

TRUXTON KING

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Truxton King, a millionaire's son, sets out in search of adventure. Where better could he look for stirring events than in faroff Graustark, where the age of chivalry yet survives in all its romantic opportunity; where rules Prince Robin, the most precocious boy monarch in the realm of fiction; where the reds of Europe plot his murder; in mysterious underground retreats; where gallant Truxton King and brave "Uncle Jack" fight valiantly for the preservation of the prince and the love of beautiful princesses; where American pluck and manhood are pitted against foreign intriguers, and where honesty and courage are mightier than the sword? Read of Prince Robin, son of an American princess; of Olga Platanova, the girl with the dread mission; of Marlax, the Iron Count; of John Tallis, the American butler of a foreign throne; of lovely Loraine and of doredevil Truxton King, and then you will understand why an American lad is Prince of Graustark and an American author prince of story tellers.

CHAPTER I. TRUXTON KING.

HE was a tall, rawboned, rangy young fellow with a face so tanned by wind and sun you had the impression that his skin would feel like leather if you could affect the impertinence to test it by the sense of touch. His clothes fitted him loosely and yet were graciously devoid of the bagginess which characterizes the appearance of extremely young men whose frames are not fully set and whose joints are still parading through the last stages of college development.

This tall young man in the panama hat and gray flannels was Truxton King, embryo globe trotter and searcher after the treasures of romance. Somewhere up near Central park, in one of the fashionable cross streets, was the home of his father and his father's father before him—a home which Truxton had not seen in two years or more. It is worthy of passing notice, and that is all, that his father was a manufacturer; more than that, he was something of a power in the financial world. His mother was not strictly a social queen in the great metropolis, but she was what we might safely call one of the first "ladies in waiting," which is quite good enough for the wife of a manufacturer, especially when one records that her husband was a manufacturer of steel. It is also a matter of no little consequence that Truxton's mother was more or less averse to the steel business as a heritage for her son. Be it understood here and now that she intended Truxton for the diplomatic service.

But neither Truxton's father, who wanted him to be a manufacturing Croesus, nor Truxton's mother, who expected him to become a social Solomon, appears to have taken the young man's private inclinations into consideration.

Young Mr. King believed in romance. He grew up with an ever increasing bump of imagination, contiguous to which, strange to relate, there was a properly developed bump of industry and application; hence it is not surprising that he was willing to go far afield in search of the things that seemed more or less worth while to a young gentleman who had suffered the ill fortune to be born in the nineteenth century instead of the seventeenth.

We come upon him at last—luckily for us we were not actually following him—after two years of wonderful but rather disillusioning adventure in mid-Asia and all Africa. He had seen the Congo and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Nile, the Yangtszekiang and the Yenisei; he had climbed mountains in Abyssinia, in Siam, in Tibet and Afghanistan; he had shot big game in more than one jungle and had been shot at by small brown men in more than one forest, to say nothing of the little encounters he had had in most unoccidental towns and cities.

For twenty days he had traveled by caravan across the Persian uplands, through Herat and Meshed and Bokhara, striking off with his guide alone toward the sea of Aral and the eastern shores of the Caspian, thence through the Ural foothills to the old Roman highway that led down into the sweet green valleys of a land he had thought of as nothing more than the creation of a hare-brained fictionist. Somewhere out in the shimmering mist he had learned, to his greatest amazement, that there was such a

A Story of Graustark By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

land as Graustark. At first he would not believe, but the English bank in Meshed assured him that he would come to it if he traveled long enough and far enough into the north and west and if he were not afraid of the hardships that most men abhor. The dying spirit of romance flamed up in his heart. His blood grew quick again and eager. He would not go home until he had sought out this land of fair women and sweet tradition. And so he traversed the wild and dangerous Tartar roads for days and days, like the knights of Scheherazade in the times of old, and came at last to the gates of Edelweiss.

Not until he sat down to a rare dinner in the historic Hotel Regenzetz was he able to realize that he was truly in that fabled, mythical land of Graustark, a quaint, grim little principality in the most secret pocket of the earth's great mantle. This was the land of his dreams, the land of his fancy. He had not even dared to hope that it actually existed.

And now it becomes my deplorable duty to divulge the fact that Truxton King, after two full days and nights in the city of Edelweiss, was quite ready to pass on to other fields, completely disillusioned in his own mind and not a little disgusted with himself for having gone to the trouble to visit the place.

Where were the beautiful women he had read about and dreamed of ever since he left Teheran? On his soul, he had not seen half a dozen women in Edelweiss who were more than passably fair to look upon. True, he had to admit, the people he had seen were of the lower and middle classes—the shopkeepers and the shop-girls, the hucksters and the fruit vendors. What he wanted to know was this: What had become of the royalty and the nobility of Graustark? Where were the princes, the dukes and the



"I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT."

barons, to say nothing of the feminine concomitants to these excellent gentlemen?

One dingy little shop in the square interested him. It was directly opposite the Royal cafe, with American bar attached, and the contents of its grimy little windows presented a peculiarly fascinating interest to him. They were packed with weapons and firearms of ancient design. Once he ventured inside the little shop. Finding no attendant, he put aside his suddenly formed impulse to purchase a mighty broadsword.

On several occasions he had seen a grim, sharp featured old man in the doorway of the shop, but it was not until after he had missed the Thursday train that he made up his mind to accost him and to have the broadsword at any price. With this object in view, he inserted his tall frame into the narrow doorway, calling out lustily for attention.

"What is it?" demanded a sharp, angry voice at his elbow. He found himself looking into the wizened, parchment-like face of the little old man.

"That broad—Say, you speak English, don't you?"

"Certainly," snapped the old man. "Why shouldn't I? I can't afford an interpreter. You'll find plenty of English used here in Edelweiss since the Americans and British came. They won't learn our language, so we must learn theirs."

"What's the price of that old sword you have in the window?"

"Three hundred gnyvos."

"What's that in dollars?"

"Four hundred and twenty. It is genuine, sir, and 300 years old. Old Prince Boris carried it. It's most rare."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, Mr.—er—he looked at the sign on the open door—"Mr. Spantz."

"I don't want your money. Good day."

Truxton King felt his chin in perplexity. "It's too much. I can't afford it," he said, disappointment in his eyes.

"I have modern blades of my own make, sir, much cheaper and quite as

good," ventured the excellent Mr. Spantz.

"You make 'em?" in surprise. The old man straightened his bent figure with sudden pride. "I am a maker to the crown, sir. My blades are used by the nobility—not by the army, I am happy to say."

"I say, Herr Spantz, or monsieur, I'd like to have a good long chat with you. Do you say to a mug of that excellent beer over in the cafe garden? Business seems to be a little dull, don't you—er—lock up?"

Spantz looked at him keenly. "May I ask what brings you to Edelweiss?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Spantz, but I'm here because I'm somewhat of a fool. False hopes led me astray. I came here looking for romance—for adventure."

"I see," chuckled Spantz, his eyes twinkling with mirth. "You thought you could capture wild and beautiful princesses here just as you pleased, eh? Let me tell you, young man, only one American—only one foreigner, in fact—has accomplished that miracle. Mr. Lorry came here ten years ago and won the fairest flower Graustark ever produced—the beautiful Yelive—but he was the only one."

"No. I'm not looking for princesses. I've seen hundreds of 'em in all parts of the world."

"You should see Prince Robin," went on the armorer.

"I've heard of nothing but him, my good Mr. Spantz. He's seven years old, and he looks like his mother, and he's got a jeweled sword and all that sort of thing. I darsay he's a nice little chap. Got American blood in him, you see?"

The old man retired to the rear of the shop and called out to some one upstairs. A woman's voice answered. "My niece will keep shop, sir, while I am out," Spantz explained.

They paused near the door until the old man's niece appeared at the back of the shop. King's glance became more or less in the nature of a stare of amazement.

A young woman of the most astounding beauty, attired in the black and red of the Graustark middle classes, was slowly approaching from the shadowy recesses at the end of the shop. His heart enjoyed a lively thump. Truxton King, you may be sure, did not precede the old man into the street. He deliberately removed his hat and waited most politely for age to go before youth, in the meantime blandly gazing upon the face of this amazing niece.

Across the square, at one of the tables, the old man, over his huge mug of beer, became properly grateful. He was willing to repay King for his little attention by giving him a careful history of Graustark, past, present and future.

The old man was rambling on. "The young prince has lived most of his life in Washington and London and Paris, sir. He's only seven, sir. Of course you remember the dreadful accident that made him an orphan and put him on the throne with the three 'wise men of the east' as regents or governors—the train wreck near Brussels, sir. His mother, the glorious Princess Yelive, was killed and his father, Mr. Lorry, died the next day from his injuries. That, sir, was a most appalling blow to the people of Graustark. There never will be another pair like them, sir. God alone preserved the little prince. The collision was from the rear, a broken rail throwing a locomotive into the princess' coach. This providential escape of the young prince preserved the unbroken line of the present royal family."

"I say, Mr. Spantz, I don't believe I've told you that your niece is a most remarkable being!"

"As I was saying, sir," interrupted Spantz so pointedly that Truxton flushed. "The little prince is the idol of all the people. Under the present regency he is obliged to reside in the principality until his fifteenth year, after which he may be permitted to travel abroad."

Spantz was eying him narrowly. "You do not appear interested in our royal family," he ventured coldly.

Truxton hastened to assure him that he was keenly interested. "Especially so now that I appreciate that the little prince is the last of his race."

"There are three regents, sir, in charge of the affairs of state—Count Halfont, the Duke of Perse and Baron Jasto Dangloss, who is minister of police. Count Halfont is a granduncle of the prince by marriage. The Duke of Perse is the father of the unhappy Countess Ingomede, the young and beautiful wife of the exiled Iron Count Marlax. No doubt you've heard of him."

"I remember that he was banished from the principality."

"Quite true, sir. He was banished in 1801 and now resides on his estates in Austria. Three years ago in Budapest he was married to Ingomede, the daughter of the duke. Count Marlax has great influence at the Austrian court. The Duke of Perse realized this when he compelled his daughter to accept him as her husband. The Duke of Perse is less than twenty-five years of age. The Iron Count is fully sixty-five."

"I'd like to see if she's really beautiful. I've seen but one pretty woman in this whole blasted town, your niece, Herr Spantz. I've looked 'em over pretty carefully too. She is exceedingly attract—"

"You will not find the beautiful wo-

man—Shir, sir? Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starch things.—Exchange.

The measure of a man's sin is the difference between what he is and what he might be.—Jordan.

(To be continued)

Absentminded.

Modjeska used to tell a story about her honeymoon that is somewhat amusing. When the Countess and Count of Bozetta were on their wedding trip it happened one morning that she had just got up when the count, who had been out for an hour or two taking a morning walk, came back and called to her excitedly: "Heien! Heien! Come here."

"What is it?"

"Come here quick. I've brought you some lovely fruit, the first of the market."

"All right; I'm dressing. I'll come as soon as I have finished getting ready."

She dressed leisurely and entered the sitting room. The count was sitting reading, deeply interested in his book. She looked round. No fruit was to be seen. She looked all over the place. The count looked up.

"What are you looking for?"

"Where's that fruit?"

The count looked on the table. It was not there.

"Good gracious!" he said. "I'll be hanged if I haven't eaten it!"

The Wicked Multiplication Table.

A minister was hearing his Sunday school repeat the catechism one Sunday preceding confirmation when a boy from the class of small children ventured to ask a question of the minister.

Turning to the clergyman, the boy inquired in an anxious tone, "Why does the multiplication table make people wicked?"

The minister thought at first that the child had taken occasion to propound a conundrum at a most unseemly time and was about to reprove him when the earnestness of the expression in the upturned face assured him that the question was asked in good faith and required a reply.

"Why do you ask such a question, John? I never knew it to do so," he said.

John turned to his catechism and read from it with a mystified air the question, "Did man grow worse as he began to multiply?" and the accompanying answer, "He did."

Two Convincing Reasons.

Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very frolicsome, and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself. This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them, he said:

"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket, and in the second, they are heartily at your service."

Patroness of Music.

The origin of music is lost in antiquity. Among civilized people it is probably to be traced to the ancient Egyptian priests, who employed this art in their religious rites and ceremonies. From the Egyptians the Greeks and the Romans derived their knowledge of music. The ancient Hebrews probably took with them into Palestine some of the songs they had learned in Egypt. The hymns used in the temple formed the basis of the melodies of the early Christian church, and from these hymns was formulated the first authoritative musical system. St. Cecilia is termed the patroness of music.—Exchange.

The Spit Snake.

There is a snake belonging to the small family caudine, inhabiting Africa, that is said to have the power of ejecting its venom to a short distance. This snake is called by the Dutch Boers "spuw slang" or spit snake. When this snake erects its teeth the pressure of the maxillary bone on the gland causes the venom to flow in drops, and it may be quite possible that by discharging air from its mouth the poison may be blown some distance.

The Gypsies.

The origin of the people known as gypsies remains largely a mystery. Egypt, India, Persia and Arabia have in turn been pointed out as their original country, but there is little definite knowledge on the subject. The weight of evidence is in favor of their having originated in India. They first appeared in Europe about 1400 and from the Danube region spread all over the continent, appearing in England about 1520.

Effective.

"The climax to his wooing was very romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."

"What did she do?"

"She threw him over."—Baltimore American.

Retort Photographic.

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight. "What are you doing there?" asked a friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."

Strict Obedience.

Salesman—Shir, sir? Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starch things.—Exchange.

THE SUIT OF THE SEASON

Russian Blouse Idea Easily Dominates the Fashions.



The Russian blouse suit dominates the fashions of spring, as shown in this modish model. It is more often seen in modifications of this peasant style of costume. The waist line is often well defined, but is not marked by a belt. The suit illustrated is closely allied to the real Russian style.

The material used is one of the new black and white checks, and the trimmings are bands of black satin and fancy braid. The curve of the opening from shoulder to middle front at the waist accentuates best the lines of the figure, and the smart black braided design adds to the effect. The belt is of patent leather with a fastening of oriental embroidery.

Japanese Salesladies.

The hospitality of the merchant in the city knows no bounds. The ever present cheery smile greets you at the door. You can't get away from it. It is as persistent as the tea girls, the mention of whom reminds me of a story, says the author of "How They Hustle in Japan." A Japanese shop-girl was waxing warm in her demonstration before a handsome American on the merits of a massage ball while the American's wife stood by. The coy little maid used all her persuasive gestures and what little English she knew to effect a sale. The American smiled fondly upon her, which brought a frown of reproof from the wife. Then as a final argument the little Jap girl placed a loving arm about the tourist's neck while she rubbed the ball gently over his chest. The domestic riot which took place in a certain stateroom on the ship that night furnished gossip for the passengers for hours.

Will We Come to This?

Women of the Tyrolean peasantry, although without the franchise and doubtless ignorant of what the word even means, have the right to go about without police interference attired in garments which convention has set aside as suitable alone for the lords of creation.

In fact, these women represent in their work what the funny man depicts as the future state of domestic affairs in our own country when the American woman votes. The men will then stay at home and look after the house and children, while the women



attend to the outside work. Often in the Tyrol men and women work side by side, herding the cattle and attending to dairy duties. This Tyrolean dairymaid looks pretty husky, doesn't she? And as a beauty stunt the work seems to be a success.

The Burned Pan.

A burned or scorched cooking vessel is rough even when perfectly clean. Smooth the surface with a piece of emery and grease and heat it thoroughly before using. Do not use it for foods that must be cooked several hours. Starchy foods especially are liable to burn.

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Office of Comptroller of the Currency
Washington, D. C. April 5, 1910

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Bandon" in the City of Bandon in the County of Coos and State of Oregon has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now Therefore I, Lawrence O. Murry, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Bandon" in the City of Bandon in the County of Coos and State of Oregon is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this Fifth day of April, 1910
Lawrence O. Murry
Comptroller of the Currency

AN ARTFUL REPORTER.

Got the Oil King Unconsciously to Submit to an Interview.

Playwright Eugene Walter is numbered among the newspaper men who obtained the "first interview" with John D. Rockefeller. When the First Interview With Rockefeller club is formed Mr. Walter will be one of the charter members.

This is how he managed it: In the days when he was a newspaper reporter in Cleveland Walter was an extremely youthful looking young man. He decided to capitalize his puerile appearance, for it was not an easy task even at that time to get Rockefeller to say anything. He was utterly "improachable," as a colored man once remarked.

Walter got into the Forest Hill grounds from the rear and walked about, looking at the flowers and shrubbery with an apparent lack of purpose, just as a boy would.

Rockefeller finally noticed him gazing abstractedly at a flower bed and went up to talk to him.

"Ah, my fine lad," began John D.

"are you fond of flowers?"

"Indeed I am, sir," replied Walter in true McGuffey Reader style.

"Well, I am always glad to see a boy who appreciates the beauties of nature. Would you care to walk over and look at the pond lilies?"

"Ah, sir, I should enjoy that more than I can tell you."

Thus the conversational ice was broken, and the youthful visitor was so enthusiastic over all he saw that the master of Forest Hill passed him out platitudes for about an hour. The interviewer didn't even have to ask questions.

Next morning Walter's interview was the best thing in the paper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Enough Kid.

Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded.

"Well, we goes up!"

"Went up."

"Went up on the farm!"

"To the farm."

"To the farm, and there we see!"

"We saw."

"We saw a little kid!"

"Little child. Now begin again and tell it properly."

"Well, we went up to the farm, and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.)—Judge.

The First Dessert Spoon.

When the dessert spoons were invented Hamilton palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them. A small laird, invited to dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was disgusted to find a dessert spoon handed to him with the sweets. "What do you get me this for?" he exclaimed to the footman. "Do you think ma mouth has got any smaller since I lapped up ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

Work Has Been Done.

Howell—You can't make a monkey out of me. Powell—No; you seem to have already awarded the contract.—New York Press.

With man, most of his misfortunes are occasioned by man.—Pliny.