

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.

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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 gun-maker. II--King does a favor for Prince Robin, the young ruler of the country, whose guardian is John Tullis, an American. III--Banno Dangleless, 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 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 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

narchists. XII--Lorraine is brought to the den and thrown into the same room with King. XIII--King falls a jailer, dons his clothing and disguised, carries Loraine into a boat at night in which several of the anarchists are about to depart.

XIV--King manages to get Loraine, whom he loves, ashore, and they hide in a freight car.

XV--Olga waits on a street corner with a bomb to kill Prince Robin as he passes in a parade. King and Loraine 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 Olga.

XVI--The bomb is thrown, but the prince escapes to the castle. Marlanx is in control of the city.

XVII and XVIII--King goes from the Castle to notify Tullis of the prince's danger. Tullis being absent in the hills with a force of soldiers. He finds Tullis.

King," said Bobby eagerly. "And tell him I didn't mean it when I banished him the other day. I really and truly didn't." He was having difficulty in keeping back the tears.

"I shall deliver the message, your highness," said Truxton, his heart going out to the unhappy youngster.

"Americans always do what they will," said the boy, his eyes snapping



"THEN GOODBY, AND GOD BLESS YOU," SAID TRUXTON.

"Here's something for you to take with you, Mr. King. It's my lucky stone. It always gives good luck."

He unclasped his small fingers. In the damp palm lay one of those peculiarly milky, half-transparent pebbles common the world over and of value only to small, impressionable boys. Truxton accepted it with profound gravity.

"And when you come back, Mr. King, I'm going to knight you. I'd do it now, only Aunt Loraine says you'd be worrying about your title all the time and might be 'stracted from your mission. I'm going to make a baron of you. That's higher than a count in Graustark. Vos Engo is only a count."

Truxton started. "I shall be overwhelmed," he said. Then his hand went to his mouth in the vain effort to cover the smile that played there.

"My mother used to say that American girls liked titles," said the prince, with ingenuous candor.

"Prince Robin, may I?" he glanced uneasily at the distant nurse--"may I ask how your Aunt Loraine is feeling?"

"She acted very funny when I sent for you. I'm worried about her." "What did she do, your highness?" "She rushed off to her room. I think, Mr. King, she was getting ready to cry or something. You see, she's in trouble."

"She's worried about her brother, of course, and you." "I just wish I could tell you-- No,

I won't. It wouldn't be fair," Bobby said, checking himself resolutely. "She's awful proud of you. I'm sure she likes you, Mr. King."

"I'm very, very glad to hear that." Truxton bent his knee. "Your highness, as it seems I am not to see her and as you seem to be the very best friend I have, I should very much like to ask a great favor of you. Will you take this old ring of mine and wish it on her finger just as soon as I have left your presence?"

"How did you know she was coming in again?" in wide-eyed wonder. "Excuse me. I shouldn't ask questions. What shall I wish?" It was the old ring that had come from Spantz's shop. The prince promptly hid it beneath the pillow.

"I'll leave that to you, my best of friends." "I bet it'll be a good wish, all right. I know what to wish." "Then, goodbye and God bless you," said Truxton. "I must be off. Your Uncle Jack is waiting for me up there in the hills."

Truxton found Mr. Hobbs in a state bordering on collapse with Colonel Quinnox and Haddan.

"I say, Mr. King, there's no more chance of getting out of the--"

"Listen, Hobbs, we're going to swim out," said Truxton.

"Swim! Oh, I say! By hokey, he's gone clean daffy!" Hobbs was eying him with alarm.

"Not yet, Hobbs. Later on, perhaps, I had occasion to make a short tour of investigation this afternoon. Doubtless, gentlemen, you know where the water gate is, back of the castle. Hobbs, you and I will sneak under that slippery old gate like a couple of eels. I forgot to ask if you can swim."

"To be sure I can. Under the gate! My word!" "I see!" cried Quinnox. "It can be done! No one will be watching at that point."

The sky was overcast, the night as black as ebony. The four men left the officers' quarters at 1 o'clock, making their way to the historic old gate in the glen below the castle.

"God be with you," said Quinnox fervently. The four men shook hands, and King slipped into the water without a moment's hesitation.

"Right after me, Hobbs," he said, and then his head went under.

A minute later he and Hobbs were on the outside of the gate, gasping for breath. Standing in water to their necks, Quinnox and Haddan passed the equipment through the barred openings. There were whispered good-bys and then two invisible heads bobbed off in the night, wading in the swift flowing canal up to their chins. Swimming would have been dangerous on account of the noise.

Holding their belongings high above their heads, with their hearts in their mouths, King and the Englishman felt their way carefully along the bed of the stream. A hundred yards from the gate they crawled ashore and made their way up over the steep bank into the thick, wild underbrush.

They stealthily stripped themselves of the wet garments and after no end of trouble succeeded in getting into the dry substitutes. Then they lowered the wet bundles into the water and quietly stole off through the brush to the king's highway, a mile or two above town.

"We take this path here for the upper road," finally said Hobbs. "It's a good two hours' walk up the mountain to Rabet's, where we get the horses."

At 4 o'clock, as the sun reached up with his long red fingers from behind the Monastery mountain, Truxton King and Hobbs rode away from Rabet's cottage high in the hills, refreshed and sound of heart. Rabet's son rode with them, a sturdy, loyal lad, who had leaped joyously at the chance to serve his prince.

Now let us turn to John Tullis and his quest in the hills. It goes without saying that he found no trace of his sister or her abductors. On the fifth day a large force of Dawsbergen soldiers, led by Prince Dantian himself, found the fagged, dispirited American and his half-starved men encamped in a rocky defile in the heart of the wilderness.

That same night a Graustark mountaineer passed the sentinels and brought news of the disturbance in Edelweiss.

In a flash it occurred to John Tullis that Marlanx was at the bottom of this deviltry. The abduction of Loraine was a part of his plan! Prince Dantian advised a speedy return to the city. His men were at the command of the American. Moreover, the prince himself decided to accompany the troops.

Before sunrise the command, now five or six hundred strong, was picking its way down the dangerous mountain roads toward the main highway. Fifteen miles below Edelweiss they came upon the company of soldiers sent out to preserve order in the railroad camps, which was, of course, a further re-enforcement.

The sound of shooting in the distance struck their ears. Instantly the entire force was alert. A dozen shots were fired in rapid succession, then single reports far apart. The steady beat of horses' feet were now pinned to the attentive company. There was a quick, incisive call to arms. A squad stood ready for action.

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A small group of horsemen came thundering down the defile. Three minutes after the firing was first heard sentries threw their rifles to their shoulders and blocked the approach of the riders.

A wild, glad shout went up from the foremost horseman. He had pulled his beast to its haunches almost at the muzzle of the guns. "Tullis!" he shouted, waving his hat. John Tullis ran toward the excited group in the road. He saw three men, one of whom was shouting his name with all the power in his lungs.

"Thank God, we've found you!" cried the horseman. "King!" exclaimed Tullis, suddenly recognizing him. A moment later they were clasping hands.

"What has happened, King? Where have you been? We looked for you after your disap--"

"That's ancient history," interrupted the other. "How soon can you get these troops on the march? There's not a moment to be lost."

"Good glory, man, tell me what it is! What has happened? The prince-- what of him?" cried Tullis, grasping King's arm in the clutch of a vise.

"He sends his love and rescinds the order of exile," said King, smiling, then seriously: "Marlanx has taken the city. It was all a game, this getting rid of you. The prince and the others are besieged in the castle. Thank God, we got to you in time! Back here a couple of miles we came upon a small gang of robbers. We had a bit of shooting, and I regret to say, no one was bagged."

"Loraine--where is she, King?" "Don't tremble like that, old man. She's safe enough in the castle. Oh, it was a fine game Marlanx had in his mind!"

While the troopers were making ready for the march Truxton King and Hobbs related their story to eager, horrified groups of officers.

Finally the battalion, augmented by the misguided company from the deserted railroad camps, moved swiftly into the defile, led by young Rabet. Truxton King rode beside the brother of the girl he loved, uttering words of cheer and encouragement.

"The Countess Ingomede--has anything been heard from her?" asked Tullis. He had been thinking of her for days and nights.

"Well, nothing definite," said King evasively.

CHAPTER XIX. THE RETURN.

FROM the highlands below the Monastery Captain Haas and his men were able to study the situation in the city. The impracticability of an assault on any one of the stubborn, well-guarded gates was at once recognized. A force of 700 men, no matter how well trained or how determined, could not be expected to surmount walls that had often withstood the attack of as many thousands. The wisdom of delaying until a few thousand loyal though poorly armed countrymen could be brought into play against the city appeared at once to Prince Dantian and John Tullis.

Squads of men were sent without delay into the hills and valleys to call the panic-stricken, wavering farmers into the fold. John Tullis headed the company that struck off into the well-populated Ganlook district.

Marlanx, as if realizing the nature of the movement in the hills, began a furious assault on the gates leading to the castle. The watchers in the hills could see as well as hear the conflict that raged almost at their feet, so to speak.

The next morning Captain Haas announced to his followers that Marlanx had begun to shell the castle. Big guns in the fortress were hurling great shells over the city, dropping them in the park. On the other hand, Colonel Quinnox during the night had swung three Gatling guns to the top of the wall; they were stationed at intervals along the wall, commanding every point from which an assault might be expected.

That night recruits from the farms and villages began to straggle into the camp. They were armed with rifles, ordinary shotguns and unique blunderbusses, swords, staves and aged lances. All were willing to die in the service of the little prince. By the close of the second day nearly 3,000 men were encamped above the city. Late that night John Tullis rode into camp at the head of a great company from the Ganlook province. He had retaken the town of Ganlook, seized the fortress and recruited the entire fighting strength of the neighborhood. More than that, he had unlimbered and conveyed to the provisional camp two of the big guns that stood above the gates at the fortress.

Marlanx trained two of his big guns on the camp in the hills. From the fortress he threw many futile shells toward their place of shelter. They did no damage; instead of death, they brought only laughter to the scornful

(To be continued)

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