

world for many years,' he said, "and I know that European politics do not interest you at all. You have no idea, I suppose, who Mr. John Peters is?"

"Not the slightest," his friend answered.

"You remember the old King Ferdinand, who was compelled to fly from the country to make room for the republic?"

His friend nodded. "Yes," he said, "I remember hearing about him. He died a few weeks afterward in Paris, did n't he?"

The other nodded. "Well, this is his nephew, the crown prince as he was then, Mr. John Peters as he now calls himself. This is democracy, if you like. There are no end of stories about, but I believe it is perfectly true that the man who engineered the whole revolution, who placed before the people a complete scheme of government, and who has some of the finest ideas that have ever been expressed on the relative position of the state and the people, is that man."

His friend looked with curiosity at John Peters, who, limping slightly, was looking brown and well and was moving about, shaking hands right and left.

"How on earth did he reconcile that sort of thing," he asked, "with his position as crown prince of the country?"