THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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CHAPTER IX. (Cont'd.)

"Nonsense. One scarcely goes from Paris to America by way of Strassburg. He had but a thousand francs. It would not carry him there after his expense of bringing himself and madame here. He has gone to Deneslia. That, my friends, is where we shall find him—in Deneslia. And we must find him soon or our game will be knocked into rubbish."

"But what, then, of me?" asked Mme. du Barry. "Am I to starve or be dragged to Deneslia with you?"

"I think you had better go home. I will furnish you the money," said Casparin.

Pleased at this, Mme. du Barry took the money and the next train to Paris.

"Now, my friends, we must hurry," said Casparin. "That dog has a good start and will reach Deneslia before we do. But perhaps he will not be able to warn my brother. Now I will tell you my plan. You all know the way to Trolle. I must leave you here. I shall go at once to Deneslia, putting a bold face on the matter, as if I had been merely to Berlin on a pleasure

"But what, then, of me?" asked Mme. du Barry.

trip. I shall be surprised to see the prince at home so soon. You, on the other hand, array yourselves in good clothing and go at once to my castle on the edge of the Green forest and announce yourselves as my guests, invited from Paris. I am well known in all parts of Deneslia and cannot be seen plotting with inferiors. As my guests you can go and come at will and in disguise carry our plans to execution."

"Good," said Vandal. "Your castle on the Green forest, you told me, lies due north from Ontro, the border town."

"Yes. Any one can tell you."

So Casparin left his hired assassins and where on to Deneslia. They, in [illegible] commands, followed [illegible] less rapidly.

They were well supplied with clothing, purchased at the large cities on the way.

There was as yet no completed railroad within the limits of Deneslia. Under the rule of the prince such improvements were rapidly being added to the public wealth.

At Ontro, situated just within the border, was the terminus of a new line from German centers.

Ontro, like small border towns in almost any country, was more or less lawless. Travelers rarely visited it. There were other gateways to Deneslia. Those who knew best rather shunned the little town of Ontro.

The houses were few and scattering. Prosperity seemed to be somewhat of a stranger.

There was but one inn and that far from imposing. Still they were hungry, and there was no diligence beyond Ontro before the following morning.

They went to the inn. They had been the only passengers in the train and were therefore the only new guests at the inn.

They were received with a great show of eager hospitality. They drank and ate and felt refreshed.

To pass away the time they dawdled in a room opening off the little public drawing room. This was a gaming room, and four men were playing at a huge uncouth billiard table.

Vandal and his companions stood looking at the game.

"Well!" said one of the players after a time, "this is thirsty business. Have some good beer brought—do."

He spoke in the German tongue, though scarcely what would be heard in Berlin.

A bell was rung, and in a short time a serving girl came in and took the order.

"To the health of the good hausfrau!" they said and drank the toast.

As the waitress passed out the eyes of Vandal followed her. He suddenly nudged Reber and moved toward the door.

In the poorly furnished little drawing room a tall woman sat at a table with her head bowed in her hands. She was flashily dressed for such a place.

"That is our man!" whispered Vandal to Reber. "He has heard our voices and hides his head. I know that gown. I gave it to Mme. du Barry. Ah! It is the very same, for the patterns of the flowers are in my memory. Hush! I will make sure."

Reber and Robello, the latter of whom did not hear the conversation, stood in the doorway while Vandal walked to the woman.

"Madame, make me happy with a look at your face," he said, with a laugh, and, in a manner scarcely as polite as his words, he grasped her hair and bent back her head so as to see her face.

A truly feminine screech came from her, and she called a name. In an instant the astonished Vandal was on the floor, with the four billiard players on top of him, pounding him, kicking him and stabbing him in the stomach with their cues.

"Scoundrel!" yelled one. "French dog!"

"Call Robard!" shouted another. "Here is a rascal from France who insults the hausfrau!"

And while Vandal was being well thumped Reber and Robello, never very brave, fled from the place into the dark and unknown street.

CHAPTER X.

FOUR AGAINST ONE.

ROBARD, the man who kept the inn at Ontro, was a Deneslian who had married a Prussian woman. These worthy people were supposed to make their living keeping the inn. The inn at Ontro sheltered such travelers as chanced to come that way and were forced to remain overnight, a thing that no traveler knowing his business ever did.

The inn also sheltered a band of robbers and cutthroats, the chief members of which were the four billiard players that had jumped upon Vandal.

In response to the cries for Robard, that gentleman, a rotund and ruddy faced rascal, came puffing in.

"Here, here! What is the matter? Have you lost your senses?" he demanded. "Have you no sense whatever? Is this the place to knock down travelers and take their coin? Oh! You will hang out a sign next, 'Travelers Neatly Robbed Here!'"

"Shut up, you fool!" exclaimed one of the men who sat on Vandal's head. "We are not robbing this fellow. We caught him trying to rob you."

A loud laugh greeted this witty speech.

"Rob me! That fellow rob me! Did he take the silver?"

"Oh, no. He took nothing. But he was trying to rob you of the good hausfrau's smiles."

"Oh, oh! Such impudence! Have you not already killed the beast?"

"Not quite," said another of the gang. "I feel him panting under me. However, I think killing none too heavy a punishment. What do you say, Papa Robard?"

"Well, now, after all, I think we had better go slow," said a third. "The fellow has been severely punished. What did he do, after all, more than a dozen gallant gentlemen in Ontro have done? He simply admired our good Mother Robard."

"So! Well, it must have been the new gown. I tell you," said Papa Robard, "that gown is the thing to make the old woman look smart."

"It was the gown!" came a struggling strangling voice from under two men. "Let me up! Let me up! I can explain!"

"That is what I was about to say," added the former speaker. "Here we are thumping the life out of a man just because Frau Robard screamed. And where is she now? She fled from the scene. Give the fellow a chance to explain."

With evident reluctance they got up from Vandal's prostrate body, and he slowly and painfully got to his feet.

"The devil! You fellows are brave!" he said, with a puff and groan. "Four to one! Well, I must say it is not the way we do in France."

"Ho! France! I have been there," said Robard. "They don't give you a chance to explain there. The garrote; the robbery; the morgue!"

"Give the fellow a chance to explain, I say!" insisted the advocate of fair play.

Vandal staggered to a chair and begged for a glass of cognac. This was brought him, and after wallowing that and gathering his wits and energies he began his explanation.

"You see," he said, "I and my two companions were—where are they now? They deserted me in my need. Find the fools, I beg, or they will create a disturbance. They will run half way through Deneslia telling that I am being murdered here."

The one who seemed to be the leader of the gang was as much alarmed at this as Vandal seemed to be. He at once stepped outside and gave orders

"Here, here! Have you lost your senses?" he demanded.

to some hangers on to find the two strangers in Ontro and return them to the inn with every assurance of safety.

This matter having been attended to, Vandal resumed:

"You see, I and my companions came from Paris in search of a young fellow who had robbed us—that is, who had robbed a friend of mine of several thousand francs."

"What is this the fellow is saying?" asked Frau Robard, who had returned when quiet was restored. She did not understand French.

"I will speak German," said Vandal, who was quite a linguist in his way.

"You see I and my companions came from Paris in search of a young fellow who robbed a friend of mine of several thousand francs in money; some valuables and some fine clothing. We traced the rascal to Strassburg, and then from city to city and almost through Prussia. We lost the trail at last, but the direction had steadily been toward Deneslia, and, knowing that he had friends here, we believed he would make for this country.

"We knew that he left Paris in the disguise of a woman. He arrived at Strassburg in the same disguise. And now the mysterious part of it is this—that he wore a gown the counterpart of the one Frau Robard now has on. I am sure of this, and was so sure that the moment I set eyes on the gown I believed the wearer of it to be the thief.

"To make sure, I stepped up to the lady, and, thinking more than ever that I was right, rudely raised her head in order to see her face. Imagine my amazement and consternation when I beheld the sweet face of good Frau Robard. Oh, I assure you, gentlemen, it was a most grievous error on my part, and no one could regret it more than I did, especially when I felt your billiard cues ramming me in the stomach.

"Well, the evil is not so great, if the good frau can forgive me."

A look of great significance passed from Robard to the younger of the four, who was his son.

"And you say this fellow was a thief?" asked the elder Robard. "How much did you say he stole?"

It flashed into the mind of Vandal that the paltry amount of a thousand francs was not sufficient loss to cause three men to chase across Europe at an expense beyond that to recover it.

"Why, so far as we could ascertain," he answered, "the rascal took in money 12,000 francs, several diamond ornaments, ladies' jewelry and a fine gold watch."

Another flash of intelligence from old Robard to his son

"Well, my friend," said the old man, "I can explain the matter of the gown very easily. There came to this inn from the train yesterday a young man who claimed to be a peddler. In fact, he had a valise, and in that valise he carried this gown, which he offered for sale. It took the fancy of my wife at once, and she made a bargain with him. She took the gown, he took the money, spent the night here and this morning departed."

"What sort of a man? How did he look?" asked Vandal.

"Oh, a young fellow. He spoke French, but I fancied he was more like those accursed English. He spoke also German to the wife."

"Smooth face, dark brown hair, good eyes?"

"The same. Evidently the same. Though a thief who steals like that would not own good eyes long."

"Oh, this fellow was a good actor. He can appear to be anything."

"He must be a marvel!"

"He is. Which way did he go?"

"Well, now, to tell the truth, I do not remember. I think he went on toward Trolle. At least he purchased a horse of me."

At this point the two frightened associates were brought in, and their eyes opened at seeing the man they had left at the bottom of a heap struggling for life now at the top of the heap with the interest and attention of all concentrated on him.

"Our man has gone on toward Trolle," said Vandal. "Our friends here did not know they were letting a prize slip through their fingers. Why, there is a prize of 5,000 francs offered by the Paris police for the return of the man to them. Oh, you should have held him!"

Again that quick flash from father to son.

"I suggest," said Vandal, "that, now our explanation is complete and good

(To be continued.)

Children Often Need a laxative—but you cannot be too careful what you give them. Harsh purgatives injure the bowels and pave the way for life-long troubles. The new evacuant in

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

does the work most effectively without irritating the bowels or causing any discomfort. The children like them for they taste like candy. One of the most popular of the NA-DRU-CO preparations. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 20
National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, - - Montreal.

DUNDALK.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rowe celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Friday evening, when they entertained at their home a number of their local friends. A happy social evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Fountain, of Toronto, cousins, of the bride and groom, created a pleasant surprise when they dropped in unexpectedly from the evening train. The Toronto visitors remained over Sunday.

Alex. Flockhart, of Swinton Park, who lost his reason and was sent to Hamilton Asylum last summer, died at the asylum on Friday last. It appears that in trying to escape by an upper window he got his arm badly cut by glass and he bled to death. His body was found in a field next morning.

Joseph Goheen, an old and highly respected pioneer of Proton passed to his reward on Saturday at his residence, 14th concession. The deceased, who was born near Port Hope 82 years ago, came to Proton in 1867, settling on the present homestead. He was a member of the Methodist church at Bethel for a great many years and as a man of strong Christian character enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. As a local preacher his ministrations on this circuit were always most acceptable at all appointments.—Herald.

PARISIAN SAGE

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Parisian Sage will stop falling hair in two weeks—cure dandruff in the same time and stop scalp itch at once. It makes the hair soft, silky and luxuriant.

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Parisian Sage is without peer. It contains nothing that can harm the hair—it is not sticky, oily or greasy and prevents as well as cures diseases of the scalp.

Women and children by the thousand use it daily as a dressing and no home is complete without it.

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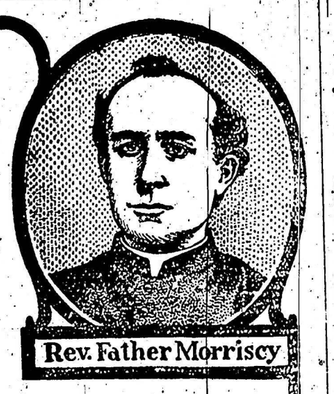
Druggists and stores everywhere guarantee Parisian Sage and will refund your money if it fails. Ask druggist W. Turner & Co. what he thinks of it. He sells it at 50c. per large bottle or you can secure it by mail postpaid from Giroux Manufacturing Co. Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn Hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by W. Turner & Co. P2

WHERE DOES ALEX'S PAY COME FROM?

Alex. McKee, one of the newly appointed census enumerators for Melancthon, is an ardent Liberal and commenced to work for his party as soon as he was appointed. He was out the greater part of last week canvassing with a petition for signers in favor of Reciprocity. He did not meet with much success either in Melancthon or Dundalk. His neighbors are anxious to know who is paying Alex. for his time, as he does not generally work for nothing.—Shelburne Free Press.

Father Morriscy's Prescriptions



Rev. Father Morriscy

have been curing for 30 years, and are curing to-day, all the common ailments that come to every family. We have hundreds of grateful letters to prove this.

Father Morriscy's No. 7 tones up the Kidneys, removes Uric Acid from the blood, and cures Rheumatism. In tablet form, 50c.

Father Morriscy's No. 10 is a most effective and reliable cure for Coughs, Colds Bronchitis, Asthma and Whooping Cough. A real Lung Tonic. Trial Bottle, 25c. Regular Size, 50.

Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets relieve and cure Dyspepsia and all forms of Indigestion. Each tablet will digest 1¼ pounds of food. Per box, 50c.

Father Morriscy's No. 26 positively cures Catarrh. A combined treatment—tablets for the blood, and a healing salve for the affected parts. Tablets and salve together, 50c.

Father Morriscy's Liniment is a household standby for all sorts of aches and pains. Pleasant to use—quick to relieve. Per bottle, 25c.

At your dealer's. 51

Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., - Montreal, Que.

The Spring Season Is At Hand

when a cleaning of things in general is necessary.

Your Watch

Will also be in need of cleaning and repairs to put it in good time-keeping condition.

IT WILL COST YOU LESS

To have it put right by a competent mechanic, than to risk damage by an inferior workman.

WE ARE IN A BETTER POSITION

To do your work well than any other workman, and will certainly do it for you at a very moderate cost.

W. J. Shortill, Markdale

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine Raised Me From the Grave"—Mrs. Taylor

This is a strong statement to make, but it is exactly what Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Blum, Texas, said in expressing her opinion of this remedy.

"Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine raised me from the grave and I have much confidence in it. I can never say enough for your grand medicines. If anyone had offered me $100.00 for the second bottle of Nervine that I used I would have said 'no indeed.'"
MRS. THOMAS TAYLOR, Blum, Tex.

Nervous exhaustion is a common occurence of modern life. The wear and tear on the nervous system is greater now than at any time since the world began. For sleeplessness, poor appetite and that "run down" feeling, nothing is so good as

Dr. Miles' Nervine

Your nerves are your life and lack of vital energy makes existence a misery. Dr. Miles' Nervine will tone up your nervous system.

Ask any druggist. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

Lieu. Col. the Hon. David Tisdale died at Simcoe.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN may not look bright and yet be able to see the difference between a gold brick and a hodcarrier at first glance.

If we could foresee the end perhaps we would wish it to go chase itself.

Science no sooner gets a malady under control than invention puts out a new machine to keep up the death rate.

Any story is good that distracts attention from the real point at issue.

No man can foresee the result of his labors, but that doesn't keep him from bragging to the neighbors of the wonderful things he is going to do.

It is all very well to know on which side your bread is buttered, but it is the man who knows in which cupboard the jam is located who buys diamonds for his wife.

Never tell a business how to run his business. You can know more about it than he does after an opposition plant and copy the profits yourself.

Of Course.

"He has sent his wife away for awhile."

"Has he?"

"Yes."

"And when is he going to take his vacation?"

"Why, now."

Keep Them Poor.

"I have heard of men so rich that they don't know what to do with their money, but I guess they are not the rich men you mean."

"Why?"

"They have many of use for their money."

"What for?"

"Paying for their sons and hiring expert lawyers and other specialists to get them out of trouble."

The Hypocrite.

He toasted the ladies in language endearing,
And said they were tender and true.
He roasted the ladies when none was in hearing.
Now, wasn't that a nice way to do?

Alleged the Case.

"I hung over that telegraph pole once."

"Yes, you did."

"That's straight goods."

"Let's see you do it again."

"Oh, it's not my day for giving exhibitions. Besides, some one has raised it from where it was lying on the ground when I did my jumping."

Modern Substitute.

"What are you hanging around here for?"

"Waiting for my ship to come in," said the tramp who was leaning against the water tank.

"You look a long way from the ocean."

"I know it. This is a box car."

Supplying the Need.

"What shall I buy Uncle George for Christmas?"

"He is a man of few words, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Buy him a dictionary."

There Was a Reason.

"I never kissed a girl in my life," he said solemnly.

Looking him over carefully, she said, "I believe it."

Where It Goes.

"Yes, he follows the sea."

"Where does he follow it to?"

"To land."

Neighborly.

I hate the man next door,
Sometimes an awful bore,
But handy, too,
To have in view
For sharing
The heavy lifting
Of some one who is slow
To balk and answer "No."
His politics is wrong,
His daughter's flights of song
Are painful
As a trained
Of students on a lark.
But, hark!
What sound is that I hear
Upon my startled ear?
I know.
Yes, that's the way things go.
A package C. O. D.
That's billed direct to me,
And maybe I can borrow
A dollar till tomorrow
Or half of more
From that chap next door.
This is a life of give and take.
We have to some concessions make.
And what though we
May not agree
On single tax?
I need his ax
To cut the kindling wood.
We cannot all be good.
But I can try
To make our neighbor's wants supply.
The world is wide,
But some must travel side by side.
So I will make the best of it
And try to fit
As neighbor and as friend,
To borrow and to lend.
Besides—who knows?—he may
Regard me in the way
I look at him—at best
A pest,
Although a handy one
When there are errands to be run.