

TRUXTON KING

Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon
Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Truxton King arrives in Edelweiss, 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. IV.—King invades the royal park, meets the prince and is presented to the lady's fascinating Aunt Lorraine. V.—The committee of ten, conspirators against the prince, meets in an underground chamber, where the girl Olga is disclosed as one who is to kill Prince Robin with a bomb.

me to submit to the committee. He believes it to be the day of all days. Nothing should go amiss. We conquer with a single blow. By noon of that day, the 26th of July, the committee of ten will be in control of the state; the new regime will be at hand. A new world will be begun, with Edelweiss as the center, about which all the rest shall revolve. We, the committee of ten, will be its true founders. We shall be glorified forever. The death of the prince is the signal for the overthrow of the present government and the establishment of the new order of equal humanity.

Up in the distant hills slept the Iron Count, dreaming of the day when he should rule over the new Graustark—for he would rule!—a smile on his grizzled face in reflection of recent waking thoughts concerning the punishment that should fall swiftly upon the assassins of the beloved Prince Robin. He would make short shrift of assassins!

CHAPTER VI.

INGOMEDE THE BEAUTIFUL.

ALIGHT, chilling drizzle had been falling all evening, pattering softly upon the roof of leaves that covered the sidewalks along Castle avenue.

Almost in the center of the imposing line of palatial residences stood the home of the Duke of Perse, minister of finance, flanked on either side by structures as grim and as gay as itself, yet far less significant in their generation. Here dwelt the most important man in the principality, not excepting the devoted prime minister himself. Not that Perse was so well beloved, but that he held the destinies of the land in Midas-like fingers. More than that, he was the father of the famed Countess Marlaux, the most glorious beauty at the Austrian and Russian courts. She had gone forth from Graustark as its most notable bride since the wedding day of the Princess Yevie, late in the nineties. Ingomede, the beautiful, had journeyed far to the hymeneal altar. The husband who claimed her was a hated, dishonored man in his own land. There were those who went so far as to say that her father had delivered her into the hands of a latter day Bluebeard, who whisked her off into the highlands, many leagues from Vienna.

She was seen no more in the gay courts for a year. Then of a sudden she appeared before them all, as dazlingly beautiful as ever, but with a haunting, wistful look in her dark eyes that could not be mistaken. The old count found an uneasy delight in exhibiting her to the world once more, plainly as a bit of property that all men were expected to look upon with envy in their hearts.

Then the Duke of Perse resumed his residence in Edelweiss, opening the old palace once more to the world. His daughter after the death of the princess began her extended visits to the home of her girlhood. So long as the princess was alive she remained away from Edelweiss, reluctant to meet the friend who had banished her husband long before the wedding day in Budapest. Now she came frequently and stayed for weeks at a time, apparently happy during these escapes from life in the great capitals.

Of late she came more frequently to Edelweiss than before. John Tullis was always to remember the moment when he looked upon this exquisite creature for the first time. That was months ago. After that he never ceased being a secret, silent worshiper at her transient shrine.

Ten o'clock on this rainy night a carriage has drawn up before the lower gates to the Perse grounds, and a tall, shadowy figure leaves it to hurry through the shrub lined walks to the massive doors.

Tullis had long since ceased to be a welcome visitor in the home of the Duke of Perse. The men were openly unfriendly to each other. The duke resented the cool interference of the sandy haired American; on the other hand, Tullis made no effort to conceal his dislike, if not distrust, of the older man.

The countess was alone in the long, warm tinted library.

"It is good of you to come," she said as they shook hands warmly. "Do you know it is almost a year since you last came to this house?"

"It would be a century, countess, if I were not welcomed in other houses where I am sure of a glimpse of you from time to time and a word now and then."

They both seated themselves before a glowing open fire.

"The duke has gone to Ganlook to play bridge with friends," she said at once. "He will not return till late. I have just telephoned to make sure. Her smile did more than to reassure him."

"Of course you will understand how impossible it is for me to come here, countess. Your father, the duke, does not mince matters, and I'm not quite a fool."

"It is of the prince that I want to speak, Mr. Tullis," she said. "I do want to talk very seriously with you concerning his future—I might say his immediate future."

He looked at her narrowly.

"Are you quite serious?"

"Quite. I could not have asked you to come to this house for anything trivial. We have become very good friends, you and I. Too good, perhaps, for I've no doubt there are old tabbies in Edelweiss who are provoked to criticism. You know what I mean."

"The prince is a sturdy little beggar," he began, but she lifted her hand in protest.

"And he has sturdy, loyal friends. That is agreed. And yet?"—She paused, a perplexed line coming between her expressive eyes.

John Tullis opened his own eyes very wide. "You don't mean to say that he is—he is in peril of any sort?"

She leaned nearer to him, dropping the ash from her cigarette into the receiver as she spoke slowly, intensely. "I think he is in peril—in deadly peril."

He stared hard. "What do you mean?" he demanded, with an involuntary glance over his shoulder. She interpreted that glance correctly.

"The peril is not here, Mr. Tullis. I know what you are thinking. My father is a loyal subject. The peril I suggest never comes to Graustark."

"Never comes to Graustark?" he almost whispered.

"You don't mean your—your husband?"

"I mean Count Marlaux," she said steadily.

"He means evil to Prince Robin? Good heavens, countess, I—I can't believe it. I know he is bitter, revengeful and all that, but—"

"He is all that and more," she said. "First you must let me impress you that I am not a traitor to his cause."

"I could not be that, for the sufficient reason that I only suspect its existence. I am not in any sense a part of it. I do not know anything. I only feel. I dare say you realize that I do not love Count Marlaux—that there is absolutely nothing in common between us except a name. We won't go into that, I—"

"I am overjoyed to hear you say this, countess," he said very seriously. "I have been so bold on occasion as to assert—for your private ear, of course—that you could not by any freak of nature happen to care for Count Marlaux, whom I know only by description. You have laughed at my so-called American wit, and you have been most tolerant. Now, I feel that I am justified. I'm immeasurably glad to hear you confess that you do not love your husband."

"You have never tried to make love to me," she went on. "That's what I like about you. I think most men are silly, not because I am so very young, but because my husband is so ridiculously old. Don't you think so? But, never mind! I see you are quite eager to answer. That's enough. Take another cigarette and—listen to what I am going to say." He declined the cigarette with a shake of his head.

After a moment she went on resolutely: "As I said before, I do not know that my suspicions are correct. I have not even breathed them to my father. He would have laughed at me. My husband is a Graustarkian, even as I am, but there is this distinction between us—he despises Graustark, while I love her in every drop of my blood. I know that in his heart he has never ceased to brew evil for the throne that disgraced him. He openly expresses his hatred for the present dynasty and has more than once said in public gatherings that he could cheerfully assist in its utter destruction. That, of course, is commonly known in Graustark, where he is scorned and derided. But he is not a man to serve his hatred with mere idle words and inaction."

"I am seeing you here in this big room openly," she went on, "for the simple reason that if I am being watched this manner of meeting may be above suspicion. We may speak freely here, for we cannot be heard unless we raise our voices. Don't be surprised or consternated. The eyes of the wall may be better than its ears."

"You don't mean to say you are being watched here in your father's house?" he demanded.

"I don't know. This I do know—the count has many spies in Edelweiss. He is systematically apprised of everything that occurs at court, in the city or in the council chamber. Day before yesterday I saw his secretary in the streets, a man who has been in his employ for five years or more and who now pretends to be a lawyer here. His name is Brutus. I spoke with him. He said that he had left the count six weeks ago in Vienna, determined to set out for himself in his chosen profession. He knows, of course, that I am not and never have been in the confidences of my husband. I asked him if it was known in Edelweiss that he had served the count as secretary. He promptly handed me one of his business cards on which he refers to himself as the former trusted and confidential secretary of Count Marlaux. Now, I happen to know that he is still in my husband's service, or was no longer ago than last week. He is here for a purpose, as my husband's representative. I have not been asleep all these

months at Schloss Marlaux. I have seen and heard enough to convince me that some great movement is on foot. My intelligence tells me that it has to do with Graustark. As he wishes the prince no good, it must be for evil."

"But there is nothing he can do. He has no following here. The prince is adored by the people. Count Marlaux would not be such a fool as to—"

"He is no fool," she interrupted quickly. "That's why I am afraid. If he is plotting against the crown, you may depend upon it he is laying his plans well. John Tullis, that man is a devil—a devil incarnate!" She turned her face away. A spasm of utter repugnance crossed her face.

"I am afraid of Peter Brutus. He is here to watch—everybody."

She leaned against the great carved mantel post, a tall, slender, bronzed creature, exquisitely groomed in rarest Irish lace, her bare neck and shoulders gleaming white against the dull tin-ners beyond, the faint glow from the embers creeping up to her face with the insistence of a maiden's blush. He gazed in rapt admiration, his heart thumping like fury in his great breast. She was little more than a girl, this wife of old Marlaux, and yet how wise, how clever, how brilliant she was!

She was well named Ingomede the Beautiful.

"Does Baron Dangloss know this man Brutus?" asked Tullis, arising to stand beside her.

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I have not spoken to him concerning Brutus. Perhaps he knows. The baron is very wise. Let me tell you how I happen to know that Peter Brutus is still serving Count Marlaux and why I think his presence signifies a crisis of some sort."

Her voice, always low and even, seemed lower still. "In the first place, I have a faithful friend in one of the oldest retainers at Schloss Marlaux. His daughter is my maid. She is here with me now. The old man came to see Joseph one day last week. He had accompanied Count Marlaux to the town of Balak, which is in Axphain, a mile beyond the Graustark line. Peter Brutus was with my husband in Balak for two days. They were closeted together from morning till night in the house where Marlaux was stopping. At the end of two days Brutus went away, but he carried with him a vast sum of money provided by my husband. It was given out that he was on his way to Serros, in Dawsberg, where he expected to purchase a business block for his master. Marlaux waited another day in Balak, permitting Joseph's father to come on to Edelweiss with a message for me and to see his daughter. He—"

"And Joseph's father saw Brutus in Edelweiss?"

"No. But he did see him going into Balak as he left for Edelweiss that morning. He wore a disguise, but Jacob says he could not be mistaken. Moreover, he was accompanied by several men whom he recognized as Graustark mountaineers and hunters of rather unsavory reputation. They left Brutus at the gates of Balak and went off into the hills. All this happened before I knew that Peter was living in Edelweiss. When I saw him here I knew at once that his presence meant something sinister. I can put many things together that once puzzled me—the comings and goings of months, the secret reports and consultations, the queer looking men who came to the castle, the long absences of my husband and my own virtual imprisonment—yes, imprisonment. I was not permitted to leave the castle for days at a time during his absences."

"Surely you will not go back again," he began hotly.

"Sh!" She put a finger to her lips. A manservant was quietly crossing the hall just off the library. "He is a new man. I do not like his appearance."

The servant disappeared through a door at the end of the hall.

"Then there were the great sums of money that my husband sent off from time to time," she continued, "and the strange boxes that came overland to the castle and later went away again as secretly as they came. Mr. Tullis, I am confident in my mind that those boxes contained firearms and ammunition. I have thought it all out. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me that I can almost see those firearms stored away in the caves and cellars outside of Edelweiss, ready for instant use when the signal comes."

"God! An uprising! A plot so huge as that?" he gasped, amazed. It is fortunate that he was not facing the door. The same servant, passing once more, might have seen the telltale consternation in his eyes. "It cannot be possible! Why, Dangloss and his men would have scented it long ago."

"I have not said that I am sure of anything, remember that. I leave it to you to analyze. You have the foundation on which to work. I'd advise you to waste no time. Something tells me that the crisis is near at hand."

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE WITCH'S HUT.

IN the meantime our excellent young friend, Truxton King, was having a sorry time of it. It all began when he went to the cathedral in the hope of seeing the charming aunt of the little prince once more. Not only did he attend one service, but all of them, having been assured that the royal family worshipped there quite as regularly and as religiously as the lowliest communicant. She did not appear.

More than all this, he met with fresh disappointment when he ambled down to the armorer's shop. The doors were locked and there was no sign of life about the shuttered place.

The next day King made a purely business call at the shop of Mr. Spantz. He looked long, with a somewhat

shifty eye, at the cabinet of ancient rings and necklaces, and then departed without having seen the interesting Miss Platanova.

At his room in the hotel he found a note addressed to himself. It did not have much to say, but it meant a great deal. There was no signature, and the handwriting was that of a woman.

"Please do not come again." That was all.

He laughed with a fine tone of defiance and went back to the shop at 5 o'clock, just to prove that nothing so timid as a note could stop him. On the occasion of this last visit to the shop he did not stay long, but went away somewhat dazed to find himself the possessor of a ring he did not want and out of pocket just \$300, American.

Having come to the conclusion that knight errantry of that kind was not only profligate, but distinctly irritating to his sense of humor, he looked up Mr. Hobbs and arranged for a day's ride in the mountains.

Mr. Hobbs led his patron into the mountain roads early the next morning, both well mounted and provided with luncheon.

It is a good three hours' ride to the summit of Monastery mountain. And after the height has been attained one does not care to linger long among the chilly, whistling crags, with their snow crevasses and bitter winds. The utter loneliness, the aloofness of this frost crowned crest appalls, disheartens one who loves the fair, green things of life.

It was 3 o'clock when they clattered down a stone road and up to the forbidding vale in which lurked, like an evil, guilty thing, the log built home of the witch of Ganlook gap, that ancient female who made no secret of her practices in witchcraft.

A low thatched roof protruded from the hill against which the hut was built. As a matter of fact, a thin chimney grew out of the earth itself, for all the world like a smoking tree stump. The single door was so low that one was obliged to stoop to enter the little room where the dame had been huddled forth for threescore years, 'twas said. This was her throne room, her dining room, her bedroom, her kitchen was beyond, in the side of the hill. The one window, sans glass, looked narrowly out upon an odd opening in the foliage below, giving the occupant of the hut an unobstructed view of the winding road that led up from Edelweiss.

The two horsemen rode into the glen and came plump upon a small detachment of the royal guard, mounted and rather resolute in their lack of amiability.

"Soldiers, I'd say," remarked Mr. King. His eyes brightened and his hat came off with a switch.

"Hello! There's the prince!"

Farther up the glen—in fact at the very door of the witch's hut—were gathered a small but rather distinguished portion of the royal household. It was not difficult to recognize the little prince. He was standing beside John Tullis, and it is not with a desire to speak ill of his valor that we add that he was clutching the slackest part of that gentleman's riding breeks with an earnestness that betrayed extreme trepidation. Facing them, on the stone doorstep, was the witch herself. Behind Tullis and the prince were several ladies and gentlemen.

Truxton King's heart swelled suddenly. Next to the tall figure of Colonel Quinnox of the royal guard was the slim, entrancing lady of his most recent dreams, the prince's aunt, the lady of the goldfish conspiracy!

The Countess Marlaux, tall and exquisite, was a little apart from the others, with Baron Dangloss and young Count Vos Engo, whom Truxton was ready to hate because he was a recognized suitor for the hand of the slim young person in gray. He was for riding boldly up to this little group, but a very objectionable lieutenant barred the way, supported in no small measure by the agitated defection of Mr. Hobbs.

The way was made easy by the intervention of the alert young woman in gray. She caught sight of the restricted adventurers—or one of them, to be quite accurate—and, after speeding a swift smile of astonishment, turned quickly to Prince Bobby.

The prince broke the ice.

"Hello!" he cried shrilly.

"Hello!" responded the gentleman readily.

John Tullis found himself being dragged away from the witch's door toward the newcomer at the bottom of the glen. Mr. Hobbs listened with deepening awe to the friendly conversation which resulted in Truxton King going forward to join the party in front of the hut.

Truxton was duly presented to the ladies and gentlemen of the party by John Tullis, who gracefully announced that he knew King's parents in New York. Baron Dangloss was quite an old friend, if one were to judge by the manner in which he greeted the young man. The lady in gray smiled so sweetly and nodded so blithely that Tullis, instead of presenting King to her as he had done to the Countess Marlaux and others, merely said:

"And you know one another, of course." Whereupon she flushed very prettily.

Truxton King, scarcely able to believe his good fortune, crowded into the loathsome, squalid room with his aristocratic companions.

Never had Truxton looked upon a creature who so thoroughly vindicated the lifelong reliance he had put in the description of witches given by the fairy tale tellers of his earliest youth. She had the traditional hook nose and peaked chin, the glittering eyes, the thousand wrinkles and the toothless gums. He looked about for the raven and the cat, but if she had them they

(To be continued)

She Ate It

By SHEILA ESTHER DUNN
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

In Belgium the month of May is known as the Virgin's month and consecrated to the Virgin Mary. In the province of Liege during May young girls have a pretty way of learning whom they shall marry. A group of maidens arrange to meet at sunrise, walk through the fields until they come to a hedge, and, selecting a spot unexposed to the highway, they choose a honeysuckle bush beneath which to perform their mystic rites. Each girl selects three blades of grass, cuts the tops to equal lengths and to each ties a colored thread of silk. Black represents a bachelor, red an unknown lover and green the person the girl in her heart wishes to marry. Ten days afterward they return to the spot where they left the blades growing, and that blade of the three which has grown highest represents the lover that is destined for the maiden's husband.

There lived in this province a poor girl named Anna DeWindt. She was an adopted daughter of an old couple who worked a small farm. Anna was a fair complexioned, fair haired, blue eyed maiden, her pure heart being plainly manifest in her countenance. The adjoining farm on the east was a much larger one and owned by a farmer named DeRoode, with one son, Hellegier. Hellegier DeRoode was at the university when Anna DeWindt came to live at the adjoining farm. When he returned for his spring vacation he saw her busy about the adjoining premises, but she was so far from him that he could not tell whether she was comely or ugly. Taking a glass, he brought the image nearer and discovered what he was pleased to call his "Madonna."

From that time when he would see Anna on the porch of the house or back in the kitchen garden he would watch her through his glass and longed to go out and chat with her.

His vacation came to an end, and he experienced a pang at leaving his Madonna, whom he had been used to bringing so near to him by means of his glass. On the morning of his departure he was obliged to rise early going out on to the porch, he sniffed the delicious spring air. The sun was just rising. He walked about, presently going under a tree with overhanging branches. A door opened in the next house, and Anna and another girl came out and walked directly toward him. They advanced to the hedge that separated the two places and were screened from him by its twigs and leaves.

Stealing out of his retreat, stooping that he might not be seen, he went treading on the soft grass to the hedge. On reaching it he heard coming from a few yards distant on the other side their soft voices. Anna's companion was speaking:

"This is the bachelor," she said, tying a thread on a spear of grass.

"And this, the unknown," tying another. "and this," tying a third, "is my dear love."

"And who is your dear love?" asked Anna, who was herself tying threads on blades of grass.

"John Ten Eyck. Who is yours?"

"I can't tell you; it is so foolish of me."

"You needn't. I know already. It is the handsome student in the DeRoode place."

Anna made no reply, but Hellegier, having found an opening just big enough to give him a view of her face, saw a blush overspread her features.

He was astonished. A girl whom he had not suspected of having been aware of his existence had indicated with the green thread that she had taken him into her innocent heart.

Having tied the blades of grass and cut them to a uniform length the two girls went back to the house and the student departed for the university.

At Amsterdam several years later Hellegier and his Madonna met. Her people had received a small legacy and had come to Amsterdam to claim it. Hellegier DeRoode did not betray the fact that he had seen Anna before, certainly did not mention that he had looked at her through a fieldglass. Nevertheless he yielded to an irresistible impulse to make her his wife.

In Holland if a young man wishes to ask the hand of a girl in marriage he buys a sweet cake, takes it to her house and in presence of her family places it on a table before her. The family affect not to notice the gift, while the girl, if she accepts him, eats the cake. If she refuses him she leaves the cake on the table.

DeRoode took a cake and laid it before Anna. A blush came to her cheek, and she put out her hand to ward it, but did not take it. Was she yielding to a natural coquetry or had she some reason for hesitating? Hellegier said to her:

"Am I not he of the green thread?"

The blush on her cheek deepened to scarlet; she had her face in her hands. At last she said:

"Tell me how you learned about the green thread."

"I will if you will tell me about how you came to know anything about me."

"You must first tell me how you knew about me," she replied.

He shrank from telling her that he had been looking at her through a spy-glass. He took up the cake and handed it to her.

She ate it.

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 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

FOR photographic film and printing paper, cameras, pure chemicals and supplies of all kinds, come to this store and you will be certain of dependable quality. We sell the

"ANSCO" FILM

which makes truer, better-balanced negatives, and Cyko Paper for deeper, softer, clearer prints.

Let us show you our splendid assortment of cameras. Pure chemicals, all photographic supplies. Developing and printing done. Reasonable charges.

Bandon Drug COMPANY

Street Improvement Notice

Notice is hereby given, that the common council of the city of Bandon, did at a regular meeting thereof, held on the 16th day of May, 1910, pass a resolution, whereby it was proposed and determined to improve Lower Main Street, from Atwater street northward to deep water of the Coquille river, by causing the same to be covered with a plank and piling bridge work, crowned in the middle, 4 inch plank, also 8 foot sidewalk each side, 2 inch plank surfaced one side, for the full width of said street, i. e., 75 feet, for the full length or portion above specified, and in detail according to the usual city specifications for street bridge work.

NOW unless the owners of two-thirds of the real property fronting upon both sides of the said portion of said Street file a written remonstrance against such work with the City Recorder, on or before the 15th day of June, 1910, then the Common Council will pass an Ordinance providing for the construction of such improvement, also providing therein that the cost thereof shall be assessed against the adjacent property, and also providing for the collection of the same as a lien against the said property.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 26th day of May, 1910.
C. R. WADE,
City Recorder.

City Caucus.

Notice is hereby given that a caucus of the legal voters of the City of Bandon is called, and will be held at the Opera House in Bandon, Ore., upon Thursday, June 9, 1910, at the hour of 7:30 p. m. of said day, for the purpose of placing in nomination the coming regular city election, candidates for the offices of Mayor, Recorder, Municipal Judge, and three vacancies upon the Board of Councilmen.

This notice is given pursuant to an order of the Common Council of said City, made on the 5th day of May, 1910, at a regular meeting thereof.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, this 16th day of May, 1910.
C. R. WADE,
City Recorder.

60 YEARS EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge. Our invention is promptly patented. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Without agency for securing patents. Patent taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in LIT.

Scientific American.

Published weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year. Single copies, 10c. Sold by all news-dealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 65 F St., Washington, D. C.