

Beverly of Graustark

By **GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON,**
Author of "Granstark"
Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead and Company

(Continued from last week.)

"They wouldn't do that in the United States," murmured Beverly, who knew something about red tape at Washington.

"It is a command to you, baron," said Yette, handing him the document with a rare smile. He read it through slowly. Then he bit his lip and coughed. "What is the matter, baron?" asked Yette, still smiling.

"A transitory emotion, your highness, that is all," said he, but his hand trembled as he folded the paper.

CHAPTER X.

BRIGHT and early the next morning the party was ready for the last of the journey to Edelweiss. Less than twenty miles separated Ganlook from the capital, and the road was in excellent condition. Beverly Calhoun, tired and contented, had slept soundly until aroused by the princess herself. Their rooms adjoined each other, and when Yette, shortly after daybreak, stole into the American girl's chamber Beverly was sleeping so sweetly that the intruder would have retreated had it not been for the boisterous shouts of stable boys in the courtyard below the windows.

your highness, that we could but gibe and laugh at the poor creature." "It is you who have been foolish, sir. Send the old man to me."

Baron Dangloss rode beside the coach until it passed through the southern gates and into the countryside. A company of cavalrmen acted as escort. The bright red trousers and top boots, with the deep blue jackets, reminded Beverly more than ever of the operatic figures she had seen so often at home. There was a fierce, dark-cast to the faces of these soldiers, however, that removed any suggestion of play. The girl was in ecstasies. Everything about her appealed to the romantic side of her nature. Everything seemed



Two men rode up to the carriage.

so unreal and so like the story book. The princess smiled lovingly upon the thoughts that lined the street. There was no man among them who would not have laid down his life for the gracious ruler.

"Oh, I love your soldiers," cried Beverly warmly.

"Four fellows, who know how soon they may be called upon to face death in the Dawsbergen hills?" said Yette, a shadow crossing her face.

Dangloss was to remain in Ganlook for several days, on guard against manifestations by the Asphainians. A corps of spies and scouts was working with him, and couriers were ready to take at a moment's notice to the castle in Edelweiss.

Beverly was, Grant's Lorry and a small company of horsemen rode up in furious haste long before the sun was in its zenith.

tered trouble in trying to discover what had become of the princess. Those at the castle were aware of the fact that she had reached Ganlook safely and sought to put him off with subterfuges. He stormed to such a degree, however, that their object failed. The result was that he was off for Ganlook with the earliest light of day.

Regarding the conference with Prince Gabriel's representatives, he had but little to say. The escaped murderer naturally refused to surrender and was to all appearances quite firmly established in power once more. Lorry's only hope was that the reversal of feeling in Dawsbergen might work ruin for the prince. He was carrying affairs with a high hand, dealing vengeful blows to the friends of his half brother and encouraging a lawlessness that, sooner or later, must prove his undoing.

"Two months!" cried Yette. "I don't understand."

"There was method in that ultimatum. Asphain, of course, will set up a howl, but we can forestall any action the Princess Volga may undertake. Naturally one might suspect that we should declare war at once, inasmuch as he must be taken sooner or later, but here is the point: Before two months have elapsed the better element of Dawsbergen will be so disgusted with the new dose of Gabriel that it will do anything to avert a war on his account.

"It is just eleven days since I left Edelweiss, and I have had a lovely journey," she said, with one of her rare smiles. He shook his head gravely, and she resolved in her heart never to give him another such cause for alarm.

"And in the meantime, Mr. Grenfall Lorry, you are being me and hating me and all that sort of being the real cause of your wife's escapade," said Beverly Calhoun plaintively.

"I'm not afraid of him," boasted Beverly, but there came a time when she thought of those words with a shudder.

"By the way, Yette, I have had word from Harry Anguish. He and the countess will leave Paris this week, if the body's willing and will be in Edelweiss soon. You don't know how I'm anxious to know that Harry will be with me at this time."

"He has had five wives and survives to look for a sixth. You see how terrible it would be."

"Heaven pity you, Beverly, if you fall into his clutches!" cried Yette. "He has had five wives and survives to look for a sixth. You see how terrible it would be."

"As they drew near the gates of Edelweiss a large body of horsemen rode forth to meet them. The afternoon was well on the way to night, and the air of the valley was cool and refreshing despite the cold of the June sun."

"Edelweiss at last!" murmured Beverly, her face alight. "The heart of Graustark. Do you know that I have been breaking up my journey?"

"You are very much mistaken, Garta," she said sternly. He blushed at his eyes.

"Your highness," he gasped, "you surely remember—"

mand of the army. "One had but to look at his strong, sardonic face to know that he was a fearless leader, a savage fighter. His eyes were black, piercing and never quiet; his hair and close cropped beard were almost snow white; his voice was heavy and without a vestige of warmth. Since her babyhood Yette had stood in awe of this grim old warrior. It was no uncommon thing for mothers to subdue disobedient children with the threat to give them over to the Iron Count. "Old Mariani will get you if you're not good," was a household phrase in Edelweiss. He had been married five times, and as many times had he been left a widower. If he were disconsolate in any instance, no one had been able to discover the fact. Enormously rich, as riches go in Graustark, he had found young women for his wives who thought only of his gold and his lands in the trade they made with Cupid. It was said that without exception they died happy. Death was a joy. The fortress overlooking the valley to the south was no more rugged and unyielding than the man who made his home within its walls. He lived there from choice, and it was with his own money that he fitted up the commandant's quarters in truly regal style. Power was more to him than wealth, though he enjoyed both.

Colonel Quinnox brought news from the castle. Yette's uncle and aunt, the Count and Countess Halfout, were eagerly expecting her return, and the city was preparing to manifest its joy in the most exuberant fashion. As they drew up to the gates the shouts of the people came to the ears of the travelers. Then the boom of cannon and the blare of bands broke upon the air, thrilling Beverly to the heart. She wondered how Yette could be so calm and unmoved in the face of all this honore.

CHAPTER XI.

THE two weeks following Beverly Calhoun's advent into the royal household were filled with joy and wonder for her. Daily she sent glowing letters to her father and brothers in Washington, elaborating vastly upon the paradise into which she had fallen. To her highly emotional mind the praises of Graustark had been but poorly sung. The huge old castle, relic of the feudal days, with its turrets and bastions and portcullises, impressed her with a never ending sense of wonder. Its great halls and stairways, its chapel, the throne room and the armor closet; its underground passages and dungeons all united to fill her imaginative soul with the richest, rarest joys of romance. Simple American girl that she was, unused to the rigorous etiquette of royalty, she found embarrassment in the first confusion of events, but she was not long in recollecting her poise.

Her apartments were near those of the Princess Yette. In the private intercourse enjoyed by these young women all manner of restraint was abandoned by the visitor and every vestige of royalty slipped from the princess. Count Halfout and his adorable wife, the Countess Yvonne, both of whom had grown old in the court, found the girl and her strange servant a source of wonder and delight.

Some days after Beverly's arrival there came to the castle Harry Anguish and his wife, the vivacious Dagmar. With them came the year-old cooling babe who was to overthrow the heart and head of every being in the household, from princess down. The tiny Dagmar became queen at once, and no one disputed her rule.

Anguish the painter became Anguish the strategist and soldier. He planned with Lorry and the ministry, advancing some of the most harebrained projects that ever encouraged discussion in a cabinet. The staid, cautious ministers looked upon him with wonder, but so plausible did he make his proposals appear that they were forced to consider them seriously. The old Count of Mariani held him in great disdain and did not hesitate to expose his contempt. This did not disturb Anguish in the least, for he was as optimistic as the sunshine. His plan for the recapture of Gabriel was ridiculously improbable, but it was afterward seen that had it been attempted much distress and delay might actually have been avoided.

Yette and Beverly, with Dagmar and the baby, made merry while the men were in council. Their mornings were spent in the shady park surrounding the castle, their afternoons in driving, riding and walking. Oftentimes the princess was barred from these summer pastimes by the exigencies of her position. She was obliged to attend audiences, observe certain customs of state, attend to the charities that came directly under her supervision and center with the masses on affairs of weight and importance. Beverly delighted in the throne room and the underground passages. They slipped more to her than all the rest. She was down the room in which Lorry had foiled the Niennese who once

tried to abduct Yette. The dungeon where Gabriel spent his first days of confinement, the tower in which Lorry had been held a prisoner and the monastery in the clouds were all places of unusual interest to her.

Some of the people of the city began to recognize the fair American girl who was a guest in the castle, and a certain amount of homage was paid to her. When she rode or drove in the streets, the people with her attendant soldiers, the people bowed as deeply and as respectfully as they did to the princess herself, and Beverly was just as grand and gracious as if she had been born with a scepter in her hand.

The soft moonlight nights charmed her with a sense of rapture never known before. With the castle brilliantly illuminated, the halls and drawing rooms filled with gay courtiers, the harpsists at their posts, the military band playing in the parade ground, the balconies and porches offering their most inviting allurements, it is no wonder that Beverly was entranced. War had no terrors for her. If she thought of it at all it was with the fear that it might disturb the dream into which she had fallen. True, there was little or nothing to distress the most timid in these first days. The controversy between the principalities was at a standstill, although there was not an hour in which preparations for the worst were neglected. To Beverly Calhoun it meant little when sentiment was laid aside. To Yette and her people this probable war with Dawsbergen meant everything.

Dangloss, going back and forth between Edelweiss and the frontier north of Ganlook, where the best of the police and secret service watched with the sleepless eyes of the lynx, brought unsettling news to the ministry. Asphain troops were engaged in the annual maneuvers just across the border in their own territory. Usually these were held in the plains near the capital, and there was a sinister significance in the fact that this year they were being carried on in the rough southern extremity of the principality, within a day's march of the Graustark line, fully two months earlier than usual. The doughty baron reported that foot, horse and artillery were engaged in the drills, and that fully 8,000 men were massed in the south of Asphain. The fortifications of Ganlook, Labbot and other towns in northern Graustark were strengthened with almost the same care as those in the south, where conflict with Dawsbergen might first be expected. General Mariani and his staff rested neither day nor night. The army of Graustark was ready. Underneath the castle's gay exterior there smoldered the fire of battle, the tremor of defiance.

Late one afternoon Beverly Calhoun and Mrs. Anguish drove up in state to the Tower, wherein sat Dangloss and his watchdogs. The scowl left his face as far as nature would permit, and he welcomed the ladies warmly.

"I came to ask about my friend, the goat hunter," said Beverly, her cheeks a trifle rosier than usual.

"Which one, your highness?" asked Beverly, with tantalizing demerit.

"Why, the suggestion that he should come to Edelweiss for better treatment," retorted Beverly severely.

"He said he was extremely grateful for your kind offices, but he did not deem it advisable to come to this city. He requested me to thank you in his behalf and to tell you that he will never forget what you have done for him."

"And he refuses to come to Edelweiss?" irritably demanded Beverly.

"Yes, your highness. You see he still regards himself with disfavor, being a fugitive. It is hardly fair to blame him for respecting the security of the title."

"I hoped that I might induce him to give up his old life and engage in something perfectly honest, although, mind you, Baron Dangloss, I do not question his integrity in the least. He should have a chance to prove himself worthy that's all. This morning I petitioned Count Mariani to give him a place in the castle guard."

"My dear Miss Calhoun, the princess has," began the captain.

PROFESSIONAL CARE

M. C. FINDLEY, M. D.
Practice limited to
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
(Glasses fitted and furnished.)
Office hours 9 to 12; 2 to 5; and on appointment. Telephone 261 and 77.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

DR. J. C. SMITH
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Phones, Office 355; Res. 1045.
Residence cor. 7th and D streets.
Office at National Drug Store.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

DR. W. F. KREMER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Courier Building.
Office phone 911, residence 413.
Eyes tested and glasses fitted.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

S. LOUGHRIDGE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Res. Phone 714
City or country calls attended day or day. Sixth and H. Tuff's building.
Office Phone 261.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

CLARA BASHAW, D. O.
ANNETTA BECKWITH, D. O.
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
502 D Street
GRANTS PASS, OREGON
Graduates of American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo.

EDWARD H. WHITE,
DOCTOR OF DENTAL MEDICINE
Office Hours 8 to 12; 1 to 6
Office over First National Bank
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

L. B. HALL
UNDERTAKER, FUNERAL DIRECTOR
AND LICENSED EMBALMER
607 6th st., near Court House.
Office Phone 761, Res. Phone 711.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

H. D. NORTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practice in all State and Federal Courts
Office in Opera House Building
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

A. C. HOUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practices in all State and Federal Courts
Office over Hair-Riddle Hardware
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

OLIVER S. BROWN,
LAWYER.
Office, upstairs, City Hall.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

J. H. AUSTIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Union Building
KERRY, OREGON

HENDRICKS & JOHNSTON
COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW
Civil and criminal matters attended in all the courts.
Real estate and Insurance.
Office, 6th street, opposite Postoffice.

WILLIAM P. WRIGHT,
U. S. DEPUTY SURVEYOR
MINING ENGINEER
AND DRAUGHTSMAN
6th St., north of Josephine Hotel.
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

Charles Costain
Wood Working Shop
West of flour mill, near R. R. turn.
Turning, Scroll Work, Stair Work, Sawing, Cabinet Work, Wood Palings, Filing and gunning, Repairing, all kinds. Prices right.

The Popular Barber Shop
Get your tonsorial work done
IRA TOMPKINS'
On Sixth Street — Three chambers
Bath Room in connection

N. E. MCGREW,
PIONEER
TRUCK AND DELIVERY
Furniture and Piano Moving
GRANTS PASS, OREGON

Palace Barber Shop
NATE BATES, Prop.
Shaving, Hair Cutting, Baths, Etc.
Everything neat and clean and work First-Class.