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# The 35 GOOSE GIRL

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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Carmichael watched him through

"He's a queer codger, and it's a

queer story. I don't believe I have

heard it all either. What was he really

hunting for with those glasses? I give

He was not angry with Grumbach.

Rather he seemed to be drawn to him

more closely than ever. Mad with

love-that was the phrase. He conned

it over and over-mad with love. That

Grumbach was indeed perturbed, and

this sensation was the result of what

he had not told his friend. Gott! And

after a time he was in the Adlergasse.

And of all that happy, noisy family

only he and Hermann left! In one of

the open doorways, for it was warm,

a final caress of vanishing summer, he

saw a fat. youngish woman knitting

woolen hose. Two or three chuaren

sprawled about her knees. There was

that petulance of lip and forehead

which marked the dissatisfaction of

He was not conscious that he had

paused, but the woman was. She eyed

him with the mild indifference of the

bovine. Then she dropped her glance,

and the shining needles clicked afresh.

Grumbach forced his step onward.

And for this! He laughed discordant-

ly. The woman looked up again won-

deringly. Now, why should this stran-

Hans saw the sign of the Black Ea-

gle and directed his steps thitherward.

He sat down and ordered a beer, but

did not touch the glass. And what

right, he pondered, had conscience to

drag him back to Ehrenstein, where

he had known the bitterest and hap-

piest moments of his life? And yet,

rail as he might at this invisible re-

straint called conscience, he saw God's

direction in this return. Only he, Hans

Grumbach, knew and one other. And

Fat-Tekla was fat, and he had treasured the fair picture of her youth long

years. Well, there was an end to that,

Little fat Tekla, to have nearly over-

turned a duchy! And then Hans be-

you are to be married when the vintage

is done? You will make a fine wife,

"And you will bring him a dowry too. But his own people-what does

"He has no parents, only an uncle,

"And he a fine husband."

that other, who?

Gretchen."

he say of them?"

ger laugh all by himself like that?

"Tekla!" Grumbach murmured.

excused many things.

the coquette married.

am wannig. Remember, you are an American citizen for all that you | the window. were born here. If anything should happen to you I must know the whole story in order to help you. You know that you may trust me."

"It isn't that, captain. I have grown to like you in these few days. Those opera glasses-it was an idea. Well, since you will know, I was a gardener's boy. I worked under my brother Hermann. I used to ask the nurse, who had charge of her serene highness, where she would go each day. Then I'd cut flowers and meet them on the road somewhere and give the bouquet to the child. There was never any escort-a footman and a criver. The little one was atters greatly pleased, and she would call me Hans. I was in love those days." Grumbach laughed with bitterness. "Yes, even I. Her name was Tekla, and she was a jade. I wanted to run away, but I had no money. I had already secured a passport-no matter how. It was the first affair, and I was desperately hurt. One day a gypsy came to me. I shall always know him by the yellow spot in one of his black eyes. I was given a thousand crowns to tell him which road her highness was to be driven over the next day. As I said, I was mad with love. Why a gypsy should want to know where her highness was going to ride was of no consequence to me. I told him. I was to get the money the same night. It was thus that her highness was stolen. It was thus that I became accessory before the fact, as the lawyers say. Flight with a band of Magyar gypsies; weary days in the mountains, with detachments of troops scouring the whole duchy. Finally I escaped. A fortune was offered for the immediate return of the child. At the time I believed that it was an abduction for ransom. But no one ever came forward for the reward. There was a price on my

"And no one ever came for the reward? That is strange. Was immunity promised?"

head when it was known that I had

came aware of voices close at hand. Carmichael ask-"Yes, frau, he is at work in the grand "It was inferduke's vineyards. And think, the first day he picked nine baskets." red, but not liter-"That is good, but I know many a ally promised." one who can pick their twelve. And

"Fear kept them away." "Perhaps. And

there is Arns-"Was he guil-

"I never saw

hand anywhere."

who doesn't count. We shall live with "So this is the grandmother and pay her rent." story! Well, "And you are wearing a new dress," love he is more or less in the clutch of

political outcasts. Yours is a crime

such as nullifies your citizenship, and

any government would be compelled

to send you back here if the demand

"I suppose that when conscience

drives we must go on. But the prin-

cess has been found. The best thing

you can do is to put your passports

into immediate use and return to the

"Maybe." Grumbach refilled his

Cenuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

pipe, lighted it and without saying

more went out and down into the

States. You can do no good here."

was made for your extradition."

"I know all that."

Gretchen preened herself. Hans temporary insanity. I've a wild streak dropped the lid of his stein and pushed in me also. But what I can't underit away. His heart always warmed at stand is why you return and put your the sight of this goose girl. He counthead in the lion's mouth. The police ed down the small change for the beer, will stumble on something. If you are slid back in his chair and sauntered arrested I could do little for you. The to the bar. United States protects only harmless "Good day to you, herr," was her

"When is the wedding? I should like to come to it."

"You will be welcome, herr." "And may I bring along a little pres-

"If it so please you. I must be going," she added to Frau Bauer. Grumbach walked with her to the Krumerweg, and he asked her many questions, and some of her answers

surprised him. "Never knew father or mother?" "No, herr. I am only a foundling who fell into kind hands. This is where I live."

"And if I should ask to come in?" "But I shall be too busy to talk. This is bread day," evasively.

"I promise to sit very quiet in a Her laughter rippled. She was always close to that expression. "You

ere a funny man. Come in, then; but, mind, you will be dusty with flour when you leave."

Into the kitchen she led him. She was moved with curiosity. Why should any man wish to see a woman knead

"Sit there, herr." And she pointed to a stool at the left of the table. Gretchen deliberately rolled up her

sleeves and began work. Upon Gretchen's left arm, otherwise perfection, there was a white se r, and un-

> even, more like an ancient burn than anything else. Grumbach's eyes rested upon the scar and be-

came fixed. "Where did you get that?" he asked. He spoke with a strange calm.

"The scar? I do not remember. Grandmother says that when I



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"What did you say, herr?" "Nothing. You can't remember? Think!" tensely now. "What's all this nonsense about?" she cried, with a nervous laugh. "It's

only a scar." She patted the dough into four squares. These she placed on the oven

"There! It's a fine mystery, isn't it?" "Yes." But Grumbach was shaking as with ague.

"What is the matter, herr?" with "I grow dizzy like this sometimes.

It doesn't amount to anything." Gretchen turned down her sleeves. "You must go now, for I have other

"And so have I, Gretchen." He gained the street, but how he never knew. A great calm suddenly winged down upon him, and the world became clear-clear as his purpose, his courage, his duty. They might shoot or hang him as they saw fit. This would not deter him.

The gypsy, standing in the center of the walk, did not see Grumbach, for he was looking toward the palaces. Grumbach, even more oblivious, crashed into him. Grumbach stammered an apology, and the other replied in his peculiar dialect. The jar, however, had roused Hans out of his tragic musings. There was a glint of yellow in the gypsy's eye, a flaw in the iris.

"You? I find you at this moment of all others?" The gypsy retreated. "I do not know you. It is a mistake."

"But I know you," whispered Hans. "And you will know me when I tell you that I am the gardener's boy you ruined some sixteen years ago."

CHAPTER XIV.

DISCLOSURES. ARMICHAEL sat in the office of the consulate. His letter of resignation was on its way, but it would be in November before he heard definitely from the department. By that time the great snows would have blanketed the earth and the nadir of his discontent would be reached. But what to do till that time? He could ride for some weeks, but riding without companionship was rather a lonesome affair. His own defiance of the chancellor had erected a barrier between her highness and himself. They would watch him now, evade him, put small obstacles in his path, obstacles against which he could enter no reasonable complaint. A withered leaf, a glove and a fan-these represented the sum of his romance.

Two figures moved in the garden beneath. When the two heads came together swiftly and then separated, both smiling, he realized that he had witnessed a kiss. Ah, here was the opportunity, and, by the Lord Harry, he would not let it slip. If this fellow meant wrongly toward Gretchen-and how could he mean else?-he, Carmichael, would take the matter boldly into his hands to do some caning. He laughed. Here would be another souvenir, to have caned-

He jumped to his feet, dropped his pipe on the sill of the window and made for his hat and sword cane. The clerk went on with his writing.

To gain the garden Carmichael would have to pass through the tavern. The first person he encountered was Colonel von Wallenstein. Wallenstein spoke to Frau Bauer, who answered him with cold civility. Wallenstein twirled his mustache, laughed and went into the garden. Neither Gretchen nor the vintner saw Wallenstein. He watched them with an evil smile. After some deliberation he walked lightly toward the lovers. "A pretty picture!" he said.

"Leave us, Gretchen," said the vintner, with a deceiving gentleness, Gretchen started reluctantly down

the path. As she stepped off the path to go round the colonel he grasped her rudely and kissed her on the cheek. She screamed, and this scream brought Carmichael upon the scene. He saw the vintner run forward and dash his

hst into the soldier's face. Wallenstein fell back burt and blinded. The vintner, active as a cat, saw Carmichael coming on a run. He darted toward bim and before Carmichael could prevent him dragged the sword cane away. The blade, thin and pliant, flashed and none too soon. The colonel had already drawn his saber.

"Save him!" Gretchen wrung her

(To be continued.)

## FRACTIOUS BOVINE HELD THE ROAD

A horse and buggy has always been supposed to be a safe and certain means of locomotiom but a recent event seems to point to uncertainty and inconvenience at times.

Some time ago while Jas. Baird Implement Agent, of Manchester, was spinning over the roads with his speedy horse, an accident happened that makes him want a week's holidays every time he thinks of it. On this day, as his powerful animal whisked his outfit along,

sighted far ahead, a large and cumbersome cow, slowly crossing road. Joseph instantly calculated that it would not be necessary to dust and fog had settled. slow down as the cow would be over an inch past the track when he would reach the spot. An inch, you know, is a large margin for an expert driver. Quickly the gigantic animal loomed up and it looked as if she would be off the road soon enough. She was--she changed her mind, and we all know she has a roomy mind. The additional safety of the other side of the road appealed to her so she backed up. The horse had just brushed past her but the buggy didn't get a chance. Straight against the hind quarters of the cow the rig careened then collapsed and passed away. Joe was supported by the wings of the breeze for an instant and then did a little gardening with his face. When he was able to stand up and pick the turf out of his features, his dimmed vision took in the tragic sight. In the centre of the road stood the warlike cow, like the sole surviving general of a famous battle. Farther down the track the horse was gazing about in surprise, wondering whether it had been pulling a rig

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or not. At first it seemed necessary to comb the long grass to find the the remains of the buggy, but a few large pieces could be seen when the

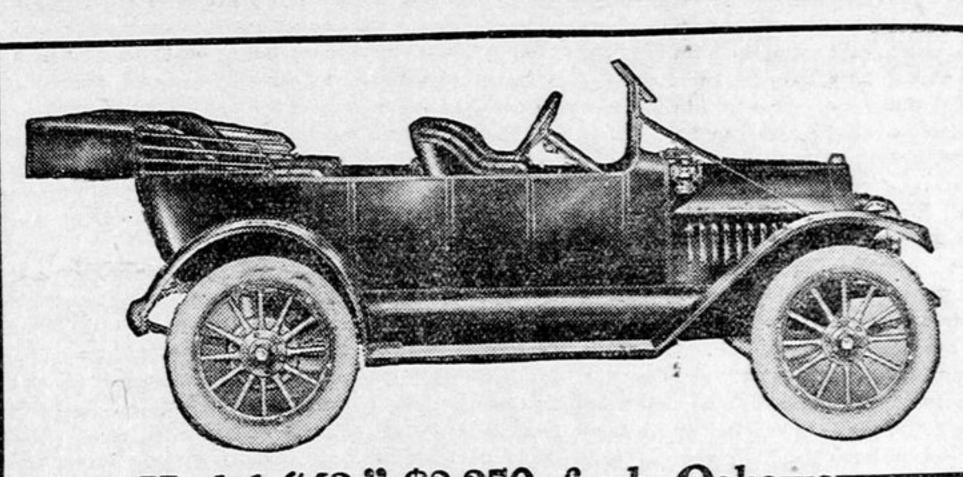
Six miles was the only solution and when the implement agent staggered into town, it was reported he was in favor of a speed limit if not nore than three miles an hour for horses.

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