

TRUXTON KING

A Story of
...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR
M'GUTCHEON

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CHAPTER I.—Truxton King arrives in
Edelweiss, capital of Graustark, and meets the
beautiful niece of Spantz, a gunmaker.

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir,"
snapped Spantz.
"Don't they ever go out shopping?"
"Hardly. The merchants, if you will
but notice, carry their wares to the
houses of the noble and the rich. But
tomorrow the garrison at the fortress
marches in review before the prince.
If you should happen to be on the avenue
near the castle gate at 12 o'clock
you will see the beauty and chivalry
of Graustark. The soldiers are not
the only ones who are on parade." There
was an unmistakable sneer in his
tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd
say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant
and then subtly resumed their most
ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all
be peacocks," he said quietly. "You
will also see that the man who rides
beside the prince's carriage wheel is
an American, while Graustark nobles
take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"
"Yes. Have you not heard of John
Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your
countryman, is the real power behind
our throne. On his deathbed the
prince's father placed his son in this



A SILY, IMPULSIVE SMILE PLAYED ABOUT
HER RED LIPS.

American's charge and begged him to
stand by him through thick and thin
until the lad is able to take care of
himself. As if there were not loyal
men in Graustark who might have
done as much for their prince?"

King looked interested. "I see. The
people, no doubt, resent this espionage.
Is that it?"

Spantz gave him a withering look, as
much as to say that he was a fool
to ask such a question in a place so
public. Without replying, he got to
his feet.

"I must return. I have been away
too long."

The American sank back in his chair.
Suddenly he became conscious of a
disquieting feeling that some one was
looking at him intently from behind.
He turned in his chair and found him-
self meeting the gaze of a ferocious
looking, military appearing little man
at a table near by. His waiter ap-
peared at his elbow with the change.

"Who the devil is that old man at
the table there?" demanded young Mr.
King loudly.

The waiter assumed a look of extreme
insolence. "That is Baron Dangloss,
minister of police. Anything more,
sir?"

"Yes. What's he looking so hard at
me for? Does he think I'm a pick-
pocket?"

"You know as much as I, sir," was
all that the waiter said in reply. King
pocketed the coin he had intended for
the fellow and deliberately left the
place. As he sauntered across the little
square his gaze suddenly shifted to a
second story window above the gun-
shop.

The interesting young woman had
cautiously pushed open one of the
shutters and was peering down upon
a trio of red coated guardsmen. Al-
most at the same instant her quick,
eager gaze fell upon the tall American,
now quite close to the horseman. He
saw her dark eyes expand as if with
surprise. The next instant he caught
his breath and almost stopped in his
tracks.

A shy, impulsive smile played about
her red lips for a second, lighting up
the delicate face with a radiance that
amazed him. Then the shutter was
closed gently, quickly. He felt his ears
burn as he abruptly turned away.

In the meantime Baron Dangloss
was watching him covertly from the
edge of the cafe garden across the
square.

CHAPTER II.

A MEETING OF THE CABINET.

AT this time the principality of
Graustark was in a most
prosperous condition. Its af-
fairs were under the control
of an able ministry, headed by the
venerable Count Halfont. The Duke
of Perse, for years a resident of St. Pe-
tersburg and a financier of high stand-
ing, had returned to Edelweiss soon
after the distressing death of the late
Princess Yevie and her American hus-
band, and to him was intrusted the
treasury portfolio.

The financing of the great railroad
project by which Edelweiss was to be
connected with the Siberian line in the
north fell to his lot at a time when no
one else could have saved the little
government from heavy losses or even
bankruptcy.

The opening of this narrative finds
the ministry preparing to float a new
5,000,000 gavo issue of bonds for con-
struction and equipment purposes.
Agents of the government were ready
to depart for London and Paris to take
up the matter with the great banking
houses. St. Petersburg and Berlin were
not to be given the opportunity to gob-
ble up these extremely fine securities.
This seemingly extraordinary exclu-
sion of Russia and German bidders was
the result of vigorous objections
raised by an utter outsider, the Ameri-
can, John Tullis, long time friend and
companion of Grenfall Lorry, consort
to the late princess.

Tullis was a strange man in many
particulars. He was under forty years
of age, but even at that rather imma-
ture time of life he had come to be
recognized as a shrewd, successful
financial power in his home city, New
York. At the very zenith of his power
he suddenly and with quixotic dis-
regard for consequences gave up his
own business and came to Graustark
for residence, following a promise
made to Grenfall Lorry when the lat-
ter lay dying in a little inn near Brus-
sels.

They had been lifelong friends. Tul-
lis' jestingly called himself the little
prince's "morganatic godfather." For
two years he had been a constant resi-
dent of Graustark.

His wide awake, resourceful brain,
attuned by nature to the difficulties of
administration, lent itself capably to
the solving of many knotty financial
puzzles; the ministry was never loath
to call on him for advice and seldom
disposed to disregard it. An outsider,
he never offered a suggestion or plan
unasked. To this single qualification
he owed much of the popularity and
esteem in which he was held by the
classes and the masses. Socially he
was a great favorite. He enjoyed the
freedom of the most exclusive homes
in Edelweiss.

There was but one man connected
with the government to whom the popu-
larity and influence of John Tullis
proved distasteful. That man was the
Duke of Perse. On more than one
occasion the cabinet had chosen to be
guided by the sagacity of John Tullis
in preference to following the lines
laid down by the astute minister of
finance. The decision to offer the new
bond issue in London and Paris was
due to the earnest, forceful argument
of John Tullis—outside the cabinet
chamber, to be sure. This was but
one instance in which the plan of the
treasurer was overridden. He resented
the plain though delicate influence
of the former Wall street man. Tullis
had made it plain to the ministry that
Graustark could not afford to place it-
self in debt to the Russians, into whose
hands sooner or later the destinies of
the railroad might be expected to fall.
The wise men of Graustark saw his
point without force of argument and
voted down in the parliament the
duke's proposition to place the loan in
St. Petersburg and Berlin. For this
particular act of trespass upon the
duke's official preserves he won the
hatred of the worthy treasurer and his
inconsiderable following among the
deputies.

But John Tullis was not in Edel-
weiss for the purpose of meddling
with state affairs. He was there be-
cause he elected to stand mentor to
the son of his lifelong friend, even
though that son was a prince of the
blood and controlled by the will of
three regents chosen by his own sub-
jects.

To say that the tiny prince loved
his big, broad shouldered, ruddy cheeked,
adoring mentor would be putting
it too gently; he idolized him. Tullis
was father, mother and big brother
to the little fellow in knickers.

One woman in Graustark was the
source of never ending and constantly
increasing interest to this stalwart
companion to the prince. That woman
was, alas, the wife of another man!
Moreover, she was the daughter of
the Duke of Perse.

The young and witty Countess of
Marlanx came often to Edelweiss. She
was a favorite at the castle, notwith-
standing the unhealthy record of her
ancient and discredited husband, the
Iron Count. Tullis had not seen the
count, but he had heard such tales of
him that he could not but pity this
glorious young creature who called him
husband.

At present we are permitted to at-
tend a meeting of the cabinet, which
sits occasionally in solemn collective-
ness just off the throne room within
the tapestried walls of a dark little
antechamber known to the outside
world as the "room of wrangles."

The question under discussion relates
to the loan of 5,000,000 gavo, before
mentioned. At the head of the long
table, perched upon an augurary
pile of lawbooks, sugared by a lit-

tle red cushion, sits the prince, almost
lost in the huge old walnut chair of
his forefathers.

The prince was a sturdy, curly haired
lad, with big brown eyes and a lam-
entably noticeable scratch on his nose,
acquired in less stately but more pro-
fitable pursuits. (It seems that he
had peeled his nose while sliding to
second base in a certain American
game that he was teaching the juve-
nile aristocracy how to play.)

About the table sat the three regents
and the other men high in the adminis-
tration of affairs, among them Gen-
eral Braze of the army, Baron Pultz
of the mines, Rosion of agriculture.
The Duke of Perse was discussing the
great loan question. The prince was
watching his gaunt, saturnine face
with more than usual interest.

"Of course it is not too late to rescind
the order pronounced at our last sit-
ting. There are five bankers in St.
Petersburg who will finance the loan
without delay. We need not delay the
interminable length of time necessary
to secure the attention and co-opera-
tion of bankers in France and Eng-
land. It is all nonsense to say that
Russia has sinister motives in the
matter. We need the money before the
winter opens. Why should we prefer
England? Why France?"

For some unaccountable reason he
struck the table violently with his fist
and directed his glare upon the asto-
nished prince. The explosive demand
caught the ruler by surprise. He
gasped and his lips fell apart.

Then it must have occurred to him
that the question could be answered
by no one save the person to whom
it was so plainly addressed. He lifted
his chin and piped up shrilly and
with a fervor that startled even the
intense Perse:

"Because Uncle Jack said we
should, that's why."

It goes without saying that the in-
nocent rejoinder opened the way to an
acrid discussion of John Tullis. If
that gentleman's ears burned in re-
sponse to the sarcastic comments of
the Duke of Perse and Baron Pultz,
they probably tingled pleasantly as
the result of the stout defense put up
by Halfont, Dangloss and others.

The duke's impassioned plea was of
no avail. His conferees saw the wis-
dom of keeping Russia's greedy hand
out of the country's affairs—at least
for the present—and reiterated their
decision to seek the loans in England
and France. The question, therefore,
would not be taken to parliament for
reconsideration. The duke sat down,
pale in defeat; his heart was more bit-
ter than ever against the shrewd
American who had induced all these
men to see through his eyes.

At this juncture the prince, gather-
ing from the manner of his ministers
that the question was settled to his
liking, leaned forward and announced
to his uncle, the premier:

"I'm tired, Uncle Caspar. How much
longer is it?"

Count Halfont coughed. "Ahem!
Just a few minutes, your highness.
Pray be patient—er—my little man."

Prince Bobby flushed. He always
knew that he was being patronized
when any one addressed him as "my
little man."

"I have an engagement," he said,
with a stiffening of his back.

The Duke of Perse smiled grimly. In
his most polite manner he arose to ad-
dress the now harassed princeling,
who shifted uneasily on the pile of
lawbooks.

"May your most humble subject pre-
sume to inquire into the nature of
your highness' engagement?"

"You may, your grace," said the
prince.

The duke waited. A smile crept into
the eyes of the others. "Well, what is
the engagement?"

"I had a date to ride with Uncle
Jack at 11 and to review the troops."
Count Halfont interposed good hu-
moredly: "There is nothing more to
come before us today, your grace, so I
fancy we may as well close the meet-
ing. To my mind it is rather a silly
custom which compels us to keep the
prince with us—er—after the opening
of the session. Of course, your high-
ness, we don't mean to say that you
are not interested in our grave delib-
erations."

Prince Bobby broke in eagerly: "Uncle
Jack says I've just got to be inter-
ested in 'em whether I want to or not.
He says it's the only way to catch on
to things and become a regular prince.
You see, Uncle Caspar, I've got a lot
to learn."

"Yes, your highness, you have," sol-
emnly admitted the premier. "But I
am sure you will learn."

"Under such an able instructor as
Uncle Jack you may soon know more
than the wisest man in the realm,"
added the Duke of Perse.

"Thank you, your grace," said the
prince so politely that the duke was
confounded. "I know Uncle Jack will
be glad to hear that. He's—he's afraid
people may think he's butting in too
much."

"Butting in!" gasped the premier.
At this the Duke of Perse came to
his feet again, an angry gleam in his
eyes. "My lords," he began hastily,
"it must certainly have occurred to
you before this that our beloved
prince's English, which seems after
all, to be his mother tongue, is not
what it should be. Butting in! Yes,
today I overheard him advising your
(To be continued)

A Plucky Woman

Story of a Press Gang

By EDGAR FALES MOODY

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Association.

A hundred years ago there was a
Connecticut farmer named John
Clough living on the shores bordering
Long Island sound. His wife
Katherine dearly loved her husband,
and their union was blessed with ten
children.

One evening when Katherine had
prepared John's supper and was wait-
ing for him to come home and eat it
a small boy with eyes a-stare came
running to the house crying:

"Missus Clough, your man's car-
ried off!"

"What d'ye mean?" asked the
frightened woman.

"Some men came along while he
was a seedin' and took him by the
arms and run him down to a boat.
They put him in and are rowin' him
out to a warship."

"Oh, my gracious, the press gang!"
She ran out of the house and on to
an eminence in time to see the boat
pulling for a ship at anchor bearing
the British ensign from her peak.

John Clough had been pressed into
the British service. Katherine was so
fond of him that she could not bear
the idea of waiting for him to come
home after a long term of service and
resolved to join him if possible. The
ship remained at anchor that night,
and the next morning, leaving her
children in the care of her sister, Mrs.
Clough cut off her hair, put on a suit
of John's and, taking a boat, rowed
out to the man-of-war. There she of-
fered herself for enlistment. She was
gladly accepted without a physical ex-
amination and donned a sailor's uni-
form. She was soon recognized by her
husband, but she gave him a look of
warning, and he did not betray her.

The Britisher saluted about for some
time in American waters, her captain
here and there impressing a man into
his service, desiring to fill up his
crew, which was incomplete.

As soon as possible John and Kath-
erine concerted to make their escape.
Katherine's plan was to assist John
to get away, after which she might
declare her sex and get discharged.

But they both knew that so long as
the ship remained on the American
coast a very sharp watch would be
kept on those Americans that had been
impressed, so this task would not be
easy of accomplishment. And if they
made an attempt and failed one or
both would be put in irons.

They kept a sharp watch for an op-
portunity, but so strict was the watch
that none occurred. Finally prepara-
tions making for a voyage warned
them that the ship would soon sail
away and if they were to put any
scheme into execution they must do
so without further delay.

One day Katherine left the collar of
her sailor jacket open just low enough
to betray her sex. A petty officer was
the first to discover the fact and re-
ported it to the officer of the deck.
Katherine was summoned before the
commander and acknowledged her de-
ception. The officer would have put
her ashore at once, but she begged to
be allowed to remain, for a time at
least, as cook. Her request was grant-
ed, and she was transferred to the
galley. But as there was not a wo-
man's garment of any kind aboard
she must needs retain her sailor togs.

One evening when the ship was at
anchor off New London John told his
wife that he could swim ashore if he
could only get away from the ship.
But this was impossible, for marines
were on watch, and any one jumping
overboard would be shot. If he were
not shot a boat would be lowered, and
he would be captured before he had
swum a hundred yards. The sailors
had got wind of the intention of the
captain to sail the next morning for
England, and the Englishmen of the
crew were much delighted at the pros-
pect of going home.

Though the night was not dark, the
Cloughs determined to make an at-
tempt. About eight bells a great flare
of light appeared in the galley, and
Katherine, who had secretly collected
as much inflammable stuff as she
could conceal and had touched a burn-
ing brand to it, raised the cry of
"Fire!"

A fire on shipboard, especially on a
wooden man-of-war, where there are
a magazine and more or less ammunition
always ready for use, is a danger need-
ing paramount attention. All hands
were called either to the galley or to
the pumps, and all hands except John
Clough obeyed. He was on the fore-
castle at the time watching the marine
nearest him. The man was too good
a soldier to leave his post, but was too
much interested in the fire that night
to think of anything else. John Clough
scuttled to the bowsprit, got down on
to the chains, dropped noiselessly into
the water and swam for the shore.

The fire in the galley was soon ex-
tinguished, and unfortunately as it at
first appeared for Katherine there were
evidences that she had been an in-
cendiary. Had she been a man she
would have probably been hanged to
the yardarm. Even had the ship been
in an English port she would have
been turned over to the civil authori-
ties. As it was she was considered a
fit person to get rid of and was sent
ashore.

Meanwhile John had landed safely
without even having been shot at. The
next evening the pair met at their
farm, embraced, hugged their children
and enjoyed a good supper.

PASTEURIZING MILK

Simple and Convenient Method of Boil-
ing It at Home.

Milk is most conveniently pasteurized
in the bottles in which it is de-
livered. To do this use a small pail
with a perforated false bottom. An
inverted pie tin with a few holes
punched in it will answer the purpose.
This will raise the bottles from the
bottom of the pail, thus allowing a
free circulation of water and prevent-
ing bumping of the bottles. Punch a
hole through the cap of one of the
bottles and insert a thermometer. The
ordinary floating type of thermometer
is likely to be inaccurate, so if possible
a good thermometer with the scale
etched on the glass should be used.

Set the bottles of milk in the pail
and fill the pail with water nearly to
the level of the milk. Put the pail on
the stove or over a gas flame and heat
it until the thermometer in the milk
shows not less than 150 degrees or
more than 155 degrees F. The bottles
should then be removed from the wa-
ter and allowed to stand from twenty
to thirty minutes. The temperature
will fall slowly, but may be held more
uniformly by covering the bottles with
a towel. The punctured cap should be
replaced with a new one or the bottle
should be covered with an inverted
cap. After the milk has been held
as directed it should be cooled. To
avoid danger of breaking the bottle
the water should be warm at first. Re-
place the warm water slowly with cold
water. After cooling milk should in
all cases be held at the lowest avail-
able temperature.

DOGS' BAD HABITS.

How to Break Them by the Persistent
Use of the Lead.

Dogs are very useful animals on the
farm, especially where there are sheep.
Collies are about the best breed to be
used for driving sheep, and if properly
and thoroughly trained when young
they can be made to drive cows as
well as any hired man. One thing that
troubles many farmers is the bad habits
acquired by dogs. One of the worst
of these habits is that of rushing
at vehicles and barking furiously. It
is, unfortunately, one of the most
difficult to cure, and it is only by stern
measures that anything in the way of
improvement can be made. The collie
is one of the greatest offenders in this
way. One of the best means found to

Halley's Comet an Early Riser

May 3.—Halley's comet rose to-
day at 3:04 a.m., and tomorrow at
3:02 a.m. Sun rises 4:55 a.m. The
comet's speed today is about 106,140
miles per hour. Comet's distance
from the earth today about 67,000,-
000 miles, but diminishing by sev-
eral millions daily. After 75 years
of waiting the great climax comes
next month.

Should Use Care in Arrests.

The Gold Beach Globe has been
going after State Deputy Game
Warden F. M. Morgan, charging him
with being over zealous to make
prosecutions in some instances, and
being derelict in duty in others
down in Curry county. We are not
conversant with the conditions in
Curry county, but Mr. Morgan made
an arrest in this city recently, which,
while it was in accordance with the
law, yet it was not commendable in
any way, as the so-called offender
had done nothing more than kill a
bird that is destructive to the fishing
industry of the community, and while
these birds are protected by a game
law that is a farce in many particu-
lars, there should be a bounty for
killing such birds. It was probably
not the intent of the law to protect
any such birds, but it is the letter,
and thus gives a game warden the
opportunity to exercise his authority
if he chooses, although he should
use discretion in so doing. No game
warden will gain the good will of
the people by protecting destructive
birds. This article is not written to
assail Mr. Morgan nor any other
game warden, but merely to point
out what is just and right. No game
warden will ever lose his position
or the respect of the people by
using judgment in making arrests,
and they should be careful as well as
other officers of the law.

Curry Will Have Bank.

J. G. Loucks of Port Orford, Or.,
was in Portland yesterday after re-
turning from a trip East. He is
completing financial arrangements to
open at Port Orford, on May 1st,
the first bank in Curry Co. Mr.
Loucks' principal correspondents
will be the United States National
Bank of Portland and the Wells
Fargo Company of San Francisco.
—Telegram.

THE FEEDER

To make the mash properly the bran
should be stirred in the boiling water,
just as our mothers made cornmeal
mush.

Feed Rack Easily Constructed.

A good rack handy for feeding sheep
can be made by any one handy with
tools. It will soon save its cost in the
economy with which one can feed.

Do Not Overfeed Sows.

Sows overfed or made extra fat with
an extravagant allowance of corn will
not breed so surely as if their systems
are in a cooler and less feverish con-
dition.

Separate Cattle From Sheep.

Sheep graze closer than cattle and
therefore should not be crowded into
the same lot with them. They chew
off the grass so short that the cattle
cannot get a good nibble.

Necessity For Feeding Shed.

Generally speaking, it is probable
that anywhere in the corn belt fatten-
ing steers are nine-tenths of the time
as well off in an ordinary yard as they
would be anywhere else, but one-tenth
of the time a shed is absolutely essen-
tial.

Salt For the Stock.

Salt is necessary to the health and
thrift of the domestic animals, and
they should have it in winter as well
as in summer. They need more of it
probably during the period of abun-
dant succulent feed, but the animal
system requires more or less of it all
the time. A good plan is to keep salt
in sheltered boxes where the stock can
get at it at will. This is a safeguard
against neglect, and, being accustomed
to it at pleasure, there is no danger
that too much will be taken.

HAVE YOU A CAMERA?

IF SO YOU WILL FIND
THE LARGEST AS-
SORTMENT OF

Films, Plates,
Papers, Post Cards,
Chemicals, Etc.
In The County At The

Bandon Drug Co.

If You Have Not One,
Buy One At Once It Will
Pay You

No. 9718

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 pro-
visions of the Statute of the United States, re-
quired to be complied with before an association
shall be authorized to commence the business of
Banking;

Now Therefore I, Lawrence O. Murray,
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 busi-
ness 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
[Seal] Lawrence O. Murray
14-10 Comptroller of the Currency

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