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Boar for Service.

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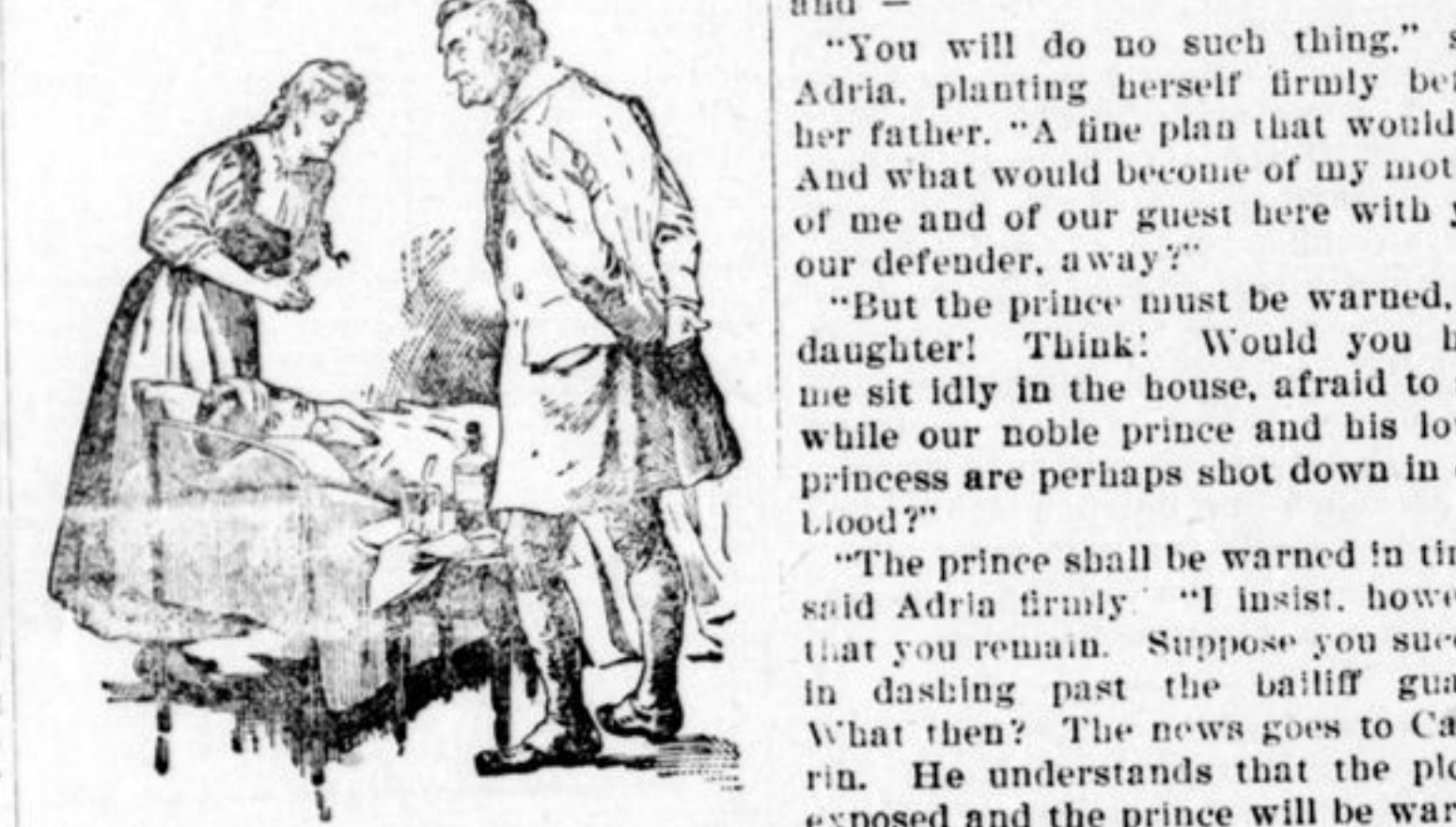
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THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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[CONTINUED.] CHAPTER XII. ADRIA GIVES WARNING.

VOLNER followed his daughter into the room where the wounded American lay with his white expectant face turned toward the door. The farmer stepped quickly to the side of the bed and looked down into the upturned eyes. He saw at once that the delirium had passed. Whatever this man said now was said with full possession of his reason. "You sent for me," said Volner. "You are Volner?" whispered Buckford, using his voice only enough to carry the faint words to Volner's lowered ear. "That is my name," was the answer. "Do you know me?" "Your daughter—her name is Adria?" "Why, yes. 'Twas she who nursed you." "She is to be the wife of Bosso Duvally, the captain of the prince's guard?" "Yes, that is what these young people are planning." "Are you—are you for or against the prince?" "What! I! For or against the best and noblest prince in Europe? Count the drops of blood in my veins, and every drop is his."



"You sent for me," said Volner. "What is it you wish to say?"

I knew that his wife was called the Princess Margaret and his sister the Princess Marie Alexia. "I was so attracted by the beautiful face of the Princess Marie that I resolved to penetrate still further into the plot and protect the princess and her relatives. The first person to step from the door of the prefecture of police and told there what I had learned. I was scarcely believed, but spies had dogged my steps, and since then my life has been more than once attempted. "I was arrested for the murder of a rich Frenchman and lodged in jail. From there I escaped by the connivance of another American, but we were caught in another trap, and my friend was killed. While lying in a house where I was supposed to be dead I heard the details of the entire conspiracy. "The plot had failed in Paris because I had aroused the police, and the publicity of the thing had warned the prince. But the plotters were not discouraged. They were simply to remove the theater of their evil operations from Paris to Denesia. The chief of the plotters was Casparin, the brother of the prince. The object of the plot was to place Casparin upon the throne of Denesia before the prince had an heir to succeed him. "But there are other objects involved. Casparin found tools ready for the work in Frenchmen where the Denesians failed him. The men he has bribed by offers of big rewards are the three who attacked me where you found me at the edge of your farm. Your daughter has told me how you found me in a ravine near the road. "When I made my escape from the house where I had been confined in Paris, I learned that the prince and his entire suit and family had left Paris for Denesia. I resolved to reach this country before the plotters to warn the prince. At Ontro I found that the three Frenchmen were at the same inn as I was. At that inn I was robbed of what money I had with me, and for some reason or other the innkeeper made an attempt on my life in the night. I escaped, set his inn on fire, stole a horse and set out, followed by the three Frenchmen who had discovered my presence there. "Oh ah—that is something different;

I suppose that could be done. But an escort must go with you." "I agree to that, certainly," said Adria. "Two or three of you should be able to protect the country from receiving harm at my hands."

He laughed—an abashed, shamed sort of laugh—and said: "I trust you will pardon us. We are but obeying orders. I will accompany you to the castle. You will not be annoyed." "I thank you," said Adria. The man mounted his own horse, which was tethered near, and the two set off. "In a few hours we should meet the prince on the road to Ontro," said the talkative bailiff. "He rides with full company to meet his brother, our generous Prince of Denesia, who comes by way of Ontro from Berlin. Word has been received that the train in which our prince and his family ride will reach Ontro late today."

"Late today?" answered Adria, as though it was a small matter. "It is late already." "Yes, in a few hours—perhaps two or three—the prince will be at Ontro." They rode on for about a half mile to a spot where the road ran through a bit of woods and where none of Casparin's men were stationed. No one was to be seen. The roads were deserted all of the tenantry being engaged in getting ready to ride with Casparin to meet the prince. Suddenly Adria's mare came to a standstill, while the accompanying bailiff was looking another way. Adria said to the groom. "My mare flumped," she said. "I think she has picked up a stone. This is a bad road for horses."

The man, to be chivalrous, dismounted and stepped to her side. "Let me see," he said, stooping to lift the mare's hoof. In an instant his own horse received a cut with a whip that sent it off at a racing pace. He roared out an oath, forgetting the young lady's presence, and ran a short distance after his flying steed. The sound of hoofs brought him to a halt, and he saw with dismay the daughter of the farmer, on her black mare, flying in the other direction—to ward Ontro. "Well, I'm done!" he groaned, half inclined to curse and yet feeling amazed at the manner in which the clever girl had outwitted him. "Well, the girl is out for a lark. Who will be the worse for it? Not Casparin, for she owes him nothing. I will keep my own counsel on this matter and not be a laughing stock to my companions. But I must get my horse."

His horse had slackened pace, and in 15 minutes he had recovered the animal. But in that 15 minutes where was Adria? The black mare had thundered down the road to a bridge over the ravine. This she crossed, struck into the road to Ontro and went like the wind to meet and save her prince and one who was more than her prince—her lover. No one staid her, but still the mare sped on. It was, so Adria thought, a race against time. At any moment the train bearing the prince and his family might enter Ontro, and who knew what miscreants were lying in wait for them there?

She reached Ontro without mishap. The ruins of Roland's inn caused her but a moment's thought, but she smiled once as she thought of how that brave American had his escape from the murderers' precincts. At the railroad station she learned that the train was even then due. In the now deserted stable of Roland's inn she hid her horse and waited. The train came thundering into the station. Even as it came the trumpets of Casparin's cavalcade could be heard in the distance. The first person to step from the train was Bosso Duvally. The first person Duvally saw was Adria Volner. "Adria!" he cried. "Are you the first to greet the prince?" "Listen! We have no time for compliments. The life of the prince is in danger! Hear the horns of the traitor Casparin coming to meet the brother he would slay!" "What's this? Come here!" Duvally led her before the prince, where she told the entire story in as few words as would make the case clear. "It is the Paris plot transplanted to our soil, your highness," said Duvally. "But Casparin! My brother! How can I believe he would do this thing?" murmured the good natured prince. "It seems incredible," added Princess Margaret. "We must do nothing rash at least," said Princess Marie. "Our brother must not be made out a murderer at the word of an unknown American."



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"Not even to ride to see Casparin himself?" asked Adria. "Oh ah—that is something different; I suppose that could be done. But an escort must go with you." "I agree to that, certainly," said Adria. "Two or three of you should be able to protect the country from receiving harm at my hands."

Advice as to Roasting a Turkey. "Ninety-nine women out of every hundred, ninety-nine cooks out of every hundred, will bake a turkey with the back to the pan," said a New Orleans man who keeps in touch with the kitchen, "and this is a mistake. A famous French cook I know never thinks of baking a turkey with the breast up. The breast is turned to the bottom of the pan and instead of being dry and tasteless when it is served is richly flavored and as sweet and juicy as one would care to have it. You see, all the fine flavoring of the turkey, the juices of the dressing and all the dainties touches flow down toward the breast of the fowl, and when the white meat is served you get the full benefit of every flavor added during the processes of preparing and baking the turkey. In addition to the distinctive taste of the fowl itself. "Inconvenient and awkward! Not at all. It is just as easy to cook a turkey in this way as in any other way, and the result is infinitely more satisfactory. It is no trouble to arrange the fowl in the pan. If you desire to place the fowl on the table before carving it, you will find that it will look quite as well as it would if baked in the usual way, and certainly it will taste much better than it would if you baked the breast until it was dry and flavorless."

Snails Are Quicker Creatures. The snail is found everywhere, 2,322 species being known, serving in France as an important item of diet and in this country an attractive inhabitant of the fernery. Some of the large tropical snails, as bullsnails, form nests of leaves, their eggs being as large as a pigeon's. The snail is extremely skillful in mending its shell, and some curious experiments may be tried with them. Thus I have seen a helix of a yellow species attached to another shell of a reddish hue by cutting off the top whorl of the latter, when the snail will proceed to weld the two shells together and occupy both, using the addition as a door and possibly wondering at this sudden extension of his house. In the winter some of the snails hibernate or lie dormant until warm weather, just as the snakes do in California. A snail of the Philippine islands has a faculty of throwing off its tail when seized. This is also true of a West Indian variety—stenoplus.

Spiders' Webs. The webs of those spiders which spin snares out of doors, as the geometrical garden spider, are formed of two sorts of silk, one of which is used for the main cables and the radiating threads, the other for the concentric threads. The latter are thickly studded with minute globules of a viscous substance, which retains the fly, gnat or moth that may blunder against them, while the former are quite dry and hairless. A third kind of silk is produced by the busy little spinner when some such large insect as a wasp has become entangled in the web and threatens to break the delicate structure in its struggles. This takes the form of an enveloping mass, which is suddenly produced and which effectually prevents any further gyrations on the part of the captured insect.

A Giant Tree. Near Dakar, in lower Senegal, is an enormous baobab tree whose trunk measures fully seventy-five feet in circumference at the base. The fruit of the baobab, which grows abundantly in Senegal, is called "monkey bread." It is used by the natives for eroding milk and as a specific for certain diseases. Decoctions of the dried leaves are also used as medicine. From the bark strong cords are made, and the gum that exudes from it is employed as a salve. The root of the young baobab is sometimes eaten by the natives.

Saw the Joke. A prominent Bostonian inquired of a London shopkeeper for Hare's "Walks in London." The shopkeeper, after much search, found it on his shelves, but in two volumes. "Ah," said the Bostonian, "you have your Hare parted in the middle over here." "What?" queried the Englishman blankly, passing his hands over his hair. The next day the Bostonian called for another book. "I'm so glad you returned," said the Englishman. "I want to tell you I see that joke."

Creed. The following is a Chinese Joke: In a certain house there was a baby that annoyed every one by its continual squalling. At last a physician was called in. He administered a bolus of the soothing virtues of which he had a high opinion and offered to pass the night in the house to observe the effects of his remedy. After a few hours, hearing no noise, he exclaimed: "Good! The child is cured!" "Yes," replied the attendant, "the child has indeed stopped crying, but the mother has begun to mourn."

The Artichoke. The artichoke has nothing to do with art or the choking of it. The artichoke is an innocent vegetable, known to the Arabians as the ardischautki, or earth thorn. The Jerusalem artichoke was never seen near Jerusalem. Its first name is a corruption of the Italian girsolce, which means turning to the sun. It is a species of sunflower, bearing a tuber like that of a potato. A Public Benefactor. "He's very generous, isn't he?" "I should say so. He's the most unselfish man I ever saw. I've seen him paint the town red time and time again when his own house needs paint the worst kind of a way."

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