

ready to fall down and worship an ordinary flashy talent. When she first heard the Swedish pianist play, she imagined that she saw the gates opened of a heaven of which she had never dreamed. She saw his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," his hands fluttering in mid-air like birds, and his hair standing out like the aureole of a mediaeval saint (which was probably a very unkempt class of person), and she thought it all ethereally beautiful. Prince Adolf brought him to play at a small impromptu concert at the palace, and the Grand Duke went to sleep, the Grand Duchess looked unutterably bored, the Hereditary Grand Duke talked politics to the Chancellor, Prince Luitpold aired a grievance he had with regard to some imaginary defect in the buttons of the Grand Ducal Bodyguard, and Princess Luitpold counted stitches in the socks she was knitting for her eldest daughter's last baby. Only little Princess Dagmar sat entranced in her big gilt and crimson velvet chair. At the end of the performance, the old Grand Duke woke up and said

maid, and if women are at the bottom of half the trouble in the world, as many allege, and which seems not without justice, three-fourths of those women are waiting maids. A quantity of foolish letters and tokens passed through this medium from the Princess to the pianist and back again; but the latter had not yet begun to boast of his conquest (he afterwards did), when it was announced to the girl that she was to be married.

Her flat refusal took her relations utterly by surprise, and convinced them that the remedy was to be applied none too soon. The betrothal was already on the tapis, and a regal position was awaiting the Princess, so her wishes were cheerfully put on one side. She appealed in vain to Prince Adolf, to Madame Van der Boll, to her sisters.

"Uncle, speak to my father; Madame, plead with my mother! Bettina, Bettina, cannot you and Margot save me?"

Prince Adolf would not, and Madame Van de Boll said she could

over her exploit, he was genuinely dismayed but cunning enough to conceal from her his real sentiments, until stealing out of the room for a moment on pretext of sending for a cue to convey them to the station, he rushed across to the suite of rooms occupied by his manager. Returning to the misguided child in his own rooms, he contrived to pacify her somehow, while the manager drove up to the palace.

There the fight had already been discovered, and there was great consternation. The manager's intelligence broke Princess Luitpold down into hysteria; Prince Luitpold left her to the care of her married daughters, while he and Madame Van der Boll drove in a closed carriage to the hotel. The soldier Prince's face was very stern, and even Madame Van der Boll's showed no mercy; she had been outwitted.

I could describe at length the scene which took place in the pianist's room at the hotel, and all that followed at the palace; but it makes me sorrowful. Poor little foolish Princess Dagmar was so young, so confiding, so far from meaning any harm, that she might have been dealt with more tenderly. But there was no one, father, mother, sisters, governess, who cared that her heart should be broken, her illusions shattered, her innocent life clouded, so long as she was properly frightened at the hideous solecism she had committed, and thoroughly cowed into abject submission.

So the affair was hushed up; the pianist, who expected a greater reward than he got for restoring the Princess into safety, talked of it, but nobody believed him, and there was another magnificent royal wedding at Wilhelmstadt to fill the illustrated papers.

The young Crown Princess Dagmar does not like to hear the piano played. But she will get over that in time.

The Art of Artlessness.

DECEPTIONS OF THE MODERN GIRL.

What charm is greater in a girl than natural frankness and freshness? Does not everyone know and admire—and envy sometimes—the girl who captivates all who see her by her naturalness, by her complete freedom from all artifice?

But how often do people think that this selfsame artlessness is an art; that this freedom from restraint is the result of studious schooling and diligently applied method; and that it is open to all to study the art and apply the method?

Ever since the day when first America's fair daughters looked upon Britain and saw that its men were good, and, having seen, came and conquered, their fresh, breezy, natural charm has been in vogue. It is "chie," it is "smart," and it is "good form." The day of the modest maid who coyly hung her head over her fancy work in delicious (or deliciously-feigned) ignorance of the world around is past and gone, and no one sheds a tear over it. We are all too delighted with the newer type of girl, and now the cry is for the bright, merry little thing, who runs (instead of "tripping") and laughs (instead of "smiling")—a healthy, mirth-provoking laughter. And as you see her you exclaim admiringly:

"How charmingly natural, how deliciously frank and unrestrained she is—so fresh and wholesome!" Yet she is not really so very frank or unrestrained. If you were to see real naturalism in the drawing-room it

would seem boorish and out of place. The naturalness that charms is a studied effect. The silvery laughter is the result of long practice, and is very different from the hearty guffaw of the country "tomooy," which grates upon the educated ear.

The little moue that is so fascinating bears no real relation to the unrestrained grimace. Every remark startling in its frankness, every action captivating in its freshness, must bear the hall-mark of spontaneity—the hall-mark so cleverly forged that none but the little criminal herself knows its worthlessness.

And when the time comes for her to settle down to the cares and duties of married life, is she any the worse for caring as much to make her manner attractive as she does to make the most of her actual outward appearance? I think not.

THE EFFECT OF EATING TOO MANY SWEETS.

Not a few of the ailments from which girls suffer might be prevented by a little care and common sense.

To take one instance -- neuralgia. Does it ever occur to you how largely this is due to the indiscriminate eating of lollies.

Girls, as a rule, eat a great many more lollies than are good for them, and, what is worse, they often eat them at the wrong time—i.e., just before or midway between meals. The consequence is that when luncheon or dinner-time comes they have hardly any appetite.

Commonplace beef and mutton seem most unattractive; they can hardly touch such things, and no wonder. The "caramels" and "fondants" and "creams" they have been eating all the morning have turned, as "sweets" have an awkward trick of doing, into acid in the stomach, and when your stomach is full of acid you may bid adieu to any relish for wholesome food.

"But, you may say, 'what has this to do with neuralgia? Doesn't it come from cold?'"

Not always—certainly not. Strong people, whose blood is healthy, can stand a lot of cold and even damp without getting neuralgia. If, however, your system is run down because you are not sufficiently nourished, then you are open to all sorts of neuralgic attacks; and, in spite of the possession of a good cook and a well-stocked larder, you may be half-starved by reason of your digestive apparatus being out of gear.

Want of appetite is often the direct precursor of neuralgia, and many a girl is the destroyer of her own healthy appetite for plain, wholesome food because she spends all her pocket-money in the sweetshop.

Some girls begin their sweet-eating even before they get up in the morning, and eat sugar things in bed the last thing at night. They should be warned in time against such a foolish practice, for they will assuredly damage their good looks as well as their health.

An acid state of the stomach is a common cause of that very unpretty thing, a red nose. Acid secretions ruin the enamel of the teeth. Toothache is largely due to this cause, and once the teeth begin to go the bloom of the youthful face follows.

"Poetry!" he sniffed, scornfully. "An Ode to the Sun." I don't take any stock in such things.

"Still, poets are all right."

"I don't take stock in them," persisted the prosaic broker, "because the sun, no matter how high it is at noon, is sure to do down before night."



The Soldier Prince's face was very stern.

some perfunctory words of commendation; Princess Dagmar by Prince Adolf's side, breathed out: "It was lovely!" and the pianist, with a flourishing bow, went away well pleased with his success.

They met at one of Prince Adolf's fatal supper parties, and there eye spoke to eye, and Princess Dagmar prepared herself a terrible amount of trouble in an amazingly short space of time. The pianist soon discovered that he had made a conquest, and his naturally over-weening vanity was flattered to the point of sheer lunacy. The poor little Princess did not know that his compliments were fulsome and that his manner was underbred and familiar; she thought that she saw Genius at her feet and was uplifted in her own esteem, instead of being debased, as she would have been if she had had more knowledge. She returned his leering smiles with looks of innocent admiration.

It would have seemed impossible for a girl, watched and guarded as she was, to have communicated with anybody surreptitiously, private or peasant; but love even in counterfeit, is proverbially cunning. Moreover, Princess Dagmar had a waiting

not, listen. Princess Margarethe was philosophical.

"Oh, you will get used to it!" she replied, "everybody must marry after all, and it is no drearier than everything else."

Princess Elizabeth was equally unsympathetic.

"I think you are very much to be envied," she declared, "the Crown Prince is quite young and good looking, and they say he is very nice. In any case he is not a Calvinist."

Princess Dagmar, repelled by all else, turned to the waiting maid, and the latter, meaning to do the exact reverse, ruined herself for ever by aiding and abetting her mistress. It was by her help and connivance that Princess Dagmar, in a dark cloak and servant's bonnet, passed the sentry at the gate of the palace one dark night, and found herself alone for the first time in her life in the open street.

Now the pianist was both vain and vulgar to an inordinate degree, but he was not such an utter fool as not to see that nothing but ruin would follow upon an elopement with Princess Dagmar. On her appearance at his hotel, half in tears, half glorying

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