

GRANSTARK

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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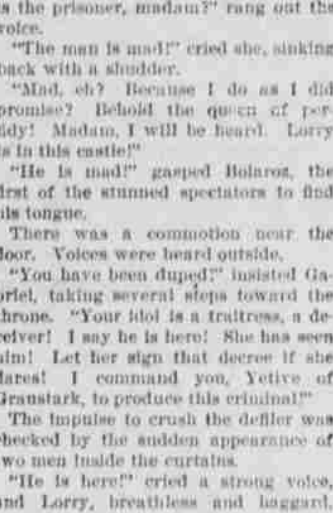
Prince Bolox and his nobles stood to the right of the throne, the Granstark men and women of degree to the left, while near the door on both sides were to be seen the leading military men of both principalities. Near the Duke of Mirrox was stationed the figure of Gabriel, prince of Dawsalerig. He had come, with a half dozen followers, among a crowd of unexpecting Axplathians, and had taken his position near the throne. Arriving, entered with Baron Dangloss, and they stood together near the doorway, the latter whiter than he had ever been in his life.



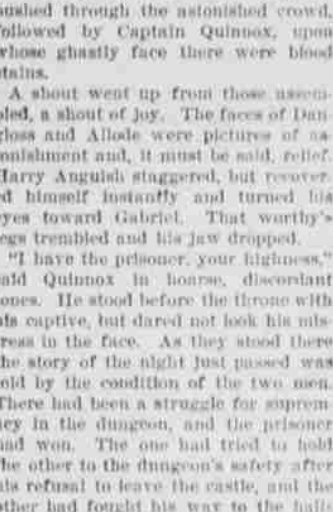
Then came the blush of expectancy. The doors swung open, the curtains parted and the princess entered. She was supported by the arm of her tall uncle, Casper of Halfont. Faces carried the train of her dress, a jeweled gown of black. As she advanced to the throne, calm and stately, those assembled bent knee to the fairest woman the eye ever had looked upon.



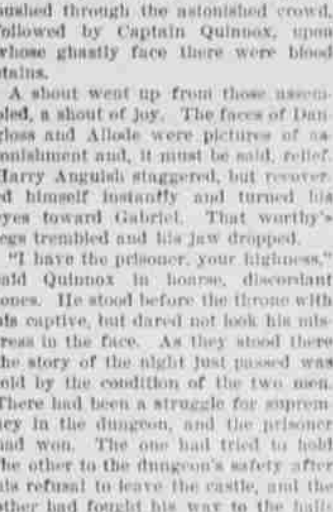
The calm, proud exterior hid the most unhappy eyes. This resolute courage which, when her spirit had been braced for the occasion was remarkable in more ways than one. Among other inspirations behind the valiant show was the bravery of a guilty conscience. Her composure sustained a shock when she passed Alode at the door. That faithful Dawsalerig warrior looked at her face with pleading, horror struck eyes, as much as to say: "Are you going to destroy Granstark for the sake of that murderer? Have pity on us—have pity!"



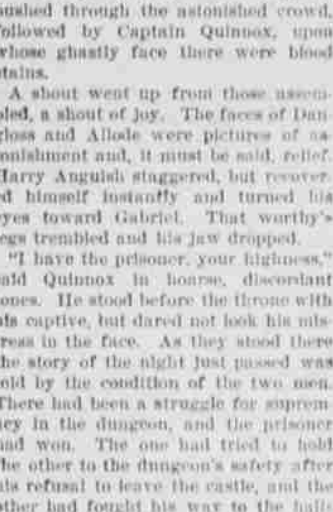
Before taking her seat on the throne she swept the throng assembled with her wide blue eyes. There were shades of blue eyes of Gabriel. At sight of him she started violently, and an icy fear crept into her soul. Instinctively she searched the gorgeous company for the captain of the guard. Her stanchest ally was not there. Was she to bear the condemning words alone? Would the people do as Quinox had promised, or would they believe Gabriel and curse her?



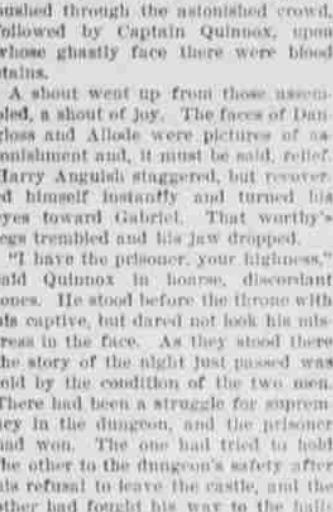
She sank into the great chair and sat with staring, helpless eyes, dazed and feeble. At last the whirling train ended its flight and settled down to the issue first at hand—the transaction with Bolox. Summoning all her self control, she said:



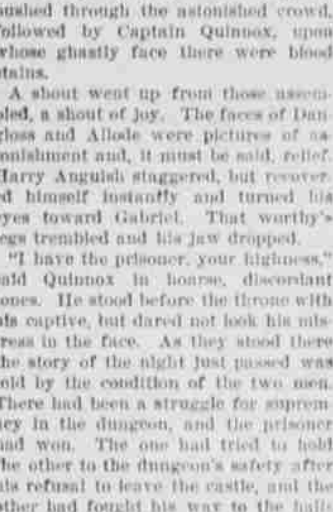
"I have the prisoner, your highness," she said, in which there was contained triumph and amazement, broke the stillness like the clanging of a bell. "Have you no honor?" The pen dropped from her fingers as the expected condemnation came. In shock and confusion, her eyes flashing with the intensity of defiant guilt, bitter rage welled up against her persecutor, she half arose and cried:



"Who uttered those words? Speak!" "I, Gabriel of Dawsalerig! Where is the prisoner, madam?" rang out the voice. "The man is dead!" cried she, sinking back with a shudder. "And, oh? Because I do as I did? Behold the queen of Dawsalerig! Madam, I will be heard. Lorry is in this castle!"



"He is dead!" gasped Bolox, the first of the stammered spectators to find his tongue. "There was a commotion near the door. Voices were heard outside. 'You have been duped!' insisted Gabriel, taking several steps toward the throne. 'Your idol is a traitress, a deceiver! I say he is here! She has seen him! Let her sign that decree if she dares! I command you, Yetteve of Granstark, to produce his criminal!"



"Why do you take this stand, Yetteve? Why have you tried to shield him?" cried the heart broken Halfont. She drew herself to her full height, and, sweeping the three-leading crowd with a challenge, her eyes cried, "I am a Christian, strong and clear above the growing tumult: 'Because I love him!' 'As if by magic the room became suddenly still. 'Behold an honest man, I would have saved him at the cost of my life. From now on if you will, I will listen to this. The man who stands here accused came voluntarily to this castle, surrendering himself to Captain Quinox that he might, though innocent, stand between us and disaster. He was safe from our pursuit, yet returned, perhaps to his death. But now, for me, and for Granstark he has done this. Is there a man among you who would have done as much for his own country? Yet he does this for a country to which he is a stranger. I must commit him to prison once more. But, sir, cried in sudden fierceness, 'I am not his enemy, because I tried a royal pardon. Do I make my meaning clear to you, Prince Bolox?' 'The white lips of the old prince could frame no reply to this daring speech. 'Be careful what you say, your highness,' cried the prisoner hastily. 'I must refuse to accept a pardon at the cost of your honor, for it is because I love you better than my life that I stand here. I cannot allow you and your people to suffer when it is in my power to prevent it. All that I can ask is fairness and justice. I am not guilty, and God will protect me. Prince Bolox, I call upon you to keep your promise. I am not the slayer of your son, but I am the man you would send to the block, guilty or innocent.' 'As he spoke the princess dropped back in the chair, her rash courage gone. A shrill near the doorway followed his concluding sentence, and the other Americans stepped forward, his face showing his excitement. 'Your highness, my lips were parted and ready to cry out when Prince Gabriel interposed and prevented the signing of the decree. Greatful Lorry did not kill the young prince. I can produce the guilty man!"

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"Your royal highness, Mirrox is ready to pay his forfeit. My life is yours," he said calmly. She did not comprehend until her uncle reminded her of the oath Mirrox had taken the morning after the murder. "He swore on his life that you killed Lorenz," she said, turning to Lorry. "I was wrong, but I am willing to pay the penalty. My love for Lorenz was greater than my discretion. That is why I should not accept," said Mirrox, as coolly as if announcing the time of day. Lorry looked first at him and then at the princess, and he was uncertain. "I have no will against you, my lord duke. Release him from his bond, your highness." "Gladly, since you refuse to hold him to his oath," she said. "I am under an eternal obligation to you, sir, for your leniency, and I shall never again be so foolish as to so graciously the gravest error."

Yetteve begged Lorry to continue to make the court his home while in Granstark, and the old prince responded with the declaration that he would remain long enough to sign and approve the new covenant at least. Before stopping the throne Yetteve called in low tones to Lorry, a pretty flush mantling her cheek: "Will you come to me in half an hour?" "For my reward?" he asked eagerly. "Ach! my reward softly, reverently Count! It is not the money, but the expression as he caught the swift communication in their eyes. After all, she was a princess. She passed from the room beside Halfont, proud and happy in the victory over despair, glorying in the exposure of her heart to the world, her blood tingling and dancing with the joy of action, and the fact that she had won the wonder and admiration of all, were given a short but convincing lesson in the hallway. Lords and ladies praised and lauded them, overlooking them with the homage that comes to the brave. But Gaspon uttered one word that struck Lorry's heart, leaving him to think of it. "What do you think of that man, a prince of the realm?" said the minister of finance, a look of regret and longing in his eyes. That wish of Gaspon's sent Lorry away with the sharp stings of desolation torturing intensely as it drove deeper and deeper the reawakened pang of uncertainty. There still remained the fatal distance between him and the object of his heart's desire.

He accompanied Captain Quinox to his quarters, where he made himself presentable before starting for the enchanted apartment in the far end of the castle. Love and fear combined to give him strength; from his eyes fled the hopeless look, from his brain the dim thought of God that sent them a prince of the realm; that wish of Gaspon's sent Lorry away with the sharp stings of desolation torturing intensely as it drove deeper and deeper the reawakened pang of uncertainty. There still remained the fatal distance between him and the object of his heart's desire.

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clear to me that he had an accomplice to stand guard while he did the stabling, but I did not dream it was Berrowag. Lorry's sensational appearance, when I believed him to be far away from here, disturbed me greatly, but it made it all the more necessary that I should take the risk with Gabriel. As I watched him I became absolutely convinced of his guilt. The only way to accuse him was to do it boldly and thoroughly; so I rang in the accomplice and the witness features. You all know how the thing worked. "And you had no more proof than this?" asked Dangloss weakly. (To be continued)

STARVED OUT. Many a man is starved out of business. His digestion is impaired. His food does not nourish him, and for lack of strength to carry on the struggle he turns his store over to another. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores strength to weak, nervous, run-down men and women. "About ten years ago I began to be afflicted with indigestion, and I tried all the doctors of the West. I tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it cured me. I feel like a new man now, and I can do anything I want to do."—J. H. BROWN, New York.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of H. H. Barton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same to the undersigned at Grants Pass, Oregon, within six months from this date. MARY L. BOEZEIN, Administratrix.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Roseburg, Oregon, April 11, 1904. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the State of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892. M. H. A. SPERBER of Silverton, County of Marion, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 6001 for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 2 in Township No. 33 North, Range No. 4 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before J. O. Booth, County Judge, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Thursday, the 23rd day of June, 1904. She names as witnesses: Walter Harmon, William Anderson, W. L. Fleck and W. B. Moore, all of Grants Pass, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of June, 1904. J. T. BARRETT, Register.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE. The largest sum ever paid for a prescription changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transferee involved in coin and stock \$112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, heretofore incurable diseases. They commenced the serious investigation of the specific No. 15, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tested it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians' orders. Up to Aug. 26, 87 per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably. There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and of the clinical reports of the test cases were published, and will be mailed free on application. Address: J. J. KELLY, INCORPORATED, 420 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

STYLISH SHOES FOR STYLISH PEOPLE. WORKMANSHIP AND QUALITY distinguish the SCHUBERT SHOE FOR WOMEN. Sold by Leading Dealers. \$3.50. C. GOTZIAN & CO., ST. PAUL.

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Grants Pass Banking & Trust Co. PAID UP CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000.00. Transacts a general banking business. Receives deposits subject to check or on demand certificates. All customers are assured of courteous treatment and every consideration consistent with sound banking principles. Safety deposit boxes for rent. J. FRANK WATSON, Pres. R. A. BOOTH, Vice Pres. L. L. JEWELL, Cashier.

The First National Bank OF SOUTHERN OREGON. CAPITAL STOCK \$50,000.00. Receive deposits subject to check or on certificate payable on demand. All customers are assured of courteous treatment and every consideration consistent with sound banking principles. Safety deposit boxes for rent. J. FRANK WATSON, Pres. R. A. BOOTH, Vice Pres. L. L. JEWELL, Cashier.

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The World's Fair Route. Those anticipating an Eastern trip or a visit to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, cannot afford to overlook the advantages offered by the Missouri Pacific Railway, which, on account of its various routes and gateways, has been appropriately named "The World's Fair Route."

The Best Cough Syrup. S. L. Apple, ex-Probate Judge Ottawa Co., Kansas, writes: "This is to say that I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup for years and that I do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cough syrup I have ever used." 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 at Slover Drug Co.

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NOTICE OF FORFEITURE. Grants Pass, Oregon, Feb. 1, 1904. To S. J. Paul: You are hereby notified that the undersigned, Frank W. Warren, has been appointed receiver of the estate of S. J. Paul, deceased, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before J. O. Booth, County Judge, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Thursday, the 23rd day of June, 1904. J. T. BARRETT, Register.

ASK THE AGENT FOR TICKETS VIA GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TO SPOKANE, ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS and ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH. OVERLAND TRAINS DAILY THE FLYER and THE FAST MAIL. SPLENDID SERVICE UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT COURTEOUS EMPLOYEES. Daylight trip across the Cascade and Rocky Mountains. For tickets, rates, folders and full information, call on or address H. DICKSON, C. T. A. 122 Third Street, Portland. S. G. YERKES, G. W. P. A. 612 First Avenue, Seattle, Wash. Rubber Stamp ink in stock at the Courier office.

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