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OF MEN AND WOMEN

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Don't let your life be drained away, which weakens the intellect as well as the body. There is no room in this world for mental, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our New Method Treatment will stop all unnatural losses, Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make a man of you. If you are in trouble, call and consult us. Consultation is Free. We treat and cure Dropsy, Blood Diseases, Venereal, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Gleet, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, No cutting or operations. No detention from business. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Free. Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

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THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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CHAPTER VI. A BOLD PLOT.

THE police of Paris at last believed that a plot of some kind existed, and measures were taken to protect the Prince of Denesla and his household while they should remain in Paris. The police also endeavored to unravel the mystery of Buckford's disappearance and the death of Monroe.

The solution of this mystery was found so late that in its own time it would be of no use to us, so well did the rascals of the Rue de Mont-Rouge cover their tracks.

It will therefore be necessary to use the privilege of the historian and relate in this chapter what happened to Buckford Wallace and how the American, Monroe, met his untimely death.

There never was a daredevil in Paris or out of it more ready for an adventure than Bob Monroe. Circumstances had led him to Paris while young. He was rich, well born and well liked. He married a Parisian woman and set up an elegant home in a quarter much frequented by Americans.

Marriage, of course, put an end to most of Bob's adventures. There was no more hunting big game in Asia, no potting African chiefs in the jungle, no tiger bating, no shooting the rapids in canoes, no crossing the Mediterranean in balloons.

But the old spirit was still in him, and in a good cause it was sure to come to the front.

And he thought he had found a good cause.

Monroe was sitting at his favorite window in the American club on the day he disappeared. A visitor was announced, and there came to him a well dressed man of respectable appearance and apparently a Parisian.

"Pardon, monsieur," said this man. "Have I the extreme pleasure of meeting M. Monroe, the American?"

"That is my name," said Monroe.

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing for me, monsieur. I have come not to ask a favor, but to confer one."

"Good," said Monroe. "That will be a new experience. What are you about to do for me?"

"Monsieur sees fit to jest. But does monsieur read the police news of Paris?"

"No. I fear I am not up to such lofty literature."

"Then monsieur does not know that his friend and compatriot is under arrest on the charge of murder?"

Monroe became interested at once.

"My friend and fellow countryman? Whom do you mean?"

"The young artist. Is his name not M. Wallace?"

"Buckford Wallace arrested for murder? Impossible. He is as harmless as a kitten."

"True, I did not say he did the murder, monsieur. I said he was under arrest. Unfortunately, the circumstances do point to him as the culprit. He was taken in the very house with the murdered man. The police are desperate and will undoubtedly fasten the crime upon him. An innocent man, monsieur, will die for a crime another committed."

"Heaven! I will go to him at once. Has he counsel? Has the American minister been notified? When was he taken?"

"Be calm, monsieur. The American minister can do nothing. Pardon me for maintaining as a secret my own

There came to him a well dressed man, apparently a Parisian.

identity. I am closely connected with the police. A hint of what I am doing would result in my being found dead some morning in my bed. I came to you, monsieur, because I knew you were brave, shrewd and rich. Upon you, and you alone, depends the safety of this man."

"How? I don't see why the representative of our country could not set him free at once."

The visitor laughed.

"You know, monsieur, that the course of law in Paris is slow and full of intricacies. An appeal to your minister would bring about a long diplomatic controversy. While that is going on poor M. Wallace will be found in his cell some morning dead. People are often found dead in Paris, monsieur."

"Heaven! You mean the police would murder him and call it suicide?"

"Yes, monsieur, to end the matter and prove his guilt."

Monroe spent a moment in deep study.

"I see you mean that I shall connive at his escape in some way. Where is he?"

"In the depot for the detention of accused criminals."

"Horror! I could never get him out of there."

"But I think if monsieur will follow what I tell him he can do it very easily."

"Well, proceed. Be as quick as you can. I am burning with impatience to go to the poor fellow."

"You shall, monsieur, and when you go you shall take him liberty."

The visitor then proceeded to give a clear story of the crime of which Buckford was charged. It is not necessary to repeat it here. Suffice to say that it was, in most respects, true.

"Now, monsieur, you will of course be surprised to know that your friend was in this disreputable quarter. He went there, monsieur, from the purest motives. He had overheard in some way a plot to kill a certain prince who is now in Paris, incognito. The real title of this prince is the Prince of Denesla, a small country in eastern Europe. The prince is now in Paris under the name of Count Rockmiller. He has with him his wife, Princess Margaret, and his sister, the Princess Marie Alexia."

"It was in the service of this family, monsieur, that your friend became involved in these difficulties. Now the Prince of Denesla is really a proud and cold hearted man, who cares nothing for the unfortunates he may cause to lose life or liberty. An appeal to him would be useless. The police, anxious and eager to show their alertness, will hurry the execution of your friend. They will stop his mouth so that the story of the plot they failed to unravel will not reach the prince. Nothing will save him, unless you are ready to accept the one chance open to you. It requires courage, skill, and a disregard for French law."

"I hold all law in respect," replied Monroe, "but this is something very disturbing. It is not law, but the abuse of law that we are talking of."

"Exactly," said the visitor with delight. "I have met M. Wallace a few times, and have followed this case carefully. I am convinced that he is no more guilty of the murder of M. de Bullion than I am. The unfortunate part of it is that we can prove nothing. The pocketbook is condemnatory evidence. He was taken in the very house. You see, monsieur?"

Monroe sniggered.

"Tell me what to do. If I can save him, I will."

"Good. It so happens that the magistrate who has charge of the case is M. Senecal, a good and worthy man. He is not prejudiced or cruel. There is connected with the household of the Prince of Denesla a young man about your age, height and appearance. His name is Bosso Duvally. He fills the position in Denesla of the captain of the prince's guard. In Paris he is a sort of high body servant to protect the prince. He has charge really of the entire establishment."

"Now, it is most fortunate that I am personally acquainted with the coachman of the prince—a worthy German, somewhat stolid and not overbright. It will be an easy matter for you to have the carriage of the prince at your service in an hour."

"My plan is this: You, monsieur, will need two disguises. You will need a footman; take your own. You will then need a disguise exactly like the liver worn by the footman."

"You will also need a disguise including heavy whiskers and false hair."

"Having acquired these, you go in the equipage of the prince to the house of the magistrate, M. Senecal. You will present this card, which I was fortunate enough to obtain, bearing the name of Bosso Duvally. You see it bears the name simply and no hint of his position. It is used perhaps in his gallantries in Paris; Senecal will undoubtedly be delighted at the visit. He will do anything for the prince. Tell him any story you make up, keeping to the facts I have stated."

"I will do my best, monsieur."

"Good. I will now hasten to my part, hoping that monsieur will find no difficulty in doing his."

"I thank you. I would be pleased to know your name. I must find a way to thank you truly a friend."

"Ah, not now, monsieur! I am, as I said, of the police. But if monsieur brings his friend to the address I gave him he will see me there, and then we will exchange confidences."

He was gone.

Monroe, seeing nothing and thinking of nothing but the rescue of Buckford Wallace from a certain death, hurried about making sundry purchases.

He sent to his house for a footman. This footman received strict orders, and the strictest of all was that, no matter what happened to Monroe, his mouth was to be kept sealed. Not a word of the escape of the prisoner was to leak out.

The footman's work consisted simply in sitting with the coachman, doing the usual footman's duty till the fall was reached and then taking himself off out of sight and going home alone.

At 3 in the afternoon the splendid equipage of the prince stopped at the club for Monroe. The footman, who had been waiting, informed Monroe, and the American managed to make his exit without exciting comment.

We have already seen the result of the visit to M. Senecal. We know that Monroe managed to gain admittance to the jail.

Now let us see what happened there. When the black bearded man entered the cell, Buckford was sitting disconsolately on a wooden stool thinking of the perilous situation he was in and the difficulty of getting out of it. He looked up, saw the bearded man and supposed he was the investigating magistrate.

When the door was closed and the attendant out of hearing, Monroe tore the beard from his face.

"Hello, old fellow! Don't you know me?" he asked.

To be Continued.

EASY FOR HIM.

"Well, my daughter," said the man with the round face, "has married a boy who, I think, will be able to send his name ringing down the corridors of time all right."

"I'm glad to hear that," his companion replied. "Let's see, whom did she marry?"

"A young fellow named Bell."

HIS ONLY LOVE.

McJigger—"What's the book your reading?"

Thingumbob—"It's the story of the only man the author ever loved."

McJigger—"Ah! it's by a woman, eh?"

Thingumbob—"No; by a man. It's his autobiography."

It sometimes happens that after gaining a foothold a man is unable to make headway.

Ask him for an order admitting you to the jail to see M. Wallace privately. He will give it to you to favor the prince.

"Having received the order, drive to the jail. On the way put on the footman's disguise and over that the other. You will be admitted to the cell of the prisoner. Tell him what awful danger he is in. Give him the outer disguise. Get him into the corridor. He then becomes sick. You, his footman, assist him to the waiting carriage. The coachman, who will be posted beforehand, will take you to a place where the prisoner can be hidden among friends till he can be got out of Paris. Is the plan clear to you, monsieur?"

"It is a bold one. I doubt if it succeeds. Prisoners cannot be taken out of the Palais de Justice at will."

"The Palais de Justice is as easily robbed of its victims as any other temple of oppression. I am sure the plan will succeed. Still, if monsieur fears to try it, then let the poor young man die a victim to the inefficiency of the Paris police."

Monroe's heart beat rapidly. He had never indulged in pranks that involved breaking laws. But here was a case which appealed to his sense of justice and fair play. If he could rescue his young countryman, then there would be time to employ detectives, trace the real murderer, and clear Wallace from suspicion. But to leave him there to die as this police agent said—it was horrible.

He sent for the papers of the last two days. He read the details of the arrest. He saw in every article a rabid hatred of the young prisoner because he was an American. At that time the spirit of enmity toward Americans was high in Paris. America had had the effrontery to thrash a sordid and racially nation having Latin blood. Therefore all Latin blood boiled at America.

Monroe made his decision.

"If I do not act, they will kill him in his cell, even if they have proof that he did not commit the murder," he said. "I will do what I can."

The police agent bowed. He wrote on a small piece of paper.

"Take that, monsieur. It is the address to which the German coachman will bring you."

Monroe took the paper, glanced at it and put it in his pocket.

"There is just one thing to be feared," he said. "Wallace is a peculiar chap. He is the soul of honor. Suppose he will not try to escape."

"There are such people, monsieur. They hold their faith with their enemies at the cost of their lives. I had just such a case once in which I played the role of rescuer. A young officer had been taken prisoner. He had given his parole not to escape. I found an opportunity for him to go and urged him. He refused because he had given his word. What did I do? Leave him to a cruel fate at the hand of a treacherous foe? No; I drugged him and carried him away by force. He was innocent, monsieur, and he was saved."

"I will think of it. When I go into a thing, I go in to win."

"Good! I will now hasten to my part, hoping that monsieur will find no difficulty in doing his."

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