

THE JINGO .

CHAPTER I

THE PRINCESS BEZZANNA GOES INTO THE STORM

THE king slapped his hand to the back of his neck and jumped to his feet. Shaking the rain from his hair, he slammed and bolted the big wooden shutters just behind him. The princess, in the supple devilment of her nineteen years, leaned meekly against the shutters, but there was a suspicious spark in the wide brown eyes with which she held her brother's attention.

"We only stuck our noses out!" she deceptively apologized, as her slim brown hand slid stealthily up to the bolt.

The king laughed in spite of himself as he gazed down on her, her curling brown hair gleaming wet and the raindrops glistening on her oval face; and he shook his head at his younger brother, a tall boy of seventeen, who stood laughing behind her, quite ready for any mischief the girl might suggest.