

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
 Department of the Interior,
 U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore.
 June 24, 1910.
 Notice is hereby given that Stinson, J. Wil-
 son, of Bandon, Oregon, who, on August 27,
 1903, made Homestead Entry No. 13079,
 Serial No. 03551, for SE 1-4 NE 1-4, NE
 1-4 SE 1-4 of Section 7, and SW 1-4 NW 1-4
 and NW 1-4 SW 1-4, Section 8, Township
 30 S., Range 14 W., Willamette Meridian, has
 filed notice of intention to make final five-year
 proof to establish claim to the land above de-
 scribed, before A. D. Moore, U. S. Commissioner
 at Bandon, Oregon, on the 1st day of September
 1910.
 Claimant names as witnesses:
 R. F. Cox, of Bandon, Oregon.
 R. P. Hunt, of " "
 Eugene Pierce, of " "
 J. A. Cape, of " "
 Benjamin F. Jones, of " "
 Register.
 28-6

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TRUXTON KING
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 SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.--Truxton King arrives in El-
 elowia, 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 Dangloss
 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, conspir-
 itors 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 In-
 gomeide, who warns him that her hated and no-
 torious old husband, Count Marlanx, is con-
 spiring against the prince. VII, VIII, IX and X
 --King visits the house of the witch of Ganlock
 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 over-
 powered and dragged into a lift. He is con-
 fronted by Count Marlanx 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.
 XIII--King tells 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 a
 foot of the girl Olga.
 XVI--The bomb is thrown, but the prince es-
 capes to the castle. Marlanx is in control of
 the city.
 XVII and XVIII--King goes from the Cas-
 tle to notify Tullis of the prince's danger. Tullis
 being absent in the hills with a force of soldiers.
 He finds Tullis.
 camp. Under cover of night the two
 Ganlock cannons were planted in a po-
 sition commanding the southeastern
 city gate. It was the plan of the new
 besiegers to bombard this gate, tearing
 it to pieces with shot.
 The knowledge that Marlanx had no
 big guns except those stationed in the
 fortress was most consoling to Tullis
 and his friends. He could not destroy
 the castle gates with shells, except by
 purest chance. He could drop shells
 into the castle, but to hit a gate twenty
 feet wide? Never!
 Truxton King was growing haggard
 from worry and loss of sleep. He
 could not understand the abominable,
 criminal premeditation. He was of
 a race that did things with a dash and
 on the spur of the moment. His soul
 sickened day by day. John Tullis,
 equally unhappy, but more philosophi-
 cal, often found him seated upon a
 rock at the top of the ravine, an un-
 lighted pipe in his fingers, his eyes in-
 stant upon the hazy castle.
 "Cheer up, King. Our time will
 come," he was wont to say.
 Then came the night before the pro-
 posed assault on the gates. The guns
 were in position, and the cannonading
 was to begin at daybreak. Truxton
 was full of the bitterness of doubt
 and misgiving. Was she in love
 with Vos Engo? Was the count's suit
 progressing favorably under the fire
 of the enemy? Was his undoubted
 bravery having its effect upon the
 wavering susceptibilities of the dis-
 tressed Loraine?
 The sound of a voice in sharp com-
 mand attracted his attention. There
 was a bright moon, and Truxton
 could see other pickets hurrying to
 join the first. A few moments later
 several trespassers were escorted
 through the lines and taken directly
 to headquarters--a man and two wo-
 men, King observed.
 John Tullis was staring hard at the
 group approaching from the roadway.
 One woman walked ahead of her com-
 panions. Suddenly he sprang forward
 with a cry of amazement.
 It was the Countess Ingomeide.
 Her arrival created a sensation. In
 a moment she was in the center of an
 amazed circle of men. Tullis, after
 his first low, eager greeting at the
 edge of the fire circle, drew her near
 to the warmth giving flames. Prince
 Dantan and Captain Hans threw rugs
 and blankets in a great heap for her
 to sit upon. Every one was talking
 at once. The countess was smiling
 through her tears. "Make room for
 my maid and her father. They are
 colder and more fatigued than I," she
 said, lifting her tired, glorious eyes to
 John Tullis, who stood beside her.
 "We have come from Balak. They
 suffered much that I might enjoy the
 slender comforts I was so ready to
 share with them."
 "Thank God, you are here!" he said
 in low, intense tones. She could not
 mistake the fervor in his voice nor
 the glow in his eyes.
 "I knew you were here, John. I am
 not going back to Count Marlanx. It
 is ended."
 "I knew it would come, Ingomeide.
 You will let me tell you how glad I
 am some day."
 "Some day, when I am truly, wholly
 free from him, John. I know what
 you will say, and I think you know
 what I shall say in reply." Both un-

derstood and were exalted. No other
 word passed between them touching
 upon the thing that was uppermost in
 their minds.
 Food was provided for the wayfar-
 ers, and Tullis' tent was made ready
 for the countess and her maid.
 The countess' story was soon told.
 Sitting before the great fire, surround-
 ed by eager listeners, she related her
 experiences.
 She had been seized on the night
 of the hall as she started across her
 father's garden, and escape had be-
 come possible only through the aid of
 Josepha and the girl's father. Farm-
 ers' wives told them of the newly
 formed army and of its leaders. She
 determined to make her way to the
 camp of those who would destroy her
 husband, eager to give them any as-
 sistance that her own knowledge of
 Marlanx's plans might provide.
 One bit of information she gave
 created no end of consternation among
 the would be deliverers of the city. It
 had the effect of making them all the
 more resolute; the absolute necessity
 for immediately regaining control in
 the city was forced upon them. She
 told them that Count Marlanx had
 lately received word that the Grand
 Duke Paulus was likely to intervene
 before many days, acting on his own
 initiative, in the belief that he could
 force the government of Graustark to
 grant the railway privileges so much
 desired by his country. Marlanx re-
 alized that he would have to forestall
 the wily grand duke. If he were in
 absolute control of the Graustark gov-
 ernment when the Russian appeared
 he, and he alone, would be in a po-
 sition to deal with the situation.
 "The grand duke may send a large
 force of men across the border at any
 time," said the countess in conclusion.
 "Count Marlanx is sure to make a de-
 cisive assault as soon as he hears that
 the movement has begun. He had
 hopes of starving them out, thus sav-
 ing the castle from destruction, but as
 that seems unlikely his shells will
 soon begin to rain in earnest upon the
 dear old pile."
 Truxton King was listening with
 wide open ears. As she finished this
 dreary prediction he silently arose to
 his feet and, without a word to any
 one, stalked off in the darkness. Tullis
 looked after him and shook his head
 sadly.
 "I'll be happy on that fellow's ac-
 count when daybreak comes and we
 are really at it," he said to Prince
 Dantan, who knew something of King's
 affliction.
 But Truxton King was not there at
 daybreak. When he strode out of the
 camp that night he left it behind for-
 ever.
 The unfortunate lack of means to
 communicate with the occupants of
 the castle had been the source of great
 distress to Captain Hans. If the de-
 fenders could be informed as to the
 exact hour of the assault from the out-
 side they could do much toward its
 speedy success by making a fierce sally
 from behind their own walls. A
 quick dash from the castle grounds
 would serve to draw Marlanx's atten-
 tion in that direction, diminishing the
 force that he would send to check the
 onslaught at the gates.
 Truxton King had all this in mind
 as he swung off down the mountain
 road, having stolen past the sentries
 with comparative ease. The danger
 from Marlanx's scouts outside the city
 was not great; they had been scattered
 and beaten by Hans' recruiting par-
 ties. He stood in more danger from
 the men he would help, they who were
 the watchful defenders of the castle.
 It must have been 2 o'clock when he
 crossed the king's highway, a mile or
 more above the northern gates, and
 struck down into the same thick un-
 dergrowth that had protected him and
 Hobbs on a memorable night not long
 before.
 At 3 o'clock a dripping figure threw
 up his hands obligingly and laughed
 with exultation when confronted by a
 startled guardsman inside the castle
 walls and not more than fifty yards
 from the water gate. He shouted a
 friendly cry as he advanced toward
 the man, calling out his own name.
 Ten minutes later he was standing
 in the presence of the haggard, nerve
 racked Quinnox, pouring into his as-
 tonished ears the news of the coming
 attack. The colonel lost no time in
 routing out the sleeping guardsmen
 and reserves and in sending com-
 mands to those already on duty at the
 gates.
 When the sun peeped over the lofty
 hills he saw inside the gates a rest-
 less, waiting company of dragoons
 ready for the command to ride forth.
 Meantime King had crossed the
 grounds with Colonel Quinnox on the
 way to the castle. He was amazed, al-
 most stupefied, by the devastation that
 already had been wrought. A dozen or
 more balls had crashed into the facade.
 Yawning fissures, gigantic holes, mark-
 ed the path of the ugly messengers
 from Marlanx. Nearly all of the win-
 dows had been wrecked by riflemen
 who shot from the roofs of palaces in
 and about the avenue. Two of the
 smaller minarets were in ruins. A
 huge pillar in the lower balcony was
 gone. The terrace had been plowed up
 by a single ricocheting shell.
 "Great God!" gasped King. "It is
 frightful!"
 "They began bombarding yesterday
 afternoon. We were asked to surren-
 der at 3 o'clock. Our reply brought
 the shells, Mr. King. It was terrible.
 After the first two or three shells
 we found places of shelter for the
 prince and his friends. They are in
 the stone tower beyond the castle. The
 most glorious courage is shown. Count
 Vos Engo guards the prince and the
 ladies of the household. Alas, it was
 hunger that we feared the most. To-
 day we should have resorted to horse's
 flesh. There was no other way. We
 knew that relief would come some day.
 John Tullis was there. And now it is

today! This shall be our day, thank
 God!"
 Attendants sped to the tower, shout-
 ing the battle tidings.
 The prince came tumbling down the
 narrow iron stairs from his room
 above, shouting joyously to Truxton
 King. No man was ever so welcome.
 He was besieged with questions, hand-
 shakings and praises. Even the Duke
 of Perse, hobbling on crutches, had a
 kindly greeting for him. Tears stream-
 ed down the old man's cheeks when
 King told him of his daughter's safe
 arrival in the friendly camp.
 But just now Truxton was staring
 at the narrow staircase. Vos Engo
 and Loraine were descending slowly.
 The former was white and evidently
 very weak. He leaned on the girl for
 support.
 Count Halfont offered the explana-
 tion. "Vos Engo was shot last week
 through the shoulder. He is too brave
 to give up, as you may see. It hap-
 pened on the terrace. There was an
 unexpected fusillade from the house-
 tops. Eric placed himself between the
 marksmen and Miss Tullis. A bullet
 that might have killed her instantly
 struck him in the shoulder."
 King never forgot the look in Lor-
 laine's eyes as she came down the
 steps. Joy and anguish seemed to
 combine themselves in that long, in-
 tense look.
 She gave him her hands. The look
 in her tired eyes went straight to his
 heart. Vos Engo drew back, his face
 set in a frown of displeasure.
 "My brother?" she asked, without
 taking her gaze from his eyes.
 "He is well. He will see you today."
 "And you, Truxton?" was her next
 question, low and quivering.
 "Unharmed and unchanged, Lor-
 laine," he said softly. "Tell me, did
 Vos Engo stand between you and the
 fire from the--"
 "Yes, Truxton," she said, dropping
 her eyes as if in deep pain.
 "And you have not broken your
 promise to him?"
 "No; nor have I broken my prom-
 ises to you."
 "He is a brave man. I can't help
 saying it," said the American, deep
 lines suddenly appearing in his
 face. Swiftly, he turned to Vos En-
 go, extending his hand. "My hand,
 sir, to a brave man!"
 Vos Engo stared at him for a moment and then turned
 away, ignoring the friendly hand. A
 hot flush mounted to Loraine's brow.
 Vos Engo's response was a short, bit-
 ter laugh.
 CHAPTER XX.
 THE LAST STAND.
 SOON after 5 o'clock a man in the
 topmost window of the tower
 called down that the forces in
 the hills were moving in a com-
 pact body toward the ridges below the
 southern gates.
 One hundred picked men were to be
 left inside the castle gates with Vos
 Engo, prepared to meet any flank move-
 ment that might be attempted. Three
 hundred mounted men were selected to
 make the dash down Castle avenue
 straight into the camp of the sharp-
 shooters. It was the purpose of the
 house guards to wage a fierce and noisy
 conflict off the avenue and then retire
 to the castle as abruptly as they left
 it, to be ready for Marlanx should he
 decide to make a final desperate effort
 to seize their stronghold.
 The dash of the 300 through the gates
 and down the avenue was the most
 spectacular experience in Truxton's
 life. He was up with Quinnox and
 General Braze, galloping well in front
 of the yelling troops. These mounted
 carbineers, riding as Bedouins, swept
 like thunder down the street, whirled
 into the broad, open arena beyond the
 duke's palace and were upon the sur-
 prised riflemen before they were fully
 awake to the situation.
 They came tumbling out of barns and
 sheds, clutching their rifles in nerveless
 hands, against in the face of absolute
 destruction. The enemy, craven at the
 outset, threw down their guns and tried
 to escape through the alleys and side
 streets at the end of the common. Flir-
 ling all the time, the attacking force
 rode them down as if they were so
 many dogs.
 After ten or fifteen minutes of this
 desultory carnage it was reported that
 a large force of men were entering the
 avenue from Regengetz circus. Quin-
 nox sent his chargers toward this great
 horde of foot soldiers, but they did not
 falter, as he had expected. On they
 swept, 2,000 or 3,000 of them. At their
 head rode five or six officers. The fore-
 most was Count Marlanx.
 Quinnox saw now that the Iron
 Count was determined to storm the
 gates and gave the command to re-
 treat. Waving their rifles and shout-
 ing defiance over their shoulders, the
 dragoons drew up, wheeled and gal-
 loped toward the gates.
 Scarcely were the massive portals
 closed and the great steel bars dropped
 into place by the men who attend-
 ed them when a low, dull explosion
 shook the earth as if by volcanic force.
 Then came the crashing of timbers,
 the cracking of masonry, the whirring
 of a thousand missiles through the
 air. Before the very eyes of the
 stunned, bewildered defenders, dis-
 mounting near the parade ground, the
 huge gates and pillars fell to the
 ground.
 The gates had been dynamited.
 Then it was that Truxton King re-
 membered. Marlanx's sappers had
 been quietly at work for days drilling



"NOR HAVE I BROKEN MY PROMISE TO YOU."

"Yes, Truxton," she said, dropping her eyes as if in deep pain. "And you have not broken your promise to him?" "No; nor have I broken my promises to you." "He is a brave man. I can't help saying it," said the American, deep lines suddenly appearing in his face. Swiftly, he turned to Vos Engo, extending his hand. "My hand, sir, to a brave man!" Vos Engo stared at him for a moment and then turned away, ignoring the friendly hand. A hot flush mounted to Loraine's brow. Vos Engo's response was a short, bitter laugh.

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(To be continued)