

# The Princess Dehra

BY JOHN REED SCOTT.  
Copyright, 1908, by John Reed Scott

"My child," he said, taking her hand, in the most gentle deference, and holding it in both of his, "tell me what has unstrung you so completely—you who are always merry and serene."  
She gently freed her hand, and, gathering up the trailing ends of her skirt, turned toward the palace.  
"If I tell you," she said, "promise me that you won't make a scene nor try to punish him."  
"Him?" he exclaimed, stopping short, "him! God in Heaven, was it that devil, Lotzen!"—he seized her arm—"where is he—where is he?"  
She smiled at him very sweetly, loving the anger that blazed his face.  
"I'll tell you nothing," she answered, "so long as you are in that humor—your promise first."  
"No—I promised and forbore the other day; but now, with this—sweeping his hand at gown and hair—"I'll forbear no longer."  
She moved on.  
"Come, Elise, who was it?"  
She gave him another smile, but shook her head.  
"Was it Lotzen—tell me, was it?"  
Again she smiled, and the motion of refusal.  
"Very well, if you won't, 'I'll find out for myself.'"  
"You cannot—the man won't tell—and no one saw it."  
He laughed with quiet menace.  
"I'll find him," he said; "I'll find him."  
Quick fear seized her. He would succeed, she knew; and then, what would he do! Something, doubtless, to try to force the duke to fight; and which would result only in his own disgrace and in being driven from the country. He must not suffer for her misfortune—and Dornlitz, without her dear Irishman, would be impossible; and she was not yet quite ready to go with him. She had told him something—as much as she might with proper reserve—of Lotzen's behavior that other morning; and it had been difficult enough to restrain him then. Now, with the disheveled hair, and torn gown, and blood on her face, only his own word would hold him.  
"Promise me, Ralph, promise me," she implored; "there is no reason for punishment—see, I'm holding out her hand; here is the only place he touched me—only on the wrist—I swear it, Ralph."  
He took the hand, and looked at the soft, blue veined flesh, chafed and abraded with the pinch of iron fingers; and again the rage of hate swept him, and he put the hand down sharply and turned away his head, unwilling that she should see his face while passion marked it.  
She touched his arm, almost timidly.  
"Promise me, dear," she said—"please promise me."  
She did not realize what she had called him; nor, indeed, did he, until days afterward, too late to turn it to account; though what he answered worked far more to his profit, than had he used the chance offered by an inadvertent endearment.  
"I promise," he said; "I ought not to; but because you wish it, I promise—now will you tell me?"  
She looked up at him gratefully—and such women as Elise d'Essolde can say much with their eyes. They had mounted the steps and were on the terrace; she pointed into the park.  
"It was in the japonica walk," she said; "I was waiting for you, when Lotzen came upon me, seemingly by accident."  
"There are no accidents with Lotzen," Moore broke in.  
"It may be, but he chose to treat it so—I tried to pass—he stopped me and begged forgiveness for his brutal rudeness of the other day; I forgave him indifferently, hoping to escape quickly, and tried again to pass. He caught my wrist, and demanded a kiss, and that I walk with him to the lake. I was close against the hedge, and it was in my struggles to get free from him that the sharp thorns tore my gown. He let me thrash out my strength, holding me all the time by this wrist; presently, when he was about to kiss me by main force, I bit him in the hand, and escaped, running at top speed, and in fright and exhaustion collapsing where you found me."

a man and always busy. Come, we will go ourselves, and make an afternoon of it—and stop at the Twisted Pines for tea."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### An Enticing Rendezvous.

The failure of Colonel Moore to keep promptly his appointment with Mlle. d'Essolde to meet her that morning in the japonica walk was due to a letter that had come to him in the early post, and which had sent him, without a moment's delay, straight to Dornlitz and Headquarters; nor did he even stop to telephone the archduke, but left it for one of the young officers in the outer office to do.  
The military governor received him at once, and with a look of questioning concern.  
"Anything wrong at the palace?" he asked.  
"Nothing, your highness," said Moore, with his graceful salute—so unlike Bernheim's stiff motion—"nothing; I brought this letter; it is for you, though sent to me."  
The archduke took it, without comment—he knew it must be of peculiar importance to bring Moore in person at that hour. When he had read it, he looked carefully at the envelope, and turning on his desk lamp, he spread the letter under it and examined it very slowly and critically; finally he re-read it aloud:—  
"If his royal highness the Archduke Armand wish to know the whereabouts of a certain book, let him be at the inn of the Twisted Pines at 4 o'clock this afternoon. No harm is intended; and as a proof he is privileged to bring as large an escort as he desires. If he accept, let him stand in a window of his private office, overlooking the avenue, for five minutes at exactly noon today. This is his only chance; there will be no second letter."  
"One Who Knows."  
"Well," said he, "the writer at least knows how to put up a very enticing bait—privileged to bring as large an escort as he desires—at 4 o'clock this afternoon—at the inn of the Twisted Pines—surely, there is nothing in them to suggest danger, daggers or death. . . . I think we shall accept, colonel; what's your notion about it?"  
"If it is a plant," he said, "it's a very clever one—and hence spells Lotzen; but, for my part, I'll be charmed to go with you, whatever it is."  
The archduke smiled. "Of course you will, you peaceful citizen, and be sadly disappointed if there isn't a head for you to hit. It's just as well I gave you to the regent, you would be leading me into all sorts of danger."  
"And your highness has established such a splendid reputation for avoiding danger," Moore laughed.  
"How so?"  
"Did it never occur to you, sir, that the man who would deliberately fight a sword fight with the Duke of Lotzen, has won a name for reckless courage that he can never live down?"  
"But I disarmed him, thanks to your defense to his coup."  
"Small good would my defense have been to one who hadn't the nerve and skill to use it; to fail means death, as you, of course, appreciated."  
The archduke nodded. "But the public know nothing of all that."  
"Just so, sir—all they know is that you, in sheer devilry, took your chances against one of the two best swordsmen in Valeria; that you won, demonstrated your skill, but it didn't disprove the recklessness."  
"I did not intend it that way, Moore; I assure you I had no idea of bringing on a light that night at the Vierle Masque, when I went over to him and the Spencer woman."  
A broad grin overspread the Irishman's handsome face.  
"You couldn't make a single officer believe it," he said; "and seriously, sir, I wouldn't try. It is just such a thing as your great ancestor would have done, and it has caught the youngsters as nothing else ever could; they swear by you—only last night, I heard a dozen of them toast you uproariously as the next king."  
Which brings us back to the book and this letter," Armand remarked; "shall we take an escort?"  
"I'm a rather incompetent adviser, you think; but the very provision that you need not go alone, may be a trap to lull suspicion and bring you there with only an aide or an orderly. If the letter is honest, it will be no harm to go well attended; if it isn't honest, you will lose nothing, and the worst sort may be very useful."  
"You are becoming a very Fabius in discretion," the archduke smiled; "and we will take the escort." He considered a moment. "Or, rather, we will have it on hand for need. I'll see to it that a troop of lancers shall be passing the inn a little before 4 o'clock, and halt there, while their captain discusses the weather with the landlord. And we will ride up with a great show of confidence or contempt, whichever way the One Who Knows may view it."  
"Shall I tell her highness of the letter, and your purpose?" Moore asked.  
"Not on your life, man! She would send a brigade with us, even if she didn't forbid our going. I'll get you leave for the afternoon—and not a word to Bernheim, either; he would have nervous prostration, and load me down with a suit of plate mail and a battle axe. You and I will just have this little adventure on the side." He got up. "I tell you what it is, Moore, the pair of us could make a brisk fight of it if we had to—hey, man!"  
The Irishman laughed joyously.  
"And may we have to, sir?" he cried; "may we have to!"—and made as though he were sending home a finishing thrust.  
The archduke shook his head. "There can't be any doubt of it; you would have a most dangerous influence over me; it is well you're with the regent. But for this afternoon, I suggest that you select your favorite sword, and see that it doesn't drag in the scabbard—and half-after-two at the Titian gate."  
Moore paused at the door.  
"Of course," said he, "your highness will wear the steel vest."  
"I'll wear it," was the answer; and the colonel went out, wondering at the ready acquiescence, where he had anticipated a curt refusal. Before he had crossed the ante-room, the archduke called him.  
"I saw you were surprised," said he. "I had a little adventure the other night that you don't know about. Sit down a minute, and I'll tell you of Bernheim's and my visit to the De Saure house at 2 in the morning."  
"I always said Bernheim was the man for a close pinch," Moore remarked, at the end, "but he is even better than I imagined. The chest is simply delicious." He paused, in sudden thought. "And, now, I reckon I understand why Count Bigler has his ear done up in surgeon's plaster. I noticed it at the club yesterday, and heard him explain it as a 'sore'. Tomorrow, I'll ask him if he caught the 'sore' in the DeSaure house."  
"And don't tell Bernheim," said Armand; "if he knows he had such a good chance at Bigler, and then missed him, it will make him miserable for days."  
"Days! It will sour him for life. Next to the duke of Lotzen, the colonel hates Bigler most."  
When Moore had gone, the archduke took up the letter and envelope and again examined them; looked for a water mark—there was none; went over the writing—man's or woman's he could not decide; postmarked at the main office in Dornlitz at 10 p. m. of yesterday; not a scintilla any place to indicate the origin. Well, it did not matter; he would accept the offer; and there was an end of it, now—the solution could come this afternoon at 4. So he put up the letter, and pushed the button for his secretary, quite forgetting to telephone the princess as to borrowing her adjutant. Then, after a while, she herself, called him; and as they finished their talk, the bell sounded the first stroke of noon.  
He arose, and hooking the frogs of his dark green jacket, the gold braid of his marshal's insignia heavy on the sleeve, he went over to the large window, and raising the sash stood in full view of the avenue.  
It was the hour when it was busiest; on the side walks a pushing, hurrying, good natured crowd, at their mid-day recreation; in the roadway, a tangled mass of vehicles, not of the society folk, they came three hours later, but the wagons, and drays and vans of trade and traffic. He recognized an occasional face in the throng, usually some officer hurrying to headquarters for the reception he always held for half an hour at noon. Today it would have to start five minutes late.  
(To be Continued Next Week.)  
France may yet come to rue the Ruhr.

back; the pessimist looks regretfully forward; the ordinary mortal just groans and smiles through today.—Boston Transcript.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*  
In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A few days later the average man begins to boast of the good deed he did by mistake.

A careful skipper never has much trouble on the sea of matrimony.

In the Majority.  
The pessimist looks regretfully back; the optimist looks joyfully forward; the ordinary mortal just groans and smiles through today.—Boston Transcript.

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*  
In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A few days later the average man begins to boast of the good deed he did by mistake.

A careful skipper never has much trouble on the sea of matrimony.

## "FLU"

Prevent the "FLU" and GRIPPE by stopping Coughs and Colds

WITH FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Established 1875

Largest selling cough medicine in the World



SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for



- |           |            |
|-----------|------------|
| Colds     | Headache   |
| Toothache | Rheumatism |
| Neuritis  | Lumbago    |
| Neuralgia | Pain, Pain |

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid.

## 10c Saves Need Buying a New Skirt

Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish

**Hands Tied.**  
The Woman heard a long, endless sermon in a small country town where she was visiting upon a recent Sunday.  
When it seemed as though the minister were about to stop he would beam upon the congregation, saying: "Now you will forgive me if I say a few words about this."  
And so it went on and on, while from time to time he assumed that he would be forgiven for his long and (in his own opinion) enlightening talk.  
But what could anyone do? Just sit still and let the minister believe that his assumption was correct!—New York Sun.

**Awful!**  
Bluebelle is spending some time with her uncle, who has a plantation in the far South. Bluebelle is a sensitive flower. It really distressed her when her uncle made disparaging remarks about the goldenrod. But later her mother found her weeping audibly.  
"What's the matter now? Has your uncle called the goldenrod a weed again?" she asked.  
"W-worse than that," was the tearful reply. "Just because it disturbed his n-nap—"  
"Well?"  
"He called the mocking bird a v-v-varmint."—Chicago News.

**Cantera.**  
Bishop Leonard of San Francisco was condemning cant.  
"Cant is a curse," he said. "Yet we are all canters more or less."  
"It says here," said a housewife, looking up from her evening paper that James Adderly Anderson declared last night in an address that poverty is a blessing, the poor are to be envied, and wealth is accursed."  
"Gee," said her husband, rather enviously, "I didn't know old Anderson was as rich as that."

**The Baron's Spirit.**  
Samuel Gompers said at Atlantic City:  
"Coal is too dear. There is no doubt about it. The coal barons have no mercy on us."  
"I heard the other day about an inventor who went to a coal baron and said:  
"I have struck a marvelous invention, sir—an imitation coal that can be sold at half price."  
"Bosh!" sneered the coal baron. "Haven't we got one already that we sell at full price?"



VARIETY in foods is essential, of course, but in providing variety do not overlook the importance of nourishment.

Crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts is a highly nourishing cereal food in unusually compact form. It supplies the rich nutrition of wheat and malted barley, including the mineral elements of these splendid grains, without which health and strength cannot be maintained.

Grape-Nuts, with good milk, is a complete food. Economical, too, because a moderate amount provides unusual nourishment.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere!

**Grape-Nuts**

THE BODY BUILDER

"There's a Reason"



Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan