

## GRAUSTARK

From Page Four

your wife, or were they all your sisters? I have wondered."

"They—they were—cousins," he informed her confusedly, recalling an incident that had been forgotten. He had kissed Mary Lyons and Edna Burage, but their brothers were present. "A foolish habit, isn't it?"

"I do not know. I have no grown cousins," she replied demurely. "You Americans have such funny customs, though. Where I live no gentleman would think of pressing a lady's hand until it pained her. Is it necessary?" In the question there was a quiet dignity, half submerged in scorn, so pointed, so unmistakable, that he flushed, turned cold with mortification and hastily removed the amorous fingers.

"I crave your pardon. It is such a strain to hold myself and you against the rolling of this wagon that I unconsciously gripped your hand harder than I knew. You—you will not misunderstand my motive?" he begged, fearful lest he had offended her by his ruthlessness.

"I could not misunderstand something that does not exist," she said simply, proudly.

"By Jove, she's beyond comparison!" he thought.

"You have explained, and I am sorry I spoke as I did. I shall not again forget how much I owe you."

"Your indebtedness, if there be one, does not deprive you of the liberty to speak to me as you will. You could not say anything unjust without asking my forgiveness, and when you do that you more than pay the debt. It is worth a great deal to me to hear you say that you owe something to me, for I am only too glad to be your creditor. If there is a debt, you shall never pay it. It is too pleasant an account to be settled with 'you're welcome.' If you insist that you owe much to me, I shall refuse to cancel the debt and allow it to draw interest forever."

"What a financier!" she cried. "That jest was worthy of a courtier's deepest flattery. Let me say that I am proud to owe my gratitude to you. You will not permit it to grow less."

"That was either irony or the prettiest speech a woman ever uttered," he said warmly. "I also am curious about something. You were reading over my shoulder in the observation car?"

"I was not!" she exclaimed indignantly. "How did you know that?" she inconsistently went on.

"You forgot the mirror in the opposite side of the car."

"Ach! Now I am offended!"

"With a poor old mirror? For shame! Yet, in the name of our American glass industry, I ask your forgiveness. It shall not happen again. You will admit that you were trying to read over my shoulder. Thanks for that immutable nod. Well, I am curious to know what you were so eager to read."

"Since you presume to believe the mirror instead of me, I will tell you. There was a dispatch on the first page that interested me deeply."

"I believe I thought as much at the time. Oh, confound this road!" For half a mile or more the road had been fairly level, but, as the ejaculation indicates, a rough place had been reached. He was flung back in the corner violently, his head coming in contact with a sharp projection of some kind. The pain was almost unbearable, but it was eased by the fact that she had involuntarily thrown her arm across his chest, her hand grasping his shoulder spasmodically.

"Oh, we shall be killed!" she half shrieked. "Can you not stop him? This is madness—madness!"

"Pray be calm! I was to blame, for I had become careless. He is earning his money; that's all. It was not stipulated in the contract that he was to consider the comfort of his passengers." Grenfall could feel himself turn

pale as something warm began to trickle down his neck. "Now, tell me which dispatch it was. I read all of them."

"You did? Of what interest could they have been?"

"Curiosity does not recognize reason."

"You read every one of them?"

"Assuredly."

"Then I shall grant you the right to guess which interested me the most. You Americans delight in puzzles, I am told."

"Now, that is unfair."

"So it is. Did you read the dispatch from Constantinople?" Her arm fell to her side suddenly as if she had just realized its position.

"The one that told of the French ambassador's visit to the sultan?"

"Concerning the small matter of a loan of some millions—yes. Well, that was of interest to me inasmuch as the loan, if made, will affect my country."

"Will you tell me what country you are from?"

"I am from Graustark."

"Yes; but I don't remember where that is."

"Is it possible that your American schools do not teach geography? Ours tell us where the United States is located."

"I confess ignorance."

"Then I shall insist that you study a map. Graustark is small, but I am as proud of it as you are of this great broad country that reaches from ocean to ocean. I can scarcely wait until I again see our dear crags and valleys, our rivers and ever blue skies, our plains and our towns. I wonder if you worship your country as I love mine."

"From the tenor of your remarks I judge that you have been away from home for a long time," he volunteered.

"We have seen something of Asia, Australia, Mexico and the United States since we left Edelweiss six months ago. Now we are going home—home!" She uttered the word so lovingly, so longingly, so tenderly, that he envied the homeland.

There was a long break in the conversation, both evidently wrapped in thought which could not be disturbed by the whirl of the coach. He was wondering how he could give her up, now that she had been tossed into his keeping so strangely. She was asking herself over and over again how so thrilling an adventure would end.

They were sore and fatigued with the strain on nerve and flesh. It was an experience never to be forgotten, this romantic race over the wild mountain road, the result still in doubt. Ten minutes ago—strangers; now—friends at least, neither knowing the other.

"Surely we must be almost at the end of this awful ride," she moaned, yielding completely to the long suppressed alarm. "Every bone in my body aches. What shall we do if they have not held the train?"

"Send for an undertaker," he replied grimly, seeing policy in jest. They were now ascending an incline, bumping over bowlders, hurtling through treacherous ruts and water washed holes, rolling, swinging, jerking, crashing. "You have been brave all along. Don't give up now. It is almost over. You'll soon be with your friends."

"How can I thank you?" she cried, gripping his arm once more. Again his hand dropped upon hers and closed gently.

"I wish that I could do a thousand times as much for you," he said thrillingly, her disheveled hair touching his face, so close were his lips. "Ah, the lights of the town!" he cried an instant later. "Look!"

He held her so that she could peer through the rattling glass window. Close at hand, higher up the steep, many lights were twinkling against the blackness.

Almost before they realized how near they were to the lights the horses began to slacken their speed, a moment

later coming to a standstill. The awful ride was over.

"The train, the train!" she cried in ecstasy. "Here, on the other side! Thank heaven!"

He could not speak for the joyful pride that distended his heart almost to bursting. The coach door flew open, and Light Horse Jerry yelled:

"Here y'are! I made her!"

"I should say you did!" exclaimed Grenfall, climbing out and drawing her after him gently. "Here's your ten."

(Continued)

### TRAIN AND TRACK.

An oil propelled motor railroad coach is in course of construction for the Great Northern railroad of Great Britain.

Owing to the increase of traffic the Berlin city electric railway will now run on week days and Sundays, with intervals between the trains of only two and one-half minutes.

Only 4.19 per cent of the passengers on German railways travel first class. The second class passengers constitute 21.74 per cent; the third class, 48.25; fourth class, 23.98; military, 1.84.

### A Simple Dessert.

A simple dessert is whipped cream, sweetened slightly and flavored with pistache. Serve the cream in shallow bowls, and in the center of each drop a very fresh meringue kiss, one of the large round ones preferably.

### Cargoes of Brick.

Bricks are capable of absorbing about a pint of water each. Owing to this circumstance the captain of a ship that carries a cargo of bricks has to be careful that the leakage does not go undetected, the water being sucked up nearly as fast as it gets in.

### The Makeup of a Consul.

A consul is, in a certain sense, the representative of his country. To the people among whom he is stationed and to the local authorities he is the impersonation of his government. He should be a man of dignity, of self possession, of good address and bearing, of tact and discretion, who should command the respect and confidence of foreign merchants and officials and who should be honored even by his traveling countrymen.

When Prince Gortchakof was at the head of the Russian foreign office, the candidates for the diplomatic service after passing the examination were always granted an audience with his excellency, who then made a final decision by observing the manner in which they entered the room, the way in which they addressed him and their general deportment during the interview. A consul may know all about invoices and ships and also about seals and sealing wax, but if he be rude and undignified, if he lack savoir faire and savoir vivre, he could serve his country to better advantage in that obscure region known as "the classic shades of private life."—Forum.

### A Dardistan Legend of a Bear.

Two women, a mother and her little daughter, were one night watching their field of Indian corn—"makal"—against the inroads of the bears. The mother had to go to her house to prepare to light a fire outside. While she was doing this a bear came and took her away. He carried her to his den and daily brought her to eat and drink. He rolled a big stone in front of his den whenever he went away on his tours, which the girl was not strong enough to move.

When she became old enough to do this, he used daily to lick her feet, by which they became swollen and gradually dwindled down to mere misshapen stumps. The girl eventually died, and the poor bear, after vain efforts to restore her to life, roamed disconsolately about the fields.

### Cows For Sale

Some fine milch cows and fat steers for sale at reasonable prices. Address S. Vincent, Glenwood, Oregon.

### A Farm to Rent

We have a good farm to rent near town. Also some splendid bargains in farm and city property. For investments do not fail to see us.

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### Read This

I will be at the livery barn of Cornelius & Hancock in Forest Grove, each Saturday. I treat all diseases of the horse, and make a specialty of treating horses teeth. Advice free.

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### Up-to-date Work

If you want first class painting, paper hanging and house-finishing, leave your order or inquire at Nixon's real estate office. All work guaranteed.

BUFFUM & HOFFMAN

### Employment.

Pioneer Employment Co., 215 Morrison St., Portland, Oregon, is one of the best known and most reliable companies on the Coast, furnishes all kinds of help on shortest notice, free to employers.

### Bargains

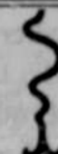
Two fine lots in splendid locality in South Park addition to Forest Grove. This is especially desirable for a residence and will sell for cash or on easy terms. Enquire, W. N. Sears, at barber shop.

### Cheap Sunday Rates Between Forest Grove and Portland.

Low round-trip rates have been placed in effect between Portland and Forest Grove, in either direction.

Tickets will be sold Saturdays and Sundays, and limited to return on or before the following Monday. Rate of \$1.05 round trip. Call on Southern Pacific's agents for particulars.

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