

IN THE COUNTY COURT FOR OREGON: IN AND FOR COOS COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of MADISON I. SWIFT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of the above named Madison I. Swift, deceased by Hon. Jno. F. Hall, Judge of the County Court of Coos County, Ore.

That the said named Madison I. Swift, died intestate, on or about the 10th day of June, A.D., 1904, in Coos County, Oregon.

That all persons, or parties, having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same, with the proper vouchers thereto attached, to the undersigned as such administrator, at his place of business in the Town of Bandon, Coos Co., Oregon, within six (6) months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Bandon, Coos County, Oregon, this 5th day of July, A.D., 1910.

NELS RASMUSSEN, Administrator Estate of Madison I. Swift, deceased.

CHAS. B. SELBY, Attorney for Administrator.

FURNISHED ROOMS AT

The Pacific

MRS SARAH COSTELLO

Nice clean rooms 25 and 50c night \$1.25 a week \$8 a month

BANDON --- OREGON

BOOTS - AND - SHOES

You can't expect to get \$2 worth for \$1, but you can get your money's worth at

M. BREUER'S

Dealer in Boots and Shoes. Repairing neatly and promptly done at lowest living prices

Clarence Y. Lowe

BANDON OREGON

Druggist and Apothecary

Is just in receipt of a new stock of

Drugs and Chemicals, Patent and Proprietary Preparations, Toilet Articles, Dressing Sundries, Perfumes, Brushes, Sponges, Soap, Nuts and Candies, Cigars, Tobaccos and Cigarettes, Paints, Oils, Glass and Painter's Supplies.

If you wish a bottle cold-- Call at the Eagle.

If you love the goods that's old-- Call at the Eagle.

Taint no use to sit and blink If you really need a drink, Just make a sign or ring a bell, And you bet they'll treat you right Down at the Eagle

Alvin Munck, Prop.

BANDON, OREGON

MY CLOTHES ARE AT THE BANDON STEAM LAUNDRY

Where Yours Oough to be A. F. DERINGER - Prop.

The Opera

HAS A SELECT STOCK OF Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Steam Beer on Draught

TRUXTON KING

Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon

Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.--Truxton King arrives in Edgemoor, Coos County, Oregon, and meets the beautiful niece of Spantz, a gambler. II.--King does a favor for Prince Robin, the scoundrel of the country, whose guardian is John Tullis, an American. III.--Baron Dangler, minister of police, interviews King and warns him against Olga, the gambler's niece. IV.--King invades the royal park, meets the prince and is presented to the lady's fascinating Aunt Lorraine. V.--The committee of two, consisting of 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 Incomeda, who warns him that her hated and notorious old husband, Count Marlan, is conspiring against the prince. VII, VIII, IX and X.--King visits the house of the witch 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 lair. He is confronted by Count Marlan and then taken to the underground den of the committee of two. XI.--Olga demands King before the committee of an' chi's.

XII.--Lorraine is brought to the den and thrown into the same room with King. XIII.--King falls a jailer, dons his clothing and dresses Lorraine into a boat at night in which several of the an' chi's are about to depart. XIV.--King manages to get Lorraine, whom he loves, adrift in a freight car. XV.--Olga waits on a secret corner with a bomb to kill Prince Robin as he passes in a parade. King and Lorraine are carried off into the country in the car. They start back in an ox cart and warn the prince when almost in front of the girl. XVI.--The bomb is thrown, but the prince escapes to the castle. Mr. Hobbs is in control of the city.

CHAPTER XVII. TRUXTON EXACTS A PROMISE.

TRUXTON KING had been in a resentful frame of mind for nearly forty-eight hours. In the first place, he had not had so much as a single glimpse of the girl he now worshipped with all his heart. In the second place, he had learned, with unpleasant promptness, that Count Vos Engo was the officer in command of the house guard, a position as gravely responsible as it was honorable.

He had, of course, proffered his services to Colonel Quinnox. The colonel, who admired the Americans, gravely informed him that there was no regular duty to which he could be assigned, but that he would expect him to hold himself ready for any emergency. In case of an assault he was to report to Count Vos Engo.

But he was not satisfied. Lorraine had not come forward with a word of greeting or relief--in fact, she had not appeared outside the castle doors.

Toward dusk on Monday, long after the arrival of the refugees, he sat in gloomy contemplation of his own unhappiness, darkly glowering upon the unfriendly portals from a distant stone bench.

A brisk guardsman separated himself from the knot of men at the castle doors and crossed the plaza toward him.

Judge the dismay and anger when the soldier, a bit shamefaced himself, briefly announced that Count Vos Engo had issued an order against loitering in close proximity to the castle.

Truxton's cheek burned. He saw in an instant that the order was meant for him and for no one else, he being the only outsider likely to come under the head of "loiterer."

Truxton turned to him with a frank smile. "Please tell Count Vos Engo that I am the last person in the world to disregard discipline at a time like this."

His glance swept the balcony, suddenly becoming fixed on a couple near the third column. Count Vos Engo and Lorraine Tullis were standing there together, unmistakably watching his humiliating departure.

The next morning he encountered Vos Engo near the grotto. Catching sight of Vos Engo, he hastened across the avenue and caught up to him.

"Good morning," said Truxton. Vos Engo did not smile as he eyed the tall American. "I haven't had a chance to thank you for coming back for me last Saturday. Allow me to say that it was a very brave thing to do."

"I do not like your words, Mr. King, nor the way in which you glare at me."

"I'm making it easier to tell you the agreeable news, Count Vos Engo; that's all. Take your hand off your sword, please--some other time perhaps, but not in these days, when we need men, not cripples. I'll tell you what I have discovered, and then we'll drop the matter until some other time. Frankly, count, I have made the gratifying discovery that you are a miserable cur."

Count Vos Engo went very white. "As you say, there is another and a better time. We need dogs as well as men in these days."

Truxton strolled off to the stables, picking up Mr. Hobbs on the way.

"Hobbs," he said, "we've got to find John Tullis; that's all there is to it." "I dare say, sir," said Mr. Hobbs, with sprightly decisiveness. "He's very much needed."

"I'm going to need him before long as my second."

Later on much of Truxton's good humor was restored and his vanity pleased by a polite request from Count Halfont to attend an important council in the "room of wrangles" that evening at 9.

Very boldly he advanced upon the castle a few minutes before the appointed hour.

He came upon Lorraine Tullis at the edge of the terrace. She was walking slowly in the soft shadows beyond the row of lights on the lower gallery. He knew her at a glance, this slim girl in spotless white.

"Lorraine!" he whispered, reaching her side in two bounds. She put out her hands, and he clasped them. Plainly she was confused. "I've been dying for a glimpse of you. Do you think you've treated me?"

"Don't, Truxton!" she pleaded, suddenly serious. "You must not come here. I saw--well, you know. I was so ashamed; I was so sorry."

He still held her hands. "Yes; they ordered me to move on, as if I were a common loafer," he said, with a soft chuckle. "But where have you kept yourself?"

"I have been ill, Truxton--truly, I have," she said quickly, uneasily. "You told Vos Engo to ride back and pick me up," he persisted. "He told me in so many words. Now, I want a plain answer, Lorraine. Did you promise to reward him if he--well, if he saved me from the mob?"

"No," she said in a low voice. "What was it, then? I must know, Lorraine."

"I am very, oh, so very unhappy, Truxton," she murmured. "I came near spoiling everything just now," he whispered hoarsely. "What?"

"I almost kissed you, Lorraine. I swear it was hard to keep from it. That would have spoiled everything."

"Yes, it would," she agreed quickly. "I'm not going to kiss you until you have told me you love Vos Engo."

"I--I don't understand!" she cried, drawing back and looking up into his face with bewildered eyes. "Because then I'll be sure that you love me."

"De sensible, Truxton." "I'll know that you promised to love him if he'd save me. It's as clear as day to me. You did tell him you'd marry him if he got me to a place of safety."

"No. I refused to marry him if he did not save you. Oh, Truxton, I am so miserable! What is to become of all of us? What is to become of John and Bobby and you?"

"I--I think I'll kiss you now, Lorraine," he whispered almost tremulously. "God, how I love you, little darling! You must make me a promise."

"Oh, Truxton, don't ask me to say that I'll be your--" She stopped, painfully embarrassed.

"That will come later," he said consolingly. "I want you to promise, on your sacred word of honor, that you'll kiss no man until you've kissed me."

"Oh," she murmured. "I--I cannot promise that! I am not sure that I'll ever--ever kiss anybody. What is it you really want me to say?" she asked, looking up with sudden shyness in her starry eyes.

"That you love me--and me only, Lorraine," he whispered. "I will not say it!" she cried, breaking away from him. "But," as she

ran to the steps, a delicious tremor in her voice. "I will consider the other thing you ask."

King was ushered into a large, sedately furnished room. A score of men were there before him--sitting or standing in attitudes of attention, listening to the words of General Braze. King's entrance was the signal for an immediate transfer of interest. The general bowed most politely and at once turned to Count Halfont with the remark that he had quite finished his suggestions. The prime minister came forward to greet the momentarily shy American.

"The council has been extolling you, Mr. King," said the prime minister, leading him to a seat near his own. Truxton blushed, involuntarily he glanced at Vos Engo. That gentleman started, a curious light leaping into his eyes.

"Here's the situation in a nutshell," went on the prime minister. "We are doomed unless success reaches us from the outside. We seem unable to warn John Tullis, who, if given time, might succeed in collecting a sufficient force of loyal countrymen to harass and eventually overthrow the dictator. I am loath to speak of another alternative that has been discussed at length by the ministers and their friends. The Duke of Perse, from a bed of pain and anguish, has counseled us to take steps in the direction I am about to speak of."

"We can appeal to Russia in this hour of stress, but we will have to make an unpleasant sacrifice. Russia is eager to take over our new issue of railway bonds. Hitherto we have voted against disposing of the bonds in that country, the reason being obvious. St. Petersburg wants a new connecting line with her possessions in Afghanistan. Our line will provide a most direct route--a cutoff, I believe they call it. Last year the Grand Duke Paulus volunteered to provide the money for the construction of the line from Edelweiss north to Balak on condition that Russia be given the right to use the line in connection with her own roads to the orient. You may see the advantage in this to Russia. Mr. King, if I send word to the Grand Duke Paulus, agreeing to his terms, which still remain open to us, signing away a most valuable right in what we had hoped would be our own individual property, we have every reason to believe that he will send armed forces to our relief on the pretext that Russia is defending properties of her own. That is one way in which we may oust Count Marlan. The other lies in the ability of John Tullis to give battle to him with our own people carrying the guns. Lieutenant Haddan has told us quite lately of a remark you made which he happened to overhear. If I quote him correctly, you said to the Englishman Hobbs that you could get away with it, meaning, as I take it, that you could succeed in reaching John Tullis. May I not implore you to tell us how you would go about it?"

Truxton had turned a brick red. Shame and mortification surged within him. He was cruelly conscious of an undercurrent of irony in the premier's courteous request. For an instant he was sorely crushed. A low laugh from the opposite side of the room sent a shaft to his soul. He looked up. Vos Engo was still smiling. In an instant the American's blood boiled.

"I did say I could get to John Tullis. I'll start tonight."

His words created a profound impression, they came so abruptly. "Send for Mr. Hobbs, please," said Truxton. "There should be three of us," addressing the men about him. "One of us is sure to get away."

"There is not a man here--or in the service--who will not gladly accompany you, Mr. King," cried General Braze quickly.

"Count Vos Engo is the man I would choose, if I may be permitted the honor of naming my companion," said Truxton, grinning inwardly with a malicious joy. Vos Engo turned a yellowish green. His eyes bulged.

"I--I am in command of the person of his royal highness," he stammered, suddenly going very red.

"I had forgotten your present occupation," said Truxton quietly. "Pray pardon the embarrassment I may have caused you. After all, I think Hobbs will do. He knows the country like a book."

Mr. Hobbs came. That is to say, he was produced. It is doubtful if Mr. Hobbs ever fully recovered from the mainly commonly known as stage fright. He had never been called Mr. Hobbs by a prime minister before, nor had he ever been asked in person by a minister of war if he had a family at home. Afterward Truxton King was obliged to tell him that he had unwaveringly volunteered to accompany him on the perilous trip to the hills. Be sure of it, Mr. Hobbs was not in a mental condition for many hours to even remotely comprehend what had taken place.

But Mr. Hobbs was not the kind to falter once he had given his word. "We'll be off at midnight, Hobbs," said Truxton.

"As you say, Mr. King, just as you say," said Hobbs, with fine indifference.

As Truxton was leaving the castle ten minutes later a brisk, eager faced young attendant hurried up to him. "I bear a message from his royal highness," said the attendant, detaining him. "Prince Robin has asked for you, sir."

"I'll see him," said King promptly, as if he were granting the audience.

CHAPTER XVIII. BY THE WATER GATE.

IT was a vast, lofty apartment, regal in its subdued lights. An enormous golden bed with gorgeous hangings stood far down the room. So huge was this royal couch that Truxton at first overlooked the figure sitting bolt upright in the middle of it.

An old woman advanced from the head of the couch and motioned Truxton to approach.

"I am deeply honored, your highness," said the visitor, bowing very low.

The prince's legs were now hanging over the edge of the bed. His eyes were dancing with excitement. "I want you to find Uncle Jack, Mr."

(To be continued)

Vienna Bakery And Cafe
Fine Quality Bread, Cakes, Pies and Pastry.
First Class Restaurant
Private Boxes for Private Parties. Everything Neat and Clean
The best of service guaranteed
Short orders at all hours from 5:30 a m to 10:00 p. m.
M. Smith - Prop.

THE COQUILLERIVER LINE
Strs. Fifield & Bandon
Twin Screw, New and Fast
1st Class Passage, - \$10.00 & \$7.50
Up Freight, - 3.00
Our interests are your interests. Fair rates and good service our motto
A. F. Estabrook Co., 245 Cal. St., San Francisco
L. L. BRANDENBURG, Agent, Bandon, Oregon

SHIELDS & KENNEDY
BLACKSMITHS AND WAGONMAKERS
Wagons of All Kinds Made to Order Horseshoeing a Specialty
Job Work attended to promptly and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices reasonable. Shop on Atwater Street, Bandon, Oregon.

S. S. ELIZABETH
NEW STATE-ROOMS INSTALLED
Eight Day Service Between the Coquille River and San Francisco
First Class Passenger Fare, - \$7.50
Freight Rates, - \$3 on Up Freight
J. E. WALSTROM, Agent, Bandon, Oregon.
E. & E. T. Kruse, owners and managers, 24 California St., San Francisco.

BANDON Harness Shop
Full line of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Blankets and everything usually kept in a first-class harness shop.
Repairing a Specialty
W. J. SABIN, Prop.

BANDON PLANING MILL
All Kinds of Mill Work, Mouldings, Sash, Doors and Furniture.
Mission Work a Specialty
Reduced Rates on Small Mouldings
Shields And Armstrong Proprietors

Home Bakery
1st Class, Bread, Cakes, Pies and Pastry OF ALL KINDS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
A trial will convince you
Opposite Trowbridge's Store
CHAS. HERZIG, PROP.

NONE BUT THE BEST
M. G. POHL
Saturday At Gallier Hotel
Optometrist Bandon, Oregon

WOODRUFF & GOFF
THE SECOND HAND MEN
Buy And Sell All Kinds of Second Hand Goods. Get Our Prices Before Purchasing Elsewhere
Phone 261
BANDON OREGON



"THAT YOU LOVE ME AND ME ONLY, LO RAINE."



VOSE ENGO TURNED A YELLOWISH GREEN.