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**Beverly of
Graustark**

By
**GEORGE BARR
M'UTCHEON,**
Author of "Graustark"

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CHAPTER I.
[F]AR off in the mountain lands,
somewhere to the east of the
setting sun, lies the principal-
ity of Graustark, serene relic of
rare old feudal days. The traveler
reaches the little domain after an ar-
duous, sometimes perilous, journey
from the great European capitals,
whether they be north or south or west
—never east. He crosses great rivers
and wide plains; he winds through fer-
tile valleys and over barren plateaus;
he twists and turns and climbs among
somber gorges and rugged mountains;
he touches the cold clouds in one day
and the placid warmth of the valley in
the next. One does not go to Graustark
for a pleasure jaunt. It is too far from
the rest of the world, and the ways are
often dangerous because of the strife
among the tribes of the intervening
mountains. If one hungers for excite-
ment and peril, he finds it in the jour-
ney from the north or the south into
the land of the Graustarkians. From
Vienna and other places almost direct-
ly west the way is not so full of thrills,
for the railroad skirts the darkest of
the danger lands.

Once in the heart of Graustark, how-
ever, the traveler is charmed into
dreams of peace and happiness and—
paradise. The peasants and the poets
sing in one voice and accord, their
psalm being of never ending love.
Down in the lowlands and up in the
hills the simple worker of the soil re-
joices that he lives in Graustark; in
the towns and villages the humble mer-
chant and his thrifty customer unite
to sing the song of peace and content-
ment; in the palaces of the noble the
same patriotism warms its heart with
thoughts of Graustark, the ancient.
Prince and pauper strike hands for the
love of the land, while outside the
great, heartless world goes rumbling
on without a thought of the rare little
principality among the eastern moun-
tains.

In point of area Graustark is but a
mite in the great galaxy of nations.
Glancing over the map of the world,
one is almost sure to miss the infinites-
imal patch of green that marks its lo-
cation. One could not be blamed if
he regarded the spot as a topographical
or topographical illusion. Yet the people
of this quaint little land hold in
their hearts a love and a confidence
that are not surpassed by any of the

lordly monarchs who measure their
patriotism by miles and millions. The
Graustarkians are a sturdy, courageous
race. From the faraway century when
they fought themselves clear of the
Tartar yoke to this very hour they
have been warriors of might and valor.
The boundaries of their tiny domain
were kept inviolate for hundreds of
years, and but one victorious foe had
come down to lay siege to Edelweiss,
the capital. Axlaphin, a powerful prin-
cipality in the north, had conquered
Graustark in the latter part of the
nineteenth century, but only after a
bitter war in which starvation and
famine proved far more destructive
than the arms of the victors. The
treaty of peace and the indemnity that
fell to the lot of vanquished Graustark
have been discussed upon at length
in at least one history.

Those who have followed that his-
tory must know, of course, that the
reigning princess, Yette, was married
to a young American at the very tag
end of the nineteenth century. This
admirable couple met in quite romantic
fashion while the young sovereign was
traveling incognito through the United
States of America. The American, a
splendid fellow named Lorry, was so
persistent in the subsequent attack
upon her heart that all ancestral prej-
udices were swept away, and she be-
came his bride with the full consent of
her entranced subjects. The manner
in which he wooed and won this young
and adorable ruler forms a very at-
tractive chapter in romance, although
unmentioned in history. This being
the tale of another day, it is not timely
to dwell upon the interesting events
which led up to the marriage of the
Princess Yette to Grenfall Lorry. Sur-
fice it to say that Lorry won his bride
against all wishes and odds and at
the same time won an endless love and
esteem from the people of the little
kingdom among the eastern hills. Two
years have passed since that notable
wedding in Edelweiss.

Lorry and his wife, the princess,
made their home in Washington, but
spent a few months of each year in
Edelweiss. During the periods spent
in Washington and in travel her affairs
in Graustark were in the hands of a
capable, austere old diplomat, her
uncle, Count Caspar Halfont, Princess
Volga reigned as regent over the prin-
cipality of Axlaphin. To the south lay
the principality of Dawsbergen, ruled

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by young Prince Dantan, whose half
brother, the deposed Prince Gabriel,
had been for two years a prisoner in
Graustark, the convicted assassin of
Prince Lorenz of Axlaphin, one time
suitor for the hand of Yette.

It was after the second visit of the
Lorrys to Edelweiss that a serious turn
of affairs presented itself. Gabriel had
succeeded in escaping from his dun-
geon. His friends in Dawsbergen
stirred up a revolution, and Dantan was
driven from the throne at Serros. On
the arrival of Gabriel at the capital
the army of Dawsbergen espoused the
cause of the prince it had spurned, and,
three days after his escape, he was on
his throne, defying Yette and offering
a price for the head of the unfortunate
Dantan, now a fugitive in the hills
along the Graustark frontier.

CHAPTER II.
[M]AJOR GEORGE CALHOUN was
a member of congress from one
of the southern states. His
forefathers had represented the
same commonwealth, and so, it was
likely, would his descendants, if there
is virtue in the fitness of things and
the heredity of love. While the rapid
frontiersmen were opening the trails
through the fertile wilds west of the
Alleghenies a strong branch of the Cal-
houn family followed close in their
footsteps. The major's great-grand-
father saw the glories and the possi-
bilities of the new territory. He struck
boldly forward from the old Revolu-
tionary grounds, abandoning the luxu-
ries and traditions of the Carolinas for
a fresh, wild life of promise. His sons
and daughters became solid stones in
the foundation of a commonwealth,
and his grandchildren are still at work
on the structure. State and national
legislatures had known the Calhouns
from the beginning. Battlefields had
tested their valor, and drawing rooms
had proved their gentility.

Major Calhoun had fought with
Stonewall Jackson and won his spurs,
and at the same time the heart and
hand of Betty Haswell, the staunchest
Confederate who ever made flags,
bandages and prayers for the boys in
gray. When the reconstruction came
he went to congress, and later on be-
came prominent in the United States
consular service, for years holding an
important European post. Congress
claimed him once more in the early
nineties, and there he is at this very
time.

Everybody in Washington's social
and diplomatic circles admired the
beautiful Beverly Calhoun. According
to his own loving term of identifica-
tion, she was the major's "youngest."
The fair southerner had seen two
seasons in the nation's capital. Cupid,
standing directly in front of her, had
shot his darts ruthlessly and resist-
lessly into the passing hosts, and mas-
culine Washington looked humbly to
her for the balm that might soothe its
pains. The wily god of love was fair
enough to protect the girl whom he
forced to be his unwilling, perhaps un-
conscious, ally. He held his impene-
trable shield between her heart and
the assaults of a whole army of suit-
ors, high and low, great and small. It
was not idle rumor that said she had
declined a coronet or two, that the
millions of more than one American
Midas had been offered to her and that
she had dealt gently but firmly with a
score of hearts which had nothing but
love, ambition and poverty to support
them in the conflict.

The Calhouns lived in a handsome
home not far from the residence of Mr.
and Mrs. Grenfall Lorry. It seemed
but natural that the two beautiful
young women should become constant
and loyal friends. Women as lovely
as they have no reason to be jealous.
It is only the woman who does not feel
secure of her personal charms that
cultivates envy. At the home of Gra-
ustark's princess Beverly met the dukes
and barons from the far east. It was
in the warmth of the Calhoun hospita-
lity that Yette formed her dearest love
for the American people.

Miss Beverly was neither tall nor
short. She was of that divine and in-
definite height known as medium; slender,
but perfectly rounded; strong, but
graceful—an absolutely healthy young
person, whose beauty knew well how
to take care of itself. Being quite
heart whole and fancy free, she slept
well, ate well and enjoyed every
minute of life. In her blood ran the warm,
sugar impulses of the south; hereditary
love of ease and luxury displayed itself
in every emotion; the perfectly normal
demand upon men's admiration was as
characteristic in her as it is in any
daughter of the land whose women
are born to expect chivalry and hom-
age.

A couple of years in a New York
"finishing school" for young ladies had
served greatly to modify Miss Cal-
houn's colloquial charms. Many of her
delightful "way down south" phrases
and nonnumerisms were blighted by the
cold, urbane atmosphere of a semi-
nary conducted by two ladies from
Boston who were too old to marry, too
pompous to love and too prim to think
that other women might care to do
both. There were times, however—if
she were excited or enthusiastic—when
pretty Beverly so far forgot her training
as to break forth with a very at-
tractive "for all," "snah 'nough" or "go
'long now." And when the hands
played "Dixie" she was not afraid to
stand up and wave her handkerchief.
The northerner who happened to be
with her on such occasions usually
found himself doing likewise before he
could escape the infection.

Miss Calhoun's face was one that
painters coveted deep down in their
artistic souls. It never knew a dull in-
stant; there was expression in every

lineament, in every look; life, genuine
life, dwelt in the mobile countenance
that turned the head of every man and
woman who looked upon it. Her hair
was dark brown and abundant; her
eyes were a deep gray and looked
eagerly from between long lashes of
black; her lips were red and ever
willing to smile or turn plaintive as oc-
casion required; her brow was broad
and fair, and her frown was as danger-
ous as a smile.

As to her age, if the major admitted,
somewhat indiscreetly, that all his chil-
dren were old enough to vote, her
mother, with the reluctance born in
women, confessed that she was past
twenty, so a year or two either way
will determine Miss Beverly's age so
far as the telling of this story is con-
cerned. Her eldest brother, Keith Cal-
houn (the one with the congressional
heredity), thought she was too young
to marry, while her second brother,
Dan, held that she soon would be too
old to attract men with matrimonial
intentions. Lucy, the only sister, having
been happily wedded for ten years,
advised her not to think of marriage
until she was old enough to know her
own mind.

Toward the close of one of the most
brilliant seasons the capital had ever
known, less than a fortnight before
congress was to adjourn, the wife of
Grenfall Lorry received the news
which spread gloomy disappointment
over the entire social realm. A dozen
receptions, teas and balls were des-
tined to lose their richest attraction,
and hostesses were in despair. The
princess had been called to Graustark.

Beverly Calhoun was miserably un-
happy. She had heard the story of Gab-
riel's escape and the consequent prob-
ability of a conflict with Axlaphin. It
did not require a great stretch of imagi-
nation to convince her that the Lorrys
were hurrying off to scenes of intrigue,
strife and bloodshed, and that not only
Graustark, but its princess, was in
jeopardy.

Miss Calhoun's most cherished hopes
faded with the announcement that
trouble, not pleasure, called Yette to
Edelweiss. It had been their plan that
Beverly should spend the delightful
summer months in Graustark, a guest
at the royal palace. The original ar-
rangements of the Lorrys were hope-
lessly disturbed by the late news from
Count Halfont. They were obliged to
leave Washington two months earlier
than they intended, and they could not
take Beverly Calhoun into danger rid-
den Graustark. The contemplated visit
to St. Petersburg and other pleasures
had to be abandoned, and they were in
tears.

Yette's maids were packing the
trunks, and Lorry's servants were in
a wild state of haste preparing for
the departure on Saturday's ship. On Fri-
day afternoon Beverly was naturally
where she could do the most good and
be of the least help—at the Lorrys'.
Self confessedly she delayed the
preparations. Respectful maidservants
and respectful manservants came of-
ten to the princess' boudoir to ask
questions, and Beverly just as fre-
quently made tearful resolutions to
leave the household in peace—if such a
hullabaloo could be called peace.
Callers came by the dozen, but Yette
would see no one. Letters, telegrams
and telephone calls almost swamped
her secretary; the footman and the
butler fairly gasped under the strain
of excitement. Through it all the two
friends sat despondent and alone in
the drear room that once had been the
abode of pure delight. Grenfall Lorry
was off in town closing up all matters
of business that could be dispatched at
once. The princess and her industri-
ous retinue were to take the evening
express for New York, and the next
day would find them at sea.

"I know I shall cry all summer,"
voiced Miss Calhoun, with conviction
in her eyes. "It's just too awful for
anything." She was lying back among
the cushions of the divan, and her hat
was the picture of cruel neglect. For
three solid hours she had stubbornly
withstood Yette's appeals to remove
her hat, insisting that she could not
trust herself to stay more than a min-
ute or two. "It seems to me, Yette,
that your jitters must be very incom-
petent or they wouldn't have let loose
all this trouble upon you," she com-
plained.

"Prince Gabriel is the very essence
of trouble," confessed Yette plain-
tively. "He was born to annoy peo-
ple, just like the evil prince in the
fairy tales."

"I wish we had him over here," the
American girl answered stoutly. "He
couldn't be such a trouble, I'm sure.
We don't let small troubles worry us
very long, you know."

"But he's awfully important over
there, Beverly, that's the difficult part
of it," said Yette solemnly. "You
see he is a condemned murderer."

"Then you ought to hang him or
electrocute him or whatever it is that
you do to murderers over there," spoke
Beverly promptly.

"But, dear, you don't understand.
He won't permit us either to hang or
to electrocute him, my dear. The situa-
tion is precisely the reverse, if he is
correctly quoted by my uncle. When
Uncle Caspar sent an envoy to inform
Dawsbergen respectfully that Gra-
ustark would hold it personally respon-
sible if Gabriel were not surrendered,
Gabriel himself replied, 'Graustark be
hanged!'"

"How rude of him, especially when
your uncle was so courteous about it!
He must be a very disagreeable per-
son," announced Miss Calhoun.

"I am sure you wouldn't like him,"
said the princess. "His brother, who
has been driven from the throne—and
from the capital, in fact—is quite dif-

ferent. I have not seen him, but my
ministers regard him as a splendid
young man."

"Oh, how I hope he may go back
with his army and annihilate that old
Gabriel!" cried Beverly, frowning
fiercely.

"Alas," sighed the princess, "he
hasn't an army, and besides he is find-
ing it extremely difficult to keep from
being annihilated himself. The army
has gone over to Prince Gabriel."

"Pooh!" scoffed Miss Calhoun, who
was thinking of the enormous armies
the United States can produce at a
day's notice. "What good is a ridicu-
lous little army like his anyway? A
battalion from Fort Thomas could
beat it to!"

"Don't boast, dear," interrupted Y-
ette, with a wan smile. "Dawsbergen
has a standing army of 10,000 excel-
lent soldiers. With the war reserves
she has twice the available force I can
produce."

"But your men are so brave!" cried
Beverly, who had heard their praises
sung.

"True—God bless them—but you for-
get that we must attack Gabriel in his
own territory. To recapture him
means a perilous expedition into the
mountains of Dawsbergen, and I am
sorely afraid. Oh, dear, I hope he'll
surrender peaceably!"

"And go back to jail for life?" cried
Miss Calhoun. "It's a good deal to
expect of him, dear. I fancy it's much
better fun kicking up a rumpus on the
outside than it is kicking one's toes off
against an obdurate stone wall from
the inside. You can't blame him for
fighting a bit."

"No, I suppose not," agreed the prin-
cess miserably. "Gret is actually hap-
py over the miserable affair, Beverly.
He is full of enthusiasm and positively
aching to be in Graustark—right in the
thick of it all. To hear him talk one
would think that Prince Gabriel has
no show at all. He kept me up till 4
o'clock this morning telling me that
Dawsbergen didn't know what kind of
a snag it was going up against. I have
a vague idea what he means by that.
His manner did not leave much room
for doubt. He also said that we would
join Dawsbergen off the map. It
sounds encouraging at least, doesn't it?"

"It sounds very funny for you to say
those things," admitted Beverly, "even
though they come secondhand. You
were not cut out for slang."

"Why, I'm sure they are all good
English words," remonstrated Yette.



Her hearers stared at the picturesque re-
count.

"Oh, dear, I wonder what they are do-
ing in Graustark this very instant.
Are they fighting or?"

"No; they are merely talking. Don't
you know, dear, that there is never a
fight until both sides have talked them-
selves out of breath? We shall have
six months of talk and a week or two
of fight, just as they always do now-
adays."

"Oh, you Americans have such a
comfortable way of looking at things,"
cried the princess. "Don't you ever
see the serious side of life?"

"My dear, the American always lets
the other fellow see the serious side of
life," said Beverly.

"You wouldn't be so optimistic if a
country much bigger and more power-
ful than America happened to be the
other fellow."

"It did sound frightfully boastful,
didn't it? It's the way we've been
brought up. I reckon—even we south-
erners, who know what it is to be
whipped. The idea of a girl like me
talking about war and trouble and all
that! It's absurd, isn't it?"

"Nevertheless, I wish I could see
things through those dear gray eyes of
yours. Oh, how I'd like to have you
with me through all the months that
are to come. You would be such a help
to me, such a joy. Nothing would seem
so hard if you were there to make me
see things through your brave Ameri-
can eyes. The princess put her arms
about Beverly's neck and drew her
close.

"But Mr. Lorry possesses an excel-
lent pair of American eyes," protested
Miss Beverly, loyally and very happily.
"I know, dear, but they are a man's
eyes. Somehow there is a difference,
you know. I wouldn't dare cry when
he was looking, but I could boo-hoo all
day if you were there to comfort me.
He thinks I am very brave, and I'm
not," she confessed dismally.

"Oh, I'm an awful coward," explai-
ned Beverly consolingly. "I think you
are the bravest girl in all the world,"
she added. "Don't you remember what
you did at"—and then she recalled the
stories that had come from Graustark