

# TRUXTON KING

A Story of  
...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR  
M'UTCHEON

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## SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Truxton King arrives in Edsbevia, capital of Graustark, and meets the beautiful niece of Spantz, a gunmaker. II.—King does a favor for Prince Robin, the young ruler of the country, whose guardian is John Tullis, an American. III.—Baron Dangloss, minister of police, interviews King and warns him against Olga, the gunmaker's niece.

"My word, sir, you must have been or he wouldn't be there to see you."

"Who is Dangloss?"

"Minister of police. Haven't I told you? He's a keen one, too, take my word for it. I heard him ask for you."

He lost no time in getting to the hotel. A well remembered, heavy looking little man in a white linen suit was waiting for him on the great piazza.

Baron Jasto Dangloss was a polite man, but not to the point of proffering flattery. He advanced to meet the puzzled American, smiling amiably and swirling his imposing mustache with neatly gloved fingers.

"I have called, Mr. King, to have a little chat with you," he said abruptly. He enjoyed the look of surprise on the young man's face. "Won't you join me at this table? A julep will not be bad, eh?" King sat down opposite to him at one of the piazza tables in the shade of the great trailing vines. A waiter took the order and departed.

"Now, to come to the point," began the baron. "You expected to leave tomorrow. Why are you staying over?"

"Baron, I leave that to your own distinguished powers of deduction," said Truxton gently. He took a long pull at the straw, watching the other's face as he did so. The baron smiled.

"You have found the young lady in the gunshop to be very attractive," observed the baron. "Where have you known her before?"

"I beg pardon?"

It is not unusual for a young man in search of adventure to follow the lady of his choice from place to place. She came but recently, I recall."

"You think I knew her before and followed her to Edsbevia?"

"I am not quite sure whether you have been in Warsaw lately. There is a gap in your movements that I can't account for."

King became serious at once. He saw that it was best to be frank with this keen old man.

"Baron Dangloss, I don't know just what you are driving at, but I'll see you straight, so far as I'm concerned. I never saw that girl until the day before yesterday. I never spoke to her until today."

"She smiled on you quite familiarly from her window casement yesterday," said Dangloss coolly.

"She laughed at me, to be perfectly candid. But what's all this about?"

Dangloss leaned forward and smiled sourly.

"Take my advice—do not play with fire," he said indignantly.

"You—you mean she's a dangerous person? I can't believe that, baron."

"She has dangerous friends out in the world. She is Olga Platunova. Her mother was married in this city twenty-five years ago to Professor Platunova of Warsaw. The professor was executed last year for conspiracy. He was one of the leaders of a great revolutionary movement in Poland. They were virtually anarchists, as you have come to place them in America. This girl Olga was his secretary. His death almost killed her. But that is not all. She had a sweetheart up to fifteen months ago. He was a prince of the royal blood. He would have married her in spite of the difference in their stations had it not been for the intervention of the crown that she and her kind hate so well. The young man's powerful relatives took a hand in the affair. He was compelled to marry a scrawny little duchess, and Olga was warned that if she attempted to entice him away from his wife she would be punished. She did not attempt it, because she is a virtuous girl. Her uncle, Spantz, offered her a home."

"Baron, are you sure that she is a red?" asked King.

"Quite. She attended their councils."

"She doesn't look it, 'pon my word. I thought they were the scum of the earth."

"The kind you have in America are. But over here—oh, well, we never can tell."

"I'm much obliged. And I'll keep my eyes well opened. I suppose there's no harm in my going to the shop to look at a lot of rings and knickknacks he has for sale?"

"Not in the least. Confine yourself to knickknacks, that's all."

"Isn't Spantz above suspicion?"

"No one is in my little world. By the way, I am very fond of your father. He is a most excellent gentleman and a splendid shot."

"I know him quite well. Hunted wild boar with him ten years ago in Germany. And your sister? She was a beautiful young girl. They were at Carlsbad at the time. Was she quite well when you last heard?"

"She was," was all that the wondering brother could say.

The baron left the American standing at the head of the steps, gazing



WILLIAM JONES

after his retreating figure with a look of admiration in his eyes.

Truxton fared forth into the streets that night with a greater zest in life than he had ever known before. A man with a limp cigarette between his lips was never far from the side of the American—a man who had stopped to pass the time of day with William Spantz and who from that hour was not to let the young man out of his sight until another relieved him of the task.

## CHAPTER IV. TRUXTON TRESPASSES.

THERE was a sparkle in King's eyes as he struck out across town after breakfast the next morning. He burst in upon Mr. Hobbs at Cook's.

"Say, Hobbs, how about the castle today—in an hour, say? Can you take a party of one rubbernecking this morning? I want you to get me into the castle grounds today and show me where the duchesses dawdle and the countesses cavort."

"Of course, sir, you understand there are certain parts of the park not open to the public. The grotto and the playgrounds and the Basin of Venus—"

"I'll not trespass, so don't fidget, Hobbs. I'll be here for you at 10."

Truxton hurried to the square and across it to the shop of the armorer, not forgetting, however, to look about in some anxiety, for the excellent Dangloss, who might, for all he knew, be snooping in the neighborhood. Spantz was at the rear of the shop talking to a customer. The girl was behind the counter, dressed for the street.

She came quickly out to him, a disturbed expression in her face. As he doffed his hat the smile left his lips. He saw that she had been weeping.

"You must not come here, Mr. King," she said hurriedly in low tones. "Take your broadsword this morning, and please, for my sake, do not come again. I—I may not explain why I am asking you to do this."

"Just a minute, please," he interrupted. "I've heard your story from Baron Dangloss. Are you in trouble? Do you need friends, Miss Platunova?"

"The baron has told you all about me," she smiled sadly. "Alas, he has only told you what he knows. But it should be sufficient. There is no place in my life for you or any one else. There never can be. Do you question me? I can say no more. Now I must be gone. I—I have warned you. Do not come again."

She slipped into the street and was gone. King stood in the doorway, looking after her, a puzzled gleam in his eyes. Old Spantz was coming up from the rear, followed by his customer.

"Hello, Mr. Spantz! Good morning. I'm here for the sword."

The old man glared at him in unmistakable displeasure. Truxton began counting out his money. The customer, a swarthy fellow, passed out of the door, turning to glance intently at the young man. A meaning look and a sly nod passed between him and Spantz. The man halted at the corner below and later on followed King to Cook's office, afterward to the castle gates, outside of which he waited until his quarry reappeared. Until King went to bed late that night this swarthy fellow was close at his heels, always

keeping well out of sight himself.

"I'll come in soon to look at those rings," said King, placing the notes on the counter. Spantz merely nodded, raked in the bills without counting them and passed the sword over to the purchaser.

Truxton picked up the weapon and stalked away.

A few minutes later he was on his way to the castle grounds, accompanied by the short legged Mr. Hobbs. Hobbs led him through the great

park gates and up in the lodge of Jacob Fransch, the venerable high steward of the Rhodans. Here, to King's utter disgust, he was booked as a plain Cook's tourist and mechanically advised to pay strict attention to the rules.

"It's no disgrace," growled Hobbs, redder than ever. "You're inside the grounds, and you've got to obey the rules, same as any tourist. Right this way, sir. We'll take a turn just inside the wall. Now, on your left, ladies and—ahem!—I should say—ahem!—sir, you may see the first turret ever built on the wall. It is over 400 years old. On the right we have—"

"See here, Hobbs," said King, stopping short. "I'm dashed if I'll let you lecture me as if I were a gang of hay-seeds from Joshyville."

"Very good, sir. No offense. I quite forgot, sir."

"Just tell me, old chap. Don't lecture. Hobbs, this is all very beautiful and very grand and very slow," said King, stopping to lean against the moss covered wall that encircled the park within a park, the grounds adjoining the grotto. "Can't I hop over this wall and take a peep into the grotto?"

"By no means!" cried Hobbs, horrified. King looked over the low wall. The prospect was alluring. The pool, the trickling rivulets, the mossy banks, the dense shadows—it was maddening to think he could not enter.

"I wouldn't be in there a minute," he argued. "And I might catch a glimpse of a dresden lady. Now, I say, Hobbs, here's a low place. I could jump."

"Mr. King, if you do that I am ruined forever. I am trusted by the steward. He would cut off all my privileges"—Hobbs could go no further. He was prematurely agitated. Something told him that Mr. King would hop over the wall.

"Go and report me, Hobbs; there's a good fellow. Tell the guards I wouldn't obey. That will let you out, my boy, and I'll do the rest."

He strode off across the bright green turf toward the source of all this enchantment, leaving poor Mr. Hobbs braced against the wall, weak kneed and helpless.

"What are you doing in here?" demanded a voice.

Truxton, conscious of guilt, whirled with as much consternation as if he had been accosted by a voice of thunder. He beheld a very small boy standing at the top of the knoll above him, not thirty feet away. His face was quite as dirty as any small boy's should be at that time of day, and his curly brown hair looked as if it had not been combed since the day before. His firm little legs, in half hose and presumably white knickers, were spread apart, and his hands were in his pockets.

King recognized him at once and looked about uneasily for the attendants who, he knew, should be near. It is safe to say that he came to his feet and bowed deeply, even in humility.

"I am resting, your highness," he said meekly.

"Don't you know any better than to come in here?" demanded the prince. Truxton turned very red.

"I am sorry, I'll go at once."

"Oh, I'm not going to put you out!" hastily exclaimed the prince, coming down the slope. "But you are old enough to know better. You are the gentleman who picked up my crop yesterday. You are an American."

"Yes, a lonely American," with an attempt at the pathetic.

The youngster looked cautiously about. "Say, do you ever go fishing?" he demanded eagerly.

"Occasionally."

"You won't give me away, will you?" with a warning frown. "Don't you tell Jacob Fransch. He's the steward. I—I know a fine place to fish."

The prince led the way up the bank, followed by the amused American, who stooped so admirably that the boy, looking back, whispered that it was "just fine." At the top of the knoll, the prince turned into a little shrub lined path leading down to the banks of the pool almost directly below the rocky face of the grotto.

The prince scurried behind a big rock and reappeared at once with a willow branch from the end of which dangled a piece of thread. A bent pin occupied the chief end in view. He unceremoniously shoved the branch into the hands of his confederate and then produced from one of his pockets a silver cigarette box, which he gingerly opened to reveal to the gaze a conglomerate mass of angleworms and grubs.

"A fellow gets awful dirty digging for worms, doesn't he?" he pronounced. The prince took the branch and gingerly dropped the hook into the dancing pool. In less time than it requires to tell it he had a nibble, a bite and a catch. There never was a boy so excited as he when a scarlet nibbler flew into the shrubby above.

On the opposite bank of the pool suddenly appeared two rigid members of the royal guard, intently watching the fishers. King was somewhat disturbed by the fact that their rifles were in a position to be used at an instant's notice. He felt himself turning pale as he thought of what might have happened if he had taken to flight.

A young lady in a rajah silk gown, a dimly Panama hat tilted well over her nose, with a red feather that stood erect as if always in a state of surprise, turned the bushes and came to a stop almost at King's elbow. He had time to note in his confusion that she was about shoulder high alongside him and that she was staring up into his face with amazed gray eyes. Afterward he was to realize that she was amazingly pretty; that her teeth were very white and even; that her eyes were the most beautiful and expressive he had ever seen, that she was slender

(To be continued)

## Taking Off the Horse's Overcoat

A prominent breeder has the following to say regarding the clipping of horses: A serviceable hand power horse clipping machine may be bought for from \$5 up to \$25, a very satisfactory one for the former price, though, where there are several horses to be clipped, it is better to get a higher priced one. It takes two men to run the ordinary hand power clipping machine. The work can be done by the regular farm help, and there are usually off days in the spring when not much else can be done, so that very little time need be lost from the regular field work.

Farmers do not appear to appreciate the advantages of clipping the horses. In the spring, when hard work begins for the farm horse, the coat of hair is long, coarse and heavy. Nature furnishes it to serve the same purpose for the animal that the fur coat does for its owner. When the horse is put to work the long hair is at once a burden, and the animal becomes covered with sweat upon even light exercise of a warm spring day.

When this heavy coat becomes wet it takes it a long time to dry. The spring nights are often quite cold, in strong contrast with the temperature during the day. Naturally the thick wet coat which the animal is forced

to wear at night, after perspiring freely at work, subjects it to colds and pneumonia. Many a good horse has been injured in this way, not by overwork when it was soft from the lack of exercise, but by having to stand through a long cold night in its wet winter overcoat. It is as though you should be forced to sleep between wet blankets.

With this heavy coat removed by the clippers the horse does not get so warm when at work, perspires much less, and the moisture evaporates from its hair much more rapidly. When a horse perspires copiously its vitality is greatly lowered, and it is naturally much less able to resist the attacks of those ailments which horses are subject to in the spring. The clipped horse can stand more and harder work than the one in long hair, just as a man can chop more wood on a warm day in his shirt sleeves.

The long hair also becomes more or less filthy, no matter how carefully the horse may be groomed. Many have the idea that the state of the blood is bad when the skin of the horse gets out of condition toward the end of winter. They endeavor to correct the condition by the use of tonics when in fact the trouble is an ill cared for skin. Besides, the task of caring for the shedding work horse is a disagreeable job. The process of shedding covers several weeks, and every one knows how unpleasant it is to get covered with discarded horsehair in tending and working with the horses. Principally for this reason the liverymen and city horsemen adopted clipping long ago.

The farmer is supposed in some quarters not to have as subtle sensibilities as city folks, but that, like many notions of urban people concerning ruralities, is a heresy. The farmer philosophically endures many distasteful things simply because he does not know how to avoid them economically. As he learns that he can enjoy his breakfast food in the springtime without horsehair accompaniments by the outlay of a few dollars he will no doubt avail himself of the opportunity and especially so when he discovers the fact that the possession of a good clipping machine is a paying investment otherwise.

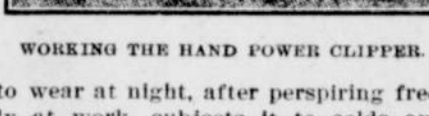
Where sheep are kept on the farm a shearing attachment may be had for the machine at small additional cost, which does the shearing at a great saving in labor and cost. The machine clips closer than the hand shears. Some claim that the wool saved by the machine will average a pound to the sheep.

**Best Methods For Churning.**

To make butter that will keep well churn only till the butter globules in the churn are about the size of a pea. Without collecting or gathering the butter drain off the buttermilk and wash in five times the amount of cold water. The smaller the particles of butter when the washing is done the better can the wash water get among them for cleaning. When butter is collected in one large mass before washing the water can reach only the outside of the mass; and hence much buttermilk will remain in the butter to cause it to become rancid sooner than when it is washed clean.

**Good Food For Brood Mares.**

Brood mares when carrying foals require an abundance of nutritious food of the best quality. The foal produced by a mare that is thin in flesh and weak from lack of proper food will seldom amount to much. It is just as injurious for a foal to receive a severe stunt when in the uterus as after coming into the world.



WORKING THE HAND POWER CLIPPER.

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## Notice of Dissolution.

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

## Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Emma N. Jones, deceased, by an order of the County Court of Coos County, State of Oregon, and all persons having claims against the said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice with the proper vouchers to the undersigned administrator at the office of G. T. Treadgold in Bandon, Coos County, Oregon.

Dated this 19th day of May, 1910.

G. T. Treadgold  
Administrator of said Estate

## Street Improvement Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the common council of the city of Bandon, Oregon, at a regular meeting thereof held upon the 15th day of April, 1910, did pass a resolution wherein it is proposed to improve Second Street in the Woolen Mill addition to the city of Bandon, between Pacific and Coquille Avenues, by establishing a grade thereon, grading the said streets by excavations and fills, according to the grade so established for the full width thereof including the above named points, and constructing 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 remonstrance 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 accordance 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 common council.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 12th day of May, 1910. C. R. Wade  
City Recorder

Bring your  
**Job Work**  
To the Recorder

First class job work a specialty.

## HAVE YOU A CAMERA?

IF SO YOU WILL FIND THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT 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 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. 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 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

[Seal] Lawrence O. Murray  
Comptroller of the Currency

If You Have Money } CALL AND  
If You Need Money } SEE US

If Neither—Come And Get Acquainted

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 cleaned, 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 150x130 with nice four room house, \$500.00. A snap

Lots in Azalia Park \$75.00 each, installments

9 Lots Smith's addition \$175.00 up Installments  
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