked at the magnificent scene before us. Fortunately, the sun shone brightly. Every color had its full value. Everything that could glitter glittered brilliantly.

Last of all, attended by an amazing number of clergy, the patriarch came from the chapel choir. He wore—but I am not well up in the language of ecclesiastical millinery. His garments may have been copes, chasubles, dalmatics or albs. Whatever they were, they seemed to me to be made of shimmering gold. If they ever disestablish and disencow the church in Lystria, the sale of the patriarch's vestments will go a long way toward paying off the national debt.

The procession moved slowly across the square until Tommy caught sight of us. The moment he did he stopped, and of course everyone else stopped too. He had never seen any of us before, and though we knew who he must be, he could only guess who we were. He turned to Janet Church for help.

Janet knew me and introduced me. I presented the rest of the party. At least, I began the presentation. I had only got as far as Norheys when the princess interrupted me. She rushed forward, threw her arms around Viola's neck and kissed her heartily on both cheeks.

"I know you're Miss Temple," she said.

"Lady Norheys," I corrected.

"You may call her Viola Temple if you like," said Norheys. "What I always say is: When anybody has a name which everybody else knows then by, why not call them it? That's what I said when fellows began to stop calling me Bunny, after I became Norheys, don't you know? I dare say now," he said to Tommy, "that you've often heard of me as Bunny Troyte, and scarcely know me as Norheys. It's just the same with Viola, only, of course, more so, on account of her being much more famous than any of the rest of us."

He was undoubtedly right concerning the "fame" which Miss Viola Temple, as one of the most popular stage dancers of the British metropolis, had enjoyed. That fact had been at the bottom of Lord Troyte's scheme of the Lystrian marriage. With the cool, far-seeing wisdom for which he was noted he had seen in the union a double purpose, the saving of his nephew from an undesirable alliance with a dancer who did not happen to be a princess, and the exploitation of the Lystrian oil fields in the interests of England. He had once remarked to me, when we both felt that we must "save" Norheys from Viola Temple:

"If England is to hold her place in the van of the world's progress she must control an adequate supply of oil. With an English king on the throne of Lystria and an English company at work in the oil fields—"

Troyte is a great statesman. Only a great statesman could or would say a thing like that. Only a sincerely patriotic man could have conceived such a scheme.

The princess, one arm still around Viola's neck, cooed into her ear:

"I'm so glad you've got him safe. I wouldn't have taken him from you for anything. And now I'm married, too. Isn't it splendid? And only for your beautiful letter perhaps neither ever would have been."

"I should like," said Troyte with dignity, "to have some conversation with the patriarch."

The patriarch, it seemed, wanted to have some conversation with Troyte. He had been pushing his way through the excited nobles while the princess was kissing Viola. As soon as he had secured a place for himself in the front, he made a speech.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beauty at Least Had Her Interest Aroused

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his many arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, let's go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He could resist no longer. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you so. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.

"I'm not rich like Jawn Brown, and I haven't a car, or house, or collar like his, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "Where is this man Brown?"—Boston Beanpot.

Where Wives Are Boss

What a visiting sea captain calls "be harem" are to be found among the Marquesas islands of the South seas. The bulky, brown Amazonian women are unspoil by association with oriental ideas, and collect half a dozen husbands or more. The collection is done by the simple expedient of driving the man with a bamboo pole into the harem, thrashing him well to make him thoroughly understand who is in command—and setting him to work on the coconut plantation or at the housework. These conditions only obtain in the islands that are unvisited by steamships. The windjammer trader is the only white man who finds the natives in their primitive condition.

Remarkable Doctor

Casey—Ol can. Faith, he's a mighty fine doctor. Last Sinter when little Katie wor prostrated wid difftheria an Braylin her las brith, Ol said: "Doctor, will she live till mornin'?" He said: "Dinnis, don't worry. She will live," he said. "Till many years after ye're dead an' under the soil."

Murphy—An' did she?

Casey—She did.—MORTON TRANSCRIPT.

Murphy—An' can ye ricominnis him?

A COVINGTON, KY., WOMAN Makes Remarkable Recovery

Mrs. Harry Ashcroft Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieved Her of Severe Illness and Pain



Mrs. HARRY ASHCROFT, 632 BEECH AVENUE, COVINGTON, KY. "I was so weak and nervous I could hardly do my housework as I could not stand because of the bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen. I sat down most of the time and did what I could do in that way—as washing dishes, etc. One day a book describing Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines was put in my mail box. I saw how the Vegetable Compound had helped others so I gave it a trial. I had to take about a dozen bottles before I gained my strength, but I certainly praise this medicine. Then I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine for poor blood. I was cold all the time, I would be so cold I could hardly sit still and in the palms of my hands there would be drops of sweat. I also used the Sanative Wash and I recommend it also. You may publish this letter and I will gladly answer letters from women and advise my neighbors about these medicines."—Mrs. HARRY ASHCROFT, 632 Beech Avenue, Covington, Kentucky.

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Mrs. Boyer Also Found Help

Gilman City, Missouri.—"I was in such a condition that I could not eat nor sleep to do me any good and I felt draggy all the time. My head ached, my right side and back would almost kill me at times, and I could be on my feet only a short while at a time. I was irregular and so nervous, irritable and despondent that I thought I could not stand the strain much longer. I had been this way more or less for ten years, but the last two years was just terrible. I took medicines, but got little relief until I began to take the Vegetable Compound. I took three bottles before I could see any change at all. I have taken seven in all and am improving right along. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and take the Liver Pills. I can do most of my work now, and I live on a farm and there is lots of it to do. I wash, iron, hoe the garden, raise chickens and tend to the milk."—Mrs. T. M. BOYER, Gilman City, Missouri.

Too great a command of language sometimes lessens a woman's matrimonial chances.

People generally cheer when a public officer does his duty. It is one of the rewards.

Children Cry for



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Priest and Rhabdomancer

Father Innocenzo, vicar of the Capuchins in Alessandria, is a famous rhabdomancer. By patting and smelling the earth he is able to tell what is underneath. This ancient profession, indispensable to the tribe in nomad times, is still valued in Italy. Father Innocenzo has found water—and, what is more interesting to Americans, oil—in Italy and Tripoli. Recently, near the village of Bruggi, in the Curone valley, while rhabdomancing around he suddenly announced: "Gold and silver." In fact, samples of the earth taken to a Turin laboratory were found to contain four grams of gold and fifty-six grams of silver per ton of earth. Not much, but the townsfolk got excited and capitalized Father Innocenzo's further researches in their community.

Everybody knows a serious whispering man who always professes to have "inside information."

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Suburban Life "Any birds in your bird houses Tommy?" "Not yet, but several families have inspected 'em."

BROUGHT RELIEF AFTER 2 YEARS SUFFERING

"The makers of Tanlac will always have my warmest thanks, for I don't consider it any exaggeration to say I owe my life and present good health to Tanlac." is the striking statement of Andrew Groeschner, Bremen.

"Words simply can't express the misery I endured for 2 years from indigestion. At times gas pains would catch me around the heart and almost cut off my breath. These awful pains would last two and three hours. My nerves were all unstrung. I slept poorly and got in such a bad way that my days seemed to be shortening rapidly.

"I tried everything, but disappointment was my only reward until I began taking Tanlac. I have been taking Tanlac off and on for a year now and feel so different that there's no room for comparison. I eat good and sleep good and feel that Tanlac has given me a new lease on life."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

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