

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 Danglois, 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, meet 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 husband and notorious old husband, Count Marlanx, is conspiring against the prince. VII, VIII, IX and X.—King visits the house of the which of Ganlook 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 ten. XI.—Olga defends King before the committee of anarchists.

"No one will ever know," he murmured, his last waking thought being of a dear one at home.

CHAPTER XI

UNDER THE GROUND.

THE second day after his incarceration began King was given food and drink. It was high time, for he was almost fainted. Thereafter twice a day he was led into the larger room and given a surprisingly hearty meal. Peter Brutus had just voiced the pleasure of the majority by urging the necessity for physical torture to wring the government's secrets from the prisoner. King, half-finished, half-crazed by thirst, had been listening to the force argument through the thin door that separated the rooms. He heard the sudden, eager movement toward the door of his cell and squared himself against the opposite wall, ready to fight to the death. Then there came a voice that he recognized.

A woman was addressing the conspirators in tones of deadly earnestness. His heart gave a bound. It was the first time since his incarceration that he had heard the voice of Olga Platanova, she who still must be his friend.

"No! You shall not torture him. I have said he is no spy. I still say it!" she was exclaiming.

"God, girl, we cannot turn him loose now. He must die." This was from Spantz.

"We cannot release him, I grant you," she said, and Truxton's heart sank. "Not now, but afterward, yes. When it is all over he can do no harm. But hear me now, all of you. If he is harmed in any way I shall not perform my part of the work on the 26th. This is final."

"You cannot withdraw!" exclaimed Peter Brutus. "You are pledged. You are sworn. It is ordained."

"I, Olga Platanova, say this to you. It is not a plea, not a petition; it is an ultimatum. Spare him or the glorious cause must suffer by my defection."

"Sh! Not so loud, girl! He can hear every word you say!"

"Let him hear. Let him know that I, Olga Platanova, am to hurl the thing that is to destroy the life of Prince Robin. I am not afraid to have him know today what the world will know next week. Then the world will say that Olga Platanova was not a beast, but a deliverer, a creator! Let him hear!"

The listener's blood was running cold. The life of Prince Robin! An assassination! "The thing that will destroy!" A bomb!

For half an hour they argued with her, seeking to turn her from the stand she had taken. Then they came to terms with her. Truxton King owed his life to this strange girl, who knew him not at all, but who believed in him.

Truxton was brought into the room a few minutes later. He was white with emotion as he faced the committee of ten. Before a word could be addressed to him he blurted out:

"You cowards! Weak as I am, I would have fought for you, Miss Platanova, if I could have got through that door. Thank you for what you have done to convince these dogs! Only don't do this awful thing! Think of that dear little boy!"

Olga Platanova cried out and covered her eyes with her hands. She was led from the room by William Spantz. Peter Brutus stood over King, whose arms were held by two stalwart men.

"Enough!" he commanded. "We spare you not for her sake, but for the sake of the cause we serve. Hear me! You are to be held here a prisoner until our plans are consummated. You will be properly fed and cared for. You have heard Miss Platanova say that she will cook the food for you herself, but you are not to see her."

King interrupted him. "I haven't the least doubt that you will kill me in the end. She may not be here to protect me after—the assassination."

"She is prepared to die by the same bomb that slays the prince," was all that Brutus would say in response to this, but King observed the sly look that went around among them. He knew then that they meant to kill him in the end.

Afterward, in his little room, he writhed in the agony of helplessness. The prince, his court, the government

—all were to be blasted to satisfy the



"WEAK AS I AM, I WOULD HAVE FIGHTED FOR YOU."

end of this sickening conspiracy. Loraine! She, too, was doomed! He groaned aloud in his misery and awe.

There was a telegraph instrument in the outer room. He could hear it ticking off its messages day and night and could hear the discussion of reports as they came in or went out. It soon became clear to him that the wire connected the room with Marlanx's headquarters near Balak, in Axbath, a branch instrument being stationed in the cave above the witch's hut.

On his third night he heard the committee discussing the conditions at the castle.

"The count is more afraid of this man Tullis than of all the rest," averred Peter Brutus. "He has reasons to hate and fear the Americans. That is why he desires the death of our prisoner. He has said time and again over the wire that King will in some way escape and play the deuce with our plans. It does not seem possible, however. We have him absolutely secure."

"This is the 23d; Saturday is the 26th. Nothing could be done to stop us in four days," said one of the women.

"The count is more afraid of this man Tullis than of all the rest," averred Peter Brutus. "He has reasons to hate and fear the Americans. That is why he desires the death of our prisoner. He has said time and again over the wire that King will in some way escape and play the deuce with our plans. It does not seem possible, however. We have him absolutely secure."

"We must not—we cannot fail," grated William Spantz, and the cry was reiterated by half a dozen voices.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, Truxton King made his first determined attempt to escape.

He knew that two armed men stood guard in the outer room day and night. The door to the stairway leading into the armorer's shop was of iron and heavily barred; the door opening into the sewer was even more securely bolted. Besides, there was a great stone door at the foot of the passage.

The keys to these two doors were never out of the possession of William Spantz. One of his guards held the key to the stairway door. His only chance lay in his ability to suddenly overpower two men and make off by way of the armorer's shop.

When his little door was opened on the morning of the 23d Truxton King's long, powerful figure shot through as if sped by a catapult. The man with the candle and the knife went down like a beef, felled by a blow on the jaw.

The American, his eyes blazing with hope and desperation, kept on ward, to find himself face to face with Olga Platanova!

She was staring at him with frightened eyes, her lips apart, her hands to her breast. He turned.

"He has not the key," she cried, "nor have I. You have no chance to escape. Go back!"

A key rattled in the door. When it swung open two men stood in the aperture, both with drawn pistols. The girl leaped between them and the helpless, defeated American.

"Remember!" she cried. "You are not to kill him!"

Peter Brutus had risen from the floor, half dazed, but furious. He made a vicious leap at King, his knife ready for the plunge.

"I'm glad it's you!" roared King, leaping aside. His fist shot out, and again Brutus went down.

"Miss Platanova, call your uncle," she was ordered. "It is now necessary to blind the fellow's hands. They are too dangerous to be allowed to roam at large in this fashion."

All day long Truxton paced his little prison, bitterly lamenting his ill timed effort. Now he would be even more carefully guarded. His hands were bound behind his back. He was powerless. If he had only waited! Luck had been against him. How was he to know that the guard with the keys had gone upstairs when Olga brought his breakfast down? It was fate.

The 23d dragged itself into the past, and the 24th was following in the gloomy wake of its predecessors. Two

days more! He began to feel the approach of madness. His own death was not far away. It would follow that of the prince and of Olga Platanova, his friend. But he was not thinking of his own death; he was thinking of the prince's life.

Forty-eight hours! That was all! Early that night as he lay with his ear to the crack of the door he heard them discussing his own death. It was to come as soon as Olga had gone to her reward. She was not there to defend him. Spantz had said that she was praying in her room, committing her soul to God. Truxton King suddenly picked up his ears, attracted by a sentence that fell from the lips of one of the men.

"Tullis is on his way to the hills of Dawsbergen by this time. He will be out of the way on the 26th safe enough."

"Count Marlanx was not to be satisfied until he had found the means to draw him away from Edelweiss," said another. "This time it will work like a charm. Late this afternoon Tullis was making ready to lead a troop of cavalry into the hills to effect a rescue. Santa Maria! That was a clever stroke! Not only does he go himself, but with him goes a captain with 100 soldiers from the fort. Ha, ha! Marlanx is a fox—a very exceptional fox!"

Tullis off to the hills with soldiers to effect a rescue! Truxton sat up, his brain whirling.

"A wise fox!" agreed Peter Brutus thickly. "I wonder what our fine prisoner will say to it when the new prisoner comes to keep him company over the 26th."

CHAPTER XII

A NEW PRISONER ARRIVES.

IT was far past midnight when King was aroused from the doze into which he had fallen. Was it the 26th? Loud, quick commands came to his ears.

"They are here at last," he heard some one say. "God! This suspense has been awful. But they are here."

"Stand ready, then, with the guns!" cried Peter Brutus. "It may be a trick, after all. Don't open that door down there, Spantz, until you know who is on the outside."

"It's all right," came at last in the relieved, eager voice of Peter Brutus. "Clear the way, comrades. Give them room. By our holy father, this is a brave triumph. Ah!"

Heavy footsteps clogged into the room, accompanied by stertorous breathing and no small amount of grunting from masculine throats. Not one but three or four languages were spoken by the excited, intense occupants of the other room. King could make nothing of what they said. Finally the sharp, incisive voice of William Spantz broke through the babble, commanding silence.

"Still unconscious," he said when some measure of order was secured.

"Yes," granted one of the men.

"We will have our instructions tomorrow. The count is to inform us before nightfall where she is to be removed to. Next week she is going to go to Schloss Marlanx." Brutus added a cruel, heartless laugh.

A woman, thought Truxton. The countess! They had brought her here from Balak, after all. What a remorseless brute Marlanx must be to maltreat his beautiful wife!

"To my mind she is more beautiful than his own wife," observed Anna Cromer. "She will be a fine morsel for the count, who has even cast longing eyes on so homely a mortal as I."

"All women are alike to him," said Spantz sullenly.

"We must put her in the room with the American for the present. You are sure he will take her away before Saturday? A woman's cries are most distressing." It was Spantz who spoke.

"I'll stop her crying," volunteered Anna Cromer harshly.

"She's retaining her senses!" exclaimed one of the men. "Stand back, every one. Give her air."

Presently the door to King's room was thrown open. He had got to his feet and was standing in the center of the room, his eyes blinking in the glare of light.

"Hello!" cried Peter Brutus. "You up, eh? We've got a fair lady for you, my friend. Get back there, you dog! Keep in your corner."

"You are a fine bunch of human beings," blurted Truxton.

A man with a lighted candle entered first, holding the light above his head. He was followed by two others, who supported the drooping, tottering figure of a woman.

"Let her sit there against the wall, Drago. Julius, fetch in more candles. She must not be left in the dark. He says she is not to be frightened to death. Women are afraid of the dark and strange dogs. Let there be light," scolded Peter Brutus, spitting toward King.

"I'll get you for that some day," grated the American, white with anger.

(To be continued)

Pa Was Wise.

"Quiet hostility, little Jim, is the way in which when I decline to give you a penny you sneak round behind my chair and make faces."—Scraps.

Science Siftings.

Venus is the brightest of all the stars and comes the nearest to us of all the planets. Only the moon is ever nearer the earth.

The string of beads of light sometimes seen for several seconds after a flash of lightning is due to the incandescence of the air.

The canal theory of Mars is opposed by the Swedish savant Arrhenius, who thinks the phenomena observed are huge clefts in the surface of the planet.

TIMIDITY OF LOVE

A Veteran of the Civil War Quails Before a Woman

By ARNOLD BROWN

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It was April 1, 1861. The 4th regiment was ordered to march the next day to the defense of Washington. A reception was to be held the evening before departure in the armory, at which mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts could bid adieu to their loved ones, some of whom might not return. During the afternoon previous to the reception young Norman Egerton, second lieutenant of G company, sat at a desk in his comfortable home writing. This is what he wrote:

I have delayed to speak, fearing to be repelled, but now at the last moment I must tell you that I love you—love you better than my life—everything but my duty. May I hope I return that I may claim you for my wife? If "Yes," wear one of these flowers tonight at the reception.

The words, such as a boy would write who realized into what he was going, were intended for Miss Mabel Harding, even younger than himself. They were written on a bit of thin paper, which he folded into a small compass, and taking up a bouquet that lay beside him, he thrust his missive into its center, covering it with the flowers as if fearful the girl would find it. Calling a servant, he directed him to carry the flowers to their destination and report to him that they had been received by the young lady. Then he walked the floor till the report had been made.

That night at the armory he watched eagerly for the signal. Presently he saw Miss Harding walking toward him on the arm of a man whom he had feared as a rival. She wore no flowers. The young officer, like many a man in his first fight, quailed. He left the hall and did not return to it.

Egerton proved the reverse in war of what he was in love. He returned with an empty sleeve and a colonel's commission, with brevet rank of brigadier general. But he had no sooner reached home than his lover's cowardice got the better of him. Sensitive to a high degree, he dreaded meeting the girl who had refused him, his dread being enhanced by the absence of his right arm. A mutilated man nurses his misfortune, and it is doubtful if any soldier is proud of the loss of a limb. The general rankled at his maiming, for he considered that it removed him further, if that could be, from the woman he still loved. To escape a meeting with her as soon as he was mustered out of the service he made a tour abroad. But this only deferred the meeting, and at last he summoned courage and went back to the city where they both lived.

On the street one day he saw her coming. If he continued to advance he would meet her face to face. He looked about him, as he had seen many a man do on the field of battle, for cover. An alley was near. It was a narrow, mean looking lane, but he dashed into it. It led nowhere, and he found himself in a pocket flanked by the rear of small shops. He stood trembling till he knew that his enemy must have passed, then slunk out of it and pursued his way.

A few days later he received a fright that took away his breath. It was an invitation to an evening function given at Miss Harding's home. Fortunately the date of the affair was some days away. He resolved a dozen times to "regret" to go, but, having time to get up a little courage at the last moment, sent an acceptance. It had no sooner been dispatched than he wished to recall it. But it was too late.

On the appointed date he got into evening dress, pinned up his empty sleeve, heaving a deep sigh as he did so, and went to the house. Half an hour in the robing room was necessary to give him the requisite courage to go below. The hosts were drawn up to receive their guests, to Egerton appearing like an opposing line of battle to a raw recruit. He approached, saluted and, seeing a look of embarrassment on Miss Harding's face, as soon as the ceremony was over beat a precipitate retreat.

Later he was stalking about, wondering if sufficient time would ever pass to enable him to depart with propriety, when he felt a hand slipped on his arm and, turning, saw the girl who had refused him.

"General," she said, with her eyes on the floor, "why did you not come to see me after your return from the war?"

"I—why—I went abroad."

"Then why not since your return?"

There was a warm hand on his left arm that imparted courage to his heart.

"I didn't suppose—that you wished to see me."

"Why not?"

There was a pause before the reply. It came at last. "Do you remember that I sent you a bouquet of flowers before the reception given the evening previous to our departure?"

"I do."

"And the scrap of paper in it?"

"The scrap of paper?"

"Yes."

She had led him into a corner where no one but themselves was present.

"Wait here," she said.

Darting away, she ran upstairs and returned with a withered bouquet. Diving into it, she withdrew his note written six years before and, opening it, read for the first time his message. Then, taking all that was left of a rose, she inserted it in her corsage.

THE GRANGE

Conducted by A. W. DARROW, Chatham, N. Y. Free Correspondent New York State Grange

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAN.

Elected State Master to Succeed H. O. Hadley.

Richard Pattee, the subject of this sketch, was born April 27, 1872, in Alexandria, N. H. After attending the common schools he graduated from the New Hampton academy in the English department and then went to Minneapolis, Minn., and took a course in the commercial department of the University of Minnesota.

Knowledge of shorthand led him into newspaper work, in which employment he traveled through the south and middle west for three years. Called back to New Hampshire, he re-entered the academy at New Hampton and graduated from the classical course in 1890; took special work in economics and law at Dartmouth one year; engaged in real estate business



RICHARD PATTEE.

in Ashland, N. H., in 1901, and moved to Plymouth in 1905; joined New Hampshire grange the year it was organized, 1887; was steward, assistant steward and master; was lecturer of Lake and Valley Pomona when it was organized; was district deputy under State Master N. J. Bacheider in 1901-3; was elected lecturer of the state grange in 1903 and served six years; elected master of the state grange in 1909. Mr. Pattee is a member and past master of the Masonic lodge at Ashland, N. H., and member of the Knights of Pythias lodge at the same place. He was married in 1905 and has one son.

Grange Prize Gardens.

The Danvers (Mass.) grange is undertaking a new line of work for its own town in the form of a prize garden contest for the school children. Thirty-six prizes and gratuities, amounting to \$45, have been offered to be competed for by the scholars in the nine grades. The plan is based on the work of the Civic League in Salem, which has been conducting such contests for four years. It will be most appropriate work for a grange, combining an educational purpose with that of beautifying the home. The prizes are to be awarded for the greatest improvements in gardens and yards. Flower seeds are to be sold to the contestants at a cent a packet. Though the gardens are to be at home, the children will receive some instruction about them from their teachers, and friendly visitors will supervise their work. The superintendent of schools and teachers are cordially interested and think this a good way to introduce agricultural education.

Free Seed Grant.

The granges of Washington state or many of them are not disposed to receive free seeds from their congressmen at the national capital any longer. In many instances these seed packets are sent to grange secretaries for distribution to procure the favor of grange members. A grange paper published in Washington state suggests to grangers that they inform those who send them that they are not wanted and demand that the custom of sending out free government seeds be abolished. These seeds are burdening our already overburdened mails, and then congress refuses to give us a parcels post service because the mail service is a losing proposition. If it is necessary that the government buy the oil seeds from the seed dealers, then it would be better to burn them at once than to send them through the mails and have them burned at this end.

New Grange Ritual.

The ritual of the order, abridged by the elimination of the single degree work and improved by many valuable suggestions and instructions and illustrative diagrams, is now ready for distribution from the offices of the secretaries of state granges.

The rate of assessment in the Patrons' Fire Insurance company of St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, N. Y., for the year ending Oct. 15, was but \$1.50 per thousand. What rate are you paying?

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 20th 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. E. P. TOPPING,
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 3rd 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 Coquille Avenue and Third Street, in the Woodland Mill 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—which 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. McNeil, Plaintiff, vs. 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 judgment against you for the amount of \$17.07, 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

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 this 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

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G. & C. 351 Broadway, New York
Branch Office: 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the partnership formerly existing between Ray Dean and A. W. Hollenbeck has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Hollenbeck will continue the business and assume the responsibility of all bills.

RAY DEAN,
A. W. HOLLENBECK,
Bandon, Or., June 20, 1910. 24-2