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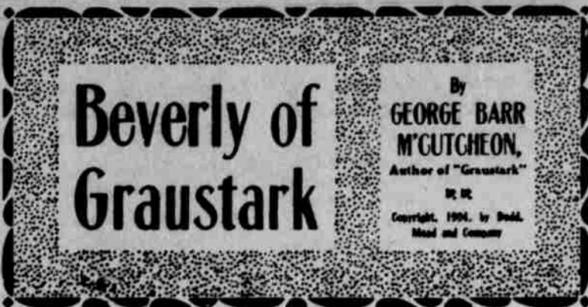
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(Continued from last week.)

"And how is he?" asked Beverly, jamming a hatpin through a helpless bunch of violets.
"He's ve'y 'spectably skun, yo' highness."
"I don't mean the animal, stupid."
"Yo' mean 'at Misteh Goat Man? He's settin' up an' chattin' as if nothin' happened. He says to me 'at we staht on ouah way jes' as soon as yo' all eats yo' b'ea'fu'. De hosses is hitched up an'—"
"Has everybody else eaten? Am I the only one that hasn't?" cried Beverly.

"'Ceptin' me, yo' highness. Ah'm as hungry as a poah man's dawg, an'—"
"And he is being kept from the hospital because I am a lazy, good for nothing little— Come on, Aunt Fanny; we haven't a minute to spare. If he looks very ill, we do without breakfast."
But Baldos was the most cheerful man in the party. He was sitting with his back against a tree, his right arm in a sling of woven reeds, his black patch set upon the proper eye.
"You will pardon me for not rising," he said cheerily, "but, your highness, I am much too awkward this morning to act as courtier in the presence of his sovereign. You have slept well?"
"Too well, I fear. So well, in fact, that you have suffered for it. Can't we start at once?" She was debating within herself whether it would be quite good form to shake hands with the reclining hero. In the glare of the broad daylight he and his followers looked more ragged and famished than before, but they also appeared more picturesquely romantic.
"When you have eaten of our humble fare, your highness—the last meal at the Hawk and Raven."
"But I'm not a bit hungry."
"It is very considerate of you, but equally unreasonable. You must eat before we start."
"I can't bear the thought of your suffering when we should be hurrying to a hospital and competent surgeons." He laughed gayly. "Oh, you needn't laugh. I know it hurts. You say we cannot reach Ganlook before tomorrow? Well, we cannot stop here a minute longer than we— Oh, thank you!" A ragged servant had placed a rude bowl of meat and some fruit before her.

"Sit down here, your highness, and prepare yourself for a long fast. We may go until nightfall without food. The game is scarce, and we dare not venture far into the hills."
Beverly sat at his feet and dutifully began the operation of picking a bone with her pretty fingers and teeth. "I am sorry we have no knives and forks," he apologized.
"I don't mind," said she. "I wish you would remove that black patch."
"Alas, I must resume the hated disguise. A chance enemy might recognize me."
"Your—your clothes have been mended," she remarked, with a furtive glance at his long legs. The trousers had been rudely sewed up and no bandages were visible. "Are you—your legs terribly hurt?"
"They are badly scratched, but not seriously. The bandages are skillfully placed," he added, seeing her look of doubt. "Ravone is a genius."
"Well, I'll hurry," she said, blushing deeply. Goat hunter though he was and she a princess, his eyes gleamed with the joy of her beauty, and his heart thumped with a most unroyal admiration. "You were very, very brave last night," she said at last, and her rescuer smiled contentedly.
She was not long in finishing the rude but wholesome meal and then announced her readiness to be on the way. With the authority of a genuine princess she commanded him to ride inside the coach, gave incomprehensible directions to the driver and to the escort and would listen to none of his protestations. When the clumsy vehicle was again in the highway and bumping over the ridges of flint the goat hunter was beside his princess on the rear seat, his feet upon the opposite cushions near Aunt Fanny, a well arranged bridge of boxes and bags providing support for his long legs.
"We want to go to a hospital," Beverly had said to the driver very much as she might have spoken had she been in Washington. She was standing bravely beside the fore wheel, her face flushed and eager. Baldos from his serene position on the cushions watched her with kindling eyes. The grizzled driver grinned and shook his head despairingly. "Oh, pshaw! You don't understand, do you? Hospital—h-o-s-p-i-t-a-l," she spelt it out for him, and still he shook his head. Others in the motley retinue were smiling broadly.
"Speak to him in your own language, your highness, and he will be sure to understand," ventured the patient.
"I am speaking to my—I mean, I prefer to speak in English. Please tell him to go to a hospital," she said confidently. Baldos gave a few jocular instructions, and then the raggedest

courtier of them all handed Beverly into the carriage with a grace that amazed her.
"You are the most remarkable goat hunters I have ever seen," she remarked in sincere wonder.
"And you speak the most perfect English I've ever heard," he replied.
"Oh, do you really think so? Miss Grimes used to say I was hopeless. You know I had—a tutor," she hastily explained. "Don't you think it strange we've met no Axphain soldiers?" she went on, changing the subject abruptly.
"We are not yet out of the woods," he said.
"That was a purely American aphorism," she cried, looking at him intently. "Where did you learn all your English?"
"I had a tutor," he answered easily. "You are a very odd person," she sighed. "I don't believe that you are a goat hunter at all."
"If I were not a goat hunter I should have starved long ago," he said. "Why do you doubt me?"
"Simply because you treat me one moment as if I were a princess and the next as if I were a child. Humble goat hunters do not forget their station in life."
"I have much to learn of the deference due to queens," he said.
"That's just like 'The Mikado' or 'Pinafore,'" she exclaimed. "I believe you are a comic opera brigand or a pirate chieftain, after all."
"I am a lowly outcast," he smiled.
"Well, I've decided to take you into Edelweiss and—"
"Pardon me, your highness," he said firmly. "That cannot be. I shall not go to Edelweiss."
"But I command you!"
"It's very kind of you, but I cannot enter a hospital—not even at Ganlook. I may as well confess that I am a hunted man and that the instructions are to take me dead or alive."
"Impossible!" she gasped, involuntarily shrinking from him.
"I have wronged no man, yet I am being hunted down as though I were a beast," he said, his face turning haggard for the moment. "The hills of Graustark, the plateaus of Axphain and the valleys of Dawsbergen are alive with men who are bent on ending my unhappy but inconvenient ex-

istence. It would be suicide for me to enter any one of your towns or cities. Even you could not protect me, I fear."
"This sounds like a dream. Oh, dear me, you don't look like a hardened criminal," she cried.
"I am the humble leader of the faithful band who will die with me when the time comes. We are not criminals, your highness. In return for what service I may have performed for you, I implore you to question me no further. Let me be your slave up to the walls of Ganlook, and then you may forget Baldos, the goat hunter."
"I never can forget you," she cried, touching his injured arm gently. "Will you forget the one that gave you this wound?"
"It is a very gentle wound, and I love it so that I pray it may never heal." She looked away suddenly.
"Tell me one thing," she said, a mist coming over her eyes. "You say they are hunting you to the death. Then—then your fault must be a grievous one. Have you—have you killed a man?" she added hastily. He was silent for a long time.
"I fear I have killed more than one man," he said in low tones. Again she shrank into the corner of the coach. "History says that your father was a brave soldier and fought in many battles," he went on.
"Yes," she said, thinking of Major George Calhoun.
"He killed men then, perhaps, as I have killed them," he said.
"Oh, my father never killed a man!" cried Beverly in devout horror.
"Yet Graustark revere his mighty

gress on the field of battle," said he, half ironically.
"Oh," she murmured, remembering that she was now the daughter of Yette's father. "I see. You are not a—a mere murderer, then?"
"No. I have been a soldier. That is all."
"Thank heaven!" she murmured and was up longer afraid of him. "Would—would a pardon be of any especial benefit to you?" she asked, wondering how far her influence might go with the Princess Yette.
"It is beyond your power to help me," he said gravely. She was silent, but it was the silence of deep reflection. "Your highness left the castle ten days ago," he said, dismissing himself as a subject for conversation. "Have you kept in close communication with Edelweiss during that time?"
"I know nothing of what is going on there," she said quite truthfully. She only knew that she had sent a message to the Princess Yette apprising her of her arrival in St. Petersburg and of her intention to leave soon for the Graustark capital.
"Then you do not know that Mr. Lorry is still on the Dawsbergen frontier in conference with representatives from Serros. He may not return for a week, so Colonel Quinnox brings back word."
"It's news to me," murmured Beverly.
"You do not seem to be alarmed," he ventured. "Yet I fancy it is not a dangerous mission, although Prince Gabriel is ready to battle at a moment's notice."
"I have the utmost confidence in Mr. Lorry," said Beverly, with proper pride.
"Baron Dangloss, your minister of police, is in these mountains watching the operations of Axphain scouts and spies."
"Is he? You are very well posted, it seems."
"Moreover, the Axphainians are planning to attack Ganlook upon the first signal from their ruler. I do not wish to alarm your highness, but we may as well expect trouble before we come to the Ganlook gates. You are known to be in the pass, and I am certain an effort will be made to take possession of your person."
"They wouldn't dare!" she exclaimed. "Uncle Sam would annihilate them in a week."
"Uncle Sam? Is he related to your Aunt Fanny? I'm afraid he could do but little against Volga's fighting men," he said, with a smile.
"They'd soon find out who Uncle Sam is if they touch me," she threatened grandly. He seemed puzzled, but was too polite to press her for explanations. "But he is a long way off and couldn't do much if we were suddenly attacked from ambush, could he? What would they do to me if I were taken, as you suggest?" She was more concerned than she appeared to be.
"With you in their hands, Graustark would be utterly helpless. Volga could demand anything she liked and your ministry would be forced to submit."
"I really think it would be a capital joke on the Princess Volga," mused Beverly reflectively. He did not know what she meant, but regarded her soft smile as the clear title to the serenity of a princess.
She sank back and gave herself over to the complications that were likely to grow out of her involuntary deception. The one thing which worried her more than all others was the fear that Yette might not be in Edelweiss. According to all reports, she had lately been in St. Petersburg, and the mere fact that she was supposed to be traveling by coach was sufficient proof that she was not at her capital. Then there was, of course, the possibility of trouble on the road with the Axphain scouts, but Beverly enjoyed the optimism of youth and civilization.

Baldos, the goat hunter, was dreamily thinking of the beautiful young woman at his side and of the queer freak fortune had played in bringing them together. As he studied her face he could not but lament that marriage at least established a barrier between her and the advances his bold heart might otherwise be willing to risk. His black hair straggled down over his forehead, and his dark eyes—the patch had been surreptitiously lifted—were unusually pensive.
"It is strange that you live in Graustark and have not seen its princess—before," she said, laying groundwork for inquiry concerning the acts and whereabouts of the real princess.
"May it please your highness, I have not lived long in Graustark. Besides, it is said that half the people of Ganlook have never looked upon your face."
"I'm not surprised at that. The proportion is much smaller than I imagined. I have not visited Ganlook, strange as it may seem to you."
"One of my company fell in with some of your guards from the Ganlook garrison day before yesterday. He learned that you were to reach that city within forty-eight hours. A large detachment of men has been sent to meet you at Labbot."
"Oh, indeed," said Beverly, very much interested.
"They must have been misinformed as to your route or else your Russian escort decided to take you through by the lower and more hazardous way. It was our luck that you came by the wrong road. Otherwise we should not have met each other, and the Hon." he said, smiling reflectively.
"Where is Labbot?" asked she, intent upon the one subject uppermost in her mind.
"In the mountains many leagues north of this pass. Had you taken that route instead of this you would by this



time have left Labbot for the town of Erros, a half day's journey from Ganlook. Instead of vagabonds your escort would have been made up of loyal soldiers, well fed, well clad and well satisfied with themselves at least."
"But no braver, no truer than my soldiers of fortune," she said earnestly. "By the way, are you informed as to the state of affairs in Dawsbergen?"
"Scarcely as well as your highness must be," he replied.
"The young prince—what's his name?" she paused, looking to him for the name.
"Dantan?"
"Yes, that's it. What has become of him? I am terribly interested in him."
"He is a fugitive, they say."
"They haven't captured him, then? Good! I am so glad!"
Baldos exhibited little or no interest in the fresh topic.
"It is strange you should have forgotten his name," he said wearily.
"Oh, I do so many ridiculous things!" complained Beverly, remembering who she was supposed to be. "I have never seen him, you know," she added.
"It is not strange, your highness. He was educated in England and had seen but little of his own country when he was called to the throne two years ago. You remember of course that his mother was an Englishwoman, Lady Ida Falconer."
"—I think I have heard some of his history. A very little, to be sure," she explained lamely.
"Prince Gabriel, his half brother, is the son of Prince Louis III, by his first wife, who was a Polish countess. After her death, when Gabriel was two years old, the prince married Lady Ida. Dantan is their son. He has a sister, Candace, who is but nineteen years of age."
"I am ashamed to confess that you know so much more about my neighbors than I," she said.
"I lived in Dawsbergen for a little while and was ever interested in the doings of royalty. That is a poor man's privilege, you know."
"Prince Gabriel must be a terrible man," cried Beverly, her heart swelling with tender thoughts of the exiled Dantan and his little sister.
"You have cause to know," said he shortly, and she was perplexed until she recalled the stories of Gabriel's misdemeanors at the court of Edelweiss.
"Is Prince Dantan as handsome as they say he is?" she asked.
"It is entirely a matter of opinion," he replied. "I for one do not consider him at all prepossessing."
The day went on, fatiguing, distressing in its length and its happenings. Progress was necessarily slow, the perils of the road increasing as the little cavalcade wound deeper and deeper into the wilderness. There were times when the coach fairly crawled along the edge of a precipice, a proceeding so hazardous that Beverly shuddered as if in a chill. Aunt Fanny slept serenely most of the time, and Baldos took to dreaming with his eyes wide open. Contrary to her expectations, the Axphainians did not appear, and if there were robbers in the hills they thought better than to attack the valorous looking party. It dawned upon her finally that the Axphainians were guarding the upper route and not the one over which she was traveling. Yette doubtless was approaching Ganlook over the northern pass, provided the enemy had not been encountered before Labbot was reached. Beverly soon found herself fearing for the safety of the princess, a fear which a last became almost unendurable.
Near nightfall they came upon three Graustark shepherds and learned the Ganlook could not be reached before the next afternoon. The tired, hungry travelers spent the night in a snug little valley through which a rivulet bounded onward to the river below. The supper was a scant one, the farmers having poor luck in the hunt for food. Daybreak saw them on their way once more. Hunger and dread had worn down Beverly's supply of good spirits; she was having difficulty in keeping the haggard, distressed look from her face. Her tender, hopeful eyes were not so bold or so merry as on the day before; cheerfulness cost her an effort, but she managed to keep it fairly alive. Her escort, wretched and half starved, never forgot the deference due to their charge, but strode steadily on with the doggedness of martyrs. At times she was impelled to disclose her true identity, but discretion told her that deception was her best safeguard.
Late in the afternoon of the second day the front axle of the coach snapped in two, and a tedious delay of two hours ensued. Baldos was strangely silent and subdued. It was not until the misfortune came that Beverly observed the flushed condition of his face. Involuntarily and with the compassion of a true woman, she touched his hand and brow. They were burning hot. The wounded man was in a high fever. He laughed at her fears and scoffed at the prospect of blood poisoning and the hundred other possibilities that suggested themselves to her anxious brain.
"We are close to Ganlook," he said, with the setting of the sun. "Soon you may be relieved of your tiresome, cheerless company, your highness."
"You are going to a physician, are you?" she said resolutely, alive and active once more, now that the worst part of the journey was coming to an end. "Tell that man to drive in a gallop all the rest of the way."
(To be continued.)

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