

to uphold the constitution, accepted their allegiance and confirmed the composition of the cabinet. Then I showed myself to the dense crowd, and it woke to mad enthusiasm at the sight of its new King.

An official reason had to be given for my brother's sudden death. The mother of the dead drew up the document herself.

"Facing the necessity of signing the declaration of war, a declaration in which the King saw the source of endless woe for his country; imbued with the vehement desire to spare the land from this war, the King found no other way except the one chosen by him. He took it with full knowledge, with clear purpose, leaving nothing behind about his last wish and will except the unsigned document and his freely-given royal blood."

This announcement was followed by me with a message to the nation in which I made the solemn declaration:

"The matter for which my brother in Heaven went voluntarily into death, he left to me. For that for which my beloved brother died, I shall live, for the maintenance of peace, for the good of the land, for the greatness and the happiness of my people."

Vast was the sorrow of the land, unexampled the sympathy of the governments. As the whole palace seemed one death chamber, so the whole capital seemed one house of mourning, the whole land as one graveyard, which waited to receive the grave of the greatest of all its dead. In the cathedral they thronged to the coffin as if it held the body of a wonder-working Saint.

I saw even then that the love and affection and relief and confidence of the people thenceforth would be with the dead man. Even then I saw that the dead would not only seem better and purer, but would also be stronger and more powerful than the living.

This knowledge—I will write it here—filled me with envy, with malice, with hatred of the dead, whose blessing had to rest on me should my rule be blessed.

One single time my mother's agony broke forth.

It was when she bade her dead son farewell, bending down to his face and kissing the little red mark on his forehead. Then she sobbed terribly—only once!

But the widowed Queen was as annihilated. Dumb and tearless in the presence of all others, she lost her self-command at my first visit, and gave way to grief and despair. Then I looked deeply into her heart.

The poor one had learned to love the King passionately, and she had been forced to recognize that her love was hopeless. Stranger as she had been to her husband on the first day of the meeting, so she was to his last day. His love had belonged to another, to the young actress. This woman was the King's first and only love; and she, the Queen, had known it, had devoured herself in raging jealousy that was not lessened by the fact that she knew, too, that the King had never seen his beloved since the day of his marriage except on the stage.

With the exception of one single time—the day of his death.

Soon after the dinner at which the King was almost vivacious, he withdrew without having bidden farewell to the Queen, by a word or even a glance. He ordered the carriage and drove away into the park. In the neighborhood of the Doric Temple he stopped the equipage, told his adjutant to wait there with the carriage and walked quickly away.

He remained away an hour.

As if he had told the Queen himself, she knew where he had been—with the beloved woman. He would have killed himself there, perhaps he would have died with her, had such a death been compatible with the royal dignity. But most certainly the woman knew, when the King left her, that he was going to his death; as she knew that he had loved her alone.

Now his widow burdened herself with reproaches and accusations. She took on herself the responsibility for his death. Had she understood how to be amiable and charming she would have become a prop for the throne, and her love might have had power enough to help her husband through that last great conflict.

At my brother's funeral it was as if the last hope of the land were being borne to the grave. All the ideals of the nation seemed concentrated in the silent man who was being carried with mighty pomp to the tomb of the Kings, to lie beside his father, whose "true son" now bore the crown.

I possessed the sublime self-control of a sovereign and did not betray how the supreme sorrow for the dead cut my soul as with scourges.

Behind the coffin I walked. At my left walked he whose race was to follow me; at my right the Crown Prince of our strong and great neighbor, from whose hands my brother's death had wrested the weapon directed against us. And his death had wrested something from me, too—the victory over the enemy, which I would have achieved.

Thus I had to think as I walked behind the coffin, through the black-decked capital, over which the roar of the bells

clashed like a storm-flood of death psalms. And I had to think of my envy of the dead. I cannot sink lower than I did then in that hour of burial; the fall from the cliff into the abyss would have been a soft descent to flowery meads compared with it.

Of that day of the funeral I must report that it was the first time since my royal voyage through the ice, over the sea, surrounded by the thundering avalanches, that I saw the beautiful woman again who had called me.

The Countess had not been at Court since then. She had accused herself of a serious breach of duty, had begged for her immediate release, and had received it the same hour. Now she stood among the populace, close by the road, along which came the two monarchs, the dead and the living. I held my head bent low, but as if I felt her compelling presence, I raised my eyes just as the procession passed slowly by her. Our eyes met and greeted.

On the day of the funeral the young woman from whom my brother had parted disappeared utterly. No trace of her was ever found, although I caused an earnest search to be instituted. She was a great artist and a happy woman—a King's only love!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

And now it is time to speak of another one who is lost forever—of you, Judica.

Now I believe that you, too, were a King's only love.

But you had to leave your life for me, that I might know this—and not even then to know it clearly and altogether. In your grave on the high, bright mountain meadow you had to wait long for the hour that brought me the full knowledge.

But that hour, too, came at last.

And now I write of you in the pages of this book in which you read yourself to your death. The adoring worshipper speaks of his saints and martyrs as I will speak and testify of you now, you sweet martyr, once my lovely, smiling child.

Once more I must speak of the time that we spent together on the Sea-Alp in snow and beauty.

She had been forced to become accustomed to seeing little of me, who was turning day into night. She bore it in the silent hope that her time would come.

In that autumn night, in the storm, when the beautiful woman came to me through terror and death to call me to the throne of my fathers; when Gebhardt threatened to hold me back by force; when my creatures made him prisoner at my command—then, in the moment of my departure, I went to her where she lay ill in bed, told her briefly of the dangerous illness of the King and said farewell with lying tenderness.

At dawn the creatures freed the Count. He tried to follow me at once, but found all boats useless and the path choked by the avalanche. So he had to remain a prisoner in a prison from which there was no escape for the time being.

Although I had commanded the servants to keep secret all details such as the arrival of the Countess and the imprisonment of my adjutant, Judica discovered that the Count had not gone with me. She became badly frightened, insisted on getting up and being dressed and then sent for Gebhardt, who tried to pacify her as well as he could. He said that the Prince had left him behind purely for the sake of guarding his ailing wife, and he described my trip as perfectly safe. He succeeded in lessening her fear for me, and then he hastened to make arrangements to keep secret all the wild happenings of the night. That done, he proceeded to help the men who were laboring to clear the path.

In the night, too, they worked, by torch-light. Gebhardt was everywhere; now in the house with Judica, then with the workers. To one place he brought pacifying and cheering words, to another encouraging and commanding ones. The storm continued, threw the ice floes around on the lake, howled around the house, melted the snows on the mountains and tore them down from the walls.

No news reached the Sea-Alp; whether the sick King was better or worse, whether the King's brother had arrived in time or too late—whether he had won across the lake at all!

Gebhardt prayed with all his soul; he was with Judica and prayed for it still; he thought of her when he was not with her, and yet he prayed for it—that the King's brother had failed to cross.

Of the land, too, he thought when he prayed. But more than the land he thought of Judica.

He himself told me later.

Even on the first day my poor child appears to have found the open casket and to have read the book in secret. The faithful guardian whom I left behind did not save her from it.

They who surrounded her could not perceive that she had received her death sentence in the book from the man of her love. When she seemed so strangely happy, so brightly cheerful in the last days, she had already determined on her death, she had done with her grief and pain.

On the third day the mighty wall of snow was laid low. Then the girl, who had already said farewell to the world, learned it.

The King is dead—long live the King.

Gebhardt told Judica. She listened in silence, gave him her hand and asked to be left alone, "only for a bit."

Soon she sent for him, seemed much moved, and asked fearfully if Heaven, that had given me my great office, would give me the needed strength.

Gebhardt replied: "Heaven will surely do it."

"Our fear probably will prove itself to have been greatly exaggerated," lied the good friend.

"He will reign well and strongly?"

"It is to be hoped."

"I know that he will be happy, which he can be only if he makes others happy. To make a whole nation happy! Think of it!"

"It is the highest thing on earth. It is like a bit of Godhood lent to a man!"

"So the King will feel it."

"You know him, too; love him, too."

And she smiled at him. Then she demanded:

"You will go to him today, will you not?"

"The King does not need my services any longer."

"He needs your friendship more than ever."

"Unhappily, I must hand in my resignation."

"You wish to leave him?"

"Believe me, I must."

"You can do that?"

"Please do not make my decision harder. It is difficult enough."

She begged: "Remain with him."

"I cannot."

"I beg you most sincerely to remain with him."

"The King himself would not wish it."

"He would not wish to keep his most faithful friend with him?"

She was so full of grief, she begged him so intensely, that Gebhardt could do nothing else than to promise her: "If the King requires my further services, I shall remain."

In his heart he added: "He will not require them. And even if he does. But I must lie to her."

So he lied to her and had to bear her thanks. Then she seemed more quiet. Of herself she said not a word.

All this Gebhardt told me later, much later.

Then he sent his resignation to me, adding the "most humble petition that His Majesty might leave him in office long enough to enable him to take the "Countess" home to her relative, which it would not be possible to do before the end of a week, owing to the still dangerous weather.

In my own handwriting I acceded to his wish, granted his request, loaded him with thanks and praise for his faithful services, and offered him rich rewards. These he refused. And with not a word did he congratulate me on my accession to the throne.

She did it cunningly, the deserted King's wife.

Gebhardt alone was to accompany Judica to the Alpine farm. Everything that was royal was to remain behind.

She closed the book, laid it in the casket, locked it, and took the key away as if I never had left it sticking in the lock, as if she had never read the book in which the traces of her tears remained behind as secret witnesses, and put the casket back on my writing table. She took the key away with her. Perhaps she threw it into the sea where it is deepest.

After she had done this holy service of love for me they carried her into the boat.

Gebhardt sat opposite her and she talked with him of past times; of the summer day when he arrived with me for the first time, and when she had loved me at once without thinking that the water was too deep.

That had come into her mind only when it was too late. No, not too late! The beloved one had bridged the deep water. It was not his fault that the bridge fell in ruins because the abyss was so great.

She talked of the happy months in the white house by the azure sea under the palms. How foolish she had been during the visit to the churchyard when she almost wished to be buried there, under the white narcissus, on the seashore! How beautiful had been the visit to the sad, good Queen who had called her her husband's talisman that he was to hold fast! To have been his happiness for a short hour was worth a whole lifetime of pain.

So the little Judica talked on her last voyage. And the man who loved her more than his life, sat opposite her, listened to her, and knew that she longed to die, and would die.

And he had to let her die!

They carried her up to the Alpine farm, for she was not strong enough to climb the ascent. And when Judica met Miss Fritz she cried:

"What do you say now that he is King? Think! He is King! I am so proud, so happy for his sake. The Count says that there is no danger for him now. Do you

know what I think? There never was danger. We all imagined it. He, too, imagined that he was hopelessly ailing. What he must have suffered! It cannot be guessed. But now all is over, now everything will be well. You cannot imagine how happy I am. I only wish that he knew it."

Only that I should know with what joy she went into death for me, did she speak thus.

And there came a day. On the twenty-fifth of May Judica bore a dead son.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Miss Fritz laid the King's dead son into a cradle alongside of the narrow bed of the mother. She decked him with linen and laid the first spring pinks over him. The boy had entered the world with eyes of the color of his father's. And on his tiny forehead, between both brows, he had a wrinkle, deep and red like a wound.

Judica lay in pain, uttered no moan, but prayed silently to Heaven to release her.

She begged that they break the news gently to her "dearest King," and to tell him that everything was well with her, quite well. The messenger who bore the dispatch was to bring back the doctor. But if he hurried ever so fast he could not return before the next morning.

Toward midnight she closed her eyes; she appeared to have fallen asleep. Softly Miss Fritz arose and went to Gebhardt, who was waiting. She said:

"Judica sleeps."

"Thank God!"

"She has not gone to sleep forever."

"Oh!"

"A good sleep may mean life for her now."

"Heaven prevent it."

"And suppose she awakes and feels that she will live?"

"Then—"

He did not end his sentence; but Miss Fritz understood. They sat together silently for a long while. Suddenly the woman said:

"She has been happy."

Gebhardt replied: "And she will be happy even in her death. For she dies for her love."

Then Gebhardt went upstairs to stand watch.

(To be continued.)

Woman as an Engineer

Miss Annie Ball has just been licensed by the Chicago Board of Examining Engineers to run a stationary engine, and thus becomes the only woman in that class in Chicago, and perhaps in the United States. She was refused a license upon her first application. Then she offered to give the examiners \$1,000 each if she could not take an engine apart and put it together in their presence, but was told that was not the way to obtain the permit. She submitted to an oral examination, but failed, because, she says, of the "rapid-fire" method of propounding wordy questions. Later she took the written examination and came off triumphant with an average of 84.

She took the test not because she desires to follow the vocation of an engineer, but for the reason that, as she expresses it, "I was told that I couldn't do it." She manufactures playing cards and composition goods at 85 Market street, under the firm name of "A. Ball & Bro.," although she is the sole proprietor of the place. Recently she found her engineer intoxicated and discharged him and started to operate the engine herself. The engineer complained to the authorities, who ordered her to cease operating the machinery or be fined \$25.

"After I had finished the written examination one of the examiners told me that I was competent to run the city pumping works or any other stationary plant," said Miss Ball. "My knowledge of engineering was acquired from actual experience at my plant before the present rigid laws were passed and from the study of technical books. The oral examination which I took three months ago consisted of such verbose questions, propounded so rapidly, that I think only a small per cent of even the most competent applicants could have answered. The written questions, also, are too involved and wordy, and I have no doubt that many a deserving applicant falls on this account rather than from lack of practical knowledge. If the examining board would have an engine in the examining rooms and ask applicants for licenses to demonstrate their ability not a few of those who now fail would be able to get licenses."

Miss Ball has been remarkably successful as a business woman. She was brought to Chicago from Holland by her parents when very young, and has been in business here since the fire. She has large interests in phosphate and real estate near Bay City, Fla., where she operates mining machinery or directs its operation the greater part of every year. She speaks Dutch, German and English fluently, can converse in French and has taken courses in law and medicine.

"I may complete my law studies and be admitted to the bar or finish my medical education and become a doctor if I am told that I can't do either," she asserted.—Chicago Record-Herald.