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THE FORTUNE HUNTER

As It Might Be—But Isn't.

By S. E. KISER

"Before we are married," said the duke, "I shall have to explain to you that it will be necessary for my daughter because my wife for me to renounce for our children their rights of succession to the throne. Also I should have to provide that in case of my own accession your daughter could not be elevated with me. You see it would never do to subject my country to the risk of having as its queen the daughter of a mere untitled American."

"Um. I can't see why an American girl couldn't become as good a queen as any country would want. It isn't, as I understand it, because of her foreign birth. Kings frequently choose as their queens women who were born in other countries, don't they?"

"Oh, yes. Our present queen is a lady who was a foreigner. But it would be out of the question to have a queen who did not have royal blood in her veins."

"Every American girl has royal blood in her veins. Don't you forget that. When a young man in this coun-

try marries a girl it isn't necessary for him to renounce his right to become president, in case he ever gets the chance."

"You do not grasp the idea. There is a great difference between being the president of this nation and being the king of my country."

"I should say there was. I would rather be president of the United States than king of all your European kingdoms in a bunch. But, as far as that is concerned, there doesn't seem to be much more of a chance for you to become king over in your country than there is that I shall be elected president, so what's the use bothering about it?"

"Still, there is in my case the possibility. Less than a dozen people stand between me and the throne. One never can tell what may happen."

"Yes, one can. I have an idea that I can tell exactly what is going to happen in a certain case that I might mention."

"Having made plain to you the fact that it will be necessary for me to make a great sacrifice to become your son-in-law, may I venture to ask what your intentions are?"

"That is to say, you propose to give up your title and—"

"Oh, no, no, no! I shall not give up my title. I will remain the duke of Boozleoozi. I merely agree that no child that may be born to your daughter and myself shall have the right of succession to the throne in case I should become king."

"But, if you became king and your children were denied the right of succession what would your country do for another king when you got through?"

"Ah, it is hard to make you understand, my dear sir. My children would not be denied the right of succession—not all of my children. If I became king I should, of course, have other children—I hope."

"How would you work that?"

"You see, this marriage with your beautiful daughter would be morganatic. In other words, my dear sir, it would not stand in the way of my marriage to one of royal lineage for reasons of state."

"I begin to see."

"Thank you, sir. I am very glad. It is distressing to me that it must be so."

"It must be. It would be distressing to me if I were in your place."

"And now may I again ask what are your intentions—what you propose?"

"Propose? What about?"

"For the great sacrifice I shall have to make, my dear sir."

"You mean you want me to offer an extra inducement to you for giving my daughter a chance to go over to your country as a sort of left-handed wife of yours? Is that it?"

"The phrase is hardly felicitous."

"Maybe it isn't. But have you talked this matter over with her?"

"It would hardly be delicate."

"Duke, I'm mighty glad to hear you say that. I'm glad you have some glimmerings of a sense of delicacy. It relieves the situation. I need hardly tell you it would be somewhat indelicate for me to take you by an ear and lead you to the stairway and then by a swift movement of my good right foot eliminate the possibility of your touching any of the steps as you went down and out. That'll be about all. You can cable to your people that the danger of your making a mesalliance on this side has been obviated."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pleasant Belief.

"Your husband seemed to be in a very good humor this morning when he left the house," remarked Mrs. Naybor.

"Did he?" inquired Mrs. Spenders.

"Yes. I couldn't help wondering what it was—"

"Pshaw! I know! I forgot to ask him for any money."

SPAIN'S CIVIL GUARD

DECLARED TO BE FINEST IN THE WORLD

CIVIL GUARDS IN WINTER DRESS WAITING FOR THEIR TRAIN.

CIVIL GUARDS MARCHING PAST THE FOREIGN OFFICE, MADRID.

When the traveler visits Spain some of the very first of its inhabitants his eye will be attracted to at the frontier station will be a couple of members of the Civil guard. And throughout his wanderings in that infinitely delightful land he will ever be haunted by representatives of that force, which he will come to look upon as the chief guardians of life and property and liberty in this strange, half-Oriental country.

From the very start the Spanish corps has had enormous difficulties to grapple with. The country was absolutely lawless when first the Civil guard came into being. They were handicapped by extremes of climate, by huge stretches of roadless and almost trackless country, by the ferocity, ignorance, almost savagery of many of the inhabitants.

For a member of the Civil guard to fail in the supremely high standard of duty set before him is considered by his comrades and his rulers as almost impossible. Everything is expected from him. Everything with the rarest exceptions may be expected from him. And his government carries this to its logical conclusion by giving him an absolutely free hand, without which he could not possibly wield the influence essential to the carrying out of his duties.

A couple of Civil guards—they act always in couples—often find themselves few amongst many, and then it is that there must be no wavering or hesitation if their enemies show fight. Some of their duties in the mining districts of Spain, and in those parts of the country infested by gypsies, are amongst the most onerous. Especially are they in danger when conducting prisoners across country. A friend of mine who, many years ago, held a post in connection with a mine in a desolate and mountainous part of Spain, told me how a couple of Civil guards slipped in the bud a very unpleasant state of affairs in the village close by. It seemed that a miner, exasperated by some reproof, had drawn his knife on his employer, who had luckily managed to evade him, but had retorted with all the energy a powerful Briton is able to put into a sudden act of self-defense when it merges into retribution. The other miners resented the thrashing their comrade had received. The man himself was handed over to the authorities, and a couple of Civil guards were to conduct him to the nearest town. The way led over the mountains by a wild and lonely track, and the night had to be spent at a rough inn. The innkeeper, by an unlucky chance, was the brother of the prisoner, and when the little company arrived he at once realized the state of affairs and began to plot a rescue. Together with his son, he determined to try and contrive that the prisoner should slip out into the forest by a back door late in the evening, while the conspirators distracted the attention of whichever of the guards was taking the night watch. They professed the greatest hospitality to their uniformed guests, and of course pretended that the prisoner was a total stranger to them.

Their plans were well laid, and with the quickness of their race were carried out with considerable smartness. Nor were the opponents only two to two. A hanger-on, none too well disposed to the guardians of law and order, was quite willing to use his big knife in the cause of the family, and when the prisoner and his guard found themselves in the passage for a moment before settling down for the night, they were hustled apart, the door close by, within which was the other guard, was locked, and in the sudden darkness as the lamp, seemingly by accident, fell from its bracket, the prisoner slipped out into the open air. But almost at the same moment there was a report, and in an instant a second revolver shot rang out, while the ping of a rifle from the back of the inn proved that the other guard had used his brains as well as his weapon, and dropping through the window to the ground just outside had placed himself near the back door in time to get a good aim at the dark form that could just be seen gliding out of it.

The next patrol over that mountain track found the inn tenanted by but two living people, and their comrades instructed them to send the necessary functionaries to remove and inter the bodies, while they remained, a vision of grim destiny, pointing the object lesson that in Spain he who interferes with the duties of the Civil guard must be ever ready to pay the price.

The circumstances of the formation of this splendid corps came about as follows:

It seems that in 1833, the poet Martinez de la Rosa was robbed by brigands on a journey between Granada and Madrid. When, in later life, he became a minister under Queen Christina, he bore in mind the perils he had gone through as a wayfarer, and determined to try and make the highways safer in the future. Accordingly he organized a force of 5,000 guards, and equipped them in a uniform not unlike that of the Italian carabineri. They were trained to act both as soldiers and police, and when on foot carried rifle and revolver; their equipment included also a large and beautifully made sword, and they were when mounted allotted magnificent horses. Their ranks are now recruited from the sons of those who have served with credit, or died in violence, in their country's service. They are educated free in the college of the Civil guards. Any soldier who has served for many years in the regular army, if he can read and write, is of unblemished character, and of the proper height and build, may volunteer into the Civil guard. When superannuated, he is pensioned or otherwise provided for.

The members of "that very noble body of men" are under extremely strict regulations, and so great is their esprit de corps that any backsliding is of the utmost rarity. They are grave and serious in demeanor, but always courteous.

"Honor must be the chief object," declares the written regulations of the organization, "and it must be preserved spotless and intact. Once lost, it can never be regained."

"Bad language, bad manners and bad habits, and rude words, must never be indulged in by the Civil guards, who must, before speaking, ever consider the honored uniform they wear."

MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND.

Keep Busy.

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.—Hunt.

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Mr. John T. Kealey, a well-known business man, located in the Stevens Bldg., Detroit, Mich., was recently cured of a bad case of Eczema of fourteen years' standing. After treating with many doctors and taking many remedies without relief, Mr. Kealey was induced to try Wonderful Dream Salve, and in four weeks was entirely cured. He says:

"I certainly consider this a remarkable cure, inasmuch as I have spent hundreds of dollars in the fourteen years of annoyance with this troublesome itching skin ailment. I have since the cure of my case heard of other cures, some of them even more remarkable than mine, which go toward demonstrating the value of Wonderful Dream Salve as a great skin healer."

If you have Eczema, why not try a box of Wonderful Dream Salve. If it fails, your druggist will refund your money. Isn't that fair enough? Keep it in your home for Chilblains, Chapped hands, Piles, Cuts, Burns, Frost-bites, Boils and Sores of any kind. You will never use anything else. 25c a box at your druggist or mailed prepaid direct.

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Put Your Money In a New Country

The Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway now under construction, opens to the settler thousands of acres of excellent agricultural land. The new country in Adams, Hettinger, and Bowman Counties, North Dakota, and Butte County, South Dakota, is now reached by the new track. The soil is a dark loam with clay subsoil, and produces in abundance wheat, oats, barley, speis, flax, corn and potatoes. The land is well adapted to farming, good water is found at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet, and the whole country is underlaid with lignite coal, that outcrops along the streams, and in most cases can be had for the digging.

The climate is healthful, the air is dry and invigorating, and the percentage of sunshiny days is high. Outdoor work can be done almost every day in the year. Rainfall is amply sufficient to raise the crops. Regular mail service has been established, the roads are good, rural telephone lines traverse the country, and automobiles are in common use. The deeded land in this district sells for from $10 to $18 per acre. There are many instances this year where the crop equalled in value the cost of the land.

In Butte County, South Dakota, there is considerable government land open for homestead entry. Government land offices are maintained at Lemmon, Hettinger and Bowman, where filings and final proofs may be made. All of these towns are on the new line of the

Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

In Montana, the new railroad traverses good farming land. It has been demonstrated that big crops of grain may be raised. Along the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, the water is used for irrigation, and phenomenal yields of alfalfa, sugar beets, and grain, are always certain. In the Judith Basin near Lewistown, Montana, is one of the most remarkable sections to be found on the new line. Under natural rainfall, the famous bench lands produced this year an average of 35 bushels of hard wheat to the acre, and the price was 94 cents per bushel. The basin contains about 1500 square miles and is sparsely settled. Some government land still remains open for settlement. A government land office is maintained at Lewistown. In Fergus County, outside the Judith Basin, is one of the greatest stock countries in the world, and good ranches can be purchased at a reasonable figure.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has established an immigration department for the purpose of assisting in the settlement and development of the new lands now being opened. Pamphlets descriptive of its resources will be forwarded free on request

F. A. MILLER
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For further particulars see Agent at Grand Trunk Station.

Sights at Clowns' Rehearsal

Go Through Their Various Stunts Without Cracking a Smile.

One of the most amusing sights at the first morning rehearsal held by the circus was that of the clowns as they practiced their "stunts." They went through their various antics and "monkey shines" with the utmost solemnity of countenance, wearing the serious expression of men who are intent on their work. Their quips and jests they repeated in a low monotone, pretended to stumble and fall, slapped and kicked at each other and played all sorts of practical jokes without once cracking a smile. They paid no attention to the throngs of workmen and attendants who scurried about, but threaded their way in and out of the crowds, and as soon as driven from one spot quietly sought another.

It was not a dress rehearsal, so all the performers came out dressed apparently in the first thing that came handy. One clown would be in ordinary citizen's clothes, another would have on a dirty old sweater and a third didn't seem to find a shirt necessary. A fall clown would be wearing patent leather shoes, and his teammate would have one foot stuck in a carpet slipper and the other in a congress gaiter. All were thoroughly in earnest, and rehearsed the wildest and most outlandish antics with a patience and an attention to details that necessitated doing their tricks over and over again. It was evident from a few minutes of looking on that the clown's is not the easiest job in a circus by any means.

Interruption Resented.

"So you're still hunting work?"

"Yes, sir," answered Plodding Pete. "Don't you know that out west they are willing and anxious to give them employment?"

"Sure I do. That's the reason I likes dis territory. You can go on huntin' work without bein' disturbed."—Washington Star.