

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA

By Anthony Hope

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda"

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(Continued.)

Stenovics greeted him cordially, smoothed away his apprehension, acquainted him with the nature of his mission and with the gist of the letter which he was to carry. Stenovics seemed more placid tonight than for some time back, possibly because he had got Starnitz quietly out of Slavna. "Beg M. Zerkovitch to give the letter to Baroness Dobrava (he called her that to LePAGE) as soon as possible and to urge her to listen to it. Add that we shall be ready to treat her with every consideration—any title in reason and any provision in reason too. It's all in my letter, but repeat it on my behalf, LePAGE."

"I shouldn't think she'd take either title or money, general," said LePAGE bluntly. "You think she's disinterested? No doubt, no doubt! She'll be the more ready to see the uselessness of prolonging her present attitude." He grew almost vehement as he laid his hand on a large map which was spread out.

LePAGE looked at the minister thoughtfully.

on the table in front of him. "I look here, LePAGE. This is Monday. By Wednesday evening Colonel Starnitz will be at Kolsko—here!" He put his finger by the spot. "On Thursday morning he'll start back. The baggage-travel well, and—yes—I think he'll have his guns here by Sunday, less than a week from now. Yes, on Thursday night he ought to reach Eveson, on Friday night, on Saturday the lock at Miklevil, on Saturday the lock at Miklevil that would bring him here on Sunday. Yes, the lock at Miklevil on Saturday, I think." He looked up at LePAGE almost imploringly. "If she hesitates, show her the map. She's bound to be here in less than a week!"

LePAGE cocked his head on one side and looked at the minister thoughtfully. It all sounded very convincing. Colonel Starnitz would be at the lock at Miklevil on Saturday, and on Sunday with the guns at Slavna. And of course, arduous though the transport would be, they could be before Volseni in two or three days more. It was really no use resisting.

Stenovics passed a purse over to LePAGE. "For your necessary expenses," he said. LePAGE took up the purse, which felt well filled, and pocketed it. "The baroness mayn't fully appreciate what I've been saying," added Stenovics. "But Lukovitch knows every inch of the river. He'll make it quite plain if she asks him about it. And present her with my sincere respects and sympathy—my sympathy with her as a private person, of course. You mustn't commit me in any way, LePAGE."

"I think," said LePAGE, "that you're capable of looking after that department yourself, general. But aren't you making the colonel go a little too fast?"

"No, no; the barges will do about this."

"But he has a large force to move, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no! A large force? No, no! Only a company, just about a hundred strong, LePAGE. He sees. "Just about a hundred, I think."

"Ah, then he might keep time!" LePAGE agreed, still very thoughtfully.

"You'll start at once?" the general asked.

"Within an hour."

"That's right. We must run no unnecessary risks. Delays might mean new troubles."

He held out his hand and shook LePAGE warmly. "You must believe that I respect and share your grief at the king's death."

"Which king, general?"

"Oh, old King Alexis, of course! We must listen to the voice of the nation. Our new king lives and reigns. The voice of the nation, LePAGE?"

"Ah," said LePAGE dryly, "I'd been suspecting some ventriloquist."

General Stenovics honored the sally with a broad smile. He thought the representatives with colds would be amused if he repeated it. The pat on the shoulder which he gave LePAGE was a congratulation. "The animal is so very inarticulate of itself," he said.

"What's the matter?"

his chosen successor. All the men who could be spared from labor came into the city. They collected what few horses they could. They filled their little fortresses with provisions. They could not go to Slavna, but they awaited with confidence the day when Slavna should dare to move against them into the hills. Slavna had never been able to beat them in their own hills yet. The bold spirit even employed Lukovitch to lead them down in a raid on the plains. Lukovitch would sanction no more than a scouting party to see whether any movement was in progress from the other side. Peter Vassip rode down with his men to within a few miles of Slavna. For result of the expedition he brought back the news of the guns. The great guns, rumor said, had reached Kravonia and were to be in Slavna in a week.

"And it's all through her that the guns are here at all," said Zerkovitch with a sigh for the irony of it. "Dunstanbury laid his hand on Lukovitch's shoulder. "It's no use," he said. "We must get her safely away and then submit."

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TRUTHFUL ADVERTISING THE BASIS OF SUCCESS.

Since the Ingredients Entering Peruna Are Known, Its Power as a Cathartic Remedy and Tonic is Undoubted.

COLUMBUS, OHIO. The active ingredients entering the most popular household remedy in the world have been made known to the public. This means a new era in the advertising of popular family medicines—Peruna leads.

Peruna contains among other things, golden seal, powerful in its effect upon the mucous membranes. Codron seed, a rare medicine and unsurpassed tonic. Cubeba, valuable in nasal catarrh and affections of the kidneys and bladder. Stone root, valuable for the nerves, mucous membranes as well as in dropsy and indigestion.

new to point more fully the sharpening fears of superstition. The men held by her still, but their wives were grumbling at them in their homes.

Yess she not after all a stranger? Must Volseni lead the dust for her sake, for the sake of her who wore that ominous, inexplicable star?

Dunstanbury knew all this. Lukovitch hardly sought to deny it, though he was full of scorn for it, and Marie Zerkovitch had heard the tales of many wild old legends who had prophesied this and that from the first moment they saw the red star. Surely not slowly the enthusiasm which had crowned Sophy was turning into a fear which made the people shrink from her even while they pitied, even while they did not cease to love. The head of Heaven was against her and against those who were near her, said the women. The men still feligned not to hear. Had they not taken Heaven as witness that they would serve her and avenge the king? Alas, their simple vow was too primitive for days like these—too primitive for the days of the great guns which lay on the bosom of the Krath.

Dunstanbury had an interview with Sophy early on Tuesday morning, the day after Starnitz had started for Kolsko. He put his case with the blunt and honest native to him. In his devotion to her safety he did not spare her the truth. She listened with the smile devoid of happiness which her face now wore so often.

"I know it all," she said. "They begin to look differently at me as I walk through the street—when I go to the church. If I stay here long enough, they'll all call me a witch. But didn't they swear? And I haven't a sword? Are we to do nothing for monsigneur's memory?"

"What can we do against the guns? The men can die and the walls be tumbled down, and there are the women and children."

"Yes, I suppose we can do nothing. But it goes to my heart that they should leave monsigneur's guns."

"Your guns?" Dunstanbury reminded her, with a smile of whimsical sympathy.

"That's what they say in the city, too?" she asked.

"The old hags, who are clever at the weather and other mysteries. And of course Mme. Zerkovitch."

"Oh, of course, poor little Marie Zerkovitch," she exclaimed. "She's been sure I'm a witch ever since she's known me."

"I want you to come over the frontier with me and Basil Williamson. I've some influence, and I can assure you getting through all right."

"And then?"

"Whatever you like. I shall be utterly at your orders."

(To be continued.)

To be content look backward on those who possess less than yourself, not forward on those who possess more."

It's the easiest thing in the world for a man to deceive himself."

Some Close Shaves.

Mr. Dennis to-day attempted to establish an Australian record for shaving in the vicinity of the Temperance Hall that could show the slight vestige of a beard; and then Mr. Dennis reluctantly closed his razor, having established an Australian record.

He had also put up a record at a taceira barber; he had not spoken for eight minutes, and the longest operation lasted sixty-two seconds. The world's record in shaving is claimed by an English barber named Weeks, who shaved seven men in an hour. That record would probably have been beaten by Mr. Dennis had he obtained sufficient material to work on.—Sydney Morning Herald.

Mr. George Alexander, M.P.

The admirers of Mr. George Alexander, the English actor, will grieve to hear that, even if he does not altogether leave the stage, his appearances thereon are likely to be considerably fewer if his present ambitions are realized.

In 1907 the well-known actor-manager was elected to the London County Council by South St. Pancras, and now he contemplates contesting a constituency for Parliamentary honors.

It is interesting to recall that at the general election of Mr. Frank Lawson, who appeared in London on the Adelphi stage, afterwards becoming stage-manager for Mr. Chas. Frohman, and for the Grand Opera Syndicate at Covent Garden, contesting the Newport Division against Col. Kenyon-Slaney, and again, in 1908, against Mr. Deville Stamer, when Col. Kenyon-Slaney died.

Rich Father—My daughter is too young to get married. She is only eighteen. Impetuous Lover—No, I know, sir, but I have not patiently for years, and she doesn't seem to get any older.

Early Intelligence.

Sunday School Teacher (glancing the curriculum)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale. Johnny—Isn't it strange they knew what a whale was that long ago?

His Only Salvation.

The polar explorer faced his vast audience and recited the tales of his hardships.

"And at one time, my friends," he related, "I was so exhausted that I dropped down to die below zero, and I found myself freezing as cold as an iceberg. Then came a happy thought that saved my life."

"What was it?" cried the audience, unable to keep quiet in its enthusiasm.

"Why, I had my faithful Eskimo bring me the picture of my rival. After gazing at it for a few seconds my blood boiled, and I felt better than a radiator. Now was this all. By placing the picture in front of me, it made so good, that it made me not enough to dispense with my birdskin shirt."

Tact.

"Dear me, Mrs. Smithers, what is that not a beard yesterday over your way? Was that howling your dog in a fit?"

"No, Mrs. Querit; that was my daughter taking her singing lesson from Signor Yeterino."

"No, no, Mrs. Smithers. I was told it was your daughter singing when I asked what bird you had there trilling so beautifully that I knew your canary could."

TORTURED BY PILES.

Could Not Rest! Could Not Work! Could Not Play!

How Zam-Buk Brought Relief.

Mr. Julius Glaeser of Denmark, Ont., says: "I was tortured by piles that I could not get ease whether lying down, sitting or standing. The ailment robbed me of strength, of appetite, and of all desire to live! I had suffered so long and so acutely that I came to think there was no ease for me, but one day I found out that I was wrong."

"I was told that Zam-Buk cured piles, and that this balm was altogether different to ordinary ointments, sores of which had proved useless for me. I bought a box of Zam-Buk, and began to use it regularly."

"Without going into unnecessary detail in a few weeks I found myself cured. I owe my cure to Zam-Buk entirely, and I trust my experience will be the means of leading other sufferers to the great herbal balm! I have suffered so long and so acutely that I came to think there was no ease for me, but one day I found out that I was wrong."

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A GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.

Simple Home-Made Remedy That is Free From Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours, is easily made by mixing together in a large bottle two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Spirit Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. This mixture will cure any cough that is curable, and is not expensive, as it makes enough to last the average family an entire year. Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratory of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

No Decent Gravy.

A venerable clergyman states that he was once invited by two missionaries who were invited by cannibals, and were about to be cooked and eaten. His companion was a man who appreciated the good things of the table and said to himself upon his cookery. "As the crisis of his fate approached, his meanings were piteous. The other exhorting him to keep up, telling him that he is gain, and all that. "I ain't that," groaned the missionary. "I'm not afraid to die, but it breaks my heart to think that those savages don't know how to make a decent gravy."

Life-Booy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

"There is a motion before the house," says Madame President, holding the gavel so that her rings come into the foreground.

"What is your wish regarding it?"

"Madame President," begins the new member rising with a flutter.

"Mrs. Justine," recognizes the president.

"I move that the motion be carried."

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller, because they know from experience how useful it is.

"O Guy, you mustn't allow yourself to be scooped by papa's piercing eye."

"I'm not so much afraid of that, Elfreda, as I am of his cutting me!"

Chicago Tribune.

First Bystander (watching two men fighting)—Can't someone part them?

Second Bystander—Keep back! Don't interfere! One is an Indian and the other is in the coat combine. Maybe they'll both get hurt."

At a great pennyworth, pause awhile.—Franklin.

The Canadian Pacific Railway on certain dates in December, January and February are running special excursions to Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and other points in the Okanagan Valley and Kootenay from all points in Ontario, west of Port Arthur, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. These tickets are good for return within three months and allow stop-over privileges.

Women Soiled Jewelry.

Jewelry is supposedly worn for ornament, but much of it is kept in such a condition that it is anything but ornamental. There is no more sign of cleanliness than to wear pins, rings and chains so black and greasy that outlookers may be pardoned for questioning the personal cleanliness of the wearer.

There is no excuse for this dirtiness which soap and water are to had. It is well to purchase a small box of Jeweler's sawdust to expedite drying and polishing. A roughed chamol is also helpful.

It is particularly ill advised for the girl who works to wear dirty jewelry. Soiled, she should wear as little as possible. A watch, cuff buttons and a simple brooch or pin at the neck are all that is permissible for good taste. These should be kept shining.

Remember that dirty jewelry is an accuser against good taste that no well bred girl will commit.

A Smart Salesman.

Jeweler (to new boy)—Did you sell anything while I was out, Johnny?

"Yes, sir. I sold six plain gold rings."

"Good, my boy," said the jeweler, highly pleased. "Well, make a first class salesman of you one of these days. You got the regular price of course?"

"Oh, yes, sir. The price was marked on the inside '35,' and the gentleman took all that were left, sir."—Life.

Why She Was Worried.

"But, mother, why do you object to my being pleasant to the young men? Always, you know. One of them will take me away from you some day."

"Take you away from me? Well, if that happens I shall not complain. It is the certainty that none of the young men who have been coming here so long would take you away that has worried both your father and me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Rubbery Taste.

Mr. Smith ordered chicken broth at the Fatted Cafe, and after tasting it he called the waiter and said, "Will you kindly tell me how you make this chicken soup?"

"Just take de bollin' hot watah and run de chicken frin, mistah."

"Well, Basutus, I think this chicken must have had his rubbers on."—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Mental Pabulum.

In picking out your food for thought from all the hoodlum hum.

Adapt your mood to worthy food And try a little Lamb.

Or it that doesn't suit your taste—Then make another grab From out the books in dusty nooks Select a little Crabbs.

And if the books are culled with care—And disregard of peer.

Why, beam in mind you'll always find Some Bacon on the seat.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Mistaken Cure.

"Benjie" yelled the counter.

"Yes, dear," called back the gentle wife.

"Why in thunder don't you keep that kid quiet? What's this?"

MEANING OF ECONOMY.

The Cleverest Use of Money at Your Disposal.

A young matron who is the envy of her set on account of the clever and skillful way in which she makes the most of a moderate income was discussing the meaning of economy the other day and gave it as her opinion that, although many persons made a pet subject of economy, a very small percentage of them understood the real meaning of the word "economy."

"It does not necessarily mean saving, but the best and cleverest use of the money at their disposal," she said.

"An income of \$100,000 a year may be spent economically as well as an income of \$1,000. The \$100,000 man or woman may get just as great value for his or her income as the man or woman who has only \$1,000 a year."

The others took up the question—there were seven of them in the group—and all their views.