

# BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By George Barr McCutcheon.

Author of "Graustark"

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"But I insist!" she cried weakly. "You must go away from me. I— I command you to—"

"Is it because you want to drive me out of your life forever?" he demanded, sudden understanding coming to him.

"Don't put it that way," she murmured.

"Is it because you care for me that you want me to go?" he insisted, drawing near. "Is it because you fear the love I bear for you?"

"Love! You don't really— Stop! Remember where you are, sir! You must not go on with it, Baldos. Don't come a step nearer. Do go tonight! It is for the best. I have been awfully wicked in letting it run on as it has. Forgive me; please forgive me," she pleaded. He drew back, pale and hurt. A great dignity settled upon his face. His dark eyes crushed her with their quiet scorn.

"I understand, Miss Calhoun. The play is over. You will find the luckless Yagoband a gentleman, after all. You ask me to desert the cause I serve. That is enough. I shall go tonight."

"The girl was near to surrender. Had it not been for the persistent fear that her proud old father might suffer from her willfulness, she would have thrown down the barrier and risked everything in the choice. Her heart was crying out hungrily for the love of this tall, mysterious soldier of fortune.

"It is best," she murmured finally. Later on she was to know the meaning of the peculiar smile he gave her.

"I go because you dismiss me, not because I fear an enemy. If you choose to remember me at all, be just enough to believe that I am not a shameless coward."

"I am brave and true and good, and I am a miserable, deceitful wretch," she lamented. "You will seek Ravone and the others?"

"Yes; they are my friends. They love my poverty. And now, may it please your highness, when am I to go forth, and in what garb? I should no longer wear the honest uniform of a Graustark guard."

"Leave it to me. Everything shall be arranged. You will be discreet? No one is to know that I am your—"

"Rest assured, Miss Calhoun. I have a close mouth." And he smiled contemptuously.

"I agree with you," said she regretfully. "You know how to hold your tongue." He laughed harshly. "For once in a way will you answer a question?"

"I will not promise."

"You say that you are Danton's friend. Is it true that he is to marry the daughter of the Duke of Mats, Countess Isolanda?"

"It has been so reported."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Yes; exceedingly."

"But is he to marry her?" she insisted, she knew not why.

"How should I know, your highness?"

"If you call me 'your highness' again I'll despise you!" she flared miserably. "Another question: Is it true that the young Duke Christofel died because his father objected to his marriage with a game warden's daughter?"

"I have never heard so," with a touch of hauteur.

"Does he know that the girl is dead?" she asked cruelly. Baldos did not answer for a long time. He stared at her steadily, his eyes expressing no emotion from which she could judge him.

"I think he is ignorant of that calamity, Miss Calhoun," he said. "With your permission I shall withdraw. There is nothing to be gained by delay." It was such a palpable affront that she shrank within herself and could have cried:

"Without answering, she walked steadily to the window and looked out into the night. A mist came into her eyes. For many minutes she remained there, striving to regain control of her emotions. All this time she knew that he was standing just where she had left him, like a statue, awaiting her command. At last she faced him resolutely.

"You will receive instructions as to your duties here from the guard at the stairs. When you hear the half clock strike the hour of 2 in the morning go into the chapel, but do not let any one see you or suspect. You know where it is. The door will be unlocked."

"Am I not to see you again?" he asked, and she did not think him properly depressed.

"Yes," she answered after a pause that seemed like an eternity, and he went quietly, silently away.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE Baldos was standing guard in the long, lofty hallway the Iron Count was busy with the machinations which were calculated to result in a startling upheaval with the break of a new day. He prepared and swore to the charges preferred against Baldos. They were dispatched to the princess for her perusal in the morning. Then he set about preparing the vilest accusations against Beverly Calhoun. In his own handwriting and over his own signature he charged her with complicity in the betrayal of Graustark, influenced by the desires of the lover who masqueraded as her protégé. At some length he dwelt upon the well laid plot of the spy and his accomplice. He told of their secret meetings, their outrages against the dignity of the court and their unmistakable animosity toward Graustark. For each and every count in his vicious indictment against the girl he professed to have absolute proof by means of more than one reputable witness.

It was not the design of Marlanx to present this document to the princess and her cabinet. He knew full well that it would meet the fate it deserved.

Calhoun alone. By means of the vile accusations, false though they were, he hoped to terrify her into submission. He longed to possess this little, beautiful creature from over the sea. In all his life he had not languished for anything as he now craved Beverly Calhoun. He saw that his position in the army was rendered insecure by the events of the last day. A bold, vicious stroke was his only means for securing the prize he longed for more than he longed for honor and fame.

Restless and enraged, consumed by jealousy and fear, he hung about the castle grounds long after he had drawn the diabolical charges. He knew that Baldos was inside the castle, favored, while he, a noble of the realm, was relegated to ignominy and the promise of degradation. Encamped outside the city walls the army lay without a leader. Each hour saw the numbers augmented by the arrival of reserves from the districts of the principality. His place was out there with the staff, yet he could not drag himself away from the charmed circle in which his prey was sleeping. Morose and grim he anxiously paced to and fro in an obscure corner of the grounds.

"What keeps the scoundrel?" he said to himself angrily.

Presently a villainous looking man, dressed in the uniform of the guards, stealthily approached. "I missed him, general, but I will get him the next time," growled the man.

"Curse you for a fool!" hissed Marlanx through his teeth. As another hireling came up, "What have you got to say?"

The man reported that Baldos had been seen on the balcony alone, evidently on watch.

Marlanx ground his teeth and his job must be done tonight. You have your instructions. Capture him if possible; but, if necessary, kill him. You know your fate if you fail." Marlanx actually grinned at the thought of the punishment he would mete out to them. "Now be off!"

Rashly he made his way to the castle front. A bright moon cast its mellow glow over the mass of stone outlined against the western sky. For an hour he glowered in the shade of the trees, giving but slight heed to the guards who passed from time to time. His eyes never left the enchanted balcony.

At last he saw the man. Baldos came from the door at the end of the balcony, paced the full length in the moonlight, paused for a moment near Beverly Calhoun's window and then disappeared through the same door that had afforded him egress.

Inside the dark castle the clock at the end of the hall melodiously boomed the hour of 2. Dead quiet followed the soft echoes of the song. A tall figure stealthily opened the door to Yette's chapel and stepped inside. There was a streak of moonlight through the clear window at the far end of the room. Baldos, his heart beating rapidly, stood still for a moment, awaiting the next move in the game. The ghostlike figure of a woman suddenly stood before him in the path of the moonbeam, a hooded figure in dark robes. He started as if confronted by the supernatural.

"Come," came in an agitated whisper, and he stepped to the side of the phantom. She turned, and the moonlight fell upon the face of Beverly Calhoun. "Don't speak. Follow me as quickly as you can."

He grasped her arm, bringing her to a standstill.

"I have changed my mind," he whispered in her ear. "Do you think I will run away and leave you to shoulder the blame for all this? On the balcony near your window an hour ago!"

"It doesn't make any difference," she argued. "You have to go. I want you to go. If you knew just how I feel toward you you would go without a murmur."

"You mean that you hate me," he growled.

"I wouldn't be so unkind as to say that," she fluttered. "I don't know who you are. Come, we can't delay a minute. I have a key to the gate at the other end of the passage, and I know where the secret panel is located. Hush! It doesn't matter where I got the key. See! See how easy it is!"

He felt her tense little fingers in the darkness searching for his. Their hands were icy cold when the clasp came. Together they stood in a niche of the wall near the chancel rail. It was dark, and a cold draft of air blew across their faces. He could not see, but there was proof enough that she had opened the secret panel in the wall and that the damp, chill air came from the underground passage which led to a point outside the city walls.

"You go first," she whispered nervously. "I'm afraid. There is a lantern on the steps, and I have some matches. We'll light it as soon as— Oh, what was that?"

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I think it was a rat."

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I wouldn't go in there for the world."

"Do you mean to say that you intend to do so?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly. Some one has to return the key to the outer gate. Oh, I suppose I'll have to go in. You'll keep them off, won't you?" plaintively. He was smiling in the darkness, thinking what a dear, whimsical thing she was.

"With my life," he said softly. "They're ten times worse than lions," she announced.

"You must not forget that you return slous," he said triumphantly.

"But I'll have the lantern going full blast," she said and then allowed him to lead her into the narrow passage-way. She closed the panel and then felt about with her foot until it located

## POINTS ABOUT THE SHORTHORNS

A writer in the American Cultivator gives the following description of Shorthorn cattle:

The breed is distinguished by its symmetrical proportions and by its great bulk on a comparatively small frame, the oval being very light and the limbs small and fine. The head is expressive, being rather broad across the forehead, tapering gracefully below the eyes to an open nostril and fine flesh colored muzzle. The eyes are bright, prominent and of a particularly placid, sweet expression, the whole countenance being remarkably gentle. The horns (whence comes the name) are usually short, springing well from the head, with a graceful downward curl, and are of a creamy white or yellowish color, the ears being fine, erect and hairy. The neck is moderately

thick (muscular in the male) and set straight and well into the shoulders, which, when viewed in front, are wide, showing thickness through the heart, the breast coming well forward and the fore legs standing short and wide apart. The back among the higher bred animals is remarkably broad and flat, the ribs barrel-like, sprung well out of it, and with little space between them and the hip bones, which are soft and well covered.

The hind quarters are long and well filled in, the tail being set square on to them; the thighs meet low down, forming the full and deep twist; the flank should be deep, so as to partially cover the udder, which should not be too large, but placed well forward, the teats being well formed, square set and of medium size; the hind legs should be very short and stand wide and quite straight to the ground. The general appearance should show even outlines. The whole body is covered with long soft hair, there frequently being a fine undercoat, and this hair is of the most pleasing variety of color, from a soft creamy white to a full deep red. Occasionally the animal is red and white, the white being found principally on the forehead, under the belly and a few spots on the hind quarters and legs.

On touching the beef points the skin is found to be soft and mellow, as if lying on a soft cushion. In animals thin in condition a kind of inner skin is felt, which is the "quality" or "handling" indicative of those great fattening propensities for which the breed is so famous.

The subject of the illustration, from Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, is Sanquhar Conqueror, champion Shorthorn bull at the recent Buenos Ayres live stock show.

**FOUNTAIN UTILIZES WASTE.**  
On the farm poultry can utilize lots of food that would otherwise be wasted, and for that reason poultry raising on the farm should be more profitable than elsewhere. The fowls must be kept in a good average condition all the time. Don't let them starve one week and feast the next.

**Shipping Baby Chicks.**  
Some people claim that shipping young chicks throughout the country is a cruelty. On the other hand, poultrymen who have received them a thousand miles away from their place of birth give evidence that they reached them in good condition.

**Notice to Creditors.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Amos J. Crozier, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, together with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned, at his residence near Roseburg, in Yamhill County, Oregon, or at the office of the County Clerk of Polk County, in Dallas, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published April 2, 1907.  
NATHANIEL CROSIER, Administrator of the estate of Amos J. Crozier, deceased.  
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Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.		Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.	Fr. Mt.
			7:15	11:10	3:20	Lv. DALLAS	Ar. 9:30	1:45	5:15			
			7:24	No Stop	3:29	Ar. "TEATS	No Stop	No Stop	No Stop			
			7:38	No Stop	3:43	Ar. "GILLIAMS	Ar. 9:02	No Stop	4:47			
			7:42	No Stop	3:48	Ar. "BRIDGEPORT	Ar. 8:57	No Stop	4:42	Ar. Ar.	Ar.	Ar.
6:00	9:00	1:30	7:55	11:50	4:00	Lv. FALLS CITY	Ar. 8:45	1:00	4:30	8:30	11:45	4:15
6:30	9:30	2:00				Ar. "BLACK ROCK	Lv.			7:45	11:00	3:30

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