

THE PRINCESS

BY ROBERT MILES BENNETT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



Taft Says There is Nothing to It and That All is Right.
FREE HIDES AND SHOES.

Some Say It is a Betrayal of the President, Who Explains Matters to His Callers.

With the tariff conference report facing threatened defeat in the senate on account of an alleged "joker" in the hide and leather compromise it was decided to reassemble the conference committee for the purpose of preparing an official explanation. The alleged "joker" which a number of the "progressive Republicans" in the senate are said to have discovered, and which some of them have been quoted as saying constituted a betrayal of the president's confidence, brought the declaration by Mr. Taft to callers that the language of the amendment to boots and shoes is exactly as agreed upon by him. Senator Aldrich and Rep. Payne. It has been claimed by the progressives that the language of the amendment reducing the duties on boots and shoes is not limited to goods manufactured from hides dutiable under the Dingley bill, and did not state that such hides are to be in part of the hide which is to be used for a general reduction on all hides.

President Taft told his callers that the talk of a "joker" in the leather schedule was unfounded. The president said the distinct understanding was that in consideration of free hides the government would accept only such dutiable hides were component parts of chief value should be used in the manufacture of goods fixed in the house bill, except shoe leather, which in the house bill has been taken from the tariff schedule, that being considered low enough.

SYNOPSIS.
The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer "The Princess" off the coast of the American west. Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a young American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunk stupor. He showed on the beach a preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suffering for the name of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake retraced his steps. Winthrop was his last match on a cigarette, for which he was rescued by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a tent. Blake for his part, and Winthrop for his, were taken them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie's second of weariness. He hunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night a storm was raging high in the trees. The next morning the trio descended to the beach. All three consented to build a shelter. Blake, Leslie and Winthrop. They built a canopy. The only procurable food, Leslie showed a small fish. Blake had dined his roughness. Led by Blake they established a camp. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered the survivors of the shipwreck. The morning he started a jungle. Leslie a large log. They were eating several meals. In the second day they built a small hut. They were eating the life by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell. They were eating the trio secured eggs in the jungle.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.
Miss Leslie sighed. "Why did you speak of me? I am still hungry enough to eat more eggs—a dozen—that is, if we had a little salt and butter."
"And a silver cup and napkins," added Blake. "About the salt, though, we'll have to go some distance, though, and some kind of vegetable, but I won't do to keep up this whole meal."



"Well, don't blame me. I couldn't have let a dog do that; and then, a fellow needs a Man Friday for this sort of thing. As for eggs, I haven't always had the luck to be favored with ladies' company."
"Thank you, Mr. Blake. I quite appreciate the compliment, but now, I must put on supper."
Blake followed her graceful movements with an intention which, in turn, drew Winthrop's attention. The Englishman smiled in a disagreeable manner, and resumed his work on the bows. With the book of mentally prescribed. After a while he found occasion to spend some time, first among Miss Leslie with some Miss Leslie with some Miss Leslie somewhat officiously insisted upon helping her set up her screen in the kitchen. As he was to be given the opportunity to hand her a bamboo knife, and to draw her attention to several double-pointed bamboo stakes which he had hidden under the litter.

He at Once began Experiments in the Art of Pottery.
I bet you win out on the dreammaking. For needs you can use one of these long, slim thorns—poke a hole, and then slip the thread through, like a shoemaker."
"Ah, yes, but the thread!" put in Winthrop.
"The cocoon fiber would hardly do," said Miss Leslie, forgetting to dry her eyes.
"No. We could get fairly good fibers out of the palm leaves, but I'll set up a lot for you, fine enough to sew with. And now, let's get down to tasks. No offense—but did either of you ever learn to do anything useful in all your blessed little lives?"

"Why, Mr. Blake, of course!"
"Of course what?" demanded Blake, as Miss Leslie hesitated. "We know all about your cooking and sewing. What else?"
"I see what you mean. I fear that nothing of what I learned would be of service now."
"Practical, mind you—knowledge of metallurgy, ceramics, and how to stick an arrow through a beef roast!"
"Ah—I believe I intuited that I have some knowledge of archery. But I doubt—"
"Cut it out! You'll have enough else to do. Get busy over those bows and arrows, but don't quit till you've got them in shape. Leave me your bow and staff. I can pull like a mule can kick. Miss Jenny, what is it?"
"It's not—has not ceramics something to do with burning china?"
"Sure!—china, pottery, and all that. Know anything about it?"
"Why, I have a friend who amuses herself by painting china, and I know it has to be burned."
"And that's all!" grunted Blake. "Well, let me tell you. When I was a little kid I used to work in a pottery. I don't know the name of their take clay, shape it into a pot, dry it, and bake the thing in a kiln. We've got to work the same game now. This kind of eating will mean dysentery in short order. So there's going to be a bean-pot for our use. Mr. Tom Blake'll know the reason why. Nurse up that ankle, you rascal. Win. We'll trek it to-morrow—cocoon, and maybe something else. I'll be back on the job of cutting a river, and across from it I saw a streak that looked like brown bentite."

Situation is Grave.
Reliable news regarding the situation in Spain received from San Sebastian represents conditions a very grave throughout the northern part of the country, where all the trades unions have given notice of the beginning of a general strike.
The government has ordered all the telegraph and telephone wires in the northern provinces to be cut off, and the transmission of northern dispatches has been stopped entirely, forcing a suspension of a majority of the business of the country.
The greatest excitement seems among the working classes. Reports received from San Sebastian indicate that King Alfonso is greatly displeased over the international situation.
The personal life of the king and his family is being threatened. It was with difficulty that he could be disengaged from going to Barcelona in person. Premier Maura told him it would be equivalent to death to enter that hotbed of anarchy.

Then you believe that the situation looks more hopeful, Mr. Blake?
"Well, we've at least got an extension on our note for a week or two. But I'm not going to coddle you with a lot of lies, Miss Jenny. There's the fever coming, sure as fate! We'll stave it off a while; you and Win, then, will be down in a few days—and not a small quantity of dysentery, either. There'll be dysentery and snakes and wild beasts—No, we're not out of the woods yet, not by a considerable way."
"I fancy it would do no harm to erect a signal," said Winthrop.
"Only thing that would make a show is Miss Leslie's skirt," replied Blake.
"There is the big leopard skin," persisted Winthrop. "To his surprise, the engineer took the suggestion under serious consideration."
"Well, I don't know," he said. "But against the rocks and trees—no, but what we want is white. I'll tell you what Miss Jenny sets to and makes herself a dress of that skin. I'll fly her skirt to the zephyrs."
"Mr. Blake! I really think that it's cruel of you!"
"Oh, come now; that's not fair! I wouldn't have said a word, but you said you wanted to make a dress."
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I—I did not quite understand you. I really do want to help to do my share—"

CHAPTER XII.
Survival of the Fittest.
The next four days slipped by almost unheeded. Blake saw to it that not only himself but his companions were kept busy every hour of the day. When not engaged in cooking and fuel gathering, Miss Leslie was learning by painful experience the rudiments of dreammaking.
At the start she had all but ruined the beautiful skin of the mother leopard before Blake changed to see that she took over the task of cutting it into shape for a skirt. But when it came to making a waist of the cub's fur, he said that she would have to make the pattern from her own body. Between cooking three meals a day over an open fire, gathering several meals of wood and making a dress with a penknife, thorn, and cat-

ut, she had little time to think of other matters than her work.
Winthrop had been amazed at Blake's ordinary. His pack was to keep Miss Leslie supplied with fresh eggs and each day to kill as many of the boobies and cormorants as he could kill and split for drying. Blake had changed his mind about taking him when he went for cocoon. Instead, he had gone alone on several trips, bringing three or four loads of nuts, then a little salt from the sea shore, dirty but very welcome, and last of all a great lump of clay, wrapped in palm-leaf.

By Jove, Blake! I'm sure papa will offer a large reward when the steamer is reported as having returned with ships searching for us—"
"We're not in the British channel, and I'll bet what few boats do coast along the coast off and make much among these coral reefs."
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"Lucky we've got something to fall back on," he added, after telling of his failure. "Pass over those keys of yours, Win. Good! Now untangle those creepers! To-night we'll take turns knotting them up into some sort of a rope-ladder. I'm getting a little weary of boating day all around the point every time I trot to the cliff. After this I'll go down the cliff at that end of the gully."
Winthrop, who had become very irritable and depressed during the last two days, turned on his heel, with the look of a fretful child.
To cover this unpropitious rudeness, Miss Leslie spoke somewhat haughty. "But why should you return again to the river, Mr. Blake? I'm sure you are risking the fever, and there—"

Shot Anarchists.
A special dispatch received in London from Corbiera on the Spanish coast, says that the 119 anarchists of Barcelona were sentenced by court-martial to death and banishment. The anarchists of Montjuich have been officially condemned.
A special dispatch received from Gibraltar says the British cruisers Lancaster and Suffolk, together with the Spanish cruiser "Albatros," recently sailed for Moroccan waters.
Wright's Flight.
Orville Wright traveled 47,431 miles on his bicycle in the past year. In a tour of the Alexandria end of the course for Fort Meyer. This is the highest record in the world for a bicycle rider. His trip is the longest of any man in the world. He has traveled 37,725 miles an hour, making the average 42.53.
His brothers will receive \$30,000 for their aeroplane, \$5,000 of which is the bonus for excess speed over the contract requirement.
Hugh Hart, of St. Clair, has been selected by the governor of the census in the Seventh district.
In two elections the voters of California have rejected the proposition for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. Now the voters of Florida township have ordered two additional roads and markets in that township, at a meeting Saturday, directed that two miles of gravel be laid on the road.

"But in the meantime—"
"In the meantime we're like to miss a chance or two of being picked up. Just because we've failed to stick out a signal that'd catch the eye twice as far off as any other than search net. Do you suppose I worked my way up from axman to engineer, and did not learn anything about flags?"
"But it is all really too absurd! I do not know the first thing about sewer, and I have neither thread nor needles."
"It's up to you, though, if you want to help. My sisters seemed mighty soon after they learned to sew. I don't mean to hurt your feelings. You've made a fair stagger at cooking, and

Spent Much for Embroidery.
Napoleon I. Had Costly Coronation Robe and Throne.
An old Parisian firm which deals in embroideries and supplies artistic needlework to the court of Louis XV. is still in possession of the accounts of former centuries, and an inspection of these books reveals some interesting facts. Napoleon I. was economical as compared with the Empress Josephine, but his bills were considerable. He ordered on the 20th of October a robe coat 10,500 francs, and an embroidered coat 2,500 francs. This coat became too small for him after he had worn it a year, and he ordered pieces of cloth to be inserted at the seams and covered with embroidery.
The bill for the first Napoleon's throne amounted to \$5,970 francs. The second emperor's throne was trimmed with gold lace cost 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with embroidered golden bees at five francs apiece. The inner drawers of the throne were made of gold lace, and the foot cushion was \$3,600 francs, and the embroidered stripes for the inner trimmings cost 8,600 francs. The emperor's robe was made of red velvet, cost 2,920 francs, and the foot cushion 1,200. In addition there were 1,620 bees embroidered on the panels of the canopy at a cost of \$250 francs.

Preferred Debt to Disgrace.
Mrs. Emma Michels, of Chicago, killed her two children and herself in the hope of getting a divorce. She was resurrected by her husband's friends in a supposed effort to disengage her from her matrimonial fetters. She was 15 years old, and Gustav, 12, were suffocated with gas as they lay in bed. The bodies were found outside their tightly closed room when she was sure they were dead, she put the bodies in a trunk and hid them in her mouth and died as she sat in a chair by the kitchen door.
Mrs. Michels told the story of alleged persecution by her husband's family and neighbors. She made her will in preparation for the triple tragedy and showed that she had carefully planned the crimes.

Got His Answer.
"Uncle—You are a very nice little girl to ask me to have more soup. Now say to you want me to have it?"
"Niece—So you won't eat so much of the chicken as you did last time—"
Flengende Hatler.
A Non-Expert Opinion.
"I say, Jim, what do they mean by 'feature' in this lens? I could get it fixed for you. I'll be glad to do it."
"Don't know, Dick, unless it's the way some folks play."
A feeling of security and freedom from anxiety pervaded the home in which the time they were used I could get it fixed. Mothers know it can always be depended upon in time of need.
Some folks think they are resting in their faith because they always fall asleep in church.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and cures colic, wind, and all the other ailments of infancy.
People who admire us are always pleasant company.
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.
"I have a friend who amuses herself by painting china, and I know it has to be burned."
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