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DYNORS IN THE POST

The 35 GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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The magic word America, where the gold came from, flamed her curiosity. "You are from America?" she asked.

"Are you rich?"

"In fancy, in dreams," humorously. "Oh, I thought they were all rich. Did you fight in the war?"

"Yes. Do you like music?" "Were you ever wounded?"

"A scratch or two. But do you like "Very, very much. When they play Beethoven, Bach or Meyerbeer-ach, 1

seem to live in another country. I hear music in everything-in the leaves, the rain, the wind, the stream." It seemed strange to him that he had not noticed it at first, the almost Hanoverian purity of her speech and

the freedom with which she spoke. The average peasant is ignorant, diffident, with a vocabulary of few words. "What is your name?" "Gretchen."

"It is a good name. It is famous

"Goethe used it."

"So he did." Carmichael ably concealed his surprise.

thing more, something deeper: war clouds were forming in the skies. They might gather and strike at any time. And who but the French could produce such a woman spy? Ehrenstein was not Prussia, it was true, but the duchy, with its 20,000 troops, was one of the many pulses that beat in unison with this man Bismarck's anto-date in Dentistry-Nat plans. He was certainly puzzled, but Preserved. Crown and Bridge a glance at her hands dissolved his etalty. Splendid firs in artificia doubts. These hands were used to haless extraction assured. Frices toil. They were in no way disguised.

"You have been to school?" "After a manner. My teacher was a kind priest. But he never knew that, with knowledge, he was to open the gates of discontent."

"Then you are not happy with your "Is any one, herr?" quietly. "And who might you be and what might you

be doing here in Dreiberg, riding with the grand duke?" "I am the American consul."

Gretchen took a step back. "What did Colonel Wallenstein say

to you?" he asked. "Nothing of importance. I am used to it. I am perfectly able to take care of myself," she answered.

"What did the policeman say?" "What would he say to a goose

"Shall I speak to him?"

"Would it really do any good?" skeptically.

"It might. The duke is friendly toward me, and I am certain he would not to erate such conduct in his police. My name is Carmichael. Now, listen, Gretchen-if at any time you are in trouble you will find me at the Grand hotel or at the consulate next door to the Black Eagle."

"I shall remember. Sometimes work in the Black Eagle." "Good night," he said.

Gretchen extended her hand, and Carmichael took it in his own, inspect-"It is a good hand. It is strong too,"

he said. "It has to be strong, herr. Good

Carmichael raised his hat again, and Gretchen breathed contentedly as she saw him disappear in the crowd. Suddenly she felt an arm slip through hers. Her head went round.

"Leo?" she whispered. It was the young vintner whom Carmichael had pushed against the wall that day.

"Who was that?" he asked. "Herr Carmichael, the American

"Carmichael!" he gasped.

"What is it, Leo?" "Nothing, only I grow mad with rage when any of these gentlemen



THE PURE IS PRIENDLY TOWARD ME."

speak to you Gentlemen! I know thomast to wall the how I love you! | Ammond the man the man I love you!

Gretchen thrilled.

"To me the world began but two weeks ago. I have just begun to live," he whispered warmly. "I am sad and lonely tonight," she

said gloomily. "Why, indeed!"

"Leo, as much as I love you, there is always a shadow." "What shadow?"

rarely in the bright daytime What do you do during the day? It is not yet vintage. What de you do?" "Will you trust me a little longer.

Gretchen, just a little longer?"

"It is always at night that I see you,

CHAPTER II.

FOR HER COUNTRY. OUNT, must I tell you again not to broach that subject? There can be no alliance between Ehrenstein and Jn-"Your highness knows that I look only to the welfare of the country. In the old days it was a foregone conclusion that this alliance was to be formed. Now, you persist in averring that the late king was the chief conspirator in abducting her serene highness, aided by Arnsberg, whose successor I have the honor to be. I have never yet seen any proofs. Show me something which absolutely convicts them and I'll surrender."

"On your honor?"

"My word." The duke struck a bell.

"My secretary and tell him to bring me the packet marked A. He will un-

The duke was frank in his likes and dislikes. He hated secrets, and he loved an opponent who engaged him in the open. It was this extraordinary rectitude which made the duke so powerful an aid to Bismarck in the days that followed. The man of iron needed this sort of character as a cover and a buckler to his own duplicities.

Herbeck was an excellent foil. He was as silent and secretive as sand. He moved, as it were, in circles, thus always eluding dangerous corners. He was tall, angular, with a thin, immobile countenance, well guarded by his gray eyes and straight lips. He was a born financier, with almost limitless ambition, though only he himseif knew how far this ambition reached. Twice had he saved Ehrenstein from the dragnet of war and with

The secretary came in and laid a thin packet of papers on the chancel-

lor's desk. The secretary bowed and withdrew. The duke stirred the papers angrily, took one of them and spread it out with a rasp.

"Look at that. Whose writing, I ask?"



Herbeck ran only widen the breach." over it several times. At length he opened a down beside the | war." other.

"Yes, they are alike. This will be Arnsberg. Rut."-mildly-



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"who may say THE DUKE. that it is not a

cunning forgery?" "Forgery!" roared the duke. "Read this one from the late king of Jugendheit to Arnsberg then if you still

Herbeck read slowly and carefully. Then he rose and walked to the nearest window, studying the letter of the most beautiful women in all again in the sharper light.

wish that you had shown me these long ago. You accused the king?" "Certainly, but he denied it." "In a letter?"

Herbeck returned to his chair.

"Yes. Here, read it." Herbeck compared the two. "Where did you find these?"

"In Arnsberg's desk," returned the duke-"Arnsberg, my boyhood playmate, the man I loved and trusted and advanced to the highest office in my power. Is that not the way? Well, dead or alive, 10,000 crowns to him who

brings Arnsberg to me dead or alive." "You are very bitter," said Herbeck. title-would be be an inferior?" "And have I not cause? Did not my wife die of a broken heart, and did I to say that your marriage could never not become a broken man? You do not know all, Herbeck-not quite all. Franz also sought the hand of the Princess Sofia. He, too, loved her, but I won. Weil, his revenge must have

been sweet to him." "But your daughter has been restor-

ed to her own." "Due to your indefatigable efforts alone. Ah, Herbeck, nothing will ever fill up the gap between, nothing will ever restore the mother." The duke ret." bowed his head.

Herbeck opened another drawer and took forth a long hood envelope crested and sealed.

"Your highness, here is a letter from the prince regent of Jugendheit formally asking the hand of the Princess Hildegarde for his nephew Frederick. who will shortly be crowned. My advice is to accept, to let bygones be bygones."

"Write the prince that I respectfully

decline." "Do nothing in haste, your highness. Temporize. Say that you desire some time to think about the matter. You can change your mind at any time. A reply like this commits you to nothing, whereas your abrupt refusal will

"The wider the breach the better." "No, no, year highness; the past has disturbed you. We can stand war, drawer in his and it is possible that we might win, Adler) in the Adlergasse was 200 years desk, sorted even against Jugendheit, but war at some papers and this late day would be a colossal bluna der. Victory would leave us where yellow letter. we began thirty years ago. And an Fran Wirtin, as she was familiarly This he laid insult to Jugendheit might precipitate

"Have your way, then." The duke departed, stirred as he had not been since the restoration of the princess. He sought his daughter. She was in the music room. "My child," he began, taking Hildegarde's hand and drawing her toward a window seat, "the king of Jugendheit asks

for your hand." "Then I am to marry the king of a banging of tankards. Jugendheit?" There was little joy in "Ah, we have not gone so far as

that! The king, through his uncle, has simply made a proposal." "It is for you to decide, father.

Whatever your decision is I shall abide by it." "It is a hard lesson we have to learn, my child. We cannot always marry where we love. Diplomacy and politics make other plans. But fortunately for you you love no one yet, and

would be a great match." "I am in your hands. You know what is best."

the king is young, handsome, they say,

and rich. Politically speaking, it

The dute was poignantly disappointed. Why did she not ternse outright, as became one of the nouse of Ehrenstein? "What is he like?" she asked.

"That no one seems to know. He has been to his capital but twice in ten years. The young king has been in Paris most of the time. That's the way they educate kings these days. They teach them all the vices. Your father loves you, and if you are inclined toward his majesty, if it is in your beart to become a queen, I shall not let my prejudices stand in the way." She caught up his band with a strange passion and kissed it.

one," wistfully. "But a queen!" she added thoughtfully. "Would it be for the good of the state?" Here was reason. "Yes; my objections are merely personal," said the

"Father, I do not want to marry any

duke. "For the good of my country I am ready to make any sacrifice."

'Very well, but weigh the matter carefully. There is never any retracing a step of this kind." He paused and then said:

"You are all I have, girl." "My father." She stroked his cheek. The restoration of the Princess Hilde-

garde of Ehrenstein had been the sensation of Europe, as had been in the earlier days her remarkable abduction. For sixteen years the search had gone on fruitlessly. In a garret in Dresden the agents of Herbeck found her, a a chicken. singer in the chorus of the opera. The newspapers and illustrated weeklies raged about her for awhile, elaborated the story of her struggles, the mysterious remittances which had from time to time saved her from direst poverty, her ambition, her education which by dint of hard work she had acquired. The duke accused Franz of Jugendheit. Search as they would, the duke and the chancellor never traced the source of the remittances. The duke held stubbornly that the sender of these benefactions was moved by the impulse of a guilty conscience and that this guilty conscience was in Jugend-

And was the girl happy with all her new grandeur, with all these lackeys and attentions and environs? Sometimes she longed for the freedom and lack care of her Dresden garret, her musician friends, the studios, the crash and glitter of the opera.

She was lovely enough to inspire fervor and bomage and love in all masculine minds. She was witty and talented. Carmichael said she was one She was still in the window seat

when the chancellor was announced. "Your highness," he said, "I am come to announce to you that there waits for you a high place in the affairs of the world."

"The second crown in Jugendheit?" "Your father"-"Yes. He leaves the matter wholly

in my hands." "It is for the good of the state. A princess like yourself must never wed an inferior."

"Would a man who was brave and kind and resourceful, but without a "Assuredly politically. And I regret

be else than a matter of politics." "I am, then, simply a certificate of exchange?"

do not see how he can help loving you the moment he knows you. Who can?" And the chancellor smiled. "But he may not be heart whole."

"The king of Jugendheit is young.

"He will be politically." "Politics, politics-how I hate the word: Sometimes I regret my gar-

The chancellor wrinkled his lips. "Will you consent to this marriage?" "Would it do any good to reject it?" "On the contrary, it would do Eh-

renstein great harm." "Give me a week," wearily. "A week!" There was joy on the chancellor's face now, unmasked, unconcealed. "Oh, when the moment comes that I see the crown of Jugendheit on your beautiful head all my work shall not have been in vain. There is one thing more, your high-

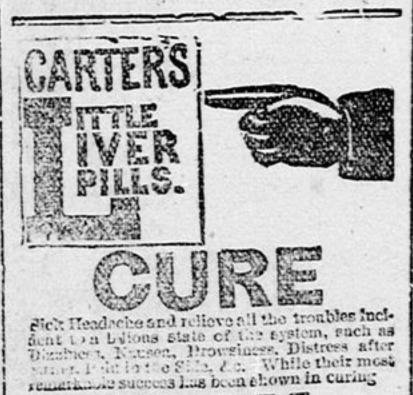
"And that?" "There must not be so many rides in

Carmichael." There was a sinister note of warning

The Black Eagle (Zum Schwartzen old and had been in the Bauer family all that time. Had the manager, Frau Bauer, or called, been masculine she would have

been lightly dubbed Bauer VII. She was a widow. She was thirty-eight, plump, pretty and wise. Tonight the main room of the tavern swam in a blue haze of smoke, which rose to the blackened rafters, hung with many and various sausages, cheeses and dried vegetables. Dishes clattered, there was a buzzing of

voices, a scraping of feet and chairs, Gretchen came in, a little better dressed than in the daytime, the change consisting of coarse stockings and shoes of leather. of which she was



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nately their goodness does not cald here, and those

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Gretchen sought the kitchen and found an apron and cap. These half crowns were fine things to pick up occasionally, for it was only upon occasions that she worked at the Black Eagle. In an obscure corner sat the young vintner. His face brightened as he saw the goose girl. In the very corper itself was the mountaineer who possessed a Swiss watch and gave golden coins to goose girls. He was busily engaged in gnawing the leg of

Carmichael was often a visitor at the Black Eagle. Later he stepped into the big ball in his evening clothes. "Good evening, Fran Wirtin."

"Good evening, your excellency." She was quite fluttered when this fine young man spoke to her. "What is on your mind?"

"Many things." He saw Getchen. "The goose girl." he murmured suddenly. "Is Gretchen one of your waitresses?" "She comes in once in awhile. She's

a good girl. I'm glad to help her." Gretchen saw Carmichael and nod-"I shall be at yonder table," he said,

indicating the vacant chair. Carmichael made his way to the table. Across the room he had not recognized the vintner, but now he remembered. He had crowded him against a wall



'ALL AMERICANS ARE RICH," SHE SAID SOBERLY.

two or three days before. The vintner turned back the lid of his stein

and drank slowly. Carmichael sat down. Now, this vintner's face was something familiar. Carmichael stirred his memory. It was not in Dreiberg that he had seen

him before. But where? Gretchen arrived with the tankard, which she sat down at Carmichael's

(To be continued.) DEAD RESIDENT

elbow.

Fenelon Falls, Feb. 28-Mr. A. Clark, of Lindsay, spent Monday in town, having been in attendance on his father, Mr. Alex. Clark, sr, who the morning with his excellency Herr suffered a stroke of paralysis on Sunday afternoon, from the effect of which he has not rallied up to the present. The many friends of the family sympathize with them in their hour of trial. Mrs. Dr. White, of Kinmount, a daughter, is also in attend-

ance at the bedside of her father. Later-Mr. Clark passed away this

Mr. Geo. Whissile, another old and respected resident, is also seriously ill, and but slight hopes are held out for his recovery, although all that medical skill and excellent nursing can avail are being done in his be-

JOSEPH KNOX CANAL OVERSEER

Times: Mr. Clem Gordon, formerly overseer of the Trent Canal, who some time ago sent in his resignation, received advice yesterday that his resignation had been accepted. Clem will be missed along the canal. Mr. Joseph Knox, of Havelock has been appointed in his place, and will enter upon his duties at once. Mr. Knox is well known in this city and will be welcomed here.

Chance to Win Badge

Military orders just issued announce that there will be badges awarded to the best shot in each regiment or squadron of cavalry, regiment or battery of artillery, company of engineers, regiment of infantry and company of the Army Service Corps of the active militia. The badge will be awarded to the man obtaining the highest figure of merit, which will be arrived at by dividing who once try them will find these little pills value the total number of points obtained able in so many ways that they will not be wil-

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