

(Continued from previous page.)
 cursed Jew . . . dammit, I have it!
 I'll snare the devil in his own trap.

SCENE III.

Suss: But this is too charming.
 Demoiselle Weissensee . . . all the
 more since your visit is so . . .
 Magdalen: There is no time for gal



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lant speeches, Suss, and no need for them. I have brought you this. (Produces paper).

Suss: The list of arrests I gave his Highness. How did you get it?

Magdalen: His Highness paid me the honour of visiting me this evening. He was very triumphant . . . and very drunk. He drank still more and then flourished that paper at me. When I read it, I arranged that he should forget to take it away. Read it.

Suss: Wherner . . . Staatsmann . . . Don Pancorbo . . . Ernst Pflug . . . and Josef Suss Oppenheimer. . . Josef Suss Oppenheimer! . . . the old fox . . . the old treacherous fox. Did you bring this to me, because my name was on it? Why. . .

Magdalen: Because every day since I met you in the Hirsau Woods I've been listening to my heart beating out three words—I hate him. . . I hate him . . . and then suddenly to night when I saw your name on that paper, I realised—those were not the words.

Suss: Look at me . . . no man has ever been more vile to a woman than I have been to you. I deliberately destroyed what might have been in spite of all that you bring this to me to-night and in return I can still give you nothing.

Magdalen: But you'll save yourself you won't let them.

Suss: You needn't fear for me, nor for your father: that at least I can promise you . . . but I must still follow my star . . . wherever it leads me but follow it I must.

SCENE IV.

(General murmur of a gathering, clinking of glasses, scraping of chairs).

Roder: Gentlemen . . . gentlemen, attention please . . . gentlemen, I give you a toast. His Majesty Karl Alexander . . . first king of Wurttemberg. (Clinking of glasses and rising).

Voices: His Majesty. (Men reseating).

Karl: Why doesn't that courier come? (Subdued murmur of voices).

Roder: Oh it's the storm and bad road, Highness. He'll be here any minute now.

Servant: Pardon Highness.

Karl: Yes, is it the courier?

Servant: No. Highness, your medicine.

Karl: Give it to me. Where's that dancing wench?

Servant: Waiting in the private cabinet, Highness, she has been there two hours.

Karl: I suppose she can wait a little longer can't she? Business before pleasure.

Roder: Some more wine, Highness.

Karl: No. The Doctor said . . . yes, to hell with the Doctor! He's bled me until I'm as weak as a rat. Says I carry too much blood. All nonsense . . . give me some wine. Ah! Can't taste the stuff till I get the news.

Roder: There's nothing to worry about, Highness. The plan is fool-proof.

Karl: Of course, it is. Didn't my Jew work it out for me? That's the funny part . . . that he should have worked it out and now he's . . . (door opening; footsteps).

Servant: The courier, Highness.

Karl: I'll see him myself. (Sound of Karl rising. Door opening and closing. Increased murmur. Door opening and closing).

Karl: You! . . . then you are not . . . Remchingen has not?

Suss: No. Highness, General Remchingen has not arrested me . . . No one has been arrested to-night at Stuttgart—except General Remchingen. It was the people's militia who used the password, Attempto! And it is your royal troops who have been disarmed. In short, Highness, the coup d'etat has failed.

Karl: Did you . . . did you . . .

Suss: Yes, Highness. I did.

Karl: Oh . . . Oh . . . my heart. (Sound of Karl falling into chair).

Suss: So . . . you'd try and escape me by dying would you? But I won't let you die till you have listened to me. You killed my child . . . and as I faced you across her dead body, because I didn't spring at you and squeeze your butcher throat, you believed you had escaped my vengeance. You wretched sot . . . this has been my vengeance . . . to have puffed you up and made you dream of being a King—a Caesar—an Emperor . . . and then to show you what you really are—just an absurd lump of flesh, utterly ridiculous to the whole world and yourself. And, all the time we could have been friends, Karl Alexander if you had fostered in me the best, instead of the worst, there would have been no end to the things we could have done together, you, great prince and hero!

Karl: Ah-h-h . . . (Door opens)

Roder: His Highness is ill?

Suss: The Duke is dead.

END OF ACT V.

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