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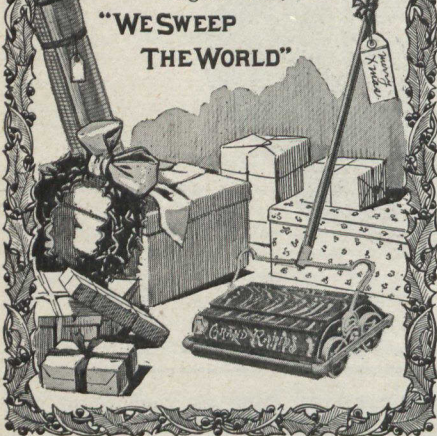
is such a gift. It makes sweeping easy, cleans perfectly and confines the dust, constituting a source of daily convenience and comfort that lingers long in pleasant memory. Made of the finest woods richly finished and with handsome nickel-plated fittings, the Bissell is at once charming, useful, and appropriate. Get her a new sweeper for downstairs—she will take her old one upstairs as an added convenience. Prices, \$3.00 to \$4.75 at dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

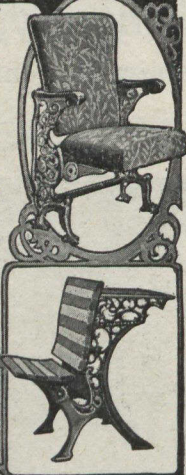
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Lacherberg slept like an old soldier, and Fritz like a healthy boy. Mrs. Perowne and Phoebe not only slept well, but woke, to their own astonishment, feeling better than they had ever felt in their lives. Mrs. Perowne attributed their recuperative powers to the intensely cold air, which, thanks to the open-window habit, they had inhaled during the hours of slumber. Her theory held truth, but was not the whole truth, at any rate in her daughter's case. In some inscrutable way the fierce stimulus of danger and racking emotion had benefited the young girl's disordered nervous system more than ice-cold air, strong drugs, or even a rigorous rest-cure could have done.

The one participant of the drama who did not sleep well was the Red Virgin. She did not sleep at all.

In the Palace of the Neptunburg young Karl was roused from a dreamless slumber at the early hour of half-past six. He was human, and he was very sleepy, but because he was a king in embryo he had to get up. He rose from his gorgeous bed and gazed out of the window. A blaze of snow was falling in a shiftless, colourless mist, muffling the bleached city with its myriad flakes.

To-day was the day of the royal funeral, and the lad's face was almost as grey as the sky which wept its crystalline tears on the mourning city.

Karl was but seventeen, and he had loved the dead man as a wholesome boy loves a genial father. And because his mother was as good as dead to him, he was oppressed with a sense of loneliness and deprivation bitterly hard to endure. But he was old for his years, and he had learned the stern lesson that the price of royalty is the eternal repression of personal emotions.

PRINCES must not weep in public; they mustn't yawn when bored; they must not flinch when the miscreant hurls his bomb or empties his crazy pistol. He was an actor on the world's stage, and till the acting became second nature he must school his gestures in the dry discipline of the Court routine. But for the moment Karl was not in public; he was alone. And as some tender memory crossed his mind his lip trembled. He mastered himself for a moment, and then on the snowy air a sound was wafted that broke through the rampart of his defence, and sent two rivulets of tears streaming down his pale cheeks. And the sound was the slow, punctuated wailing of the great tenor bell of St. Ursula's, which sobbed the crude, elemental truth that kings are but clay, and that all men must meet their Maker face to face.

Karl sponged the tears from his face and donned his dressing-gown. Coffee and rolls were brought by Herr Bomcke, amply whiskered, dutifully lachrymose, most faithful of retainers, most correct of royal servitors. Followed a barber who shaved the royal chin of some imperceptible down. Then respectful hands inveigled the young body into the absurdly inappropriate uniform of a Field-Marshal. Then Karl was escorted to the Reubens-saal, and the curtain went up on the solemn farce of the royal itinerary. The Lord Chamberlain, white-bearded, white-stockinged, circumspectly ornate with gold "oak-leaf" braid, presented a host of uninformed and titled nonentities to the wan-faced monarch.

"Graf Handereit von Schiffeltarg," "Baron von und ver Winterthal," and the "Baronin von und zer Winterthal."

"Seine Konigliche Hoheit Prinz Christian von Keinland"—a small man with an eyeglass, and a red nose that clashed with a chocolate uniform.

"Hofdame Fraulein Isabella zu Niederbad."

"Ihre Durchlaucht Erbprinzessin von Grunheim-Hueffers"—pug-nosed princesses these with irritating fringes.

"Seine Durchlaucht Johann Furst zer Kleinskop," and so on and so on; small men with big names, large men with small intelligences, honourable women with homely lineaments, and worthy dullards in preposterous uniforms. They were kinsmen of the Royal House, who had arrived overnight, entitled to accommodation in



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