BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By George Barr McCutcheon.

Author of "Graustark"

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"She almost died, that's all," said she unblushingly. "I was afraid to cable the news to father. He might stop me if he knew it in time. A letter was much smarter."

"You dear, dear little sacrifice," he cried tenderly. "I will give all my life to make you happy."

"I am a soldier's daughter, and I can be a soldier's wife. I have tried hard to give you up, Paul, but I couldn't. You are love's soldier, and it is a—a relief to surrender and have it over with."

They fell to discussing plans for the future. It all went smoothly and airily until he asked her when he should go to Washington to claim her as his wife. She gave him a startled, puzzled look.

"To Washin'ton?" she murmured, turning very cold and weak. "You—you won't have to go to Washin'ton, dear. I'll stay here."

"My dear Beverly, I can afford the trip," he laughed. "I am not an absolute pauper. Besides, it is right and just that your father should give you to me. It is the custom of our land." She was nervous and uncertain.

"But—but, Paul, there are many things to think of," she faltered.

"You mean that your father would not consent?"

"Well—he—he might be unreasonable," she stammered. "And then there are my brothers, Keith and Dan. They are foolishly interested in me. Dan thinks no one is good enough for me. So does Keith. And father, too, for that matter—and mother. You see, it's not just as if you were a grand and wealthy nobleman. They may not understand. We are southerners, you know. Some of them have peculiar ideas about"—

"Don't distress yourself so much, dearest," he said, with a laugh. "Though I see your position clearly—and it is not an enviable one."

"We can go to Washin'ton just as soon as we are married," she compromised. "Father has a great deal of influence over there. With his help behind you you will soon be a power in the United"— But his hearty laugh checked her eager plotting. "It's nothing to laugh at, Paul," she said.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times. I was thinking of the disappointment I must give you now. I cannot live in the United States—never. My home is here. I am not born for the strife of your land. They have soldiers enough and better than I. It is in the turbulent east that we shall live—you and I." Tears came into her eyes.

"Am I not to—to go back to Washin'ton?" She tried to smile.

"When Prince Dantan says we may, perhaps."

"Oh, he is my friend," she cried in great relief. "I can get any favor I ask of him. Oh, Paul, Paul, I know that my folks will think I'm an awful fool, but I can't help it. I shall let you know that I intend to be a blissful one, at least."

He kissed her time and again out there in the dark, soft light of the fairy grotto.

"Before we can be married, dearest, I have a journey of some importance to take," he announced as they arose to leave the bower behind.

"A journey? Where?"

"To Vienna. I have an account to settle with a man who has just taken up his residence there." His hand went to his sword hilt, and his dark eyes gleamed with the fire she loved. "Count Marlanx and I have postponed business to attend to, dearest. Have no fear for me. My sword is honest, and I shall bring it back to you myself."

She shuddered and knew that it would be as he said.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE Duke of Matz and his associates reached Edelweiss in the afternoon. Their attendants and servants carried luggage bearing the princely crest of Dawsbergen and meant for Prince Dantan and his sister Candace. In the part of the castle set apart for the visitors an important consultation was held behind closed doors. There Dantan met his countrymen and permitted them to renew the pledge of fealty that had been shattered by the overpowering influence of his mad half brother. What took place at this secret meeting the outside world never knew. Only the happy result was made known. Prince Dantan was to resume his reign over Dawsbergen as if it never had been interrupted.

The castle, brilliant from bottom to top, filled with music and laughter, experienced a riot of happiness such as it had not known in years. The war clouds had lifted, the sunshine of contentment was breaking through the darkness, and there was rejoicing in the hearts of all. Bright and glorious were the colors that made up the harmony of peace. Men and women of high degree came to the historic old walls garbed in the riches of royalty and nobility. To Beverly Calhoun it was the most enchanting sight she had ever looked upon. From the galleries she gazed down into the halls glittering with the wealth of Graustark and was conscious of a strange feeling of glorification. She felt that she had a part in this jubilee. With Candace she descended the grand staircase and mingled with the resplendent crowd.

She was the center of attraction. Dressed in a simple, close fitting gown of black velvet, without an ornament, her white arms and shoulders gleaming in the soft light from the chandeliers, she was an enticing creature to be admired by men and women alike. Two stalwart Americans felt their hearts bound with pride as they saw the conquest their countrywoman was making. Candace, her constant companion in these days, was consumed with delight.

"You are the prettiest thing in all this world," she ecstatically whispered into Beverly's ear. "My brother says so, too," she added conclusively. Beverly was too true a woman not to revel in this subtle flattery.

The great banquet hall was to be thrown open at midnight. There were dancing and song during the hours leading up to this important event. Beverly was entranced. She had seen brilliant affairs at home, but none of them compared to this in regal splendor. It was the sensuous, overpowering splendor of the east.

Prince Dantan joined the throng just before midnight. He made his way direct to the little circle of which Beverly and Candace formed the center. His rich, full military costume gave him a new distinction that quite overcame Beverly. They fell into an animated conversation, exchanging shafts of wit that greatly amused those who could understand the language.

"You must remember," Beverly said in reply to one of Ravone's sallies, "that Americans are not in the least awed by Europe's greatness. It has come to the pass when we call Europe our playground. We now go to Europe as we go to the circus or the county fair at home. It isn't much more trouble, you know, and we must see the sights."

"Alas, poor Europe!" he laughed. As he strolled about with her and Candace he pointed out certain men to her, asking her to tax her memory in the effort to recall their faces if not their apparel. She readily recognized in the lean, tired faces the men she had met first at the Inn of the Hawk and Raven.

"They were vagabonds then, Miss Calhoun. Now they are noblemen. Does the transition startle you?"

"Isn't Baldos among them?" she asked, voicing the query that had been uppermost in her mind since the moment when she looked down from the galleries and failed to see him. She was wondering how he would appear in court costume.

"You forget that Baldos is only a guard," he said kindly.

"He is a courtier nevertheless," she retorted.

She was vaguely disappointed because he was missing from the scene of splendor. It proved to her that caste overcame all else in the rock ribbed east. The common man, no matter how valiant, had no place in such affairs as these. Her pride was suffering. She was as a queen among the noblest of the realm. As the wife of Baldos she would live in another world—on the outskirts of this one of splendor and arrogance. A stubborn, defiant little frown appeared on her brow as she pictured herself in her mind's eye standing afar off with "the man" Baldos, looking at the opulence she could not reach. Her impetuous, rebellious little heart was thumping bitterly as she considered this single phase of the life to come. She was ready to cry out against the injustice of it all. The little frown was portentous of deep laid designs. She would break down this cruel barrier that kept Baldos from the fields over which prejudice alone held sway. Her love for him and her determination to be his wife were not in the least dulled by these reflections.

The doors to the great banquet hall were thrown open at last, and in the disorder that followed she wondered who was to lead her to the feasting. The Duke of Mizrox claimed the Princess Candace.

"I am to have the honor," said some one at her side, and the voice was the one she least expected to hear utter the words. The speaker was the man who deserved the place beside Yetive, Prince Dantan himself.

Bewildered, her heart palpitating with various emotions, she took his arm and allowed herself to be drawn wonderingly through the massive doors. As they entered, followed by the brilliant company, the superb orchestra that Beverly had so often enjoyed began to play the stirring "Hands Across the Sea." The musicians themselves seemed to have caught the universal feeling of joy and mirth that was in the air and played as if inspired, their leader bowing low to the young American girl as she passed. It was his affectionate tribute to her. Prince Dantan, to her amazement, led her up the entire length of the banquet hall to the head of the royal table, gorgeous with the plate of a hundred Graustark rulers, placing her on his left and next to the slightly raised royal chairs. Candace was on his right, the picture of happiness. Beverly felt dizzy, weak. She looked helplessly at Prince Dantan. His smile was puzzling. As if in a daze she saw Grenfall Lorry with the Countess Yvonne standing exactly opposite to her, he, with the others, awaiting the appearance of the princess and the one who was to sit beside her.

The music ceased, there was a hush over the room, and then Yetive came forward, magnificent in her royal robes, smiling and happy. A tall man in the uniform of an exalted army officer stood beside her, gold braid and bejeweled things across his breast. Beverly turned deathly white, her figure stiffened and then relaxed.

It was Baldos!

She never knew how she dropped into the chair the servant held for her. She only knew that his dark eyes were smiling at her with love and mischief in their depths. There was a vague, uncertain sound of chattering; some one was talking eagerly to her, but she heard him not. There was a standing toast to the Prince of Dawsbergen. Then the audacious ghost of Baldos

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOAKING STOCK FOOD.

Some Hints For Breeders by Professor Thomas Shaw.

Food is seldom soaked for horses. In the true sense of soaking it is probably never thus prepared. But when horses are worked hard it has in many instances been found profitable to chaff the hay and grind the grain and to mix the grain with a sufficiency of cut hay which has been moistened with water. When horses are on short allowance for time to eat they can take more food in a given time thus prepared than if given in the ordinary way.

Bran is also fed to them occasionally as a mash—that is, water is poured on it, frequently hot, and the mass is stirred so that it all becomes moist. Thus prepared the bran can be more readily eaten by horses, and the influence on the digestive tract is also probably more helpful because of the moisture than if the mass had been fed dry.

Food is seldom soaked for cattle. The chief exception is corn. It is not soaked when thus prepared for them in order to make it more digestible, but because of certain exigencies that arise relating to the feeding. When corn gets very dry, especially on the cob, and is fed to cattle for a long term of feeding it is liable to produce soreness of the mouth. When this result follows they are chary about consuming it and do not eat enough to produce the gains that are sought. Experiments have shown that corn soaked for swine does not produce more gains than when fed dry. Cattle not only moisten food well while masticating, but the fluids are abundant with which it comes in contact in rumination and also in the various processes of digestion.

Sheep do not require soaked food. In fact, it would be more or less distasteful to them. They have an almost marvelous power of masticating food, so that it can be completely digested.

Nearly all if not indeed all the small cereals are greatly improved for swine by soaking them. In some instances, when the weather will admit of it, they may be soaked for at least three days. Usually, however, they are further improved by grinding and also by soaking subsequently. When thus prepared they are more readily consumed, somewhat more easily digested and will be consumed in larger quantities.

It is admissible in the winter to feed whole grain other than corn to swine well advanced in growth and to brood sows when scattered on a hard and clean feeding place. If fed in a trough it will be consumed so quickly that much of it will escape digestion.—Professor Thomas Shaw.

Fertilizing Value of Food.

In fattening cattle the value of the manure is usually set off against the cost of labor. The fertilizing value of a ton of clover hay at present prices for nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash is estimated at above $7. With the grains fed the fertilizing value varies, but it is highest with those that are more nitrogenous. Of the fertilizer ingredients consumed in the feed over 90 per cent is distributed upon the land in the manure.—Professor D. W. May, Kentucky Experiment Station.

SECRET OF GOOD STOCK.

No Fancy Methods of Feeding and Handling Necessary.

Interviews with several of the men who finished prize winning steers in the car lot classes at the late international do not reveal any fancy methods of feeding or handling their cattle. All of them started with good beef blood, which is of course the first requisite of a good beef animal. This good blood was not in the form of a $5,000 bull either, for these men are not breeders of pure bred cattle. It was in the form of successive crosses of good bulls such as any man can buy at a reasonable price today, and these successive crosses were of the same breed. No mixing of breeds to get a little more of this or a little less of that, but breeding straight forward toward better cattle.

After good blood came blue grass, hay, corn, oats and at the finish some oilmeal. All of these except the oilmeal the feeders raised on their farms, but they fed enough. There may be some feeders of cattle who are giving their stock wasteful quantities of feed, but we are not acquainted with them. There are many who really waste feed because at some time or other in the animal's life they do not feed enough. Economy of production as well as quality of product demands that all classes of meat animals have enough.

And, further, these cattle were under the eyes of their masters. They were not neglected, chased or excited in any way. They had no fancy barns, but ran to sheds, as a rule, just as all steers should. No doubt it would be a losing proposition for the average feeder to attempt to make his beeves as ripe as those which win prizes at great shows. He finds it more economical to sell when they are fat enough for the market's requirements. But the show feeder's methods are only those of the up to date commercial cattle producer—good blood, careful handling and feed enough to keep them going forward all the time, says the National Stockman and Farmer.

Rheumatism In Hogs.

At this season of the year, when the weather changes are frequent, extra precautions in the hogpen will pay. Avoid damp bedding and, above all things, shut off the cold, damp winds. Hogs that are well kept are especially susceptible to rheumatism. Now, don't go and turn your hogs out in the cold in order to make them hardy, so they will be able to ward off the disease. It will be more profitable for you to give them reasonable protection. On the other hand, do not think it necessary to have a frost proof, air tight hog house. There is reason in all things, especially in caring for hogs.

Where She Comes In.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Jawback, "that you think it's fun for me to sit up and wait for you every night like this."

"Nope," answered Jawback. "I'm having my fun while you're waiting. You have yours when I get home."—Cleveland Leader.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Masonic Calendar.

Jennings Lodge, No. 9, stated communications, Second and Fourth Fridays of each month.
G. L. HAWKINS, W. M.
J. C. HAYTER, Sec.

Ainsworth Chapter, No. 17, R. A. M., stated convocation, First First and third Fridays of each month.
OSCAR HAYTER, H. P.
U. S. GRANT, Sec.

Naomi Chapter, No. 22, O. E. S., stated meetings Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month.
MRS. MAGGIE HAYTER, W. M.
MRS. LIBBIE MUIR, Sec.

Woodmen of the World.

Dallas Camp, No. 209, meets in their hall in the Woodman building every Tuesday evening.
B. M. GUY C. C.
W. G. VASSALL, Clerk.

Mistletoe Circle, No. 33, W. C. N., meets in their Hall, in the Woodman building every second and fourth Wednesday.
MRS. HELEN GREENWOOD, G. N.
MRS. NELLIE TAVOM, Clerk.

Knights of the Maccabees.

Dallas Tent, No. 3, meets Second and Fourth Thursdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
MARK HAYTER, S. K. Com.
I. N. WOODS, R. K.

Lilac Hive, No. 28, L. O. T. M., meets on Second and Fourth Thursday afternoon of each month.
MRS. KITTIE N. MILLER, L. C.
MRS. ROSE FIDLER, R. K.

Knights of Pythias

Marmion Lodge, No. 96, K. of P.,—Meets every Monday evening in W. O. W. building. Visiting Knights are welcome.
M. A. FORD, C. C.
G. L. HAWKINS, K. of R. S.

Fraternal Union of America

Lodge No. 144—Meets Third Tuesday of each month.
W. J. WAGNER, F. M.
MRS. S. E. MORRISON, Sec.

A. O. U. W.

Union Lodge, No. 35—Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month.
H. L. FENTON, M. W.
JOHN E. SMITH, Fin.

Crystal Lodge, No. 50, D. of H., meets First and Third Wednesday of each month.
MRS. C. G. COAD, C. of H.
MRS. ED. F. COAD, Fin.

United Artisans.

Assembly No. 46—meets First and Third Tuesday of each month.
WILLIS SIMONTON, M. A.

I. O. O. F.

Friendship Lodge, No. 6, meets every Saturday evening in I O. O. F. Hall.
W. L. SOEHREN, N. G.
W. A. AYRES, Rec.Sec.

LaCreole Encampment, No. 20, meets Second and Fourth Monday of each month.
W. A. AYRES, C. P.
A. W. TEATS, Scribe.

Almira Lodge, No. 26, D. of R., meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month.
MISS MABEL HOLMES, N. G.
MISS OLLIE HOWE, Sec.

Lincoln Annuity Union

Oregon Assembly, No. 54. Meets every Thursday at 8 p. m. at I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting neighbors welcome.
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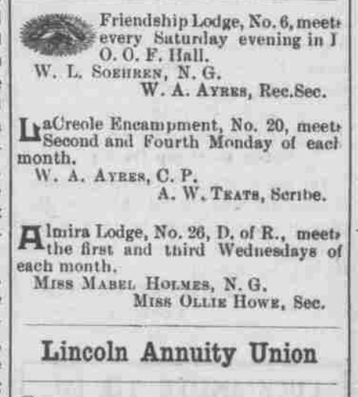

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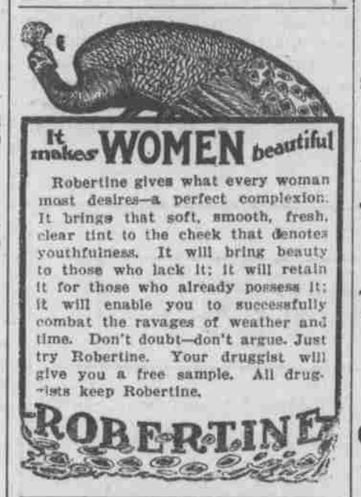

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			7:15	11:10	3:20	Lv.	DALLAS	Ar.	9:30	1:45	5:15			
			7:34	No Stop	3:39	Ar.	*TEATS	Ar.	No Stop	No Stop	No Stop			
			7:38	No Stop	3:43	Ar.	*GILLIAMS	Ar.	9:02	No Stop	4:47			
Lv.	Lv.	Lv.	7:43	No Stop	3:48	Ar.	*BRIDGEPORT	Ar.	8:57	No Stop	4:42	Ar.	Ar.	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
6:30	9:30	2:00				Ar.	*BLACK ROCK	Lv.				7:45	11:00	3:30

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