

TRUXTON KING

A Story of
...Graustark
By GEORGE BARR
M'UTCHEON

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CHAPTER II.—King does a favor for Prince
Robin, the young ruler of the country, whose
guardian is John Tullis, an American.

son, Fritz, to "go chase his own." As
when your boy tried to chase the wolf,
'pon my word he did—what did you
prince say? What did you say, Prince
Robin?"

"I—I forgot," stammered Prince Bob-
by.

"You said 'Mee!' Or was it—er—
"No, your grace; not. I remember that
That's what I said. That's what all our
boys used to say in Washington."

"God deliver us! Has it come to this—
that a prince of Graustark should
grow up with such language on his
lips? That confounded American has
every one hypnotized!" exploded the
duke. "His influence over this boy is
a menace to our country. He is mak-
ing an oaf of him—a slazy, impudent
little!"

"Your grace!" interrupted Baron
Dangloss sharply.

"Uncle Jack's all right," declared the
prince, vaguely realizing that a de-
fense should be forthcoming.

"He is, eh?" rasped the exasperated
duke, mopping his brow.

"He sure is," pronounced the prince
with a finality that left no room for
doubt.

"He is a mountebank, a meddler,
that's what he is!" exclaimed the over-
heated duke.

But the prince had slid down from
his pile of books and planted himself
beside him so suddenly that the bitter
words died away on the old man's
lips.

"You awful old man!" he cried, trem-
bling all over, his eyes blazing. "Don't
you say anything against Uncle Jack!
I'll—I'll banish you—yes, sir—banish
you like my mother fired Count Mar-
lanx out of the country. I won't let
you come back here—never. And be-
fore you go I'll have Uncle Jack give
you a good licking. Oh, he can do it,
all right! I—I hate you!"

The duke looked down in amazement
into the flushed, writhing face of his
little master. For a moment he was
stunned by the vigorous outburst.
Then the hard lines in his face re-
laxed, a softer expression came into his
eyes, and he smiled kindly on the boy.

But Prince Bobby was still un-
repentant. "I could have you beheaded,"
he said stubbornly. "Couldn't I, Uncle
Casper?"

The Duke of Perse suddenly bent
forward and placed his bony hand
upon the unshrinking shoulder of the
prince, his eyes gleaming kindly, his
voice strangely free from its usual
harshness. "You are a splendid little
man, Prince Robin," he said. "I glory
in you. I shall not forget the lesson
in loyalty that you have taught me."

Bobby's eyes filled with tears. The
genuine humility of the hard old man
touched his tempestuous little heart.

"It's—it's all right, du—your grace.
I'm sorry I spoke that way too."

As the prince strode soberly from
the "room of wrangles" every eye was

visitors these days. A witch is a very
arbitrary person. Even princes have
to send up their cards."

The witch's hovel was in the moun-
tain across the most rugged of the
canyons and was to be reached only
after the most hazardous of rides. The
old woman of the hills was an ancient
character about whom clung a thou-
sand spookish traditions, but who, in
the opinion of John Tullis, was noth-
ing more than a wise fortune teller
and necromancer who knew every
trick in the trade of hoodwinking the
superstitious.

As they rode back to the castle after
an hour, coming down through Castle
avenue from the monastery road, they
passed a tall, bronzed young man
whom Tullis at once knew to be an
American. He was seated on a big
bowlder at the roadside enjoying the
shade. At his side was the fussy,
well known figure of Cook's inter-
preter eagerly pointing out certain im-
portant personages to him as they
passed. Of course the approach of the
prince was the excuse for consider-
able agitation and fervor on the part
of the man from Cook's. He mounted
the bowlder and took off his cap to
wave it frantically.

"It's the prince!" he called out to
Truxton King. "Stand up! Hurray!
Long live the prince!"

The man from Cook's came to grief.
He slipped from his perch on the rock
and came floundering to the ground.
The spirited pony that the prince
was riding shied and reared in quick
affright. The boy dropped his crop
and clung valiantly to the reins. A
guardian was at the pony's head in
an instant.

Truxton King picked up the riding
crop, strode out into the roadway and
handed it up to the boy in the saddle.

"Thank you," said Prince Bobby.

"Don't mention it," said Truxton
King, with his most engaging smile.
"No trouble at all."

CHAPTER III

MANY PERSONS IN REVIEW.

TRUXTON KING reviewed the
review of the garrison. That
in itself was rather a tame ex-
hibition for a man who had
seen the finest troops in all the world.
A thousand earnest looking soldiers,
proud of the opportunity to march be-
fore the little prince, and that was all,
so far as the review was concerned.

Mr. King saw the court in all its
glory scattered along the shady Castle
avenue—in carriages, in traps, in mo-
tors and in the saddle. His brain
whirled and his heart leaped under
the pressure of a new found interest in
life.

If Truxton King had given up in dis-
gust and fled to Vienna this tale would
never have come to light. Instead of
being the lively narrative of a young
gentleman's adventures in faraway
Graustark, it might have become a
tale of the smart set in New York,
for, as you know, we are bound by
tradition to follow the trail laid down
by our hero, no matter which way he
elects to fare. He confided to his
friend from Cook's that he could never
have forgiven himself if he had ad-
hered to his resolution to leave on the
following day.

"I didn't know you'd changed your
mind, sir," remarked Mr. Hobbs in
surprise.

"Of course you didn't know it," said
Truxton. "How could you? I've just
changed it this instant. I didn't know
it myself two minutes ago. No, sir,
Hobbs—or is it Dobbs? Thanks. No,
sir, I'm going to stop here for a week
or two. Where the dickens do these
people keep themselves? I haven't
seen 'em before."

"Oh, they are the nobility—the
swells. They don't hang around the
streets like tourists and rubbernecks,
sir," in plain disgust.

"I say, who is that just passing—the
lady in the victoria?" King asked
abruptly.

"That is the Countess Marlanx."
"Whew! I thought she was the
queen."

Hobbs went into details concerning
the beautiful countess.

"I was just going to ask if you know
anything about a young woman who
occasionally tends shop for William
Spantz, the armorer," King finally
asked.

Hobbs looked interested. "She's
quite a beauty, sir, I give you my
word."

"I know that, Hobbs. But who is
she?"

"I really can't say, sir. She's his
niece, I've heard. Been here a little
over a month. I think she's from War-
saw."

"Well, I'll say goodbye here. If you've
nothing on for tomorrow we'll visit
the castle grounds and—ahem!—take a
look about the place. Come to the ho-
tel early. I'm going over to the gun-
shop."

He was whistling gayly as he en-
tered the little shop, ready to give a
cheery greeting to old Spantz and to
make him a temporizing offer for the
broadsword. But it was not Spantz
who stood behind the little counter.
Truxton flushed hotly and jerked off
his hat. The girl smiled.

"I beg pardon," he exclaimed. "I—
I'm looking for Mr. Spantz. I"—
"He is out. Will you wait." She
turned to the window, resuming the
wistful, preoccupied gaze down the
avenue.

"Beg pardon," he said politely. "I
wanted to have another look at the
broadsword there."

Very quickly—he noticed that she
went about it clumsily despite her
supple gracefulness—she withdrew the
heavy weapon from the window and
laid it upon the counter.

"I am not—not what you would call
an expert," she said frankly.

"What's the price?" he asked, his
courage faltering under the cool, im-
personal gaze.

"I do not know. My uncle has told
you. I am quite new at the trade.
I hope you will excuse my ignorance.
My uncle will be here in a moment."
She was turning away with an air
that convinced King of one thing—she
was a person who in no sense had
ever been called upon to serve others.

"So I've heard," he observed. The
halt took effect. She looked up quick-
ly. He was confident that a startled
expression flitted across her face.

"You have heard? What have you
heard of me?" she demanded.

Mr. King was inspired to fabricate in
the interest of psy-
chical research.

"I have heard that you are not
the niece of old
man Spantz," he
watched intently
to catch the effect
of the declara-
tion.

"You have heard
nothing of the
kind," she said
coldly.

"Well, I'll con-
fess I haven't,"
he admitted
cheerfully. "It
pleases me to de-
duce that you are
not related to the
armorer. You don't
look the part."

Now she smiled divinely. "And why
not, pray? His sister was my mother."

"In order to establish a line on which
to base my calculations, would you
mind telling me who your father is?"
He asked the question with his most
appealing smile, a smile so frankly im-
pudent that she could not resent it.

"My father is dead," she said seri-
ously, "and my mother is dead. Now
can you understand why I am living
here with my uncle? Even an amateur
may rise to that. Now, sir, do you
expect to purchase the sword? If not
I shall replace it in the window."

"That's what I came here for," said
he, resenting her tone and the icy look
she gave him.

"I gathered that you came in the ca-
pancy of Sherlock Holmes or some-
thing else." She added the last three
words with unmistakable meaning.

She was leaning toward him, her
hands on the counter, a peculiar gleam
in her dark eyes, which now for the
first time struck him as rather more
keen and penetrating than he had sus-
pected before.

"I simply want to tell you, Mr. King,
that unless you really expect to buy
this sword it is not wise in you to
make it an excuse for coming here."

"My dear young lady, I"—
"My uncle has a queer conception of
the proprieties. He may think that
you come to see me. Young men may
chat with shopgirls all the world over,
but in Edelweiss, no, unless they come
to pay most honorable court to them.
My uncle would not understand."

"I take it, however, that you would
understand," he said boldly.

"I have lived in Vienna, in Paris
and in London, but now I am living
in Edelweiss. I have not been a shop-
girl always."

"I can believe that. My deductions
are justified."

"My uncle is returning," she remark-
ed suddenly. "I must not talk to you
any longer." She glanced uneasily
out upon the square and then hurried-
ly added, a certain wistfulness in her
voice and eyes: "I couldn't help it to-
day. I forgot my place. But you are
the first gentleman I've spoken to
since I came here."

When Spantz entered the door the
girl was going listlessly from the
window and Truxton King was lean-
ing against the counter with his back
toward her, his arms folded and a
most impatient frown on his face.
Spantz's black eyes shot from one to
the other. "What do you want?" he
demanded sharply.

"The broadsword. And, say, Mr.
Spantz, you might assume a different
tone in addressing me. I'm a cus-
tomer, not a beggar."

The girl left the window and walked
slowly to the rear of the shop, pass-
ing through the narrow door, without so
much as a glance at King or the old
man. Spantz was silent until she was
gone.

"You want the broadsword, eh?" he
asked, moderating his tone considera-
bly. "It's a rare old"—

"I'll give you a hundred dollars—not
another cent," interrupted King, not
yet over his resentment. There fol-
lowed a long and irritating argument,
at the conclusion of which Mr. King
became the possessor of the weapon at
his own price.

"I'll come in again," he said indiffer-
ently.

"But you are leaving tomorrow, sir."
"I've changed my mind."

"Then you have discovered some-
thing in Edelweiss to attract you?"
grinned the old armorer.

"I dare say you're right. Clean that
sword up a bit for me, and I'll drop
in tomorrow and get it. Here's 69
gavvos to bind the bargain—the rest
on delivery. Good day, Mr. Spantz."

"Good day, Mr. King."
"How do you happen to know my
name?"

Spantz put his hand over his heart
and delivered himself of a most im-
pressive bow. "When so distinguished
a visitor comes to our little city," he
said, "we lose no time in discovering
his name. It is a part of our trade,
sir, believe me."

"I'm not so sure that I do believe
you," said Truxton King to himself as
he sauntered up the street toward the
hotel.

Mr. Hobbs, from Cook's, was at his
elbow, his eyes glistening with eager-
ness.

"I say, old Dangloss is waiting for
you at the Regenetz, sir. Wot's up?
Wot you been up to, sir?"

"Up to—up to, Hobbs?"
(To be continued)

Woman's World

Cupid to Attend Drexel-Gould
and Maidstone-Drexel Weddings.



The old adage that one wedding
makes two seems to be holding good
in the Gould-Drexel families. Fol-
lowing close on the heels of the an-
nouncement of Miss Marjorie Gould's
engagement to Anthony Drexel, Jr.,
came the news from England that the
Viscount Maidstone had succeeded in
capturing the heart of Miss Margare-
tine Drexel, who has had for suitors
all the eligible men in "King Ed-
ward's set." Both weddings, it is said,
will take place soon, the Gould nup-
tials being scheduled for April and
the Drexel-Maidstone marriage taking
place in June during the London sea-
son.

There has not been an engagement
announced in the multimillionaire
circle in many years that has brought
forth so many expressions of pleasure
or good will as that of Marjorie Gould
and Tony Drexel. It is a real straight-
forward American love match. There
is no snobbishness to it, no interna-
tional social climbing, no barter and
sale.

In Philadelphia young Drexel is
known as the \$25,000,000 boy, and
when the engagement was announced
some one who pretends to but really
doesn't know the extent of the George
Gould fortune declared that Marjorie
Gould was a \$30,000,000 girl. The esti-
mate in regard to young Drexel prob-
ably is too low and in respect to Miss
Gould probably too high, but what
does money mean when the possessor
is beyond the ten million mark?

Miss Gould might have been a duch-
ess, a grand duchess or a princess,
or she might have been a marchioness,
but she preferred to be a plain Amer-
ican Mrs. She has had more suitors
than almost any great heiress of mod-
ern times, and she has had enough at-
tention paid to her to dazzle almost
any one, but throughout it she has
shown the same good sense that has
characterized the whole life of her
father and mother.

By the marriage of these two young
people two of the greatest fortunes in
America will be united. The estate of
Jay Gould was \$80,000,000 when he
died. It is said to be more than dou-
ble that now. George Gould has been
the chief conservator of the fortune,
and under his management it has
grown enormously.

The value of the estate left by An-
thony J. Drexel never has been made
public, but it is known to have been
in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000.

Miss Drexel's fiance, on the other
hand, is poor and is the oldest son of
the Earl of Winchilsea. The viscount
is good looking and unassuming. He
is twenty-five years old and has not
done anything noteworthy. He was a
general favorite at Eton and then spent
three years at Magdalen college, Ox-
ford, where he was quite popular. He
has no extravagant tastes, his father
having brought him up as a poor man's
son. He is a keen golfer and takes
great interest in the territorial army.
He is a lieutenant in the Royal East
Kent yeomanry.

It would surprise no one if the Drexel
wealth was used in restoring to its
former splendor Kirby Hall, the pic-
turesque Winchilsea family seat in
Northamptonshire, which has long
been practically dismantled.

Needlework Notes.
To make a buttonhole neatly in thin
fraying materials is difficult. When
not transparent an extra thickness of
material can be added and later cut
away close to the work.

One way to finish the buttonhole
edge of a centerpiece is to leave a nar-
row width of material when cutting
out scallops and turn it back into a
narrow hem on wrong side.

One advantage of the cord over reg-
ular padding is that it prevents tear-
ing at the narrow points of the seal-
ings. If a stiff cord is used it cuts
through the buttonholing. Wind sev-
eral thicknesses of darning cotton to-
gether if the right kind of cord can-
not be found.

With the announced purpose to
ascertain with impartiality and with-
out prejudice the truth of the claims
of various persons, including Dr.
Cook, to having scaled the rugged
sides of Mount McKinley, an expedi-
tion, organized by the Mazama
club, has left Portland for Seattle.
The party will embark on the re-
venue cutter Tahoma for Cook's Inlet,
Alaska, whence they will ascend the
Susitana river to Ruth Glacier. The
climb to the summit will be made
from this point.—Cottage Grove
Sentinel.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the
partnership formerly existing be-
tween Bruno & Anselmo, known as
the Brandon Brewery Co., has been
dissolved by mutual consent on
April 22, 1910. L. ANSELMO.

Street Improvement Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the com-
mon council of the city of Bandon, Oregon, at a reg-
ular meeting thereof held upon the 15th day of
April, 1910, did pass a resolution wherein it is
proposed to improve Second Street in the
Washin Mill addition to the city of Bandon,
between Pacific and Coquille Avenues, by es-
tablishing a grade thereon, grading the said
streets by excavations and fills, according to the
grade so established for the full width thereof
between the above named points, and con-
structing sidewalks upon both sides thereof.

Notice is further given that unless a written
remonstrance be filed with the Recorder on or
before the 1st day of June, 1910, which remon-
strance must contain therein the names of the
owners of two-thirds of the real property
fronting upon the said portion of said street,
(including both sides thereof), then the council
will pass an ordinance so establishing such grade,
providing for excavations and fills, in accord-
ance therewith, and the construction of such
sidewalks, and said ordinance will also provide
for the assessment of the cost thereof upon the
adjacent property, and provide for the manner
of collecting the same.

This notice is given by direction of the com-
mon council,
Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 12th day of
May, 1910. C. R. Wade
18-3t City Recorder

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 3, 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 Statutes 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
14-10t Comptroller of the Currency

Bring your
Job Work
TO THE RECORDER

A CHECK ACCOUNT

With This Bank you will find to be a great convenience
You always have the exact change when you carry a check book
and by paying all bills with checks you have an indisputable
receipt in the form of the canceled voucher

DONT PAY BILLS TWICE

Try the Check system with this bank and save money

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANDON OREGON
All business strictly confidential

A FEW REAL ESTATE SNAPS

5-10 acre tracts at \$30.00 per acre close to city
5 acres, one-half cleared, with house and partly fenced, \$300.00
down, terms on balance
A lot 100x200 with alley in rear, two blocks from
school grounds, \$600.00
2 acres with nice new cottage, fenced and in good shape, close to
school house, for \$1400.00
On sixth street, across street from school ground, a piece of
land 150x150 with nice four room house, \$800.00. A snap
Lots in Azalia Park \$75.00 each, installments
Lots in Woolen Mill add, \$65.00 up Installments
9 Lots Smith's addition \$175.00 Terms if wanted

A Square Deal

E. E. OAKES Of Course

WOODRUFF & GOFF

THE SECOND HAND MEN

Buy And Sell All Kinds of Second Hand
Goods Get Our Prices Before
Purchasing Elsewhere

Phone 261
BANDON OREGON



"YOU AWFUL OLD MAN!" HE CRIED,
upon his sturdy little back, and there
was a kindly light in each of them,
bar none.

Later on the prince in his khaki rid-
ing suit leaped gayly down the broad
mountain road toward Gankook be-
side the black mare which carried John
Tullis. He had told Tullis of his vain-
glorious defense in the ante-chamber.

"Say, Uncle Jack, when are you go-
ing to take me to the witch's hovel?"
The thought abruptly banished all else
from his eager little brain.

"Some day soon," said Tullis. "You
see, I'm not sure that she's receiving