By George Barr McCutcheon. Author of "Grausterk"

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command you to"-

"Don't put it that way," she mur-

"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 It is for the best. I have been awfully wicked in letting it run on as it has. pleaded. He drew back, pale and hurt. A great dignity settled upon his face. His dark eyes crushed her with their

quiet scorn, 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 obscure corner of the grounds. 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 to say?" choose to remember me at all, be just enough to believe that I am not a shameless coward."

"You are brave and true and good. and I am a miserable, deceitful wretch," she lamented. "You will seek Rayone

and the others?" "Yes; they are my friends. They love my poverty. And now, may it 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"-

a close mouth." And he smiled contemptuously. "I agree with you," said she regret-

fully. "You know how to hold your tongue." He laughed harshly. "For once in a way will you answer a ques-"I will not promise."

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

"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 high-

"If you call me 'your highness' again I'll despise you!" she flared miserably. "Another question: Is it true that the 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 un 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 be was standing just where she had left him, like a statue, awaiting her command. At last she faced him reso-

"You will receive instructions as to your duties here from the guard at the stairs. When you hear the hah 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, sliently away. CHAPTER XXIV.

HILE Baldos was standing guard in the long, lofty halfway the Iron Count was busy with the machinations which He prepared and swore to the charges We'll light it as soon as- Oh, what preferred against Baldos. They were was that?" dispatched to the princess for her perusal in the morning. Then he set think it was a rat." about preparing the vilest accusations against Beverly Calhoun. In his own wouldn't go in there for the world." handwriting and over his own signature he charged her with complicity in ed to do so?" he asked engerly. the betrayal of Graustark, influenced by the desires of the lover who mas- the key to the outer gate. Oh, I supqueraded as her protege. At some pose I'll have to go in. You'll keep length he dwelt upon the well laid plot them off, won't you?" plaintively. He of the spy and his accomplice. He told was smiling in the darkness, thinking of their secret meetings, their outrages what a dear, whimsical thing she was, against the dignity of the court and "With my life," he said softly. their unmistakable animosity toward Graustark. For each and every count | she announced. in his vicious indictment against the "You must not forget that you regirl he professed to have absolute turn alone," he said triumphantly.

reputable witness. It was not the design of Marianx to to lead her into the narrow passagepresent this document to the princess way. She closed the panel and then and her cabinet. He knew full well felt about with her foot until it located that it would meet the fate it deserved.

"But I insist?" she eried weakly | Calhoun alone. By means of the vile "You must go away from me. I-I accusations, false though they were, he hoped to terrorize her into sabmission. "Is it because you want to drive me He longed to possess this lithe, beautiout of your life forever?" he demand- ful creature from over the sea. In all ed, sudden understanding coming to his life he had not hangered 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 hold, victous the prize he longed for more than he

jealousy and fear, he hung about the come a step nearer. Do go tonight! the diabolical charges. He knew that Baldos was inside the castle, favored, Forgive me; please forgive me," she gated to Ignominy and the promise of degradation. Encamped outside the city walls the army lay without a leader. Each hour saw the numbers

longed for honor and fame.

augmented by the arrival of reserves "I understand, Miss Calhoun. The from the districts of the principality. play is over. You will find the luckless | His place was out there with the staff, vagabond a gentleman, after all. You | 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

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

general, but I will get him the next to return," he went on easily. time," growled the man,

hireling came up, "What have you got sir?" she demanded sternly.

dently on watch.

Marlanx ground his teeth and his a young woman?" instructions. Capture him if possible; filled her soul, bifter disappointment in but, if necessary, kill him. You know this young man. "A young woman!" your fate if you fail." Marianx actual- he had said, oh, so insolently! There please your highness, when am I to go | ly grinned at the thought of the punish- could be but one inference, one concluforth, and in what garb? I should no ment he would mete out to them, sien. The realization of it settled one "Now be off!"

disappeared through the same door case of an emergency. that had afforded him egress.

the end of the hall melodiously boomed nervous little hand. the hour of 2. Dead quiet followed figure stealthily opened the door to time." Yetive'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 mogame. The ghostlike figure of a womyoung Duke Christobal fled because his an 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 Cal-"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 I"-

"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

groaned. "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 under-

ground passage which led to a point

outside the city walls. "You go first," she whispered nervwere calculated to result in a startling ously. "I'm afraid. There is a lantern upheaval with the break of a new day. on the steps, and I have some matches.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I "Do you mean to say that you intend-

"Certainly. Some one has to return

"They're ten times worse than lions,"

proof by means of more than one "But I'll have the lantern going full blast," she said and then allowed him

the lantern. In a minute they had a light. "Now, don't be afraid," she said encouragingly. He laughed in pure delight. She misunderstood his mirth and was conscious of a new and an almost unendurable pang. He was filled with exhilaration over the prospect of escape! Somehow she felt an impulse to throw her arms about him and drag ghost of the game warden's daughter.

him back into the chapel in spite of the "What is to prevent me from taking you with me?" he said intensely, a mighty longing in his breast. She laughed, but drew back uneasily.

"And live unhappily ever afterward?" said she. "Oh, dear me! Isn't this a funny proceeding? Just think of me, Beverly Calhoun, being mixed up in schemes and plots and intrigues and all that! It seems like a great big dream. And that reminds meyou will find a rain coat at the foot of the steps. I couldn't get other clothes for you, so you'll have to wear the uniform. There's a stiff hat of Mr. Lorry's also. You've no idea how difficult it is for a girl to collect clothes for a man, There doesn't seem to be any real excuse for it, you know. stroke was his only means for securing Goodness, it looks black ahead there, doesn't it? I hate underground things. They're so damp and all that. How Restless and enraged, consumed by far is it, do you suppose, to the door in the wall?" She was chattering on, castle grounds long after he had drawn sluply to keep up her courage and to

make her fairest show of composure. "It's a little more than 300 yards," while he, a noble of the realm, was rele-he replied. They were advancing through the low, narrow stone lined passage. She stendfastly ignored the hand he held back for support. It was not a pleasant place, this underground way to the outside world. The walls were damp and moldy; the odor of the rank earth assailed the nostrils; the

air was chill and deathlike. "How do you know?" she demanded

"I have traversed the passage before, Miss Calhoun," he replied. She stopped like one paralyzed, her eyes wide and incredulous, "Franz was my Presently a villainous looking man, guide from the outer gate into the dressed in the uniform of the guards, chapel. It is easy enough to get outstealthily approached. "I missed him, side the walls, but extremely difficult

"You mean to say that you have "Curse you for a fool!" hissed Mar- been in and out by way of this paslank through his teeth. As another sage? Then, what was your object,

"My desire to communicate with The man reported that Baldos had friends who could not enter the city. been seen on the balcony alone, evi- Will it interest you if I say that the particular object of my concern was

blood stormed his reason. "The job | She gasped and was stubbornly simust be done tonight. You have your lent for a long time. Bitter resentment point in her mind forever.

Rashly he made his way to the castle | "It wouldn't interest me in the least. front. A bright moon cast its mellow I don't even care who she was. Perglow over the mass of stone outlined mit me to wish you much joy with her. against the western sky. For an hour Why don't you go on?" irritably, for-"Rest assured, Miss Calhoun. I have he glowered in the shade of the trees, getting that it was she who delayed giving but slight heed to the guards progress. His smile was invisible in who passed from time to time. His the blackness above the lantern. There eyes never left the enchanted balcony, were no words spoken until after they At last he saw the man. Baldos had reached the little door in the wall. came from the door at the end of the Here the passage was wider. There

balcony, paced the full length in the were casks and chests on the floor, evimoonlight, paused for a moment near dently containing articles that required Beverly Calhoun's window and then instant removal from Edelweiss in

"Who was that woman?" she asked Inside the dark castle the clock at at last. The key to the door was in the

"One very near and dear to me, Miss the soft echoes of the gong. A tall Calhoun. That's all I can say at this

"Well, this is the only time you will have the chance," she cried loftly. "Here we part. Hush!" she whispered, involuntarily grasping his arm. "I think I heard a step. Can any one be ment, awaiting the next move in the following us?" They stopped and listened. It was as still as a tomb.

answered jokingly. She was too nervous for any pleasantries and, releasing her hold on his arm, sald timidly. "Goodby!"

"Am I to go in this manner? Have young chicks throughout the country you no kind word for me? I love you is a cruelty. On the other hand, poulbetter than my soul. It is of small trymen who have received them a thouconsequence to you, I know, but I crave one forgiving word. It may be birth give evidence that they reached the last." He clasped her hand, and them in good condition. she did not withdraw it. Her lips were trembling, but her eyes were brave and obstinate. Suddenly she sat hown upon one of the chests. If he had not told her of the other woman!

"Forgive me instead, for all that I have brought you to," she murmured. "It was all my fault. I shall never forget you or forgive myself. I-I am going back to Washin'ton immediately. can't bear to stay here now. Goodby, and God bless you. Do-do you think we shall ever see each other again?" Unconsciously she was clinging to his hand. There were tears in the gray eyes that looked pathetically flown there in the grewsome passageway with the fitful rays of the lantern lighting her face. Only the strictest self control kept him from seizing her

that she would have surrendered. "This is the end, I fear," he said, with grim persistence. She caught)her breath in half a sob. Then she arose resolutely, although her knees trembled shamelessly.

"Well, then, goodby," she said very steadily. "You are free to go where and to whom you like. Think of me C. once in awhile, Baldos. Here's the key. Hurry! 1-I can't stand it much longer!" She was ready to break down, and he saw it, but he made no sign.

Turning the key in the rusty lock, he cautiously opened the door. The moonlit world lay beyond. A warm, intoxleating breath of fresh air came in upon them. He suddenly stooped and kissed her hand.

"Forgive me for having annoyed you with my poor love," he said as he stood in the door, looking into the night beyond.

"All-all right," she choked out as she started to close the door after him. "Halt! You are our prisoner!"

The words rang out sharply in the silence of the night. Instinctively Beverly made an attempt to close the door, but she was too late. Two burly, villainous looking men, sword in hand, blocked the exit and advanced upon

"Back! Back!" Baldos shouted to Beverly, drawing his sword. (TO BE CONTINUED,)

THE ORIGINAL LAKATIVE COUGH SYRUP KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR And Clover Bletness and Henry See on Every Buttle

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 offal 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 fiesh 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



SHORTHORN BULL.

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, form Ing the full and deep twist; the flank should be deep, so as to partially cov er 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 quar-

ters 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 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 Sanquhor Conqueror, champion Shorthorn bull at the recent Buenos Ayres live stock show,

rountry 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 "It must be the same old rat," he the time. Don't let them starve one week and feast the next.

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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 Hopewell, in Yambill County, Oregon, or at the office of the County Cherk of Polk County, in Dallas, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published April 2, 1967.

NATHANIEL CROSIAR,

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Lv.	Lv.	Lv.	7:48	No Stop	3:48	Ar.	*BRIDGEPORT	Ar.	8:57	No Stop	4:42	Ar.	Ar.	Ar.
6:00	9:00	1:30	7:55	11:50	4:00	Ar.	FALLS CITY	Lv.	8:45	1:00	4:30	8:30	11:45	4/15
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