

## Sophy of Kravonia.

By ANTHONY ROSE.  
Author of "The Princess of Siam".  
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Regina.

(Continued.)

"This lady will be a most important witness," observed the king.

"Very, sir," Stenovic assented dryly. Sophy had grown eager. "Doesn't the prince say they knew him?"

"His royal highness hasn't been asked for any account at present," Stenovic answered.

"If they knew who it was, they must die," said the king, in evident concern and excitement.

Stenovic contented himself with a bow of obedience. The king rose and gave Sophy his hand.

"We shall hope to see you again soon," he said very graciously. "Meanwhile General Stenovic has something to say to you in an interview which will, I trust, prove agreeable to you." His eyes dwelt on her face for a moment as she took her leave.

Stenovic made his communication later in the day, paying Sophy the high compliment of a personal visit at the sign of the Silver Cock for that purpose. His manner was most cordial. Sophy was to receive an honorary appointment in the royal household at an annual salary of 10,000 paras, or some \$400.

"It isn't riches we aren't very rich in Kravonia—but it will, I hope, make you comfortable and relieve you from the tiresome lessons which Markat tells me you're now burdened with."

Sophy was duly grateful and asked what her appointment was.

"It's purely honorary," he smiled. "You're to be keeper of the tapestries."

"I know nothing about tapestries," said Sophy, "but I dare say I can learn. It'll be very interesting."

Stenovic leaned back in his chair, with an amused smile.

"There aren't any tapestries," he said. "They were sold a good many years ago."

"Then why do you keep a—"

"When you're older in the royal service you'll see that it's convenient to have a few tapestries," he told her with a good humored laugh. "See how handy this one is now!"

"But I shall feel rather—"

"Merely the novelty of it," he assured her consolingly.

"You are to be keeper of the tapestries," he said.

"You make three or four appearances at court, and nothing more will be necessary. I hope you like your appointment."

Sophy laughed delightedly. "It's charming—and very amusing," she said. "I'm getting very much interested in your country, general."

"My country is returning your kind compliment, I am sure," he replied. "His tone had grown dry, and he seemed to be watching her now. She waved her hands toward the Virgin with the lamp. The massive figure stood in its old place by the window."

"What a lot I owe to her," she cried.

"We all owe much," said Stenovic.

"The prince thought some people might be angry with me, because Captain Mistleth is a favorite."

"Very possible, I'm afraid, very possible, but in the future we must do our duty, and—"

"Risk the consequences?" Yes!

"If we can't control them, Mlle. de Groche." He paused a moment and then went on: "The court martial on Mistleth is convened for Saturday. Stenovic won't be well enough to be tried for another two or three weeks."

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"But you mean in effect? Well, I'm not ashamed. Surely they deserve death."

"Undoubtedly—if Rastatz is wrong and your memory is right."

"The prince's own story?"

"He isn't committed to any story yet."

Sophy rested her chin on her hand and regarded her companion closely. He did not avoid her glance.

"You're wondering what I mean—what I'm after?" he asked her, smiling quietly. "Oh, yes, I see you are. Go on wondering, thinking, watching things about you for a day or two. There are three days between now and Saturday. You'll see me again before Saturday, and I've no doubt you'll see the prince."

"If Rastatz were right and my memory wrong?"

He smiled still. "The offense against discipline would be so much less serious. The prince is a disciplinarian. To speak with all respect, he forgets sometimes that discipline is in the last analysis, only a part of policy—a means, not an end. The end is always the safety and tranquillity of the state." He spoke with weighty emphasis.

The offense against discipline! An attempt to assassinate!

"I see you cling to your own memory. You won't have anything to say to Rastatz?" He rose and bowed over her hand. "Much may happen between now and Saturday. Look about you, watch and think."

The general's final injunction, at least, Sophy lost no time in obeying, and on the slightest thought three things were obvious—the king was very grateful to her. Stenovic had foretold as the result of Mistleth's being put to death. But the prince was not afraid of the disturbance. Why should Stenovic be? The commandant was all confidence. Was the minister afraid?

In some sense he was afraid. That she accepted. But she hesitated to believe that he was afraid in the common sense that he was either lacking in nerve or overburdened with humanity, that he either feared fighting or would shrink from a salutary severity in repressing tumult. If he feared, he feared not for his own skin nor for the skin of others. He feared for his policy or his ambition.

These things were nothing to her. She was for the prince, for his policy and his ambition. Were they the same as Stenovic's? Even a novice at the game could see that this by no means followed of necessity. The king was elderly and went a-fishing. The prince was young and a martinet. In age Stenovic was between the two—nearly twenty years younger than the king, a dozen or so older than the prince. Under the present regime he had matters almost entirely his own way. At first sight there was of a certainly no reason why his ambitious should coincide precisely with those of the prince. Fifty-nine, forty-one, twenty-eight—the ages of the three men in themselves illuminated the situation—that is, if, had no such power over twenty-eight.

New to such meditations, yet with a native pleasure in them, taking to the troubled waters as though born a swimmer, Sophy thought and watched and looked about, but to her own part as to whether Rastatz was right, whether that most vivid and indelible memory of hers was wrong, were questions which awaited the sole determination of the Prince of Siam.

Her attitude would have been unchanged, but her knowledge much increased, could she have been present at a certain meeting on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris that same evening. Markat, there, and little Rastatz, whose timely flight and accommodating memory rendered him today not only a free man, but a personage of value. But neither did more than wait on the words of the third member of the party—Colonel Staffitz of the Hussars, who had an old feud with Mistleth, for whom Mistleth had mistaken the Prince of Siam. A most magnanimous, forgiving gentleman apparently, this spare, slim built man with shaggy hair and eyes. His whole concern was to get Mistleth out of the mess! The feud he seemed to remember not at all. It was a feud of convenience, a feud to swear to at the court martial. He was as ready to accommodate Stenovic with the use of his name as Rastatz was to offer the requisite modifications of his memory. But there, with that supply of a convenient fiction, his pliability stopped. He spoke to Markat, using him as a conduit pipe—the words would flow through to General Stenovic.

"If the general doesn't want to see me now—and I can understand that he mustn't be caught confabulating with any supposed enemies in an affair—you must make it plain to him how matters stand. Somehow and by some means our dear Hercules must be saved. Hercules is an ass, but so are most of the men in this mess, and he's the only one who can save the situation."

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## A CANADIAN AVIATOR.

Victoria, B.C., Man Hopes to Fly to San Francisco.

A private test was made in Victoria, B.C., recently, of an airplane, which was built and which the inventor, William Gibson, an Ayshire mechanical engineer, weighed \$1,000 and will carry him safely to the Seattle Exposition within half an hour when he is ready for the flight, and will accomplish the Victoria-to-San Francisco flight within five hours.

The craft, now almost completed, is a monoplane 65 feet long, radically different from other designs, as it shows no great width, 14 feet in the extreme. Gibson's speed is in his engine, which weighs but 225 pounds, while developing sixty horse-power, the four air-cooled cylinders, each of the size of a pound each. This is much the lightest engine ever made proportionate to the developed horse-power, the nearest approach being a Russian invention, weighing 400 pounds to develop 100 horse-power, and the Wright machine, weighing 750 pounds, with but 25 horse-power.

Gibson claims superior stability and simplicity over the Wrights' and all existing machines, and that he can operate his craft. It automatically rights itself under any wind conditions, as shown by the working model, which is only a few feet in length, and can be tilted in two feet.

Should anything befall the engine and cause it to stop in the air, it will crash in ten miles before coming gradually down regulated by the tilting of the planes.

The ship is designed to start in fifty feet and descend in any level on the three wheels attached. Gibson had a forty-mile section to build for the Grand Trunk Pacific, afterwards inventing and building a successful stamp mill. Backed by a strong syndicate, he is patenting the features of his invention in all countries, and as soon as his ideas are protected he will make his Seattle flight, which, over the whole coast of B.C., will be in half an hour.

William Le Queux Says German Spies Are in England.

William Le Queux's second war-scare book, "Spies of the Kaiser," has just been published in this country by the Macmillan Company of Canada. Mr. Le Queux is convinced that England is in danger of invasion by the Germans at no distant date, and some time ago in his volume, "The Invasion of 1910," he warned the British people of the certainty of this impending disaster unless they awoke to the reality of their danger and turned their backs on the world of pleasure. This startling forecast, made in the form of fiction, caused a sensation and raised a storm of disapproval in the circles of the New York Times. Le Queux has issued another warning, also through the medium of fiction. Five thousand agents of the German secret police, he asserts, are in the British Isles, and he has foretold the methods of these spies, and is in possession of documents to prove the seriousness of the situation, the danger of which he has made known in his present volume.

WHICH?

Smith was working in his yard. Pushing his lawn mower he saw Brown, who happened then to pass. Asked, "Well, out to your garden?" "No," said Smith. "To have a walk in the midst of arctic glazes."

Brown walked on and took his head. Musing over what Smith said.

Smith was in a barbe. A top. He came in with a saucer. Asked, "They're clipping off your hair?" "No," said Smith. "I'm making bricks. Also weaving candle wick."

Jones walked very softly out. With his mind quite full of doubt.

Smith was riding on a car. He was in the jolt and jar. Black got out and asked beside. "Out to take a little ride?" "No," said Smith. "I'm climbing trees."

Black got off and tapped his brow. Thinking Smith was dotty now.

Smith was lunching in a place. What the busy waiter said. White came in from off the street. Asked, "Do you come here to eat?" "No," said Smith. "To have a sing Jovous lyrics of the spring."

White walked solemnly away. And was serious all day.

Brown and Jones and Black and White met together that same night. And took steps to put poor Smith down as a casey up for me.

Callahan—Oh did. Of sez to him, "Casey," sez Ol. "Ye're honest an' truthful an' ye're no coward, an' ye work hard an' ye're no dabbler, an' ye don't get drunk an' lick yer wolve, but in other respects ye're no better than Dolan"—Human Life.

Animals as Photographers.

A new camera, with which wild animals can take their own photographs, is shown at an exhibition given by the London Stereoscopic Co. at their studios in Regent street. A piece of string is suspended between two trees and when the animals come into contact with the string it fires the fuse and opens the shutter of the camera simultaneously.

Stood Up For Him.

Dolan—So Casey was runnin' me down an' ye stood up for me?

Callahan—Oh did. Of sez to him, "Casey," sez Ol. "Ye