



Kossuth—Greatest of Hungarians

THIS noble lover of Liberty was to his beloved Hungary what Patrick Henry was to American Independence. Give me Liberty or give me death meant to Kossuth all that made life worth the living. He lived for ninety-two years, and his long and honorable career was devoted solely to secure for Hungary National Independence. For it he suffered imprisonment and exile. For it he worked as few men have ever worked. His fiery soul was expressed in his writing, and his impassioned oratory thundered across the two continents. All the world read and listened to this high-souled Hungarian patriot. When exiled our government sent the U.S. Steamer Mississippi to Turkey and brought him to our shores as the guest of the Nation. To-day we have millions of Hungarian citizens, each one a lover of Personal Liberty. To secure it they sought our shores, and to a man they will fight to the death to keep forever alive the spirit and letter of our immortal Declaration of Independence. They make good citizens, and like Kossuth detest prohibitory enactments which make the many suffer for the faults of the very few. For centuries Hungarians have as a nation been moderate users of barley brews and light wines. Their votes are always registered against any legislation which proposes to regulate human diet by law. Thou shalt NOT eat this—thou shalt NOT drink that—to those of brave Hungarian blood is insufferable tyranny. For 57 years Anheuser-Busch have been proud to serve their Hungarian patrons. They have helped to make the sales of their great brand Budweiser exceed those of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for Budweiser.

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**Only a Beggar;
—BUT—
A Queen Among Women**

CHAPTER XVI.

"No, no," she said quickly. "Ah, they don't think so, do they?" As she spoke, she looked wistfully toward the door; and Vane, who read every thought of hers, took her by the hand, and led her back to the entrance.

"You want to speak to them, Diana?" he said.

She made a gesture of assent; her lips parted and trembled, as she looked down upon the stalwart men massed at the bottom of the steps, every eye upturned to her with an eager expectancy. For a moment or two, no word would come; then, in a low voice, but so distinctly that the words reached the farthest fringe of the crowd, and went to the heart of every one of the faithful fellows, she said just two words that mean so much when they are spoken from the heart:

"Thank you!"
It was all that was necessary; it was done so spontaneously, with such heartfelt gratitude, that Vane glowed with appreciation, and the earl murmured "God bless her!" As if to mark his sense of the fact that

their welcome was intended for her, he kept in the background, and said no word.

The hall, its vast proportions and antique furniture and ornaments glowing redly in the light of the huge fire of logs in the open stone fireplace, seemed full of servants, male and female; but presently they dispersed, tea was brought in and served on the big oak table, and Diana was free to look round her.

She seemed to have entered an entirely new world, to have passed from the present to the past, for their was scarcely anything that was new and modern in the objects that met her eyes. The very staircase was of stone; the armor, the shields hanging on the walls, the trophies of arms and weapons of the chase, all spoke eloquently of the historic past.

And there were still wonders to come; for, when she and Vane were left alone, and there was silence, save for the laughing voices of Bertie and Mabel, as they went along the corridor, Vane took her into the great banqueting-hall, with its tapestried walls, its rudely carved fireplace, its decorations of antlers, coats of mail, broad-swords and helmets; and from there to the drawing-room, which, though modernized in accordance with the luxury-loving present, was still eloquent of a bygone age, for here there was no electric light, and the soft gleam which fell on priceless furniture, old brocade, illuminated

carving and pictures of incalculable value, came from wax-candles in sconces wrought from the copper which had been found in some part of the vast estate. All was subdued in color and design; but so impressive, so grand in its modesty and dignity, that Diana held her breath, as with Vane's arm round her, she looked about her.

Of course, he was not so much impressed. To him it was a familiar sight. He had played about the rooms in this vast castle as a child. Its grandeur, its feudal staidness, were to him almost commonplace; but he tried to project himself into Diana's mind, and her appreciation and admiration gave him pleasure.

"Will you see any more of it, dearest, or shall we wait until to-morrow?" he asked. "I am so afraid you will be overtired."

"No, no," she said eagerly. "I am not in the least tired. It is all so wonderful, so beautiful. I feel as if you ought to be in a kilt, with a broadsword in your hand and an eagle's feather in your bonnet."

He laughed. "I don't know about the broadsword; we shall have to dispense with that, I'm afraid; but you will see me in a kilt, all right, to-morrow. Come and look at the corridor. A good many of the family portraits are there; and it's on your way to your room, where, I expect, Janet, your maid, is anxiously awaiting you. Diana, if you tried with all your might, you couldn't realize the joy, the delight, your presence here gives me. I feel—oh, what is the use of my trying to tell you what I feel!" He drew her toward him and crushed her against his breast. "And to think," as he bent and kissed her, "that I shall have you beside me all my life, that you will move about these rooms and bless them with your presence; that I shall only have to call 'Diana!' and you will come to me!"

As they went up the great stone staircase, he told her lightly of the fight that had once taken place on it between some of the Clan Glenaskel and another clan, which had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the castle.

"Some of them got in, right enough; but, I believe, none of them ever got out again. Behold the portraits of the family. Rum-looking lot, aren't they?"

"Some of the women are very beautiful," said Diana.

"None so beautiful as my darling's portrait will be," Dalesford returned. "There's a place for her there, by the organ. My father was talking the other day of having you painted. It must be done." He saw Janet standing in the doorway with an anxious look on her face. "These are your rooms, dearest. I hope you will like them."

He stood in the doorway and looked at her fondly as she gazed round amazedly.

"Oh, Vane, how beautiful! And it's my favorite color, too! Why, how did you know it?"

He laughed. "Ask the governor. He got it out of you. Oh, he's as artful as a magpie when he likes. But

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"I'm glad you're pleased, dearest." "Pleased!" she echoed. "Oh, Vane, it is all too good, too beautiful."

Janet had discreetly vanished into an adjoining room, and of course Vane took advantage of the fact.

"Nothing in this world could be too good, too beautiful for you, Diana," he said. "And now you will rest, dearest, until it is time to dress."

Diana had left Mrs. Burton very much better; but she had implored her to telegraph, and the telegram was lying on the table. It was very short; just a few words:

"I am quite well; do not be anxious about me. Enjoy yourself and be happy. Mary Burton."

Janet insisted upon her young mistress lying down for awhile; but Diana found it difficult to rest, and was soon up and dressing. She listened for the gong, but in place of it there arose the weird, impressive strains of the bag-pipes.

She went downstairs and found Vane waiting in the hall. He looked up at her with love and admiration in his eyes; and with just cause, for surely no more graceful or more beautiful woman, not excepting even those of the Glenaskel family, had ever descended those historic stairs. She still wore black; but the great Parisian master had "composed" an evening gown for her which, in form and texture, accentuated her lissome figure and the healthy pallor of her face. Vane smiled at her proudly, and, drawing her arm within his, led her to the drawing-room.

The piper was still filling the castle with the strains of the half-martial, half-joyous strains, and, marching round the hall, he now appeared at the door of the drawing-room. He was a giant of a man, six feet two or three, and broad in proportion; he held his head high, his eye flashed fire, he moved with a proud and masterful step, as if he were leading a host to battle; and he led the way to the dining-room, and walked round it twice as the company took their seats.

The meal was a stately one. How could it be otherwise, seeing that the table was laden with silver plate, upon which royal eyes had rested and from which royalty had eaten; that a servant in rich livery stood behind every chair, and that the distant sound of the bagpipes, playing on the terrace, kept up a weird and impressive accompaniment to the conversation.

It might have been too stately a meal but for Mabel and Bertie, who, seated at the end of the table, were full of chatter and laughter. To both of these young people, state and ceremony were just an elaborate joke; and, strange to say, the earl, instead of resenting their levity, regarded them with an indulgent eye. In fact, the old man was far too happy to be critical or censorious; for was not his only son and heir seated near him, and was not the young girl he loved, his future daughter, close beside him; so close that he could talk to her and touch her hand, fill her glass and press upon her some one of the many dainties of the elaborate meal?

Little wonder if Diana, as she sat in the great drawing-room, listening to Mabel's light chatter, asked herself if she were moving in a land of dreams, and if it were actually the fact that she, the schoolmistress of Wedbury, was sitting there in this vast castle, its future mistress. Perhaps she realized it, or nearly realized it, when she and Dalesford walked up and down the terrace which overlooked the ravine, with its torrential river tearing in a silver gleam between the ridges of pine.

She was so tired that night that she slept until the beggars proclaimed the hour of rising. It was an early hour, for she moved at no sluggish pace at Glenaskel. The invited guests were expected, and the serious business of selecting and fitting was commencing. In the evening, several of the guests arrived, a murmur of excitement ran through the vast place, guns and firing rods were very much in evidence.

(To be Continued.)

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Information

A letter from the of Quebec, to the Civic Commission, w last night's meeting Frederick Sack (or foundlander, had Hale Hospital, Que and that information abouts of the man quired. The decessa trimmer on the C. Quebec and his ad other members of the Street, St. John's, Shipping Master of mad was buried at 31st. Any friends o asked to forward they may have conce J. L. Slatters, Secre cial Council, who v to the proper author

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