

Quite a Surprise.

your horse," I said the way into the stable.

The admission of such a tatterdemalion hardly surprised the decorous count, but my servant, who I caught in a side passage, told me that he had heard the story through the barracks.

A bath, my razor, and a complete outfit of my clothes, made a wonderful change in my appearance. I was evidently a person of the first destination, not exactly handsome, smoothly-shaven face, was tall, slender, and well-proportioned, with features and dark penetrating eyes, made the mistake all of wearing his hair in a pompadour, and his hair, which he clipped so close to his head that it was like a helmet.

"Your clothes fit me to the man, mon cher M. Carstairs. It would be a pity to waste your tailor's make if he is an artist."

I was flattered, and replied readily.

"Mr. Schneider will be glad to get to work on your boots."

"If he shall have it. His cut is superior."

Then we sat down to lunch. The prince, although aristocratic to the last degree, was a man of the world, and within a few minutes he had finished the table.

"I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," he said.

After lunch I produced cigars, looked at the tobacco reverently.

"It is my passion. I did not bring them with me, but I have ordered them."

If he lay back on an arm chair and smoked half dozen cigars one after the other, apparently with the most intense gratification, I was not at all surprised. The prince was a most agreeable companion, his experiences were varied, he travelled far and wide, and seen much of the world.

"I was very happy," he said, "and was delightful to listen to him. But was far too well-bred to monopolize conversation. He left me alone, and I was not bored, unflagging as I am, as I enlarged upon the subjects I met at Berlin—he even led me to quite familiar and freely of my own country."

And he smoked, and smoked, and smoked; everything, in short, which interested me.

In the way the hours passed, till about five the prince himself came.

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J. A. A. FRAILET, J. BROUETTE,
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Prediction, October 30, 1876.—

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, and the binding of the book is partially visible on the far right.