be lost in the hills. Goodby, Baron Dangloss! Thank you ever and ever much. Oh, yes; will you write an order delivering him over to me? The hospital people may be—er—disobliging, you know."

"It shall be in your highness' hands this evening."

The next morning, with Colonel Quinnox and a small escort, Beverly Calloway set off in one of the royal coaches for Ganlook, accompanied by faithful Aunt Fanny. She carried the order from Baron Dangloss and a letter from Yetive to the Countess Rallowitz inviting hospitality overnight in the northern town. Lorry and the royal household entered merrily into her project, and she went away with the godspeeds of all. The Iron Count himself rode beside her coach to the city gates, an unheard of condescension.

"Now, you'll be sure to find a nice place for him in the castle guard, won't you, Count Marlanx?" she said at the parting, her hopes as fresh as the daisy in the dew, her confidence supreme. The count promised faithfully, even eagerly. Colonel Quinnox, trained as he was in the diplomacy of silence, could scarcely conceal his astonishment at the conquest of the hard old warrior.

Although the afternoon was well spent before Beverly reached Ganlook he was resolved to visit the obdurate patient at once, relying upon her re-

*He dropped to his knee.*

resourcefulness to secure his promise to start with her for Edelweiss on the following morning. The coach delivered her at the hospital door in grand style. When the visitor was ushered into the snug little anteroom of the governor's office her heart was throbbing and her composure was undergoing a most unusual strain. It annoyed her to discover that the approaching contact with a humble goat hunter was giving her such unmistakable symptoms of perturbation.

From an upstairs window in the hospital the convalescent but unhappy patient witnessed her approach and arrival. His sore, lonely heart gave a bound of joy, for the days had seemed long since her departure.

He had had time to think during these days too. Turning over in his mind all of the details in connection with their meeting and their subsequent intercourse, it began to dawn upon him that she might not be what he assumed to be. Doubts assailed him, suspicions grew into amazing forms of certainty. There were times when he laughed sardonically at himself for being taken in by this strange but charming young woman, but through it all his heart and mind were being drawn more and more fervently toward her. More than once he called himself a fool and more than once he dreamed foolish dreams of her, princess or not. Of one thing he was sure he had come to love the adventure for the sake of what it promised, and there was no bitterness beneath his suspicions.

Arrayed in clean linen and presentable clothes, pale from indoor confinement and fever, but once more the straight and strong cavalier of the hills, he hastened into her presence when the summons came for him to descend. He dropped to his knee and kissed her hand, determined to play the game notwithstanding his doubts. As he arose she glanced for a flitting second into his dark eyes, and her own long lashes drooped.

"Your highness!" he said gratefully.

"How well and strong you look!" she told hurriedly. "Some of the tan is gone, but you look as though you had never been ill. Are you quite recovered?"

"They say I am as good as new," he willingly answered. "A trifle weak and uncertain in my lower extremities, but a few days of exercise in the mountains will overcome all that. Is all well with you and Graustark? They will give me no news here, by whose order I do not know."

"Turn about is fair play, sir. It is a well established fact that you will give them no news. Yes, all is well with you and mine. Were you beginning to think that I had deserted you? It has been two weeks, hasn't it?"

"Ah, your highness, I realize that you have had much more important things to do than to think of poor Baldos. I am exceedingly grateful for this sign of interest in my welfare. Your visit is the brightest experience of my life."

"Be seated!" she cried suddenly. "You are too ill to stand."

"Were I dying I should refuse to be seated while your highness stands," said he simply. His shoulders seemed to square themselves involuntarily, and his left hand twitched as though accustomed to the habit of touching a sword hilt. Beverly sat down instantly. With his usual easy grace he took a chair near by. They were alone in the antechamber.

"Even though you were on your last legs?" she murmured, and then wondered how she could have uttered anything so inane. Somehow she was beginning to fear that he was not the ordinary person she had judged him to be. "You are to be discharged from the hospital tomorrow," she added hastily.

"Tomorrow?" he cried, his eyes lighting with joy. "I may go then?"

"I have decided to take you to Edelweiss with me," she said, very much as if that were all there was to it. He stared at her for a full minute as though doubting his ears.

"No!" he said at last, his jaws settling, his eyes glistening. It was a terrible setback for Beverly's confidence. "Your highness forgets that I have your promise of absolute freedom."

"But you are to be free," she protested. "You have nothing to fear. It is not compulsory, you know. You don't have to go unless you really want to. But my heart is set on having you in—in the castle guard." His bitter, mocking laugh surprised and wounded her, which he was quick to see, for his contrition was immediate.

"Pardon, your highness. I am a rude, ungrateful wretch, and I deserve punishment instead of reward. The proposal was so astounding that I forgot myself completely," he said.

Whereupon, catching him in this contrite mood, she began a determined assault against his resolution. For an hour she devoted her whole heart and soul to the task of overcoming his prejudices, fears and objections, meeting his protestations firmly and logically, unconscious of the fact that her very enthusiasm was betraying her to him. The first signs of weakening inspired her afresh and at last she was riding over him roughshod, a happy victor. She made promises that Yetive herself could not have made; she offered inducements that never could be carried out, although in her zeal she did not know it to be so; she painted such pictures of ease, comfort and pleasure that he wondered why royalty did not exchange places with its servants. In the end, overcome by the spirit of adventure and a desire to be near her, he agreed to enter the service for six months, at the expiration of which time he was to be released from all obligations if he so desired.

"But my friends in the pass, your highness," he said in surrendering, "what is to become of them? They are waiting for me out there in the wilderness. I am not base enough to desert them."

"Can't you get word to them?" she asked eagerly. "Let them come into the city too. We will provide for the poor fellows, believe me."

"That, at least, is impossible, your highness," he said, shaking his head sadly. "You will have to slay them before you can bring them within the city gates. My only hope is that Franz may be here tonight. He has permission to enter, and I am expecting him today or tomorrow."

"You can send word to them that you are sound and safe, and you can tell them that Graustark soldiers shall be instructed to pay no attention to them whatever. They shall not be disturbed." He laughed outright at her enthusiasm. Many times during her eager conversation with Baldos she had almost betrayed the fact that she was not the princess. Some of her expressions were distinctly unregal, and some of her slips were hopeless as she viewed them in retrospect.

"What am I? Only the humble goat hunter, hunted to death and eager for a short respite. Do with me as you like, your highness. You shall be my princess and sovereign for six months at least," he said, sighing. "Perhaps it is for the best."

"You are the strangest man I've ever seen," she remarked, puzzled beyond expression.

That night Franz appeared at the hospital and was left alone with Baldos for an hour or more. What passed between them no outsider knew, though there were tears in the eyes of both at the parting. But Franz did not start for the pass that night, as they had expected. Strange news had come to the ears of the faithful old follower, and he hung about Ganlook until morning came, eager to catch the ear of his leader before it was too late.

The coach was drawn up in front of the hospital at 8 o'clock, Beverly triumphant in command. Baldos came down the steps slowly, carefully, favoring the newly healed ligaments in his legs. She smiled cheerily at him, and he swung his rakish hat low. There was no sign of the black patch. Suddenly he started and peered intently into the little knot of people near the coach. A look of anxiety crossed his face. From the crowd advanced a grizzled old beggar, who boldly extended his hand. Baldos grasped the proffered hand and then stepped into the coach. No one saw the bit of white paper that passed from Franz's palm into the possession of Baldos. Then the coach was off for Edelweiss, the people of Ganlook enjoying the unusual spectacle of a mysterious and apparently undistinguished stranger sitting in luxurious ease beside a fair lady in the royal coach of Graustark.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a drowsy day, and, besides, Baldos was not in a communicative frame of mind. Beverly put forth her best efforts during the forenoon, but after the basket luncheon had been disposed of in the shade at the roadside she was content to give up the struggle and surrender to the soothing importunities of the coach as it bowled along. She dozed peacefully, conscious to the last that he was a most ungracious creature and more worthy of resentment than of benefaction. Baldos was not intentionally disagreeable; he was morose and unhappy because he could not help it. Was he not leaving his friends to wander alone in the wilderness while he drifted weakly into the comforts and pleasures of an enviable service? His heart was not in full sympathy with the present turn of affairs, and he could not deny that a selfish motive was responsible for his action. He had the all too human eagerness to serve beauty; the blood and fire of youth were strong in this wayward nobleman of the hills.

Lying back in the seat, he pensively studied the face of the sleeping girl whose dark brown head was pillowed against the corner cushions of the coach. Her hat had been removed for the sake of comfort. The dark lashes fell like a soft curtain over her eyes, obscuring the merry gray that had overcome his apprehensions. Her breathing was deep and regular and peaceful. One little gloved hand rested carelessly in her lap, the other upon her breast near the delicate throat. The heart of Baldos was troubled. The picture he looked upon was entrancing, uplifting; he rose from the lowly state in which she had found him to the position of admirer in secret to a princess, real or assumed. He found himself again wondering if she were really Yetive, and with that fear in his heart he was envying Grenfall Lorry, the lord and master of this exquisite creature, envying with all the helplessness of one whose hope is blasted at birth.

The note which had been surreptitiously passed to him in Ganlook lay crumpled and forgotten inside his coat pocket, where he had dropped it the moment it had come into his possession, supposing that the message contained information which had been forgotten by Franz and was by no means of a nature to demand immediate attention. Had he read it at once his suspicions would have been confirmed, and it is barely possible that he would have refused to enter the city.

Late in the afternoon the walls of Edelweiss were sighted. For the first time he looked upon the distant housetops of the principal city of Graustark. Up in the clouds, on the summit of the mountain peak overlooking the city, stood the famed monastery of St. Valentine. Stretching up the gradual incline were the homes of citizens, accessible only by footpaths and donkey roads. Beverly was awake and impatient to reach the journey's end. He had proved a most disappointing companion, polite, but with a baffling indifference that irritated her considerably. There was a set expression of defiance in his strong, clean cut face, the look of a soldier advancing to meet a powerful foe.

"I do hope he'll not always act this way," she was complaining in her thoughts. "He was so charmingly impudent out in the hills, so deliciously human. Now he is like a clam. Yetive will think I am such a fool if he doesn't live up to the reputation I've given him."

"Here are the gates," he said, half to himself. "What is there in store for me beyond those walls?"

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't be so dismal!" she cried in despair. "It seems just like a funeral."

"A thousand apologies, your highness," he murmured, with a sudden lightness of speech and manner. "Henceforth I shall be a most amiable jester to please you."

Beverly and the faithful Aunt Fanny were driven to the castle, where the former bade farewell to her new knight until the following morning, when he was to appear before her for personal instructions. Colonel Quinnox escorted him to the barracks of the guard, where he was to share a room with young Haddan, a corporal in the service.

"The wild, untamed gentleman from the hills came without a word, I see," said Lorry, who had watched the approach. He and Yetive stood in the window overlooking the grounds from the princess' boudoir. Beverly had just entered and thrown herself upon a divan.

"Yes; he's here," she said shortly.

"How long do you, with all your cleverness, expect to hoodwink him into the belief that you are the princess?" asked Yetive, amused, but anxious.

"He's a great fool for being hoodwinked at all," said Beverly, very much at odds with her protege. "In an hour from now he will know the truth and will be howling like a madman for his freedom."

"Not so soon as that, Beverly," said Lorry consolingly. "The guards and officers have their instructions to keep him in the dark as long as possible."

"Well, I'm tired and mad and hungry and everything else that isn't compatible. Let's talk about the war," said Beverly, the sunshine in her face momentarily eclipsed by the dark cloud of disappointment.

Baldos was notified that duty would be assigned to him in the morning. He went through the formalities which bound him to the service for six months, listening indifferently to the words that foretold the fate of a traitor. It was not until his new uniform and equipment came into his possession that he remembered the note resting in his pocket. He drew it out and began to read it with the slight interest of one who has anticipated the effect. But not for long was he to remain apathetic. The first few lines brought a look of understanding to his eyes; then he laughed the easy laugh of one who has cast care and confidence to the winds. This is what he read:

She is not the princess. We have been duped. Last night I learned the truth. She is Miss Calhoun, an American, going to be a guest at the castle. Refuse to go with her into Edelweiss. It may be a trap and may mean death. Question her boldly before committing yourself.

(To be continued.)





NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Katherine Keenan, administratrix of the estate of Nancy Loy, deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within six months from the first publication of this notice, to said administratrix at her residence on the corner of 8th and J streets, Grants Pass, Oregon, or at the office of Hendricks and Johnston, opposite post office. The same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate.

Dated November 16, 1906.

KATHRINE KEENAN,
Administratrix.

Hendricks & Johnston,
Attorneys for the administratrix.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between C. D. Burnett and B. W. Baldwin, partners doing business at Grants Pass, Oregon, under the firm name of Burnett & Baldwin is dissolved, C. D. Burnett taking the business, paying all outstanding indebtedness and assuming all liabilities.

BURNETT & BALDWIN.



SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Josephine County.

Susie McManus, Plaintiff,
vs.
George McManus, Defendant.

To George McManus, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby summoned and required to appear in the above entitled court and answer the complaint filed against you in the foregoing entitled suit on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, which first date of publication is Friday, November 23, 1906, and the last date of said publication, and the last date for your appearance is Friday, January 4, 1907, and you are hereby notified that in case you fail to appear and answer or otherwise plead within the time aforesaid, that the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, viz: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and that the plaintiff be decreed to be the owner in fee simple of Lot 4, Block 69 of Railroad Addition to the Town of Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon; and that plaintiff be awarded the exclusive care and custody of the minor children, named in the complaint, viz: Edna, Ethel, Emery, Hiram and Dorathy, and that plaintiff have such other and further relief as is equitable.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. Stephen Jewell, County Judge for Josephine County, Oregon, directing the publication thereof in the Rogue River Courier, published at Grants Pass, Josephine County, Oregon, not less than once a week for a period of six successive weeks, the said order being dated November 22, 1906.

H. D. NORTON,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the estate of G. W. Chapin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of G. W. Chapin, deceased, to present your statement of claim, with proper vouchers, within six months from the first date of this notice, towit: November 30th, 1906, to Lucy Chapin, Administratrix, at Leland, Oregon.

This notice is published by order of Stephen Jewell, Judge of Josephine County, Oregon, in the Rogue River Courier for four weeks.

MRS LUCY CHAPIN,
Administratrix,
By H. B. Hendricks, her attorney.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
United States Land Office.
Roseburg, Oregon, Oct. 9, 1906.

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 States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

ATTWOOD A. KIRBY

of Pomeroy, County of Garfield, State of Wahington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7159 for the purchase of the SW¼ or E½ SW¼, Lots 3 and 4, of section No. 18 in Township 34 South, Range No. 3 W, 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 his claim to said land before John M. Booth, United States Commissioner, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1907.

He names as witnesses:

Wesley B. Sherman, of Grants Pass, Oregon; John Hillis, of Wimer, Oregon, Mary Thompson of Tacoma, Wash., and Ozro S. Blanchard of Grants Pass, Ore.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of January, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 10, 1906.

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 States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

GEORGE J. ATKINS

of Marietta, County of Lancaster, State of Pennsylvania, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7096, for the purchase of Lots 6, 7 and 8 and SW¼ NW¼, NE¼ SW¼ of Section No. 10 in Township No. 35 South, Range No. 7 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 his claim to said land before Arthur Conklin, United States Commissioner, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1907.

He names as witnesses: George R. Heisey of Marietta, Pennsylvania; Willard Green of Grants Pass, Oregon; Wesley B. Sherman, of Grants Pass, Oregon, and H. Adolph Rotermund 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 8th day of January, 1907.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Notice is hereby given that I have been appointed administrator of the estate of J. H. Ross, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to file the same properly verified, with my attorney at Grants Pass, Oregon, within six months from the 19th day of November, 1906.

CHARLES F. ROSS,
Administrator.

Oliver S. Brown,
Attorney for Administrator.



SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Josephine County.

Walter Tallmadge, plaintiff,
vs.
Maud Tallmadge, defendant.

To Maud Tallmadge the defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the 30th day of November, 1906, and if you fail so to answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in his complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving and annulling the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable. This summons is published by virtue of an order made by Hon. Stephen Jewell, County Judge of Josephine County, Oregon, and dated November 9, 1906.

OLIVER S. BROWN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.