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 undergroud chamber, whgre 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. VII, VIII, IX andX ---King visita the house of the witch of Ganlook gap and meets the royal household there. He sees an eye gleaming through a crack in a door and while searching for the person he is overpowered and dragged into a loft. He is confronted by Count Marlanx and then taken to the underground den of the committee of ren.

"He is honest—as honest as his grandmother," cried the old woman. She bestowed a toothless grin upon him. "Now, what is it you want to do?"

"I want to go through that kitchen, just to satisfy myself of one or two things." King was looking hard at the crack in the kitchen door. Suddenly he started as if shot.

The staring, burning eye was again looking straight at him from the jagged crack in the door!

"I'll get you this time!" he shouted, crossing the room in two eager leaps. The door in his violent clutch swung open with a bang.

The owner of that mocking, phantom eye was gone!

Like a frantic dog, Truxton dashed about the little kitchen, looking in every corner, every crack, for signs of the thing he chased. The old woman was standing in the middle of the outer room, grinning at him with genuine malevolence.

"Ha, ha!" she croaked. "You fool! You fool! Search! Smell him out! All the good it will do you! Ha, ha!"

"By gad, I will get at the bottom of this!" shouted Truxton, stubborn rage possessing him. "There's some one here, and I know it. I'm not such a fool as to believe— Say! What's that? The ceiling! By the eternal, that scraping noise explains it! There's where the secret trapdoor is—in the ceiling! Within arm's reach, at that! Watch me, old woman!"

The hag was standing in the kitchen door now, still grinning evilly. She watched the eager young man pound upon the low ceiling with a three legged stool that he had seized from the floor.

He was pounding vigorously on the roughly boarded ceiling when the sharp voice of the old woman, raised in command, caused him to lower the stool and turn upon her with gleaming, triumphant eyes. The look he saw in her face was sufficient to check his enterprise for the moment. He dropped the stool and started toward her, his arms extended to catch her swaying form. The look of the dying was in her eyes. She seemed to be crumpling before him.

He reached her in time, his strong arms grasping the frail, bent figure as it sank to the floor. As he lifted her bodily from her feet, intent upon carrying her to the open air, her bony fingers sank into his arm with the grip of death, and—could he believe his ears!—a low, mocking laugh came from her lips.

Down where the pebbly house yard merged into the mossy banks Mr. Hobbs sat tight, still staring with gloomy eyes at the dark little hut up the glen. A quarter of an hour had passed since King disappeared through the doorway. Mr. Hobbs was getting nervous.

The shiftless, lanky goose herd came forth in time and lazily drove his scattered flock off into the lower glen.

Presently Hobbs caught sight of a thin stream of smoke, rather black than blue, arising from the little chimney at the rear of the cabin. His eyes

A LOW, MOCKING LAUGH CAME FROM HER LIPS.

flew very wide open; his heart experienced a sudden throbless moment; his mind leaped backward to the unexplained smoke mystery of the day before. It was on the end of his tongue to cry out to his unseen patron, to urge him to leave the witch to her deviltry and come along home, when the old woman herself appeared in the doorway—alone.

She sat down upon the doorstep, puffing away at a long pipe, her hooded face almost invisible from the distance which he resolutely held. She was no more than a black, inanimate heap of rags piled against the door jamb.

Hobbs let out a shout. The old woman arose and hobbled toward him, leaning upon a great cane.

"Whe-where's Mr. King?" called out Hobbs.

Her arm was raised, a bony finger pointing to the treetops above her hovel.

"He's gone. Didn't you see him? He went off among the treetops. You won't see him again." She waited a moment and then went on in most ingratiating tones: "Would you care to come into my house? I can show you the road he took. You"—

But Mr. Hobbs, his hair on end, had dropped the rein of King's horse and was putting boot to his own beast, whirling frantically into the path that led away from the hated, damned spot. Down the road he crashed, pursued by witches whose persistence put to shame the efforts of those famed ladies of Tam o' Shanter in the long ago. If he had looked over his shoulder he might have discovered that he was followed by a riderless horse, nothing more.

But a riderless horse is a grewsome thing sometimes.

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES.

BUT Hobbs halted his mad flight. He decided to return to the hut. His friend might be in desperate need of aid.

Then, with his heart in his mouth, he slowly began to retrace his steps, walking where he had galloped a moment before. A turn in the road caused him to draw rein sharply. A hundred yards ahead five or six men were struggling with a riderless bay horse.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Hobbs. "It's his horse!"

As he drew nearer it struck him forcibly that the men were not what he had thought them to be. They were an evil looking lot, more like the strikers he had seen in the town earlier in the day. Even as he was turning the new thought over in his mind one of them stepped out of the little knot and, without a word of warning, lifted his arm and fired point blank at the little Englishman. A pistol ball whizzed close by his head. His horse leaped to the side of the road in terror, almost unseating him.

But Hobbs had fighting blood in his veins. What is more to the point, he had a Mauser revolver in his pocket. He jerked it out and, despite a second shot from the picket, prepared to ride down upon the party. An instant later half a dozen revolvers were blazing away at him. Hobbs turned at once and rode in the opposite direction, whirling to fire twice at the unfriendly group. Soon he was out of range. The only thing left for him to do was to ride at once to the city and give the alarm.

Suddenly his horse swerved and leaped furiously out of stride, stumbling, but recovering himself almost instantaneously. In the same second he heard the sharp crack of a firearm far down the unbroken ravine to his left. A second shot came, this time from the right and close at hand. His horse was staggering, swaying; then down he crashed, Hobbs swinging clear barely in time to escape being pinioned to the ground. A stream of blood was pouring from the side of the poor beast. Aghast at this unheard of wantonness, the little interpreter knew not which way to turn, but stood there dazed until a third shot brought him to his senses. The bullet kicked up the dust near his feet. He scrambled for the heavy underbrush at the roadside and darted off into the roadside, his revolver in his hand, his heart palpitating like mad. Time and again as he fled through the dark thickets he heard the hoarse shouts of men in the distance.

At 10 o'clock the next morning Colonel Quinnox and a company of soldiers, riding up from the city gates toward the north in response to a call for help from honest herders who reported attacks and robberies of an alarming nature, came upon the stiff, footsore, thorn scratched Mr. Hobbs not far from the walls of the town. The colonel was not long in grasping the substance of Hobbs' revelations. He rode off at once for the witch's hovel, sending Hobbs with a small, instructed escort to the castle, where Baron Dangloss was in consultation with Mr. Tullis and certain ministers.

The city was peaceful enough, much to the surprise of Hobbs. No disturbance had been reported, said the guardsmen who rode beside him. Up in the hills there had been some depredations, but that was all.

"All?" groaned Mr. Hobbs. "All? Hang it all, man, wot do you call all? You haven't heard 'alf of it yet. I tell you, there's been the devil to pay. Wait till the colonel comes back from Ganlook gap. He'll have news for you; take it from me, he will. That poor chap 'as gone up in smoke as sure as my name 's Hobbs."

They met Baron Dangloss near the barracks, across the park from the castle. He was in close, earnest conversation with John Tullis and Count Halfont, both of whom seemed laboring under intense excitement.

The arrival of Hobbs, a pitiful but heroic object, at once arrested the attention of every one. His story was heard by a most distinguished audience.

"There is nothing supernatural about King's disappearance," said Tullis sharply. "That's all nonsense. He had money about him, and it perhaps turns out that there really was a man at the crack in the door, a clever brigand who today has got the better of our vainglorious friend. The shooting in the hills is more disturbing than this, to my mind."

"This mystery coming on top of the other is all the more difficult to understand—I mean the disappearance of the Countess Marlanx," said Baron Dangloss, pulling at his imperial in plain perplexity. "But we must not stop here talking. Will you come with me, Mr. Tullis, to the tower? I shall send out my best man to work on the case of the lady. It is a most amazing thing. I still have hope that she will appear in person to explain the affair."

"I think not," said Tullis gloomily. "This looks like abduction—foul play, or whatever you choose to call it. She has never left her father's house in just this manner before. I believe, baron, that Marlanx has taken her away by force. She told me yesterday that she would never go back to him if she could help it. I have already given you my suspicions regarding his designs upon the—ahem!" Catching the eager gaze of the prince, he changed the word "throne" to "treasury."

Loraine, her cheeks white with resolution, turned upon John Tullis. "You might leave the rescue of the countess to the proper authorities—the police," she said calmly. "I think it is your duty as an American to head the search for Mr. King. If Count Marlanx has spirited his wife away, pray who has a better right?"

"But we are not sure that he"—

"We are sure that Mr. King is either dead or in dire need of help," she interrupted hotly.

"Colonel Quinnox is quite competent to conduct the search," he said shortly.

"But Colonel Quinnox has gone forth on another mission. He may be unable to give any of his time to the search for Mr. King. It is outrageous, John Tullis, to refuse help!"

"I DON'T REFUSE HELP!"

"I don't refuse help!" he exclaimed. "But I'll tell you this—I consider it my duty as a man to devote what strength I have to the service of a woman in trouble. Come, baron; we will go to the tower."

Count Halfont intervened, hastily proposing that a second party be sent out at once with instructions to raze the witch's hut if necessary.

"I shall be happy to lead the expedition," said young Count Vos Engo, bowing deeply to the young lady herself.

"You shall, Vos Engo," said Halfont. "Prepare at once. Take ten men."

Tullis turned suddenly to the resentful girl. "Loraine," he said gently as the others drew away, "don't be hard with me. You don't understand."

"Yes, I do," she said stubbornly. "You are in love with her."

"Yes; that's quite true."

"A married woman!"

"I can't help it. I must do all I can for her."

She looked into his honest eyes for a moment.

"Forgive me," she murmured, hanging her head.

Then she smiled brightly up into his face. "Have your way, then. Remember that I am her friend too."

The guard about the prince was doubled. Orders requiring the strictest care of his person were issued by Count Halfont. Baron Dangloss began to see things in a different light. Things that had puzzled him before now seemed clear.

But late in the afternoon a telegram was brought to Tullis which upset all of their calculations and caused the minister of police to swear softly in pure disgust. It was from the Countess Marlanx herself, sent from Porvrak, a station far down the railway, in the direction of Vienna. It was self explanatory: "I am going to Schloss Marlanx, there to end my days. There is no hope for me. I go voluntarily. Will you not understand why I am leaving Edelweiss? You must know." It was signed "Ingomede."

Tullis was dumfounded. He caught the penetrating glance of Dangloss and flushed under the sudden knowledge that this shrewd old man also understood why she was leaving Edelweiss. Because of him! Because she loved him and would not be near him. His heart swelled exultantly in the next moment. A brave resolve was born within him.

"We don't need a key to that, my boy," said the baron indulgently. "But I will say that she has blamed little consideration for you when she steals away in the dead of night without a word. Unfeeling, I'd say. Well, we can devote our attention to Mr. King, who is lost."

"See here, baron," said Tullis after a moment; "I want you to give me a couple of good men for a few days. I'm going to Schloss Marlanx. I'll get her away from that place if I have to kill Marlanx and swing for it!"

At 7 o'clock that night, accompanied by two clever secret service men, Tullis boarded the train for the west. A man who stood in the tobacconist's shop on the station platform smiled quietly to himself as the train pulled out. Then he walked briskly away. It was Peter Brutus, the lawyer.

A most alluring trap had been set for

(To be continued)

A STRANGE CONTEST.

How a Mother Prevented Her Son From Being Killed In a Duel.

By LEONARD MULLOY.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

In Louisiana about the middle of the last century there lived on a plantation left her by her husband a Mrs. Stewart with one son. She had been married at sixteen, and at thirty-six, when this boy, Fitz Hugh Stewart, was nineteen years old, she was a very young looking and still handsome woman. Indeed, the boy appeared more like her younger brother than her son. The two were devoted to each other.

One day there appeared in the parish where the Stewarts lived Pinkton Forshay, a man about forty years old, who gave out that he was intending to settle there for the purpose of practicing law. Forshay was a typical southerner of antebellum days—long hair, sombrero, tight trousers and a flowing skirt to his coat. He purported to have sprung from one of the oldest and best families of South Carolina and was quite free in small expenditures, such as wines, liquors, cigars, etc. Nevertheless he had little or no means, and it was his object to acquire a foothold in the community by making a profitable marriage.

Forshay and Fitz Hugh Stewart met at the house of a planter, and Fitz Hugh invited him to visit at the Stewart home. Forshay called and at once determined to make every effort to marry the widow. Expecting that the son would oppose his mother marrying a second time, he was very adroit about his courtship, concealing his intention from Fitz Hugh.

FORSHAY RECOGNIZED HER.

He proposed to Mrs. Stewart and was rejected. He proposed again and again received a refusal. Determined to force his way into the Stewart family and an interest in their possessions, he persisted in his proposals till he was at last treated by the widow with the severity he merited.

Mrs. Stewart, fearing to make trouble between her son and her suitor, kept the matter of his proposals to herself. Young Stewart noticed that Forshay came no more to the house, but thought little of his remaining away. Mrs. Stewart seldom joined in the social affairs in vogue among her neighbors, but her son did and was constantly meeting Forshay. But Fitz Hugh noticed that Forshay's manner toward him had changed. What had been an effusive friendliness had become a marked antagonism.

One evening at a social gathering of men Stewart made a remark which brought a sneer from Forshay. This was followed up by other overt acts plain to every one present. Stewart, fancying that his mother might have something to do with this treatment and dreading to have her name discussed, bore all patiently till Forshay made a remark to him that was positively insulting, when he replied in kind. Forshay slapped his face. The boy did not proceed further with the matter at the time, but when he went home apprised his mother of what had occurred.

This was at a time when the code duello was in vogue in Louisiana. Mrs. Stewart saw that a great misfortune had befallen herself and her son. If Fitz Hugh did not challenge Forshay he would be cut by all his acquaintances. If he did challenge him Forshay would doubtless kill him. In fact, the widow saw in this treatment of her son a spirit of revenge that was directed toward herself. She lay awake all night thinking over the matter and in the morning told Fitz Hugh that he must challenge Forshay.

A friend of the Stewart family, Walter Langstaff, was called in and requested to act as Fitz Hugh's second. He gave the information that Forshay had fought several duels and was a dead shot. Mrs. Stewart did not wince at this, maintaining her position that her son must send the challenge. Before Langstaff went with it to Forshay the mother instructed him as to the terms he should insist upon. The meeting must take place in some secluded spot, only a second for each principal and a surgeon should be present and Fitz Hugh Stewart should be permitted to fight masked.

If Langstaff were to be required to give a reason for this singular provision he should say that Stewart was heir to property which he would forfeit if it could be proved that he had fought a duel. And the reason for this singular bequest was that the testator, Fitz Hugh's aunt, had lost her husband on the field of honor. Whether this were a trumped up reason or not never came out.

Langstaff bore the challenge and, returning, reported that Forshay only objected to his antagonist fighting masked. Langstaff had told him that if he did not consent to this he would call the affair off and make public the reason. Upon this Forshay gave way, and, having the right as the challenged party to choose the weapons, he chose pistols. Langstaff was sent back to say that the distance must be five paces. Forshay, thinking this was a bluff, consented. He doubtless expected after this to receive an apology. If this were so he was to be disappointed.

Fitz Hugh was not a party to these details, they having been attended to by Langstaff under instructions from Mrs. Stewart. The youngster had got an inkling as to the real cause underlying the affair, and his southern blood was hot for the meeting. His mother remained tranquil, neither attempting to encourage nor quiet him.

The night before the duel was to come off Mrs. Forshay after her son was in bed went into his room to bid him goodby.

"Why, mother," he said, "won't you be up when I leave in the morning?"

"Yes, dear boy; I'll be up before you, but I prefer to say goodby to you in case we are separated by this villain now. But first I wish you to take something to give you a good night's sleep. All depends on a steady nerve, and since you were a little boy loss of sleep has made you nervous the following day."

After much persuasion Fitz Hugh took the dose she offered him. She held him a long while in her arms, then, giving him the farewell kiss, left him.

At 3 o'clock in the morning Mrs. Stewart arose, went into her son's room and put on the clothes he had laid out to wear in the duel—all black. Then she kissed him—she did not fear to awaken him, for she had given him an opiate—and went to the door to meet Langstaff, who was riding up to the house. Entering the carriage, she was driven to the field where Forshay and his second, with a surgeon, stood waiting.

Instead of a mask Mrs. Stewart wore a blue veil, covering her face to the chin and tied behind, so as to conceal her long hair. Langstaff, who was desirous to save one whom he supposed to be his young friend, Fitz Hugh, approached Forshay's second with a proposition for settlement that would clear all parties from any stigma. Forshay declined to accept it.

"Very well," said Langstaff; "if you are determined to kill this boy I promise you that you will have to go back to the state you came from, for you will not be welcome here."

When Forshay was convinced that the five paces which were to separate the combatants was not a bluff he made a protest through his second, insisting that fighting at such a distance was murder or suicide. Langstaff reported the matter to his principal, who said firmly that they would fight at five paces or not at all. Forshay reluctantly consented—indeed, he must either consent or be branded as a coward. This close range was intended by Mrs. Stewart to prevent the meeting if that were possible, but if Forshay was not thus to be driven off the field she had no idea of the contest being given up and had another motive in being close to her antagonist.

The two seconds stood together on one side and equidistant from the principals, Langstaff holding a handkerchief. He raised it and held it suspended for a few seconds prior to giving the signal by dropping it. During this brief interval Mrs. Stewart raised her left hand and lifted her veil, exposing her face on that side which was farthest from the seconds. Forshay recognized her and changed color. Before he could determine what action if any to take the handkerchief floated down from Langstaff's hand. Forshay sprang up on his toes and fell dead with a bullet in his heart.

Mrs. Stewart walked with a firm step to her carriage and was driven toward her home, Walter Langstaff beside her. For a few minutes she lay back in the corner of the carriage, then, turning her face toward Langstaff, raised her veil.

"Great heavens!"

There was silence between the two for a time; then Langstaff asked:

"Why did you do this?"

"It was the only way to save my boy."

"But was it necessary to kill your enemy?"

"Yes; after my expedient of insisting on close range failed I must kill him."

"Why?"

"If I had not the affair would have gone on till one of the two had killed the other, and my son would have been the one to die. As it is he will consider himself demeaned that his mother should have done the work which should have fallen to him."

Langstaff was silent for a moment, then said sadly:

"If I had known that you were to fight this battle I should have insisted on taking it upon myself."

When Fitz Hugh Stewart awoke the sun stood high. His mother approached his bed. He started up.

"Lie down, my boy; it's all over."

And she told him what she had done.

To this day no one in that section knows that it was a woman instead of a boy that gave Forshay his death wound. I got the story from that boy when he was a man of sixty.

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. 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. Murray
14-10t 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 10th 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 May, 1910.

C. R. WADE,
20-3t City Recorder.

Summons

IN THE JUSTICE COURT FOR THE SIXTH JUSTICE DISTRICT, COOS COUNTY STATE OF OREGOM

A. McNair, Plaintiff,
v
J. H. Timon, Defendant } SUMMONS

To J. H. Timon, the above named defendant:
In The Name of The State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace, for the above designated District, to answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed herein, within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, to-wit, on or before the 21st day of July, 1910.

You will take notice that if you so fail to appear and answer, that the plaintiff will take judgement against you for the amount of $17.07, and for costs and disbursements.

This summons is made persuant to an order made and filed June 6, 1910, and motion therefore made and filed in this office by C. R. Wade, plaintiff's attorney.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon this 6th day of June, 1910.

Geo. P. Topping
22-6t Justice of the Peace

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