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Used Internally and Externally.
Two sizes, 50c. and 10c. bottles.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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CHAPTER I.

THE gloomiest spot in Paris, fit for the gloomiest man. The words were spoken by a young man who stood leaning in an attitude expressive of weariness and dejection against one of the grim walls of a bridge over the Seine.

The spot, as might be inferred from the remark, was far from the brilliant lights and gay life of the chief bridges, the boulevards, the principal quays. It was dark with the darkness loved by criminals. Few people passed that way at night, and had there been many the young man would scarcely have been noticed.

"I believe I have 5 francs left," he muttered to himself. "The prospects are delightful."

A shiver ran through his frame. He looked down at the dark, forbidding water. It swirled below his feet either in invitation or derision. It depended on the man.

Buckford Wallace was an American. He was young. He had sought Paris with a well filled purse, a heart full of hope and ambition and a belief that he was a born artist. Within less than a year he had emptied his purse, lost hope and changed his belief to this—that he was a born fool.

At any rate he could not draw, neither could he paint. The full aback of the realization did not come to him till he had spent his money and learned that the uncle who had been supporting him in luxury had died and left his fortune to his nieces, none of whom was on marrying or even friendly terms with Buckford.

Buckford Wallace saw nothing ahead but the bitterness and gloom of poverty.

A month before he had believed himself to hold a fortune securely in his hands and to possess talent enough to make a name for himself. Today he knew that 5 francs was all he had and did not know where another franc was to come from.

Despair was in the young man's heart, and it was a pity for he was a handsome youth, free from the follies and vices so common to those who live idly and at ease in Paris. He was brave enough too. But at 22 one does not face poverty and misfortune as one faces a human antagonist.

Buckford Wallace had not contemplated suicide. He had, in his heart misery, wandered to that lonely spot to think over his next necessary step.

Even had he thought of ending his life and his troubles he would be forgiven by all except those who have had little life and no troubles.

But whatever was passing through Buckford's mind, his attitude was certainly that of a man who was about to plunge into the Seine.

Perhaps at that moment he did not even know the Seine was there.

It was the appearance of his sinister motive that set the pieces of this history in motion.

A man was lurking in the still deeper shadows on that bridge. This man wore a large cloak which almost enveloped him and served as a rude disguise. A slouch hat was drawn over his eyes. These eyes were like those of a cat. They could see in the dark. They could stand anything but honest light.

"Heavens!" this man was muttering to himself. "There is a young fool who is sick of life. Weary of the struggle, he is about to end himself ignobly, when, if he chose, he could devote his life to the service of humanity and win immortality and fame."

This was a strange sentiment to come from the lips of a man who skulked in the dark, wearing a disguise.

"And," he added, as Buckford leaned farther out over the water, "just when we need a man who courts death!" Buckford, oblivious of the presence of the other, gazed down into the swirling water.

"I believe," he said to himself, "if I had not been born a Wallace or had not had my own dear mother to teach me in my youth I would feel tempted to jump into that water and find rest."

A light touch on his shoulder startled him.

"Monsieur, do not attempt it. You might succeed, but there is a doubt. If you must do it, there is a way."

"What the deuce do you mean?" asked Wallace, drawing back in startled amazement from the stranger.

"Hush! Not so loud! The police can hear even in the dark and on this bridge. We are two brothers in misfortune. I, who am older, have learned the way out. I pity you. I will lead you as I myself was led when younger."

"I—I thank you," stammered Wallace. "But I really don't need to be led."

"Come! We are fencing. Do you deny that in one moment, had I not accented you, you would now be in the Seine?"

For a moment Wallace hesitated in doubt as to the other's meaning. Then, the dark cloak and slouch hat acting as a source of inspiration, he laughed.

"Oh, my friend," he said, "I had not got so far down as that."

"But you were near it. Listen. If I am not mistaken, you are an Ameri-

can. When an American despairs, he curses God and dies. Perhaps you have lost your last sou at the games."

"I spent it for food and lodging," said Wallace, wondering why he stood there talking with this mysterious and disreputable stranger.

"Bah! You are childish! Yet I ask no confidences. I am willing to be your friend. One thing is certain—you need money and do not know how to procure it."

"Well?"

"I stand ready to show you. Take my arm and let us saunter across. We will smoke. It will cheer you."

Another brief moment Wallace hesitated.

"This fellow," he said to himself, "is undoubtedly a bad one. What he thinks of me I cannot fathom. What he intends I have no idea. Yet the night holds nothing better for me than the worst he can offer, as long as it is not a crime. I will see the thing to the end. It is not the first adventure I have had in Paris."

"You are silent," said he of the cloak.

"You fear me, yet a short time ago you were courting death."

"Is that so?" asked Wallace, hiding a grin. "I see you are a mind reader as well as a philanthropist."

The arm on which his fingers rested lightly seemed to tremble.

"Yes, I am a philanthropist. I work for the good of humanity."

"So it seems."

At 22 an adventure is charming. Wallace had had more than one. He knew Paris thoroughly. He resolved again to see to what the fellow's seeming friendship would lead.

They left the bridge and joined the throng on a well lighted street. It was not a fashionable quarter, yet there was much of the lighter side of life to be seen under the arc lights.

They passed an inviting cafe, and then the stranger veered round and made for the door.

"You spoke of food. There is plenty of it here."

"I do not remember saying I was hungry," replied Wallace.

"No, you did not. But it is near midnight. And at midnight all men who have not just eaten are either hungry or asleep."

Wallace smiled and followed.

"The fellow is a character worth knowing," he said to himself. "A true child of Bohemia."

Wallace had learned many things, but he had not yet learned to read all men.

A trifling but pleasing supper was set before them. They ate it with many a quiet jest, neither of the strangely met pair telling the other his name or the details of his life. It was as if they had tacitly resolved to forget the unpleasant episode so fortunately ended.

They drank their wine and smoked again.

"Come," said the man of the cloak. "It is 2 o'clock. You must long for sleep."

He spoke and acted as though Wallace had been in the streets a month. On the contrary, he had not yet quitted the comfortable lodging he had occupied since he had become a temporary resident of Paris.

"I could sleep," he answered, "but I will not trouble you so far as to trust to you for a bed. I think I know where I can find one."

"Ah, ha! But, now I have got you, I will not let you go. Men who long for death are too few just now. You are a prize, my brother, a prize."

Wallace had determined to give his quondam friend the slip, return to his

lodging and make preparation for leaving on the morrow. The fellow's remark altered his resolution.

"Hello!" he remarked mentally.

"There is something in the wind greater than I thought. This fellow is a conspirator of some kind, and a big kind at that. The rascals of Paris never lack tools to do their work. This must be something extraordinary. I'll just let him go on, and perhaps I'll have a chance to defeat a crime."

"What do you say?" asked the cloaked stranger.

"Oh, since you are so kind, I will accept," said Wallace. "But I do know where I could sleep."

"Oh, any one does, even if it is a haystack. But come with me."

They walked briskly several blocks and turned several corners.

"This is the Rue de Mont-Rouge," said the guide.

Wallace suppressed an exclamation. He had heard of the Rue de Mont-Rouge. It was well-known as a street of mysteries.

"Here we are," said his guide in another moment. "You will find our friend Jacques very hospitable. I assure you."

"So Jacques, then, is the host? But the name of my friend I do not know." "Oh, my name! Call me brother."

Wallace did not hurry to avail himself of this privilege.

They entered the door before which the stranger had stopped. It led to a small anteroom where a middle aged man sat dozing in a chair before a desk.

"Wake up, my friend," said the guide in a tone of reproach. "We are too weary to allow this."

"Oh, you!" exclaimed the sleeper, rousing himself. "And that other?"

"Is my friend. Will you be good enough to give him a comfortable room and bed?"

"Well," grunted the drowsy host, "I could not do it even to oblige you."

"And why, then? May I venture to ask that?"

"For the simple reason that the house is full. Even in your own room there is another."

"What! Come, this will never do! Have I not warned you against that?"

"Warned? Yes, you warned. But he ordered me to admit all who gave the word."

"Oh, as to that, it is all right. But really this poor fellow has not slept in a bed in a month. He must be accommodated."

"But who is he? Is he one of our?"

"He is a candidate who may surprise you all within a week."

"Oh, ah! Indeed! We must see what can be done."

Wallace and his guide sank into chairs, while the sleepy lodging house keeper plodded around in his slippers.

"He will find you a place," said the stranger.

"I shall welcome it," said Wallace, with a yawn. "Any place now. It is 8 o'clock."

Jacques, if that was the name of the sleepy head, left the office. While he was out there entered from some other portion of the inn a tall, over-dressed man whose features were those of a wolf. His keen, shifty eyes lighted up when he saw the cloaked stranger, but darkened with distrust when he saw Wallace.

"Who is this?" he asked, pointing toward Buckford.

"The niceties of polite society haven't made much impression here," said Wallace to himself.

"This is a companion I picked up on the Pont du"

To be Continued.

Found It, All Right.



Farmer Tuff—Here, what are you set traps in my field for?



"Don't tell me you haven't. I saw you put one right in—"



—"there!"

—Chicago News.

(Paul—Percy, what is your idea of success?)

Percy—My idea of success! Well, it is having people run after me who used to run away from me.

Stubs—Scripps tells me he gave you an elegant edition of Shakespeare as a Christmas present.

Scripps—Yes, he did; then he borrowed it and kept it six months!

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