### Che Goose Girl

By HAROLD MacGRATH

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> CHAPTER VI. GRETCHEN'S DAY.

RETCHEN was always up when the morning was rosy, when the trees were still dark and motionless and the beads of dew white and frostlike, for what is better than to meet the day as it comes over the mountains and silence breaks here and there in the houses and streets, in the fields and the vineyards? Let old age, which has played its part and taken to the wings of the stagelet old age lolter in the morning, but not green years. Gretchen awoke as the birds awoke, with snatches and little trills of song. To her nearest neighbors there was about her that which reminded them of the regularity of a good clock; when they heard her voice they knew it was time to get up.

She was always busy in the morning. The tinkle of the bell outside brought her to the door, and her two goats arm. came pattering in to be relieved of their creamy burden. Gretchen was fond of them. They needed no care you!" at all. The moment she had milked them they went tinkling off to the steep pastures.

Even in midsummer the dawn was chill in Dreiberg. Gretchen blew on her fingers. The fire began its cheerful crackle, the kettle boiled briskly, and the frugal breakfast was under way.

There was daily one cup of coffee, but neither Gretchen nor her grandmother claimed this luxury; it was for the sick woman on the third floor.

What the character of the woman's illness was Gretchen hadn't an idea, young woman in riding habit. but there could be no doubt that she was ill, desperately, had the goose girl but known it. Her face was thin and the bones were visible under the here had the impudence to walk into drumlike skin; her hands were merely the gardens." claws. She mystified the girl, for she never complained, never asked questions, talked but little, and always not customary." smiled kindly when the pillow was

"Good morning, frau," said Gretchen. "Good morning, liebchen."

"I have brought you a brick this morning, for it will be cold till the sun | way." is high."

"Thank you." Gretchen pulled the deal table to the side of the cot, poured out the coffee and buttered the bread.

"I ought not to drink coffee, but it is the only thing that warms me. You path. have been very patient with me."

"I am glad to help you." "And that is why I love you. Now,

I have some instructions to give you this morning. Presently I shall be leaving, and there will be something besides crowns."

"You are thinking of leaving?" "Yes. When I go I shall not come

back. Under my pillow there is an envelope. You will find it and keep it." Gretchen, young and healthy, touch-

ed not this melancholy undercurrent. "You will promise to take it?" "Yes, frau."

"Thanks, little gosling. I have an errand for you this morning. It will take you to the palace."

"To the palace!" echoed Gretchen. "What shall I do?" "You will seek her highness and give

"The princess! Will they not laugh and turn me out?"

her this note."

"If they try that, demand to see his excellency Count von Herbeck and say that you came from No. 40 Krumerweg."

"And if I cannot get in?" "You will have no trouble. Be sure, though, to give the note to no one but her highness.

Gretchen decked her beautiful head with a little white cap, which she were only on Sundays and at the opera, and braided and beribboned her hair. Who was this old woman who thought nothing of writing a letter to her serene highness? And who were her nocturnal visitors? she pondered.

Being of a discerning mind, she idied about the Plats till after 9, for it had been told to her that the great sleep rather late in the morning. What should she say to her serene highness? What kind of courtesy should she make? At least she would wear no Goldberg, whom the police detested -did he not say that all men were equal? And surely this sweeping statement included women. With a confidence born of right and innocence she proceeded toward the east or side gates of the palace. The sentry

smiled at her. "I have a letter for her serene highness," she said.

"Leave it."

"I am under orders to give it to her

highness hecseif."

"You cannot enter the gardens without a permit."

Gretchen remembered. "Will you send some one to his excellency the chancellor and tell him I have come from No. 40 Krumerweg?"

"Krumerweg! The very name ought to close any gate. But, girl, are you speaking truthfully?"

Gretchen exhibited the note, He scratched his chin, perplexed.

"Run along. If they ask me I'll say

sumed his beat,

that I didn't see you. The seutt, re-Gretchen stepped inside the gates,



"IN YOUR PRESENCE, HIGHNESS?"

was revealed to her for the first timestrange flowers she had never seen before. It was all a fairyland. There were marble urns with hanging vines and marble statues

A hand grasped her rudely by the

"What are you doing here?" thundered the head gardener. "Be off with

"How dare you touch me like that?" she cried angrily.

Something in her glance cooled even the warm blooded Hermann. "But you live in Drelberg and ought

to know." "You could have told me without

bruising my arm," defiantly. "Hermann!" Gretchen and the head gardener whirled. Through a hedge which di-

vided the formal gardens from the tennis and archery grounds came s "What is the trouble, Hermann?"

she inquired. Your highness, this young woman

"Has she stolen any flowers?"

"Why, no, your highness, but it is 'We, you and I, Hermann," said he

highness, with a smile that won Gretchen on the spot, "will overlook this first offense. Perhaps this young lady had some errand and lost her "Yes, your highness," replied Gretch

en eagerly. "Ah! You may go, Hermann."

Hermann bowed, gathered up his pruning knives and scissors, which he highness. had let fall, and stalked down the

"Whom were you seeking?" her highpess asked, rather startled by the undeniable beauty of this peasant.

"I was seeking your serene highness.

I live at No. 40 the Krumerweg. "Krumerweg?" Her highness reached for the note and read it, and as she read tears gathered in her eyes. "Follow me," she said. She led Gretchen to a marble bench and sat down/

"What is your name?" "Gretchen, highness."

"Well, Gretchen, sit down."

"In your presence, highness?" aghast.

"Don't bother about my presence on

a morning like this. Sit down." This was a command, and Gretchen obeyed with alacrity. The two sat mutely. They were strangely alike. Their eyes nearly matched, their hair. even the shape of their faces. They were similarly molded, too, only one was slender and graceful after the manner of fashion, while the other was slender and graceful directly from the hands of nature. The marked difference lay, of course, in their hands. The princess had never toiled with her fingers except on the piano. Gretchen had plucked geese and dug vegetables with hers. They were rough, but toil had not robbed them of their

natural grace. "How was she?" her highness asked

"About the same, highness." "Have you wondered why she should

write to me?" "Highness, it was natural that I should," was Gretchen's frank admis-

"She took me in when nobody knew who I was, clothed and fed me and taught me music so that some day I humble, servite air, for Gretchen was palace, not in the lonely Krumerweg.

should not be helpless when the battle of life began. Ah," impulsively, "had I my way she would be housed in the a bit of a Socialist. Did not Herr But my father does not know that she is in Dreiberg, and we dare not tell him, for he still believes that she had something to do with my abduction." Then she stopped. She was strangely making this peasant her confidant. What a whim! Gretchen did not move. She saw

that her highness was dreaming, and she herself had dreams.

"Do you like music?" "Highness, I am always singing."

"La, la, la!" sang the princess capriciously. "La, la, la!" sang Gretchen, smiling,

Her voice was not purer or sweeter; it was merely stronger, having been accustomed to the open air.

"Brava!" cried the princess. "Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody, highness."

"What do you do?" "I am a goose girl. In the fall and winter I work at odd times in the Black Eagle."

"Tell me all about yourself."

This was easy for Gretchen; there

"Neither mother nor father. Our lives are something alike. A handsome girl like you must have a sweetheart." and the real beauty of the gardens Gretchen blushed. "Yes, highness. I am to be married soon. He is a vintner. I would not trade him for your king, highness," with a spice of bold-

Her highness did not take offense. Rather she liked this frankness. It He embraced her and kissed her brow. was a taste of the old days when she herself could have chosen a vintuer and married him with none to say her

nay. She surrendered to impulse, "Gretchen, I do not think I shall marry the king of Jugendheit."

Gretchen grew red with pride. "You love some one else, highness?" Her highness did not blush. "You must not ask questions like

that, Gretchen." This was not understandable to Gretchen, but a locket the princess wore pleased her eye. Her highness. observing her interest, slipped the trinket from her neck and laid it in Gretch-

"Open it," she said. "It is a picture of my mother, whom I do not recollect having ever seen. I will open it for you." Click!

Gretchen sighed deeply. To have had a mother so fair and pretty! She hadn't an idea how her own mother had looked. Indeed, being sensible and not given much to conjuring, she had rarely bothered her head about it Still, as she gazed at this portrait the sense of her isolation and loneliness drew down upon her, and she in her turn sought the flowers and saw them not. After awhile she closed the locket and returned it.

"So you love music?" picking up the

safer thread. "Ah, yes, highness."

"I will give you an opera ticket for the season. How can I reward you for bringing this message? Don't have any false pride. Ask for something."

"Well, then, highness, give me an order on the grand duke's head vintner for a place."

husband?" "Yes, highness."

come with me. I am going to take you your service. I can not recollect that to Herr Ernst. He is the direktor of I ever asked one personal favor. But the opera. He rehearses in the court I do so now. Do not send for Ducwitz theater this morning."

her highness entered the Bijou thea- the army into Jugendheit, and there ter the herr direktor stopped the music. In the little gallery which served as the royal box sat several ladies and ly. gentlemen of the court, the grand duke being among them.

"I have brought you a prima donna, Herr Direktor," pointing to Gretchen. Herr Direktor showed his teeth.

"What shall she sing in, your highness? We are rehearsing 'The Bobemian Girl," he jested. The chorus and singers on the little

stage exchanged smiles. "I want your first violin," said her

A youth stood up in the orchestral

"Now, your highness," said the hert direktor.

"Try her voice." And the herr direktor saw that she was not smiling. He bade the violinist to draw his bow over a single note. "Imitate it, Gretchen," commanded her highness, "and don't be afraid."

Gretchen lifted her voice. It was sweeter and mellower than the violin.

"Again!" the herr direktor cried, Without apparent effort Gretchen passed from one note to another, now high, now low, or strong or soft; a trill, a run. The violinist of his own accord began the jewel song from "Faust." Gretchen did not know the words, but she carried the melody without mishap. And then "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls." This song she knew word for word, and, ah, she sang it with strange and haunting tenderness. One by one the musicians dropped their instruments to their knees. All realized that a great voice was being tried before them. The herr direktor struck his music stand sharp-

"Your highness has played a fine jest this day. Where does madame your guest sing-in Berlin or Vienna?"

"In neither," answered her highness. She lives in Dreiberg, and till this morning I never saw her before?

The herr direktor stared blankly from her highness to Gretchen and back to her highness again. Then he grasped it. Here was one of those moments when the gods make gifts to

mortals. "You have a great voice, fraulein. I shall teach you. I shall make you a

great singer." But Gretchen never became a prima donna. There was something different on the knees of the gods.

CHAPTER VII.

AFFAIRS OF STATE. THE grand duke stamped back and forth with a rumble as of distant thunder. They would play with him, eh? Well, they had loosed the lion this time. He had sent his valet to summon her highness and Herbeck.

"And tell them to put everything else aside." He kneaded the note in his hand powerfully. It was anonymous, but it spoke clearly, like truth. The sender

remained undiscoverable. Had he not opposed it for months? And now, having surrendered against his better judgment, this ratuitous affront was offered him. It was damnable. He smote the offending note. War! Nothing less. He was prepared for it. Twenty thousand troops were now in the valley, and there were

20,000 reserves. Herbeck came calmly in.

"Why the Cevil couldn't you have

left well enough alone? - Real this! The duke flung the note down on his

Herbeck picked it up and worked out the creases. "Well?" The query tingled with

was not uttered. Hildegarde came in.

The answer on the chancellor's lips

"Read," said the duke to her. She slipped from her father's arms and looked with pity at the chancellor, en, who lived in the Krumerweg. The "What do you think of this, Hilde-

"Why, father, I think it is the very

best thing in the world," dryly. "An insult like this?" The duke grew rigid. "You accept it calmly in this fashion?"

"Shall I weep and tear my hair over a boy I have never seen? No. thank you. I was about to make known to you this very evening that I had reconsidered the offer. I shall never marry his majesty."

Herbeck explained the situation. "Your highness, the regent is really not to blame, for his majesty had given him free rein in the matter, and his royal highness, working as I have been for the best interests of the two countries, never dreamed that the king would rebel. The king has been generous enough to leave the publicity in our hands-that is to say, he agrees to accept the humiliation of being rejected by her serene highness."

"That is very generous of him?" said the duke sarcastically. "Send for Duc-

"Ducwitz, your highness?" cried the chancellor, chilled. "Immediately!"

"Your highness, if you call Ducwitz I shall surrender my portfolio." The chancellor was firm.

"Do so. There are others to take up

your work." Hildegarde flew to the duke's side and snatched at his sleeve.

"Father, you are mad!" "At least I am master in Ehrenstein. "For the man who is to become your Herbeck, you will have the kindness

to summon General Ducwitz." "Your highness," replied Herbeck, "I "You shall have it tomorrow. Now, have worked long and faithfully in tonight. See him in the morning. This Gretchen followed the princess. As is no time for haste. You will throw will follow a bloody war."

"I will have my revenge!" stubborn-

"My dear child," he said, "I have first time: it is my honor now,"

proudly. "Will it balance made a pardonable blunder. Do not you, my father, make an unpardonable one?" "A Portia to the

judgment!" said the chancellor, his eye kindling. "Let WILL IT BALANCE it all rest upon WAR AND DEVASTA- my shoulders. I alone am to

blame. It was I who first suggested the alliance." Notwithstanding that he was generally hasty, the duke was a just man. He offered his hand, with haif a smile. "You are bidding me farewell, your

highness?" said Herbeck. "No, count. I would not let you go for half my duchy. Even a duke may be a fool sometimes."

Herbeck laid his cold hand upon the duke's. Then he went over to her highness and kissed her hand gratefully, for it was truly at her feet the wreath of victory lay.

"Highness," he said softly, "you shall marry when you will." "And where?"

"I would that I could make it so. But there is a penalty for being placed so high. We cannot change this unwritten law." "Heaven did not write it," she re-

plied. "No, my daughter," said the duke. "Man is at the bottom of all the kinks and twists in this short life, not heaven. But Herbeck is right. You shall

marry when you will." The knock of the valet was again

heard. "Your highness, there is a young of a girl called Tekla." woman outside, a peasant, who desires to speak to her serene highness." "What! She enters the palace with-

out any more trouble than this?" "By my orders, father," said Hildegarde, who gathered that this privileged visitor must be Gretchen of the

Krumerweg, "Admit her." Gretchen was ushered in. Her throat was a little full as she recognized the three most important persons in the

grand duchy. "The little goose girl!" the duke said half audibly. "Yes, highness." Gretchen's face

was serious, and her eyes were mourn-

ful. She carried an envelope in her hand tightly. "Come to me, Gretchen," said the princess, "What is it?"

"She is dead, highness, and I found this letter under her pillow." Herbeck took the envelope.

"Dead?" Hildegarde's eyes filled. "Who is dead?" demanded the duke. "Emma Schultz, father. Oh, I know you will forgive me for this deception, She has been in Dreiberg for a month dying, and I have often stolen out to see her." She let her tears fall unre-

strained

The duke stared at the rug. Present-y he said: "Let her be buried in conly he said: "Let her be buried in consecrated ground. Wrong or right, that chapter is closed, my child. What is

in the letter, Herbeck?" Herbeck was a strong man. He was always far removed from tears, but there was a mist over the usual clarity of his vision. He ripped down the flap. It was only a simple note to her Allenist Holds Conference With serene highness begging her to give the inclosed banknotes to one Gretchnotes represented a thousand crowns.

"Take them, little goose girl," said the duke. "Your ship has come in. This will be your dowry."

An icy shiver ran up and down Gretchen's spine, a shiver of wonder, delight, terror. A thousand crowns! A fortune!

"And I shall add to it another thousand," said Hildegarde. "Give them

to me, father." In all this fortune amounted to little more than \$400, but to Gretchen, frugal and thrifty, to whom a single crown was a large sum, to her it represented wealth. She was now the richest girl in the lower town. Dreams of kaleidoscopic variety flew through her head. Tears sprang into her eyes. She had the power to do no more than isfactory."

The duke was the first to relieve the awkwardness of the moment.

"Count, has it not occurred to you that we stand in the presence of two very beautiful young women?"

Herbeck scrutinized Gretchen with care. Then he compared her with the princess. The duke was right. And the thing which struck him with most force was that, while each possessed a beauty individual to herself, it was not opposite, but strangely alike.

When the duke was alone he slowly passed on to his secretary and open id a drawer. He laid a small bundle cu the desk and untied the string. One by one he ranged the articles-two little yellow shoes, a little cloak trimmed with ermine. There had been a locket, but that was now worn by her high-

Hermann Breunner lived in the granite lodge just within the eastern gates of the royal gardens. He was a widower and shared the ample lodge with the undergardeners and their families. He was a man of brooding moods, and there was no laughter in his withered heart. He adjusted his heavy spectacles and held the note slantingly toward the candle. A note or a letter was a singular event in Hermann's life. suffered too much at the hands of Ju- This note, left by the porter of the gendheit. It was Grand hotel, moved him with surprise. my daughter the It requested that he present himself at 8 o'clock at the office of the hotel and ask to be directed to the room of Hans Grumbach, whoever he might be,

He decided to go. Certainly this war and devasta- man Grumbach did not urge him withtion?" the girl out some definite purpose. The conasked quietly. "Is cierge at the hotel, who knew Herit not pride rather mann, conducted him to room 10 on than honor? The the entresole. Hermann knocked. A prince regent voice bade him enter. "You wished to see me?"

> "You are Hermann Breunner." be gan Grumbach, "and you once had a brother named Hans.' Hermann grew rigid in his chair. "I have no brother." "You did have."

"Yes." offering a chair.

Hermann's head dropped. "My God, yes, I did have a brother, but he was a scoundrel." "Perhaps he was a scoundrel. He is -dead!" softly.

"God's will be done!" But Hermann's face turned lighter. "As a boy he loved you." "And did I not love him?" said Hermann fiercely. "Did I not worship that

boy, who was more like a son to me than a brother?" "I knew your brother. I knew him well. He was not a scoundrel, only weak. He went to America and became successful in business. He fought with the north in the war. He was not a coward. He did his fighting bravely and honorably. He died facing the enemy, and his last words were of you. He begged your forgiveness. He implored that you forget that black moment. He was young, he said, and they offered him a thousand crowns.

In a moment of despair he fell." "Despair! Did he confess?"

"Yes. "Did he tell you to whom he sold his

honor?" "That he never knew. A gypsy from the hills came to him, so he said.' "From Jugendheit?"

lieved that the gypsy wanted her highness to hold for ransom. Hans spoke "Tekla? Ah, yes; Hans was in love with that doll face.'

"I say that he knew nothing. He be-

"Hans followed the band of gypsies into the mountains. The real horror of his act did not come home to him till then. Ah, the remorse! But it was too late. They dressed the little one in rags. But when I ran away from them I took her little shoes and cloak and locket."

Hermann was on his feet. Grumbach's eyes were as bright and glowing as coals. Hermann leaned forward.

"Is it you, Hans, and I did not know you? "It is I, brother."

"My God!" Hermann sank down wenkly. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Steal Safe With \$6,500 in It.

Cheyenne, Aug. 12 .- An army paymaster's safe containing \$6,500 was stolen from the maneuver camp at Pole mountain and carried away. There is no trace of the robbers. Officers are searching the hills.

# PLEAD INSANITY

## Would-Be Assassin's Lawyer.

#### LAY GROUNDWORK OF DEFENSE.

Mayor Gaynor Is Gaining Strength and Bulletins Do Not Vary in Their Tone of Optimism-Brother Leaves for Three-Day Visit to Baltimore-No Cause for Alarm.

New York, Aug. 12.-Because of alarming rumors regarding Mayor William J. Gaynor's condition, Dr. Arlitz, who was in charge of the patient, issued the following bulletin;

"Pulse, temperature and respiration remain unchanged. Everything is sat-

Mayor Gaynor showed greater strength than at any time since his life was attempted on the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse on Tuesday. Not only were the physicians encouraged by the mayor's condition, but Thomas L. Gaynor, the mayor's brother, left for a three days' visit to

Baltimore. The two sections of the bullet fired by James J. Gallagher, the discharged dock employee, remain embedded in the mayor's neck and throat. The possibility of danger from these fragments grows less each day. If the infection period be safely passed practically the sole apprehension of the medical men will be from the possibility that one of these fragments lies so near an arterial surface that dangerous hemorrhages may result. Such a rupture might come without warn-

Gallagher, the would-be assassin, in prison in Jersey City, is beginning to lay the groundwork of his defense. It will be insanity. His lawyers and Dr. E. S. Potter, an alienist, held a conference with him. Alexander Simpson of Jersey City, of counsel for the prisoner, says he has investigated the man's record and finds a basis for a trace of hereditary insanity.

#### FROZEN EGG KILLS GUINEA PIG

Philadelphia Dealer Who Sells to Bak-

eries Arrested. Philadelphia, Aug. 12 .- As the result of an experiment upon a guinea plg that died twelve hours after being inoculated with frogen eggs, J. Buschel, an egg dealer of this city, was arrested. Harry P. Cassidy, special agent of the dairy and food department, alleges Buschel sells frozen eggs that have been removed from the shell and in a solid body are disposed of to bakeries, which thaw out the product.

Mrs. McCaughan Dies of Injuries.

Belfast, Ireland, Aug. 12.-Mrs. William John McCaughan, who was injured by jumping from the window of a burning hotel on July 26, died. Mrs. McCaughan's husband, pastor of the May Street Congregation and formerly pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Chicago, was a victim of the same fire and died July 31 from the injuries he received.

#### SHARP ADVANCE IN WHEAT

Buying of Options Is Active, Especially on Part of Foreigners.

Chicago, Aug. 11.-Largely increased imports probably needed by France. because of crop damage from rains narrowed the gap today between wheat prices in this country and Europe. Buying of options here was active all day, and especially so on the part of foreigners. In consequence there was an advance of 1%@11/2c to 1%c. Corn also advanced, but for an exactly opposite reason, absence of rain in the west. The cereal closed %@1%c higher than last night. Oats and provisions sympathized, the former with a final gain of 140%c to 160%c and the latter 121/2040c. Close:

Ribs-Sept., \$11.571/2; Jan., \$9.621/4. Chicago Cash Prices-No. 2 hard wheat, \$1.0246@1.04; No. 2 corn, 651/4c; No. 2 oats, 3514@3514c.

Pork-Sept., \$21.40; Jan., \$18.50.

Lard-Sept., \$11.70; Jan., \$11.35.

Wheat-Sept., \$1.02%@1.02%; Dec.,

Corn-Sept., 64%c; Dec., 63%@63%c.

\$1.06@1.06%; May, \$1.10%@1.10%.

Oats-Sept., 37c; Dec., 38%c.

South Omaha Live Stock. South Omaha, Aug. 11.-Cattle-Recelpts, 3,610; steady; beef steers, \$3.50 @7.40; cows and helfers, \$2.65@4.25; stockers and feeders, \$3.00@4.85; calves, \$3.00 @ 6.25. Hogs-Receipts, 7,-307; steady; heavy, \$7.70@7.75; mixed grades commanded \$7.90 or better; good lights ranged from \$8.10 up to the high price, \$8.40; bulk, \$7.65@8.00. Sheep-Receipts, 13,580; dull; fat

sell at \$6.25 or better, Chicago Live Stock.

wethers went at \$4.00 and grass year-

lings at \$5.00; it took good lambs to

Chicago, Aug. 11.-Cattle-Receipts, 7.000; 5@10c lower; beeves, \$4.55@ 8.25; western steers, \$4.00@6.75; stockers and feeders, \$4.00@6.25; cows. and helfers, \$2.50@6.40; calves, \$6.5 @8.50. Hogs-Receipts, 14,000; 15c lower; light, \$8.40@8.90; mixed, \$7.80 @8.85; heavy, \$7.50@8.40; rough, \$7.50 @7.75; bulk of sales, \$7.80@8.20. Sheep -Receipts, 18,000; 10c lower; natives, \$2.25@4.25; westerns, \$2.50@4.15; yearlings, \$4.00@5.40; lambs, \$4.25@