

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 Danzloss, 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 Lagomede, who warns him that her hated and notorious old husband, Count Marlax, is conspiring against the prince. VII, VIII, IX and X.—King visits 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 Marlax and then taken to the underground den of the committee of ten. XI.—Olga defends King before the committee of anarchists.

XII.—Loraine is brought to the den and thrown into the same room with King.

"Enough!" commanded William Spantz. "We are not children." Turning to King, he went on, a touch of kindness in his voice: "Cheer her if you can. She is one of your class. Do not let the lights go out."

Raising his hands, he fairly drove the others from the doorway.

For a time King stood in his corner, watching the figure huddled against the opposite wall. Suddenly he started forward, his eyes wide and staring. He had seen that gray riding habit before. Two eager steps he took and then halted halfway.



"Great Jehovah!" he gasped, unbelieving. "You! My God, is it you?"

He dropped to his knees before her, peering into her startled eyes. A look of abject terror crossed the tired, tanned face. She shrank away from him.

"What is it? Where am I?" she moaned. "Oh, let me go! What have I done that you should bring me here? Let me go, Mr. King! You are not so wicked as—"

"I—I bring you here!" he interrupted, aghast. Then he understood. Utter dismay filled his eyes. "You think that I have done this thing to you? God above us! Look! I, too, am a prisoner here. They are going to kill me after tomorrow."

"Oh, Mr. King, what does it all mean? Forgive me! I see now. You are bound; you are suffering; you are years older. What have you done? What have I done?"

"Don't shrink from me," he urged. "Try to calm yourself."

Then, with the utmost gentleness, he persuaded her to rise and walk about the little room with him.

"It will give you courage," he urged. "Poor little girl!"

She looked up into his face, a new light coming into her eyes.

"Don't talk now," he said softly. "Take your time. Hold to my arm, please. There!"

For five or ten minutes he led her back and forth across the room very tenderly. At first she was faint and uncertain; then, as her strength and wits came back to her, courage took the place of despair. She smiled wanly and asked him to sit down with her.

"Where are we? What is it all about?" she asked.

"Not so loud," he cautioned. "I'll be perfectly candid with you. You'll have to be very, very brave. But wait. Perhaps it will be easier for you to tell me what has happened to you, so far as you know. I can throw light on the whole situation, I think."

She became more excited. Her eyes flashed; she spoke rapidly. On the morning of the 23d she had gone for her gallop in the famous Ganlook road, attended by two faithful grooms from the royal stables.

"I was in for a longer ride than usual," she said, with sudden constraint. She looked away from her eager listener. "I was nervous and had not slept the night before. A girl never does, I suppose."

He looked askance. "Yes?" he queried.

She was blushing, he was sure of it. "I mean a girl is always nervous and distraught after—after she has promised, don't you see?"

"No; I don't see."

"I had promised Count Vos Engo the night before that I—Oh, but it really has nothing to do with the story. I—Truxton was actually glaring at her. 'You mean that you had promised to marry Count Vos Engo?' he stammered."

"How very strangely you talk! Are you sure—I mean, do you think it is fever? One suffers so?"

Then she resumed her story. She had gone six or eight miles down the Ganlook road when she came up with five troopers of the royal guard. One of the troopers came forward and respectfully requested her to turn off into another road until a detachment passed, in charge of a gang of desperadoes taken at the inn of the Hawk and Raven the night before. Unsuspecting, she rode off into the forest lane for several hundred yards.

It was a trap. The men were not troopers, but brigands got up in the uniform of the guard. Once away from the main highway, they made prisoners of her and the two grooms. Then followed a long ride through roads new to her.

When night came they were high in the mountains back of the monastery, many hours ahead of any pursuit. They became stupidly careless, and the two grooms made a dash for freedom. One of them was killed, but one had escaped.

Some time during the slow, torturing ride through the forest she swooned. When she came to her senses she was in a dimly lighted room, surrounded by men. The gag had been removed from her mouth. She would have shrieked out in her terror had not her gaze rested upon the figure of a man who sat opposite, his elbows on the back of the chair which he straddled, his chin on his arms. He was staring at her steadily, his black eyes catching her gaze and holding it as a snake holds the bird it has charmed.

She recognized the hard, hawklike face. There could be no mistake. She was looking into the face that made the portrait of the Iron Count so abhorrent to her—the leathery head of a cadaver with eyes that lived. She broke down and cried herself into the sleep of exhaustion.

All the next day she sat limp and helpless in the chair he had brought to her. She could neither eat nor drink. Late in the afternoon Marlax came again. She knew not from whence he came; he stood before her suddenly as if produced by the magic of some fabled genie, smiling blandly, his hands clasped behind his back, his attitude one of designing calculation.

"He laughed when I demanded that he should restore me to my friends. He chided me when I pleaded and begged for mercy. My questions were never answered. Where am I, Mr. King? Oh, this dreadful place! Why are we here—you and I?"

King's heart throbbed fiercely once more. A vast hunger possessed his soul. In that moment he could have laid down his life for her with a smile of rejoicing.

Then he told her why she was there, why he was there and of the 23th—the dreadful 23th!

"God in heaven!" she repeated over and over again in a piteous whisper. The light was going out.

"Quick!" he cried. "The candle! Light a fresh one. My hands are bound."

She crept to the candles and joined the wicks. A new light grew as the old one died. Then she stood erect, looking down upon him.

"You are bound. I forgot."

She started forward, dropping to her knees beside him, an eager gleam in her eyes. "If I can untie the ropes—will that help? There must be one little chance for you—for us. Let me try."

"By Jove," he whispered admiringly, his spirits leaping to meet hers, "you've got pluck. You put new life in me. I—I was almost a quitter."

At last, after many despairing tugs, the knot relaxed. "There!" she cried, sinking back exhausted. "Oh, how it must have hurt you! Your wrists are raw!"

His arms were stiff and sore and hung like lead at his sides. She watched him with narrowed eyes while he stood off and tried to work blood and strength back into his muscles.

"Do you think you can—can do anything now, Mr. King?" she asked after a long interval. "We must escape," she said as if it were all settled.

"It cannot be tonight," he gently informed her, a sickness attacking his heart. "Don't you think you'd better try to get some sleep?"

He prevailed upon her to lie down, with his coat for a pillow. In two minutes she was asleep.

For an hour or more he sat there looking sorrowfully at the tired, sweet face, the utmost despair in his soul. At last he stretched himself out on the floor near the door, and as he went to sleep he prayed that Providence might open a way for him to prove that she was not depending on him in vain.

CHAPTER XIII

A DIVINITY SHAPES.

IT was pitch dark when he awoke. The sound of breathing came to his ears. He sat up. His hands were free. It had not been a dream. She was lying over there asleep. The candle had burnt itself out; that was all. He crept softly across the floor. In the darkness he found her and touched the garments she wore—and drew back enthralled.

Afraid to move for fear of disturbing her, he sat quietly for an hour or more. All this time his brain was working like mad in the new found desire to perform miracles for the sake of this lovely, unattainable creature. He was forgetting the prince, the horrors of the 23th; he was thinking only of saving this girl from the fate that Marlax had in store for her. Vos Engo may have had the promise, but what could it profit him if Marlax had the girl?

Footsteps in the outer room recalled him to the bitter reality of their position. He awoke her and whispered words of encouragement into her bewildered ears. Then he put on his coat and threw himself on the floor, first

wrapping the rope about his wrists to deceive the guard. A key turned in the padlock. Old man Spantz stood in the doorway. "It is noon," said the old man frantically. Then he came in and lighted a candle.

"Noon of the 25th," said Truxton bitterly. "In twenty-four hours it will be all over, eh, Spantz?"

"At noon tomorrow."

Julius Spantz brought in the food for the prisoners, setting it on the floor between them.

"It is usually the duty of our friend Julius to feed me," observed Truxton to his fellow prisoner.

"Julius?" queried the girl from the castle, peering at the man. "Not Julius Spantz of the armory?"

"The same," said Truxton. Julius laughed awkwardly.

"Enough," snarled William Spantz. His manner changed completely, however, when he turned to address the young lady. "I beg to inform you, madam, that your stay is to be brief. Tonight you will be removed to more pleasant quarters that a friend has prepared for you. As for you, my friend," turning to Truxton and smiling ironically, "I deeply deplore the fact that you are to remain. When we next gather in the room beyond a new dispensation will have begun. You may be interested then to hear what we have to say out there."

With a profound bow to the lady and a leer for King he departed, bolting the door behind him. Instantly King was at her side.

"An idea has come to me," he whispered eagerly. "I think I see a way."

"Mr. King, what is it you intend to do? Please tell me. I must know. You heard what he said about taking me to the count's. He meant Marlax. I will die first."

"No. I will die first. By the way, I may as well tell you that I wasn't thinking altogether of how we are to escape. Why should I save you from Marlax just to have you hurry off and get married to Vos Engo? It's a mean thought, I know," hastily; "but, just the same, I hate to think of you marrying some one else."

"Some one else?" she questioned, a pucker on her forehead.

"Oh, I know. I wouldn't have a ghost of a chance even if there wasn't a Vos Engo. It isn't that," he explained. "I recognize the—er—difference in our stations and—"

"What has all this got to do with your plan to escape?"

"Nothing at all. The point I'm trying to get at is this: Don't you think it's pretty rough on a hero to save the girl for some other fellow to snap up and marry?"

"I think I begin to see," she said, a touch of pink coming into her cheeks.

"That's encouraging," he said, staring gloomily at the food he had put aside. "You are quite sure you promised Vos Engo that you'd marry him?"

"No. I did not promise him that I'd marry him."

"You said you had promised"—

"You did not allow me time to finish. I meant to say that I had promised to let him know in a day or two. That is all, Mr. King. There was a suspicious tremor in her voice.

"What's that?" he demanded. "You—you don't mean to say that—Oh, Lord, I wonder—I wonder if I have a chance—just a ghost of a chance!" He leaned very close, incredulous, fascinated. "What is it that you are going to let him know—yes or no?"

"That was the question I was considering when the brigands caught me," she answered.

"Of course he is in your own class," said Truxton glumly.

She hesitated an instant. "Mr. King, has no one told you my name—who I am?" she asked.

"You are the prince's aunt. That's all I know."

"No more his aunt in reality than Jack Tullis is his uncle."

"Who are you, then?"

"I am Jack Tullis' sister, a New Yorker bred and born, and I live not more than two blocks from you—"

"He stared at her in speechless amazement. 'Then—then you are not a duchess or a'—he began again.

"Not at all—a very plain New Yorker," she said, laughing aloud. "You are not disappointed, are you? Does it spoil your romance to?"

"Spoil it? Disappointed? No! By George, I—I can't believe that any

THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF TRUXTON KING'S BODY WAS BEHIND THE TERRIFIC BLOW.

such luck—no, no, I don't mean it just that way! Let me think it out. Let me get it through my head.

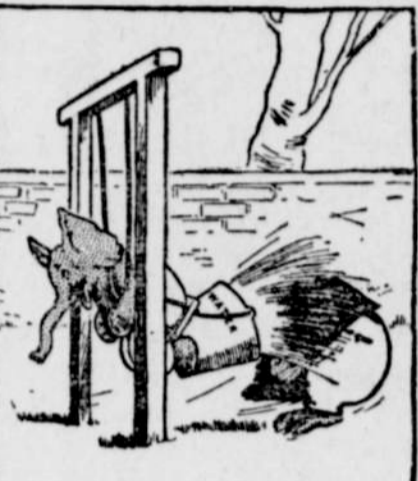
(To be continued)

For the Children

A Smart Trick That Went Off Wrong.



"Ha, ha!" laughed the young bear. "There's little Willie Jumbo having a swing. Just watch me play a trick on him!"



But Johnny Bear wasn't quite quick enough, and the little elephant came back and knocked the water over the bear.

Intelligence of Jackdaws.

Mr. Green, an English naturalist, records a tale about a pair of jackdaws kept by him at his home in South Devon years ago. They had been taken from the nest, and during the first summer their wings were slightly clipped. Afterward their wings were allowed to grow, and they lived at full liberty in the garden. They were perfectly tame and would come at call and feed out of the hand and in the morning knock at the windows to ask for some breakfast. Regularly in the spring they flew away and joined their wild companions, made their nests and reared a family. But when this was over they came back to the garden again and were as tame as ever. But the curious thing was that after one or two seasons they brought another jackdaw with them, presumably the young of one of them, which was just as tame as themselves, although nothing had ever been done to tame it, so that it was impossible to tell which were the original favorites and which was the new one. Moreover, when after a few years one of these jackdaws was accidentally killed another was brought by the other two.

Hunt the Whistle.

One of the party must be ignorant of this game or the fun of it is lost. The players sit around as in hunt the slipper. The one who does not know the game is put in the center to hunt the whistle. Meantime the others have managed to fasten it to her dress and blow it. The players keep their hands in motion all the time as if they were passing the whistle, and sometimes one of the group will whistle to make the seeker think he has it. But it is always blown, of course, behind her self, and the fun is to see her whirling round in search of it.

This trick should not be long continued or it would be unfair. It is, of course, only a jest, and jests require great consideration, kindness and courtesy in the acting or they are very objectionable.

Conundrums.

Which is the oddest fellow, the one who asks questions or the one who answers? The one who asks, because he is the querist.

Why is a paper of pins like a teacher? Because they both give you many good points.

Why are authors who treat of physiognomy like soldiers? Because they fight about face.

Why is the polka like beer? There are so many hops in it.

When is a piece of wood like a queen? When it is made into a ruler.

How It Seemed to Norman.

Little Norman paid his first visit to the barber when about four years old. He was greatly interested in the clippers and the bay rum, which was sprinkled out of a bottle on to his head. When he returned home he told his mamma, "The barber cut my hair with a lawn mower and put on some pepper sauce."

The Tree Planters.

Said the squirrel: "I planted An oak by the wall. It will grow from an acorn I had and let fall."

"Just wait," said the robin. "A beautiful tree Will come from a cherry Stone just dropped by me."

A young apple tree, Please allow me to say, Will spring from a seed I dropped!" cried the jay.

"A fine chestnut tree Will grow from a bur Which I carried," said the rabbit. "In my white fluffy fur."

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- 2 acres with nice new cottage, fenced and in good shape, close to school house, for \$1400.00
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- 9 Lots Smith's addition \$175.00

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3 PER CENT. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Bank of Bandon

At Bandon in The State of Oregon, at the Close of Business June 30, 1910

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$98,166.11
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	5,935.85
Bonds, securities, etc.	28,621.07
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	16,767.40
Due from banks (not reserve banks)	1,000.49
Due from approved reserve banks	36,300.67
Cash on hand	25,947.54
Total	\$212,739.43

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	3,500.00
Undivided profits less expenses and taxes paid	4,176.42
Individual deposits subject to check	171,257.45
Demand certificates of deposit	6,940.23
Time certificates of deposit	1,600.00
Certified checks	40.33
Cashier's checks outstanding	225.00
Total	\$212,739.43

STAT OF OREGON }
County of Coos } ss

I, F. J. Fahy, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief

F. J. Fahy, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1910.
Geo. P. Topping
Notary Public

Correct-Attest
J. L. Kronenberg
T. P. Hanly
F. J. Fahy
Directors