

# TRUXTON KING

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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 lad's fascinating Aunt Loraine. 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. VI.—John Tullis calls on the beautiful Countess Ingomede, who warns him that her hated and notorious old husband, Count Marlanx, is conspiring against the prince.

were not in evidence. At a rough guess he calculated her age at 100 years.

"Growsome lady, isn't she?" whispered King.

"I shall dream of her for months," whispered the lady in gray, shuddering.

"Would you mind telling me how I am to address you?" whispered King. They were leaning against the mud plastered wall near the little window side by side. "You see, I'm a stranger in a strange land."

"You must not speak while she is gazing into the crystal," she warned after a quick, searching glance at his face.

Although it was broad daylight, the low, stuffy room would have been pitch dark had it not been for the flickering candles on the table beside the bent gray head of the mumbling fortune teller, whose bony fingers twitched over and about her crystal globe like wiggling serpents' tails.

The window gave little or no light, and the door was closed, her grinning grandson leaning against it. The witch began by reading the fortune of John Tullis, who had been pushed forward by the wide eyed prince. In a cackling monotone she rambled through a supposititious history of his past, for the chief part



"GROWSOME LADY, ISN'T SHE?" WHISPERED KING.

so unintelligible that even he could not gainsay the statements. Later she bent her piercing eyes upon the prince and refused to read his future, shrilly asserting that she had not the courage to tell what might befall the little ruler, all the while muttering something about the two little princes who had died in a tower ages and ages ago. Seeing that the boy was frightened, Tullis withdrew him to the background. The Countess Marlanx came next. She was smiling derisively.

"You have returned from some one whom you hate," began the witch. "He is your husband. You will marry again. There is a fair haired man in love with you. You are in love with him. I can see trouble."

But the countess deliberately turned away from the table, her cheeks flaming with the consciousness that a smile had swept the circle behind her graceful back.

"Ridiculous!" she said and avoided John Tullis' gaze. "I don't care to hear any more. Come, baron! You are next."

Truxton King, subdued and troubled in his mind, found himself studying his surroundings and the people who went so far to make them interesting. His eye had fallen upon a crack in the door that led to the kitchen, although he had no means of knowing that it was a kitchen. To his amazement, a gleaming eye was looking out upon the room from beyond this narrow crack. He looked long and found that he was not mistaken. There was an eye glued close to the opposite side of the rickety door, and its gaze was directed to the Countess Marlanx.

Without pausing to consider the result of his action, he sprang across the room, shouting as he did so that there was a man behind the door. Grasping the latch, he threw the door wide open, the others in the room looking at him as if he were suddenly crazed.

There was instant commotion, with cries and exclamations from all. Quick as the others were, the old woman was at his side before the man, snarling with rage. Her talonlike fingers sunk into his arm, and her gaze went darting about the room in a most convincing way.

Baron Dangloss was convinced that the young man had seen the eye. Without compunction he began a search of the room, the old woman looking on with a grin of glee.

"Search! Search!" she croaked. "It was the spirit eye! It is looking at you now, my fine baron! If finds you, yet cannot be found. No, no! Oh, you fools! Get out! Get out! All of you! Prince or no prince, I fear you not, nor all your armies. This is my home, my castle! Go! Go!"

"There was a man here, old woman," said the baron coolly. "Where is the man?"

She laughed aloud, a horrid sound. The prince clutched Tullis by the leg in terror.

"There is no window, no trapdoor, no skylight," remarked the baron, puzzled. "Nothing but the stovepipe, six inches in diameter. A man couldn't crawl out through that, I'm sure. Mr. King, we've come upon a real mystery—the eye without a visible body."

Suddenly the old woman stepped into the middle of the room and began to wave her hands in a mysterious manner over an empty pot that stood on the floor in front of the stove. Then before their startled eyes a thin film of smoke began to rise from the empty pot. It grew in volume until the room was quite dense with it. Even more quickly than it began it disappeared, drawn apparently by some supernatural agency into the draft of the stove and out through the rickety chimney pipe.

A deafening crash as of many guns came to their ears from the outside. With one accord the entire party rushed to the outer door, a wild laugh from the hag pursuing them.

"There!" she screamed. "There goes all there was of him! And so shall we all go some day. Fire and smoke!"

Just outside the door stood Lieutenant Saffo of the guard.

"Good Lord!" shouted Tullis. "What is the matter? What has happened?"

"The storm, sir," said Saffo. "It is coming down the valley like the wind. A great crash of thunder burst overhead, and lightning darted through the black, swirling skies."

## CHAPTER VIII. LOOKING FOR AN EYE.

THE witch was haranguing her huddled audience, cursing the soldiers, laughing gleefully in the faces of her stately, scornful guests, greatly to the irritation of Baron Dangloss, toward whom she showed an especial attention.

Tullis was holding the prince in his arms. Colonel Quinnox stood before them, keeping the babbling, leering beldame from thrusting her face close to that of the terrified boy. The Countess Marlanx, pale and rigid, her wondrous eyes glowing with excitement, stood behind John Tullis.

With incredible swiftness the storm passed. Almost at its height there came a cessation of the roaring tempest, the downpour was checked, the thunder died away and the lightning trickled off into faint flashes. The sky cleared as if by magic. The exhibition, if you please, was over!

"It is the most amazing thing I've ever seen," Dangloss said over and over again.

The Countess Marlanx was trembling violently. Tullis, observing this, tried to laugh away her nervousness.

"Mere coincidence; that's all," he said. "You can't believe she brought about this storm?"

"It isn't that," she said in a low voice. "I feel as if a grave personal danger had just passed me by. Not danger for the rest of you, but for me alone. That is the sensation I have—the feeling of one who has stepped back from the brink of an abyss just in time to avoid being pushed over. I can't make you understand. See! I am trembling!"

"Nerves, my dear countess—shadows! You'll be over it as soon as we are outside."

Ten minutes later the cavalcade started down the rain swept road toward the city, dry blankets having been placed across the saddles occupied by the ladies and the prince. The witch stood in her doorway, laughing gleefully, inviting them to come often.

"Come again, your highness!" she croaked sarcastically.

"The next time I come it will be with a torch to burn you alive!" shouted back Dangloss. To Tullis he added: "Gad, sir, they did well to burn witches in your town of Salem. You cleared the country of them—the pests!"

Down through the lowering shades rode the prince's party swiftly, even gayly by virtue of relaxation from the strain of a weird half hour. No one revealed the slightest sign of apprehension arising from the mysterious demonstration in which nature had taken a hand.

Truxton King, for reasons best known to himself, soon relapsed into a thoughtful, contemplative silence. Between us, he was sorely vexed and disappointed. When the gallant start was made from the glen of "dead men's bones" he found that he was to be cast utterly aside, quite completely ignored by the fair Loraine. She rode off with young Count Vos Engo without so much as a friendly wave of the hand to him.

Vos Engo, being an officer in the royal guard, rode ahead by order of Colonel Quinnox. Truxton, therefore, had her back in view—at rather a vexing distance, too—for mile after mile of the ride to the city. He galloped along beside the baron, a prey to gloomy considerations. What was the use? He had no chance to win her. She was for story books and plays. She belonged to another world far above his.

The baron's dry, insinuating voice broke in upon the young man's thoughts. "I think it's pretty well un-

derstood that she's going to marry him." The little old minister had been reading King's thoughts; he had the satisfaction of seeing his victim start guiltily. King was used to control himself, asking who dared interest:

"Indeed! Is it a road watch, baron?" The baron smiled. "I think so. He has been a little wild, but I believe he has settled down. Splendid family. He is desperately in love."

"I hadn't thought much about it. Is she in love with you?"

"She sees a great deal of him," was the diplomatic answer.

"Would you mind telling me just who she is, baron?"

Dangloss was truly startled. "Do you mean, sir, that you don't know her?" he asked, almost harshly. "I don't know her name."

"And you had the effrontery to—My excellent friend, you amaze me! I know that Americans are bold; but, by gad, sir, I've always looked upon them as gentlemen. You—"

"Hold on, Baron Dangloss!" interrupted Truxton, very red in the face. "You'd better hear my side of the story first. She went to school with my sister. She knows me, but refuses to tell me who she is."

"Well, my boy, if she elects to keep you in the dark concerning her name it is not for me to betray her. Ladies in her position, I dare say, enjoy these little mysteries."

It was dusk when they entered the northern gates. Above the castle King said goodby to Tullis and the countess, gravely saluted the sleepy prince and followed Mr. Hobbs off to the heart of the city. He was hot with resentment.

Either she had forgotten to say goodby to him or had willfully decided to ignore him altogether. At any rate, she entered the gates to the castle grounds without so much as an indifferent glance in his direction.

Truxton knew in advance that he was to have a sleepless, unhappy night. In his room at the hotel he found the second anonymous letter, unquestionably from the same source, but this time printed in crude, stilted letters. It had been stuck under the door.

"Leave the city at once. You are in great danger. Save yourself."

This time he did not laugh. That it was from Olga Platanova he had no doubt. But why she should interest herself so persistently in his welfare was quite beyond him. And what, after all, could she mean by "great danger—save yourself!"

He indulged in a long spell of thoughtfulness. "No, by George, I'll not turn tail at the first sign of danger. I'll stay here and assist Dangloss in unravelling this matter. And I'll go up to that witch's hole before I'm a day older to have it out with her. I'll find out where the smoke came from, and I'll know where that eye went to." He sighed without knowing it. "By Jove, I'd like to do something to show her I'm not the blooming duffer she thinks I am."

He could not find Baron Dangloss that night nor early the next day. Hobbs, after being stigmatized as the only British coward in the world, changed his mind and made ready to accompany King to the hovel in Gankook gap.

By noon the streets in the vicinity of the plaza were filled with strange, rough looking men, undeniably laborers. "Who are they?" demanded King.

"There's a strike on among the men building the railroad," said Hobbs. "They'd better look out for these fellows," said King, very soberly. "I don't like the appearance of 'em. They look like cutthroats."

"Take my word for it, sir, they are. They're the riffraff of all Europe."

"I hope Baron Dangloss knows how to handle them?" in some anxiety.

In due time they rode into the somber solitudes of Gankook gap and up to the witch's glen. Here Mr. Hobbs balked. He refused to adventure farther than the mouth of the stony ravine. Truxton approached the hovel alone, without the slightest trepidation. The goose herd grandson was driving a flock of geese across the green bow below the cabin. The American called out to him, and a moment later the youth, considerably excited, drove his geese up to the door. While they were vainly haranguing each other the old woman appeared. Uttering shrill exclamations, she hurried down to confront King with blazing eyes. Her horrid grin of derision brought a flush to his cheek.

"I'll lay you a hundred gavvos that the kettle and smoke experiment is a fake of the worst sort," he announced. "Have it your own way—have it your own way!" she cackled.

"Tell you what I'll do—if I can't expose that trick in ten minutes I'll make you a present of a hundred gavvos."

She took him up like a flash, a fact which startled and disconcerted him not a little. Her very eagerness augmented his position.

With a low, mocking bow the shriveled hag stood aside and motioned for him to precede her into the hovel.

"A hundred gavvos is a fortune—of easily to be won," said the old dame. "How can I be sure that you will pay me if you lose?"

"It is in my pocket, madam. If I don't pay, you may instruct your excellent grandson to crack me over the head. He looks as though he'd do it for a good deal less money, I'll say that for him."

(To be continued)

# Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

## DIVORCE IN HIGH LIFE.

On the same page of a newspaper I find two stories of divorce in high life. One tells of the marital warfare of Charles Miller, the Standard Oil millionaire of Pennsylvania, and his wife.

According to the newspapers, Miller has paid \$500,000 to his wife in settlement in order to avoid publicity concerning the married life of the twain.

The other case is that of Albert J. Davis, the millionaire creameryman of Chicago, who is suing his wife for divorce.

The evidence in the trial showed that Mrs. Davis WAS DRUNK FOR SIX YEARS—one of the most prolonged jamborees of record.

Physicians testified that they frequently had attended Mrs. Davis for alcoholism and that she was often in a serious state. One doctor told how she had seen shapeless objects crawling on the floor and wall and green dragons that issued from her slippers and climbed up the sky.

Neighbors testified that Mrs. Davis frequently would come home in a cab so drunk that the cabman would have to pick her up bodily and carry her into the house.

And, besides being shown as the champion Marathon drinker of her sex in Chicago, it was proved on the trial that she was often visited by an affinity whose coming and going were the scandal of the neighborhood.

Nor is that all of the nauseousness. Mrs. Davis alleged that her husband was also untrue to his marriage vows and introduced witnesses to try to prove it.

Why drag your attention through such a foul moral sewer? Certainly not to adorn a tale, but to point a moral.

These two divorce cases are typical of the marital infelicity of the so called "smart set," millionaires and their wives, who fancy that money will buy anything they want.

Envy such people? You say you must work hard and your wife must stint and save, you strain every nerve to pay your honest debts and meet the high cost of living and you cannot earn as much in a year as some of these people spend in a day. Nevertheless I say to you—

Pity the sorrows of the very rich! Leisure and luxury are apt to lead to dissipation. Having plenty of money and no useful occupation, these very rich people try to crowd into their lives more sensual joys than humanity will contain. It is easy to see their finish.

If you have a faithful wife and healthy children you can well afford to pity these debauchees and reflect over the question whether or not you yourself could stand their great prosperity.

## TOMORROW.

Tomorrow I will set myself to the task that is close at hand and needing my urgent attention. Today I am too busy or too tired or too lazy to undertake the job.

Tomorrow I will take the time for the gracious and tender word I forgot or neglected to speak today.

Tomorrow I will do the generous deed I thought to do today, but failed to perform.

Tomorrow I will begin the pursuit of the realities of life. I will put away from me the petty emulations and the foolish struggles for that which is naught. Today I am busy with my own selfish concerns.

Tomorrow I will tune my soul into close accord with the harmonies of life. I will be more thoughtful and gentle and courteous.

Tomorrow the speech of love shall not be permitted to stick in my throat. I will be more charitable and more helpful to my fellows.

Tomorrow—ah, the things I will do tomorrow! Foolish soul of me! Do I not know there is no such entity as tomorrow? Do I not know that tomorrow, so called, is but the extension of today; that eternity itself is only today—today extended on and on?

Tomorrow does not exist. When I think tomorrow has come it is today. Always it is but today or yesterday.

The word was first invented by men who are like me—men who wished to push away from themselves the fronted duty they dared not face today.

To say that I will do today's duty tomorrow is to "resolve and re-resolve, then die the same."

Resolution, however harnessed, will not plow with tomorrow. Hitched up with today, resolution turns great furrows.

Do you say to yourself, "True enough yet?" Surely you have all the time there is—the time of today. And there is no other time, there will be no other time.

Delude not yourself into thinking that tomorrow will come. It is not coming. Today is coming. Therefore—Whatever the urgent task you have to do, whatever the special word you need to say, do not wait or juggle with tomorrow. Begin today.

# SANITARY BRUSHES.

Hygienic Inventions That Will Appeal to Housekeepers.



With the craze for everything sanitary comes the hygienic brushes to be used in the household. We have had the dustless duster, and now these new brushes may be added to the list of safe and useful working implements.

More attractive, however, are the charming little dusting sets in which the pretty housewife may look charming while at work. The set comprises mop cap, sleeve protectors and an apron.

The whole set is made of three men's handkerchiefs, white, with a fancy border in color.

One handkerchief is gathered up for the cap by stitching around it in a large circle which almost touches the sides and leaves the four point and drawing the thread up until the cap takes shape, and a most bewitching shape it is.

The apron is made of another handkerchief, held diagonally and gathered in at the waist toward the top, the extra point above being used as a bib.

The other handkerchief is used for the cuffs and for a pocket on the apron.

Lavender and white, pink and white and blue and white are the colors to be had, although the set may be made at home, choosing any sort of handkerchief one wishes.

## The Summer Boy.

The sturdy little chap in the illustration is wearing one of the latest tub costumes designed for the summer boy. It is made of striped red and white galatea cloth, than which no



material is better adapted for the romping suit of his highness. The rough straw hat is very new, having the fashionable turn at the sides to be seen in the smart millinery of the season.

Clarifying Fat. When fat has become discolored it may be clarified for use again and again. Stir into the fat half a teaspoonful of baking soda and a quart of water. Let it boil for a time, take off the scum that rises to the surface and set the pot aside to cool. Remove the cake of grease, scrape off impurities and put the cake in a vessel on the stove, where it will melt very slowly. Let it remain until all the water has evaporated. Impurities that remain will sink to the bottom. Then pour off the clear grease.

A HEARTLESS DECISION. A little five-year-old New Jersey girl named Dorothy McDermott was run over by a street car which cut off her leg.

The railway company was sued, and a jury of citizens decided, after hearing all the evidence, that the railway company had been negligent and gave the girl \$8,500 damages.

The case was appealed by the com-

# No. 9718. TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Office of Comptroller of the Currency  
Washington, D. C. April 9, 1910

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

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

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this Fifth day of April, 1910.

(Seal) Lawrence O. Murry  
14.108 Comptroller of the Currency

## 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 15th day of May, 1910, pass a resolution, whereby it was proposed and determined to improve Lower Main Street, from Atwater street southward to deep water of the Coquille river, by paving the same to be covered with a plank and plating bridge work, crowned in the middle, 2 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 of 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,  
20.31 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. on Thursday, June 9, 1910, at the hour of 7:30 p. m. of said day, for the purpose of placing in nomination for 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,  
19 14 City Recorder.

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