

# TRUXTON KING

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Truxton King arrives in Edelweiss, capital of Cranstark, 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 Daugloss, 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 tea, 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. VII, VIII, IX and X.—King visits the house of the witch of Ganlook gap and meets the royal ouseholder. 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 an underground den of the committee of tea.

John Tullis!  
The party that had gone to Ganlook gap in charge of Count Vos Engo returned at nightfall no wiser than when it left the barracks at noon. Riding bravely, but somewhat dejectedly, beside the handsome young officer in command was a girl in gray. Now she was coming home with them, silent, subdued, dispirited—even more so than she allowed the count to see.  
Colonel Quinnox and his men had been scouring the hills for bandits. They arrived at the witch's cabin a few minutes after Vos Engo and his company. Disregarding the curses of the old woman, a thorough search of the place was made.  
The old woman's story, reflected by the grandson, was convincing so far as it went. She said that the young man remained behind in the kitchen to puzzle himself over the smoke mystery while she went out to her doorstep. The man with the horses became frightened when she went down to explain the situation to him. He fled. A few minutes later the gentleman emerged to find his horse gone, himself deserted. Cursing, he struck off down the glen in pursuit of his friend, and that was the last she saw of him.

## CHAPTER X. THE IRON COUNT.

WHEN King, in the kindness of his heart, grasped the old woman to keep her from falling to the floor he played directly into the hands of very material agencies under her control. The next instant something struck him in the face. Then with a fierce jerk this same object tightened about his neck.  
A noise had been dropped over his head. As he was pulled backward his startled, bulging eyes swept the ceiling. Above him a square opening had appeared in the ceiling. Two ugly, bearded faces were leaning over the edge, and strong hands were grasping a thick rope. He was strangling. Frantically he grasped the rope, lifting himself from the floor in the effort to loosen the noose with his free hand. A hoarse laugh broke upon his dining ears, the leering faces drew nearer, and then as everything went black a heavy yet merciful blow fell upon his head.  
Not many minutes passed before consciousness, which had been but partially lost, returned to him. It was pitch dark, and the air was hot and close. Not a sound came to his throbbing ears. With characteristic irrespressibility he began to swear softly, but articulately. A gruff voice, startlingly near at hand, interrupted him.  
"Spit it out, young fellow! Swear like a man, not like a blamed canary bird."  
The hidden speaker was unquestionably an American.  
"Where am I?" demanded the captive.  
"You're here, that's where you are," was the sarcastic answer.  
"Are you an American?"  
"No; I am a Chinaman. I was born in Newport—as an afterthought—" "Kentucky."  
"This is the worst high handed outrage I've ever—"  
"Better save your breath, young fellow. You won't have it very long, so save what you can of it."  
"You mean I am to stop breathing altogether?" asked the prisoner.  
"Something like that."  
"Why?"  
"You'll find out when the boss gets good and ready. You wanted to get a poke at the old man's eye, did you? By thunder, that's like an American—never satisfied to let things alone. See what it got you into?"  
"The old man's eye? What old man?"  
"That's for you to find out, if you can. You've made a poor start at it."  
"How do you, an American, happen to be mixed up in a deal like this?"  
"It's healthier work than making barrels at—I was going to say Sing Sing, but I hear they've changed the name. I prefer outdoor work."  
"Fugitive, eh?"  
"You might call it that. I'm wanted in seven states. The demand for me is great."  
That he had fallen into the hands of a band of conspirators was quite clear to King. Whether they were brigands or more important operators against

the crown he was of course in no position to decide. Time would tell.  
It was enough that they expected to kill him sooner or later. This in itself was sufficient to convince him that he was not to be held for ransom, but to be disposed of for reasons best known to his captors.  
Like a shot the warning of Olga Platanova flashed into his brain. His guard had mentioned "the old man." Good heavens! Could he mean Spantz? The cold perspiration was standing on King's brow. Spantz! He recalled the wickedness in the armorer's face. But why should Spantz wish him evil?  
The anarchists! The reds! Olga was an avowed anarchist. "By gad, they think I am a detective!" he exclaimed, light coming to him with a rush.  
"What's that?" snapped the other.  
Truxton could almost feel the other's body grow tense despite the space between them. "Are you a detective? Are you? If you are, I'll finish you up right here. You—"  
"No! They're on the wrong scent. By Jove, the laugh's on old man Spantz."  
"Oho! So you do know what's up, then? Spantz, eh? Well, what you've guessed at or found out won't make much difference, my fine young fellow."  
The glimmer of a light came bobbing up from somewhere behind Truxton. He could see the flickering shadows on the wall. Two men crept into the room a moment later. One of them carried a lantern; the other turned King's body over with his foot. Truxton saw that the three ruffians were



"BETTER SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOUNG FELLOW. YOU WON'T HAVE IT LONG."

great, brutal faced fellows, with bare arms that denoted toil as well as spoils. The third man grasped the prisoner by the feet, swearing in a language of his own. The Yankee desperado took his shoulders, and together, with earnest grunts, they followed the man with the lantern. He could see that they were crowding through a low, narrow passage, finally depositing him with scant courtesy upon the rocky floor of what proved to be a rather commodious cave.  
Daylight streamed into this convenient "hole in the wall," lying upon his side, Truxton faced the opening that looked out upon the world. Near the opening stood the tall, gaunt figure of a man, thin shouldered and stooped. His back was to the captive, but King observed that the three men, with two companions, who sat, at the back of the cave, never removed their gaze from the striking figure outlined against the sky.  
The watcher turned slowly to take in the altered conditions behind him. King saw that he was old, gray haired and cadaverous. This, then, was the "old man," and he was not William Spantz.  
"Your name is King, I believe," came from the thin lips of the old man.  
"Yes. May I inquire?"  
"No; you may not inquire. Put a gag in his mouth. I don't care to hear anything from him. Gag him and cut the rope from his feet. He may walk from now on."  
Three men sprang to do his bidding. King felt in that instant that he was looking for the first time upon the features of the Iron Count, Marlanx the dishonored. He lay there helpless, speechless for many minutes, glancing at this cruel tyrant. It was enough that Marlanx suspected him of being in the way. To be suspected was to be condemned.  
Marlanx was speaking. Truxton looked up, as at an executioner. The Iron Count sat upon a bowlder near his feet.  
"We have met before. Perhaps you remember meeting my eye in Dame Babba's cabin—twice, I think. You remember, I see. Ha, ha! You were very slow not to have caught such an old man. I dare say you are wondering what I intend to do with you, now that I have you. Well, I am not the man to mince words. Mr. King, you are quite young, but the good die young. I am very old, you observe. I will not say that you are to die tonight or tomorrow or any day, for I do not know. I am going to send you to a court. Not an ordinary court, Mr. King, but one of extreme perspicacity. I fancy you will die before long. We can spare you. I do not approve of meddlers. It seems to be quite settled that you are a police agent."  
The steady, cruel eyes fascinated King. He knew that he was in desperate straits.  
"I am glad you called again at my temporary abode, Mr. King. Americans are always welcome; the sooner they come, the sooner it's over. It may interest you to know that I am very partial to Americans. Were I a cannibal I could eat them in relish. If I had my way, all Americans should be in heaven. The earth surely is not good enough nor big enough for them, and hell is already overcrowded. Yes, I love the Americans dearly. I should enjoy a similar visit from Mr. John Tullis. I expect him to visit me in my humble castle before many days.

"I should like to have him remain there until his dying day."  
King shuddered.  
"Night is coming. I must say farewell to my bold young friend. My way lies to the north. This is merely a land of promise to me. You go southward, to the city of Edelweiss. But not through the gates; oh, no! There are other ways, as you will find. Goodby, my brave Sir Galahad, I may never see you again."  
With a courtly bow he turned bold young friend, muscled captive and directed his final instructions to the guards. With a curt nod to the men, he strode out through the mouth of the cave and was gone. Dusk had settled down upon mountain and valley. One of the men cut the rope that bound Truxton's feet.  
"Get up," said the Newport man. "We've got to be movin'."  
Still gagged and somewhat dizzy, King was hurried off into the narrow mountain path, closely surrounded by the five men.

The silent, cautious march down the valley, through the gap and along the ridge carried them far into the night. This much he knew—they were in the hills directly above the northern gates. The vague, black shadow of a lightless house loomed up before them. In a twinkling he was hustled across a flight of stairs, through pitchy darkness, guided by two of the men, a whispered word of advice now and then from the Yankee saving him from perilous stumbles. He was jerked up sharply with a command to stand still. A light flashed suddenly in his face, blinding him for a moment.  
Soon he saw that they were in a broad, bare cellar; three men in heavy black beards were in earnest conversation with several of his captors; all were gesticulating fiercely.  
His Newport companion enlightened him between puffs of the pipe he was struggling with. "Here's where we say goodby, young fellow. We turn you over to these gentles, whoever they are. You go into the village gay with those 'swabs' by the sewer line, I guess." Truxton pricked up his ears. "The old man has had a hole chopped in the sewer here, they tell me, and it's a snap to get into the city. Not very clean or neat, but it gets you there. Well, so long! They're ready, I see. They don't monkey long when they've got a thing to do."

In another moment his guardmanship was transferred; he was being hurried across the cellar toward an open doorway. Down a few stone steps he was led by the bearded crew, and then pushed through a hole in what appeared to be a heavy brick wall. He realized at once where he was. The gurgle of running water came up to him. It was the great sewer that ran from the hills through the heart of the city, flushed continuously by a diverted mountain stream that swept down from above.  
He did not know how long they traversed the chill sewer. In time, however, the water got deeper; rats began to scurry along the sides of the circle or to swim frantically on in front of the disturbers.  
At last the strange journey ended. They came to a niche in the slimy wall. Up into this the men climbed. The man above was cautiously tapping on what appeared to be solid masonry. To King's surprise a section of the wall suddenly opened before them. He was seized from above by strong hands and literally jerked through the hole, up narrow steps and then into a long, dimly lighted room, in the center of which stood a long table.

He was passed on into a small room adjoining. Some one, speaking in English, told him to sit down. The gag was removed from his stiff, inflamed mouth.  
"Fetch him some water," said a voice that he was sure he recognized—a high, querulous voice.  
"Hello, Spantz!" articulated Truxton, turning to the black bearded, bent figure.  
There was an instant of silence. Then Spantz spoke, with a soft laugh: "You will not know so much tomorrow, Herr King. Give him water, man. He cannot talk with a dry throat."

King was pushed out into the larger room, where he was confronted by a crowd of bewiskered men and snaky-eyed women with most intellectual nose glasses. It required but a glance to convince him that the whiskers were false.  
For nearly an hour he was probed with questions concerning his business in Edelweiss. Threats followed close upon his unsatisfactory answers, though they were absolutely truthful.  
"We'll find a way to make you talk tomorrow, my friend! Starving is not pleasant."  
"You would not starve me?" he cried.  
"No. You will have the pleasure of starving yourself," said a thin eyed fellow whom he afterward knew as Peter Brutus.

He was thrown back into the little room. To his surprise and gratification the bonds on his wrists were removed.  
He found a match in his box and struck it. There was no article of furniture. The floor was bare, the walls green with age. A chimney hole in the ceiling was perhaps the only means by which fresh air could reach this dreary place. Soap was claiming his senses. He made a pillow of his coat and stretched his weary bones upon the relentless floor.

(To be continued)

## LESSON FROM TROLLEY CARDS.

Advertising Men Alive to Value of Home Trade.

THEY URGE LOCAL BUYING.

Cars of Bronx Borough, New York City, Carrying Appeals to Purchasers to Get Their Goods From Their Own Stores—A Policy of Mutual Helpfulness and Co-operation.

In the trolley cars of Bronx borough, New York city, are displayed some advertising cards placed among the other advertisements, presumably without charge, by the company which controls the advertising in the cars of the borough. The cards inform the riders and readers that the articles advertised in the cars are to be found in the stores of the borough and advise the intending purchasers to procure them at home. It is understood, of course, that the quality of standard articles is the same wherever they are purchased, and it is assumed that the merchants of the borough will make as reasonable prices on the articles as any one will.

The position taken by the advertising company in thus helping along the men who help it certainly seems to be a wise one. Local purchasers are induced to buy standard goods, advertised all over the country as well as in the local cars, from the local merchants. The latter are, in turn, enabled to buy advertising space in the cars. The Germans, who are prolific makers of wise sayings, have an old saw which says, "One hand washes the other, and both become clean." It is an encouraging sign of the growing prosperity of the borough that the local merchants are using more and more space in the cars and that the borough newspapers are flourishing as never before.

Isn't there here a moral to be gleaned by other places? The moral is, Encourage home trade by all means. The trade that goes out of a town does not benefit it; it is the trade that seeks and finds its natural outlet at home that helps it. It counts not only for the man who gets it, but for the man who gives it, for the latter helps his neighbor as well as himself.

The uplifting of the general level of prosperity which is apt to follow keeping trade at home helps every man and woman in a town by keeping up wages, by distributing profits so that everybody in a town gets a share, direct or indirect, of the benefit.  
The mail order houses have their place in the business world, and they do good—to the men who run them, many of whom have accumulated much money in the business. But when they take out of any particular town money that should be spent there legitimately they cannot be said to be a benefit to that town.

In addition, there is the personal and social side of the question. Looking at it as fairly as you will, buying goods from a catalogue and sending to a strange, faraway city the money that has been earned in one's home town, often with the advice and co-operation of one's neighbors, is a cold blooded proposition.  
How much better it is to meet your neighbor man to man, over your counter or over his, and sell to him or buy from him what one needs! If "life is made up of little things," as has been said very often, the little friendlinesses and greetings of personal intercourse are worth something, probably more than the small profit that is to be gained by patronizing a house far away that can be nothing but the embodiment of "business." And in many cases the monetary profit is only imaginary when the time and bother involved in the transaction and the real worth of goods bought are taken into consideration.

CHARLES N. LURIE.

**Dustless Ash Removal Scheme.**  
Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards of New York appeared before the finance committee of the board of aldermen recently and asked for \$15,000 with which to make experiments aimed to do away with the dust and exposed garbage nuisance. The scheme proposed contemplates the carrying of ash cans from houses to the dump direct without emptying them into carts. The \$15,000, if obtained, is to be spent for an auto car carrier, a relay truck, cans, dustless cover devices and other things of the kind. This is considered by many an excellent idea, for it will undoubtedly tend to keep towns and cities in a clean and healthful condition.

**Don't Murder Your Trees.**  
Frequently large signboards are placed against street trees. Where they are fastened with iron bands the latter will soon cut into the very life of the tree, preventing the free circulation of the sap and thereby injuring top and root equally. It is nothing new to see trees half dead standing for years in front of handsome residences, fighting hard for life, shortened by neglect and abuse. The owner is too indolent to have the dry limbs removed, the old, exhausted soil renewed, and so improve, at least for a time, the appearance of the sufferers.

**A Town's Main Street.**  
A drummer whose route takes in fifty towns in Illinois and Indiana says that a town which will not keep its main business street in good repair steadily loses its farmer trade and by and by its best business men.

## WHICH COW IS BEST FOR DAIRY?

The question, Which is the best breed of dairy cows? is one often asked, says a well known dairyman, and of course is variously answered.

Many breeders and dairymen have answered it to their own satisfaction, and a goodly number of these say the Jersey. And there is a reason or, rather, reasons, all aside from their own personal experience. The latter, although satisfactory to themselves, may not convince others.  
Economic production comes first in importance, for the best dairy breed must be a profitable breed. The Jersey is presented to the dairying public as the most profitable dairy cow on the strength of her performance in the two most reliable public tests ever



A WELL REARED DAIRY COW.

made to determine this point, those held at the Chicago and St. Louis world's fairs.

In both these the Jersey eclipsed all competing breeds as a profitable producer. At St. Louis she won the awards as the most profitable producer of milk for all purposes of dairying. She was able to do this from her inborn faculty of turning her food into milk rich in milk solids. The Jerseys returned one pound butter fat for every twelve pounds of nutriment they consumed.  
For one pound of butter fat the Holsteins required 14,839 pounds nutriment, the Shorthorns 15,522 pounds and the Brown Swiss 16,919 pounds. The Jersey, being comparatively a small cow, the sustaining ration demanded by her is correspondingly small, and the law of nature is that the demands of sustenance come first and those of yield afterward.

There are breeds which surpass the Jersey in quantity of milk, but no breed which surpasses her in quantity of milk in proportion to nutriment required and live weight, even if quality of milk is left out of consideration.  
At St. Louis, although the Jerseys were naturally outmilked by the larger Holsteins, they produced 526 pounds of milk for each hundred pounds of their live weight, while the Holsteins produced but 467 pounds of milk per hundred pounds live weight, a difference of twenty-nine pounds per each hundred pounds live weight in favor of the Jerseys. When it is remembered that the Jersey milk showed 13.5 per cent total solids against 11.3 per cent in the Holstein milk this milking record is shown to be highly significant.

The Jerseys, too, are good feeders and are second to none in the variety of feeds from which they can extract their proper nourishment. As consumers of roughage the Jerseys at St. Louis led all the others, deriving 50.67 per cent of their nutriment from it as against 50.40 per cent for Holsteins and smaller percentages in the case of the other breeds represented.

Based on these and other equally weighty facts, the reasonable claim is made that the Jersey is the best cow for the dairy, the best cow for the farmer, the best cow for the family—best by her natural inheritance and proved best in impartial public tests.

**Keeping the Horse Healthful.**  
On the appearance of any lump about the legs of a horse it should be bathed diligently with water as hot as can be borne. What might develop into a sprain may sometimes in this way be checked at the start.  
For lice on horses take half a pint of kerosene in two gallons of water and wash the horse with this twice, with an interval of two or three days between the applications.  
To cure mange rub on oil of tar one ounce and whale oil two ounces or one-half pound each of tar and sulphur and one pound each of soap and alcohol.  
In all cases boil all blankets and treat with a strong solution of caustic potash all wood works, harness, brushes, combs and whatever can be affected with the germs.  
To cure a horse of the habit of pawing fasten a short piece of log chain, say about five or six links, by means of a knee strap to his leg just above the knee—in the stable, of course—and see how quickly he will leave off the habit.

**Implement For Calf Feeding.**  
Two rubber finger stalls placed upon the middle fingers of the right hand are a real source of protection in the feeding of calves. Put these two fingers into the calf's mouth and hold the hand down under the milk. The milk passes between the fingers into the calf's mouth, and there is no danger of his injuring one's fingers by chewing them.

**To Keep Calf From Upsetting Pail.**  
It is pretty provoking as well as wasteful to have the calves upset their pail of milk. You can put a stop to it by making a box a little less than a foot deep, with a top board nailed on in which a hole has been sawed large enough for the pail to fit in to the top hoop. The calf may bunt all he wants to, but he cannot tip that box over.

## Notice of Administration.

Notice is hereby given, that by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Coos, Chas. I. Green was duly appointed administrator of the estate of Hannah J. Green, deceased, and that letters testamentary were fully issued to the said Chas. I. Green on the 29th day of April, 1910; that he is now qualified and acting, therefore all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to the said administrator at Bandon, Oregon, within six months from the 2nd day of June, 1910, the date of the final publication of this notice.

CHAS. I. GREEN,  
Administrator of the Estate of Hannah J. Green, deceased.  
C. P. TOPPING,  
21 St. Attorney for the Estate.

## Notice of Establishment of Street Grade

Notice is hereby given that the common council of the city of Bandon, Oregon, did at a regular meeting thereof, made on the 31st day of May, 1910, pass a resolution, of its intention to make and establish an official grade, together with the amounts of cuts and fills in front of each lot fronting thereon, on both Coyle Avenue and Third Street, in the Western Hill Addition to the city of Bandon, Oregon, for the full width of each, and the full length of Third Street, and the full length of Coquille Avenue from Atwater Street, south to Sixth Street.  
Now, unless a written remonstrance is made and filed with the undersigned Recorder, of said City or his successor in office, on or before the 7th day of July, 1910, the said council will pass an ordinance establishing an official grade on each of said streets, for the portions above designated, and determine the amounts of cuts and fills to be made in front of each lot or tract of land fronting thereon—such said remonstrance must be signed by the owners of two-thirds of all the real property fronting upon both sides of both of the above designated portions of said street and avenue.  
Dated at Bandon, Oregon this 16th day of May, 1910.

C. R. WADE,  
City Recorder

## Summons

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

A. McNair, Plaintiff,  
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 fail to appear and answer, that the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the amount of \$17.67, and for costs and disbursements.

This summons is made pursuant to an order made and filed June 6, 1910, and motion therefor 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,  
Justice of the Peace

The RECORDER \$1.50 per year

## City Election Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That a regular election will be held within the corporate limits of the City of Bandon, Coos County, State of Oregon, upon Monday, the 27th day of June, 1910, for the purpose of electing three Councilmen, one Mayor, one Municipal Judge and one Recorder, and that election will also be submitted to the electors thereof, qualified to vote the question of Bonding the City of Bandon for \$60,000 for the installation of a municipal water system, and also the question of whether or not livestock shall be permitted to run at large within the corporate limits of the said City of Bandon.  
Such election will be held at the City hall on said day, and the polls will be opened at the hour of eight o'clock A. M., and remain open until one o'clock P. M., and will then close until two o'clock P. M., and then be opened at six o'clock P. M., and then be permanently closed.  
The Board chosen by the Common Council to conduct said election are: A. D. Morse, R. C. McKinnis and E. E. Oakes, Judges, and H. C. Ostin and C. M. Spencer, Clerks.  
This notice is given pursuant to the provisions of the City Charter, and also to an order of the Common Council therefor made at a regular meeting thereof held upon the 31st day of May, 1910.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon this 9th day of June, 1910.

C. R. WADE,  
Recorder and Clerk

## Administrators Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of John McKenzie, 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 the sixteenth day of June, 1910.  
JOHN WESTERMAN  
Administrator of said Estate  
G. T. Treadgold Att'y for  
23-5t Administrator.

Don't forget that T. W. Robinson has Shady Brook dairy food, also the very best coconut meal, a substitute for oil meal. 18 tf