

"I think that it will be as you wish. You are truly kind."

"I am glad that you feel so." And with raised voice he said: "I have begged my brother to dwell in Solitude at times with his young wife, and am thankful to him for fulfilling my wish. There was silence at the whole table. My sister-in-law tried to say something friendly, but ceased after the first word. The Countess continued to look at me with the same curious expression in her fine eyes. And my mother spoke at once of something else.

It must have been a dream that this woman could have been a fond mother to me even once in her life, for she can be only Her Majesty.

I went to the play after dinner, and sat in the little "incognito box." To make privacy doubly sure, I had the curtain drawn between it and the crowded theatre.

The young actress whom I had come to watch was no actress at all in the play. She had to weep, and I saw her cheeks streaming real tears. She had to despair, and I saw her face drawn with anguish. And when the audience called her before the curtain, she seemed like a sleep-walker. Evidently she loves the King as deeply as ever.

After the theatre I experienced something that I cannot understand. God save me from brooding over it in my old manner. I must not do it now.

When I left the theatre through the side exit that leads from the hidden little box, I saw a great, silent crowd waiting outside. I stood still and asked the lackey: "Are these people waiting to see the King?"

"Their Majesties have already gone." "What are they waiting for, then?" "To see your Royal Highness."

I entered my carriage hastily without bowing. They crowded around the carriage so that the coachman could hardly drive.

What does it mean? But I will not brood.

Tomorrow I shall travel to Judica.

CHAPTER XX.

Villa Bertola—Winter.

I have not written a word in a full half year. Why should I have written, since I have been happy, happy in a simple human way? It is almost two months now since I have been wedded to my lovely child. We dwell in a white villa on the blue Mediterranean, and are happy, blessed. Gebhardt, who accompanies me as my cavalier, picked out this spot for us.

Below us lie the Hesperides. Orange groves, palms and bananas. Rosy gerani-

ums, fiery satvias, violet heliotropes, pale blue jasmynes form hedges and cover the walls. Wherever there is a foot of room there grow roses, pinks, violets; heaven and sky are azure, and the golden sun of Provence shines for us.

Our villa is the only house on this happy shore. It lies above the road that leads to Nizza.

When my little Judica marvels at earth and sky here, I try more and more to escape from my old self. I strive to throw off integument after integument and to be nothing except happy, thoughtlessly, if possible stupidly, happy.

Since we have a gray day today—even here there are gray days—and Judica has gone out with Gebhardt instead of me, because I do not care for a walk on account of the rain, I must write a few pages of unnecessary words. As if I could not tell my wife myself—tell her what? As if my wife was not a sweet child that shall laugh and pick flowers, and lead a flower-life herself in the sunshine.

I wrote nothing of our wedding. It was different from the way we had planned it. It was not on the Alpine farm. I had forgotten, when we decided it so, that I was a Royal Prince after all. The King desired another and "fitting" ceremony, and I had to obey. His desire was not a command but a request, so I had to obey all the more.

Therefore, I went to the palace in O—in the most strict incognito. In equally strict incognito came His Excellency, the Minister of State with another high Court official. In strict incognito arrived Judica and her aunt on the wedding day.

It was raining in streams, and in the park the leaves were beginning to turn. His Excellency performed the civil wedding most solemnly in the White Room. My Count and the high official made most solemn witnesses, the Count being almost tragic. Miss Fritz, dressed in stiff gray silk and looking "like a Countess," needed all her determination not to look funeral; my child, in simple white silk, in a hat decorated with pale red crocus, smiled at me.

After we had signed, we received the congratulations of His Excellency, the high Court official, the Count (with his tragic mien) and Miss Fritz. His Excellency addressed my little Judica most ceremoniously as "Most Gracious Countess" and the "Most Gracious Countess" looked frightened to death, then looked at me and smiled.

Then the high Court official handed my wife, with crushing formality, the presents of their Majesties—a magnificent set of jewels from the King, a grand string of pearls from the Queen and from my mother a little golden cross.

During all this time it rained as in a deluge. It became so dark that candles had to be lit.

My wife was led away, a serving woman kissed her hand and took off her pretty flower-trimmed hat, and Miss Fritz crowned the beautiful head with myrtle wreath and veil.

It lasted a long while. Surely, the hands that dressed my child trembled too much to do their work.

"A sacrifice! A sacrifice!" it sounded within me while I waited and conversed with His Excellency the Minister of State about—the weather.

At last Judica appeared, smiling no more, but veiled by the pale bridal veil in shimmering mystery. We stepped slowly into the chapel of the castle that looked like a white grotto of flowers. We knelt before the altar and our united hands received the blessing.

I cannot remember the words of the priest. I knelt beside Judica, and while I knelt I remembered that when I signed the marriage papers I had thought of another signature.

The priest said solemn words. Judica on my side wept softly. The rain beat against the panes. The autumn storm came in so that the candles flickered and a chill shook me.

After a silent mass there followed a pompous wedding dinner, at which the two officials spoke much. They even made speeches. His Excellency the Minister of State spoke of the bridal pair, and the high Court official toasted Miss Fritz.

The first toast was proposed by my little-ness. It was the health of His Majesty the King—of Denmark. I had almost said.

After this pleasant dinner the two officials departed. Miss Fritz, too, said farewell, and Gebhardt accompanied her to her Alpine farm. We two remained behind. The rain streamed, the storm roared, the first dead leaves began to fall. We stood at the window, listened to rain and wind, looked at the withered leaves falling, falling.

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But now the sun of the south shines for us. A blossoming without end as a beauty without end woos us. There must be a happiness without end, too, as there surely is love without end.

It must be beautiful now on the Sea-Alp in the winter. We will spend a good part of the year there, as soon as the new house is finished. The old one was torn down in the autumn and I myself made the plans of the "new King's House," that will, however, be more like a "Prince's Hut." My phantasy once piled up a Grail

Burg there, but that will remain a castle in the air.

While the Sea-Alp is hidden in snow, the interior of Solitude is being changed for us. I am not glad. I have a horror of it, like my child, though she does not confess it, for fear that it might make me sad.

As the Christmas time approached, my child became homesick. And she told us most charmingly of the Christmas on the farm.

"Last year I baked the Christmas cake, but took far too much of raisins, figs and other sweets and was scolded. Why did I take too much of everything? Because I was in love and wished to send the most magnificent cake to my Prince, decked wondrously with gold and satin ribbons. "This year my aunt must bake the Christmas cake herself. She will not let one of the girls do it, for she might be in love, too, and use too many raisins, figs and other sweets.

"The whole house is cleaned, the windows flash, the floors are strewn with white sand, and the big room is strewn with juniper. How it smells!

"I wonder, is it a fine Christmas eve at home? The moon does not shine, but the snow gleams. The stars flicker and sparkle. At 10 o'clock they start for the church, for it is two good hours' marching, when the roads are well broken. My aunt is dressed in her best, and all the time she thinks of one who has gone away and has married her dearest one.

"Now they go. The maids must carry the lanterns, for the men wish to shoot off their guns.

"They gather before the church. All wait for the holy midnight. As soon as it comes, the men fire off their guns. Then everything is still, a holy silence. And the bells begin to toll in the holy hush. The church is illuminated like a place of festival. In it stands a manger, and all throng around it to hear the message: "Peace on earth."

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On Christmas day we drove to St. Jean, climbed upward through the olive groves and to the lighthouse and looked for wild narcissus. The child plucked a great bunch, was pleased, but remained thoughtful.

In the evening Judica was showered with gifts; a whole shoeful of fashions, I had selected every piece myself in Nizza without letting Gebhardt help me. It was a bit of my love that I wished to give to her. But she was so frightened at the splendor of silks and laces that she did not feel real pleasure.

(To Be Continued.)

Indian Conference

(Continued From Page Five.)

the session last October the presiding officer was Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, the well known penologist, formerly a member of congress from Massachusetts and now secretary of the New York Prison association. Among others present at the first session in 1883 were such well known educators and friends of the red men as the late General Armstrong of the famous Hampton school, Colonel R. H. Pratt of the Indian school at Carlisle, Alice Fletcher, General Whittelsey of the Board of Indian Commissioners, Rev. Drs. Lyman Abbott and Theodore L. Cuyler, and these have continued to give their presence and influence to the yearly meetings ever since in connection with many other equally well known for their interest in the higher welfare in the Indians. Senator Evarts was a constant and deeply interested attendant for years and the late Senator Dawes of Massachusetts gave the conference at many sessions the benefit of his ripe experience, wide knowledge and keen sympathy in the cause of Indian betterment. Other eminent figures in these annual gatherings at different times have been the late Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, fitly characterized as the greatest apostle to the Indians since John Elliot, General O. O. Howard, Theodore Roosevelt, Seth Low, Chief Justice Strong, General Thomas J. Morgan, Edward E. Hale, Dr. Austin Abbott, the late William E. Dodge, Sheldon Jackson, Egerton H. Young, Philip C. Garrett, Bishop F. D. Huntington. From a membership of about sixty the conference has grown in size until the average attendance is upward of 150 men and women, representative of the best thought and noblest fields of service in which the thinkers, educators and publicists of our day are engaged.

From the beginning these Indian conferences have taken an advanced, but judicious and thoroughly rational position in regard to the treatment of the red men. One of the first "platforms" adopted by the conference declared in favor of the enlargement of the system of the Indian education, including a plan of industrial teaching for the principle of self-support, the abolishment of the free ration system and other pauperizing methods, for the division of land in severalty and the introduction of all Indians into the full rights of American citizenship. In the promotion of such reforms as these, with others that have suggested themselves from year to year, the conference has devoted itself up to the

present time and has had the satisfaction of seeing many of them adopted. The frequent changes in the Indian service, involving both removals and appointments for purely political reasons, has led the conference to suggest to the president the propriety of framing and promulgating rules prescribing such methods in nominating agents as will put an end to this abuse. It is also resolutely opposed to the indiscriminate leasing of Indian lands and abuse of which the country is just now hearing much. It being the view of the conference that this method of leasing strengthens the white man's hold on the Indians' land, and encourage lazy landlordism on the part of the Indian. It has favored the distribution of the tribal funds held in trust for Indians by the government of the United States, and the allowing of them to the credit of individual Indians, who are entitled to share in them as rapidly as lists of such individuals in each tribe can be prepared and recorded. Children, after the preparation of such lists, it is held, should share in such funds only by inheritance, and not as members of a tribe. The money which belongs to the Indian should be paid to the Indians as rapidly as they are pronounced fit to receive it, that by receiving and using each his own money, Indian citizens may be educated to the use of money. The conference has repeatedly put itself on record as believing in schools both in the Indian neighborhoods and at a distance from them. The eventual result to be reached is the abolition of all distinctively Indian schools, and the incorporation of Indian pupils in the common schools of the country. The importance of the native Indian industries is another matter upon which much emphasis has been laid, and it has urged that the government, and all teachers and guides of the Indian, should co-operate in the endeavor to revive them. To the Indian they are valuable. It is said, as the means of profitable occupation and natural expression; to the country, as specimens of a rare and indigenous art, many of them artistically excellent; some of them absolutely unique; all of them adapted to furnish congenial and remunerative employment at home, and to foster, in the Indian self-respect, and in the white race respect for the Indians.

The evil conditions of Indian reservations in the state of New York has been a matter of frequent consideration. The conference held in October, 1902, emphasized the recommendation made in December, 1900, by a committee of five, appointed by the then governor, Theodore Roosevelt, that these reservations be allotted in severalty; and it urges the favorable consideration by congress of what is known as the Vreeland

bill, providing for such a disposition of the Indians of the state.

It should be said that in all its work the conference has generally had the sympathy and co-operation of the Indian bureau at Washington which has been represented at almost every session by the commissioner himself. The late General Thomas J. Morgan was always present during his term of office and added much to the interest of the meetings by his helpful addresses. The conference has also found an earnest and efficient coadjutor in the present commissioner, the Hon. Wm. A. Jones, who is a regular attendant and thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the assemblies.

Since the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, the conference has widened its purvey to include the situation and conditions of the native people of these outline territories, a fact which has added a fresh and novel interest to the discussion and gives these annual assemblies a still larger and more vital hold upon public thought and attention. For two successive sessions now the conditions in Porto Rico have been presented in a thoughtful and comprehensive way by Dr. Henry K. Carroll who served as a special commissioner in Porto Rico by appointment of President McKinley; the needs of Hawaii have been set forth by such competent observers as Alex. S. Twombly and Douglas P. Bivie, both of whom have studied the situation on the ground, while affairs in the Philippines have been brought under review in addresses by such men as Hon. Darwin R. James, Gen. John Eaton and others having special knowledge of the subject. As to the general principles which should govern the administration of these new possessions the conference has declared itself opposed to the grants of any permanent franchise in these lands which have come, or shall come into the possession of the United States holding that they should be held in trust for the people of the territory, and as far as practicable should be disposed of to actual settlers in the spirit of the homestead laws. In all territories of the United States, in its declaration, the federal government should see that public schools are provided under federal control, and, when necessary, at federal expense for the education of all children of school age, until permanent governments are organized able to provide and maintain such schools. In brief, the object of action, whether governmental, philanthropic or religious, should be, in the view of the conference, to secure to these dependent peoples just government, righteous laws, industrial opportunities, adequate education and a pure and free religion.

Among those who have already signified to be present at the coming conference, October 21-23, are Hon. William A. Jones, Commissioner of Indian affairs; Congressman James Sheldon, chairman of the house committee on Indian affairs, and John J. Fitzgerald; ex-Chief Justice Charles Andrews of the New York supreme court; President A. S. Draper of the University of Illinois; Austin Scott of Rutgers college, William F. Slocum of Colorado college, Edward D. Eaton of Beloit college, and C. F. Meserve of Shaw university. Hon. C. R. Glenn, Commissioner of Education in Georgia; Rev. Drs. Wm. V. Kelley, A. B. Danning, Thos. O. Conant, and J. D. Drury; of New York; Rev. Drs. Francis E. Clarke, Addison P. Foster, and W. T. McElveen of Boston; Major General James H. Wilson of Wilmington, Del.; General E. W. Whittley of the Indian bureau, Miss; Anna Dawes, daughter of the late Senator Dawes-Superintendent H. S. Peairs of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., and many others both in and out of the Indian service.

It is expected that the recent charges affecting certain officials connected with the Indian office will come up for review since most of these charges go to confirm the evils of Indian administration against which this conference has stoutly protested for years and which this conference has stoutly protested for years and which it has used all its influence to remove.

It is a popular question that there is really no "Indian question" today, no further problems of such consequence in this connection to be solved, and doubtless there are not a few who think these Indian conferences have no sufficient raison d'etre. If any such should attend one of these annual assemblies, or give the proceedings a careful reading, they would find how great is their mistake.

L. A. MAYNARD.

Stationery Points

The newest color in note paper is topaz. Ragged edge envelopes are decided novelties.

White linen lawn is the stationery leader at present.

A parchment paper with mottled surface in blue-gray tints is a novelty.

Genuine tapestry in Bagdad design covers one of the handsomest of the stationery cabinets introduced this season.

Dotted Swiss paper is another new production. It has a surface resembling chiffon sprinkled with large and small dots and may be had in white, blue, French gray and a greenish hue.