(Continued from last week.)

make a dash for the outside world, fighting his way through if necessary. Looking back over the ground, he wondered how he could have been deceived at all by the unconventional American. In the clear light of retrospection be now saw how impossible it was for her to have been the princess. Every act, every word, every look, should have told him the truth. Every flaw in her masquerading now presented itself to him, and he was compelled to laugh at his own simplicity. Caution, after all, was the largest component part of his makeup. The craftiness of the hunted was deeply rooted in his being. He saw a very serious side to the adventure. Stretching himself upon the cot in the corner of the room, he gave himself over to plotting, planning, thinking.

In the midst of his thoughts a sudden light burst in upon him. His eyes gleamed with a new fire, his heart ran warm again. Leaping to his feet, he ran to the window to reread the this."
note from old Franz. Then he settled "Ge back and Taughed with a fervor that cleared the brain of a thousand vague misgivings.

"She is Miss Calhoun, an American, going to be a guest at the castle;" not the princess, but Miss Calhoun. Once more the memory of the clear gray eyes leaped into life. Again be saw her asleep in the coach on the road from Gaulook. Again he recalled the fervent throbs his guilty heart had felt as he looked upon this fair creature, at one time the supposed treasure of another man. Now she was Miss Calhoun, and her gray eyes, her entrancing smile, her wondrous vivacity, were not for one man alone. It was marvelous what a change this sudden realization wrought in the view ahead of him. The whole situation seemed to be transformed into something more desirable than ever before. His face cleared, his spirits leaped higher and higher with the buoyancy of fresh relief, his confidence in himself crept back into existence. And all because the fair deceiver, the slim girl with the brave gray eyes who had drawn him into a net was not a princess!

Something told him that she had not drawn him into his present position with any desire to injure him or with the slightest sense of malice. To ber it had been a merry jest, a pleasant comedy. Underneath all he saw the goodness of her motive in taking him from the old life and putting him into his present position of trust. He had helped her, and she was ready to help him to the limit of her power. His position in Edelweiss was clearly enough defined. The more he thought of it the more justifiable it seemed as viewed from her point of observation. How long she hoped to keep him in the dark he could not tell. The outcome would be entertaining. Her efforts to deceive, if she kept them up, would be amusing. Altogether he was ready, with the leisure and joy of youth, to await developments and to enjoy the comedy from a point of view which she could not at once quarect, who is the subtle effort to draw Hecken into a discussion of the princess and ber household resulted unsattefactority.

The young guard was annoyingly unresponsive. He had his secret instructions and could not be inveigled into betraying himself Raldos went to sleep that night with his mind confused by doubts. His talk with Haddan had left him quite undecided as to the value of old Franz's warning. Either Franz was mistaken or Haddan was a most skillful dissembler. It struck him as utterly beyond the pale of reason that the entire castle guard should have been emisted in the scheme to deceive him. When sleep came he was contenting himself with the thought that marning doubtless would give him clearer insight to the situa

Both he and Beverly Calboun were Ignorant of the true conditions that at tached themselves to the new recruit Baron Dangloss alone knew that Haddan was a trusted agent of the secret service, with Instructions to shadow the newcomer day and night. That there was a mostery surrounding the character of Baldos, the goat hunter, Dangless did not question for an instant, and in spite of the instructions. received at the outset he was using all his skill to unravel it.

Baldos was not summoned to the castle till noon. His serone indifference to the outcome of the visit was calculated to deceive the friendly but watchful close fitting uniform of the royal guard. | Your cause. taller than most of his follows, hand somer by far than my be was the burracks. Hadden constant him in the way he was in approach the numbers. Bailes intoning with version and in tentness and with deep regard for de-

There came the natural impulse to servants and ladies in waiting disappeared at a signal from her. She arose to greet him, and he knelt to kiss her hand. For a moment her tongue was bound. The keen eyes of the new guard had looked into hers with a directness that seemed to penetrate her brain. That this scene was to be one of the most interesting in the little comedy was proved by the fact that two eager young women were hidden behind a heavy curtain in a corner of the room. The Princess Yetive and the Countess Dagmar were there to enjoy Beverly's first hour of authority, and she was aware of their presence.

"Have they told you that you are to act as my especial guard and escort?" she asked, with a queer flutter in her voice. Somehow this tall fellow with the broad shoulders was not the same as the ragged goat hunter she had known at first.

"No, your highness," he said easily. "I have come for instructions. It leaped with new animation, his blood pleases me to know that I am to have a place of honor and trust such as

"General Marianx has told me that a vacancy exists, and I have selected you to fill it. The compensation will be attended to by the proper persons, and your duties will be explained to you by one of the officers. This afternoon, I believe, you are to accompany me on my visit to the fortress, which I am to inspect."

"Very well, your highness," he respectfully said. He was thinking of Miss Calhoun, an American girl, although he called her "your highness." "May I be permitted to ask for instructions that can come only from your highness?"

"Certainly," she replied. His manner was more deferential than she had ever known it to be, but he threw a bomb into her fine composure with his next remark. He addressed her in the Graustark language:

"Is it your desire that I shall continue to address you in English?"

Beverly's face turned a bit red, and her eyes wavered. By a wonderful effort she retained her self control, stammering ever so faintly when she said in English: "I wish you would speak English,"

tion. "I shall insist upon that. Your English is too good to be spoiled." Then he made a bold test, his first having failed. He spoke once more in

unwittingly giving answer to his ques-

the native tongue, this time softly and

"As you wish, your highness, but I think it is a most ridiculous practice." he said, and his heart lost none of its Beverly looked at him almost courage. athetically. She knew that behind the curtain two young women were enloving her discomfiture. Something told her that they were stiffing their mirth with dainty lace bordered hand-

say firmly. "It's very nice of you, but after this pay your homage in English." she went on, taking a long chance on the room?! It must have been complificantly? she reasoned. As for Ballable faints taken as a smile touched the faints taken of a smile touched the status blead quickly. Franz was right; she did not know a word of the "Coule here. Baldos." commonstated right; she did not know a word of the Graustark language.

"I have entered the service for six couths, your highness," he said in Eng-



"Your highness, I fair me have spine and suresdroppers here.

"You have henored me, and 1 Haddan Dressed carefully in the give my heart as well as my arm to

Hoverly, brouthing easier, was properly impressed by this promise of feat. sir? She was looking with pride upon the flaure of her stalward protege.

upo you have destroyed that heroffice devices believes that friends," he wild a three of bittorness in the value. Feeled, with marketin as rusting becoming a feeled.

the uniced duditors "It shames the rags in which you found me."

"I shall never forget them, Baldos," she said, with a strange carnestness in her voice. "May I presume to inquire after the

health of your good Aunt Fanny and, although I did not see him, your Uncle Sam?" he asked, with a face as straight and sincere as that of a judge. Bev.

trly swallowed suddenly and checked l laugh with some difficulty.
"Aunt Fanny is never ill. Some day

I shall tell you more of Uncle Sam. It will interest you."

"Another question, if it please your highness. Do you expect to return to America soon?"

This was the unexpected, but she met it with admirable composure.

"It depends upon the time when Prince Dantan resumes the throne in

Dawsbergen," she said. "And that day may never come," said he, such mocking regret in his voice that she looked upon him with newer interest.

Why, I really believe you want to go to America!" she cried.

The eyes of Baldos had been furtively drawn to the curtain more than once during the last few minutes. An occasional movement of the long oriental hangings attracted his attention. It dawned upon him that the little play was being overheard, whether by spies or conspirators he knew not. Resentment sprang up in his breast and gave birth to a daring that was as speciacular as it was confounding. With long, noiseless strides he reached the door before Beverly could interpose. She half started from her chair, her eyes wide with dismay, her lips parted, but his hand was already clutching the curtain. He drew it aside relentlessly.

Two startled women stood exposed to view, smiles dying on their amazed Their backs were against the closed door, and two hands clutching handkerchiefs dropped from a most significant attitude. One of them flashed an imperious glance at the bold discoverer, and he knew he was looking upon the real princess of Graustark. He did not lose his composure. Without a tremor he turned to the American

"Your highness," he said clearly, coolly. "I fear we have spies and eavesdroppers here. Is your court made up of-I should say, they are doubtless a pair of curious ladies in waiting. Shall I begin my service, your highness, by escorting them to yonder door?"

CHAPTER XIII.

EVERLY gasped. The countess stared blankly at the new guard. Yetive flushed deeply, bit her lip in hopeless chagrin and dropped her eyes. A pretty turn, indeed, the play had taken! Not a word was uttered for a full half minute; nor did the guilty witnesses venture forth from their retreat. Baldos stood tall and impassive, bolding the curtain saide At last the shadow of a smile crept into the face of the princess, but her tones were full of deep humility when she spoke.

"We crave permission to retire, your highness," she said, and there was virtuous appeal in hes eyes. "I pruy forgiveness for this indiscretion and implore you to be lenient with two mis erable creatures who love you so well that they forget their dignity."

"Come bere, Baldos," commanded Beverly, a bit pale, but recovering her with with admirable promptness. "This is a writter which I shall dispose of privately. It is to go no further, you

are to understand." "Yes, your highness."

"You may go now, Colonel Quinnox will explain everything," she said hurriedly. She was eager to be rid of him. As he turned away she observed a faint but peculiar smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Come here, sir!" she excinimed hotly. He paused, his face as somber as an owl's. "What do you mean by laughing like that?" she demanded. He caught the flerce note in her voice, but gave it the proper interpretation.

"Laughing, your highness?" he said In deep surprise. "You must be mistaken. I am sure that I could not have laughed in the presence of a princess," It must have been a-a shadow. then," she retracted, somewhat star-

tled by his rejoinder. "Very well, then, You are dismissed." As he was about to open the door through which he had entered the room it swung wide and Count Marianx

strode in. Baidos paused irresulately and then proceeded on his way without paying the slightest attention to the communiter of the army. Marlanx came to an amazed stop, and his face flushed with resentment

"Halt, sir" he exclaimed harshly. "Don't you know enough to salute me,

Baldos turned instantly, his figure straightening like a flash. His eyes net these of the Iron Count and did not fense. waver, sithough his face went white with passion.

"And who are you, stry" he asked in coul strate times. The count almost

he was neighbored into her presence. The she want on residing helplessly that should be she was providing latense amusement enough for you'll he half hissel, with you dug up his past history, Beverly?

deadly levelness.

"Oh, then I see no reason why I should not salute you, sir," said Baldos, with one of his rare smiles. He saluted his superor officer a shade too elaborately and turned away. Manlanx's eyes glistened.

"Stop! Have I said you could go, sir? I have a bit of advice to"-

"My command to go comes from your superior, str." said Baidos, with irritating blandness.

"Be patient, general," cried Beverly, in deep distress. "He does not know any better. I will stand sponsor for him." And Baldos went away with a light step, his blood singing, his devilmay-care heart satisfied. The look in her eyes was very sustaining. As he left the castle he said aloud to himself with an easy disregard of the consequences:

"Well, it seems that I am to be asso clated with the devil as well as with angels. Heavens! June is a glorious month.

"Now, you promised you'd be nice to him, General Marlanx," cried Beverly the instant Baldos was out of the room. "He's new at this sort of thing. you know, and, besides, you didn't address him very politely for an utter stranger."

"The insolent dog!" snarled Marianx his self control returning slowly. "He shall be taught well and thoroughly, never fear, Miss Calhoun. There is 8 way to train such recruits as he, and they never forget what they have learned." "Oh, please don't be harsh with

him," she pleaded. The smile of the Iron Count was not at all reassuring. "I knew he will be sorry for what he has done, and you"-

"I am quite sure he will be sorry," said he, with a most agreeable bow in submission to her appeal.

"Do you want to see Mr. Lorry?" she asked quickly. "I will send for him, general." She was at the door, impatient to be with the banished culprits.

"My business with Mr. Lorry can wait," he began, with a smile meant to be inviting, but which did not impress ber at all pleasantly.

Well, anyway, I'll tell him you're here," she said, her hand on the door knob. "Will you wait here? Goodby." And then she was racing off through the long halls and up broad staircases toward the boudoir of the princess There is no telling hew long the ruffled count remained in the anteroom, for the excited Beverly forgot to tell Lorry that he was there.

There were half a dozen people in the room when Beverly entered eager-She was panting with excitement Of all the rooms in the grim old castle the boudoir of the princess was the most famously attractive. It was really her home, the exquisite abiding place of an exquisite creature. To lounge on her divans, to loll in the chairs, to glide through her priceless rugs, was the acme of indolent pleasure. Few were they who enjoyed the privileges of "little heaven," as Harry Anguish had christened it on one memorable night long before the princess was Mrs. Grenfall Lorry.

"Now, how do you feel?" cried the flushed American girl, pausing in the door to point an impressive finger at the princess, who was lying back in a huge chair, the picture of distress and nnovance.

oying her discomfiture. Something old her that they were stiffing their dirth with dainty lace bordered hand erchiefs.

"That will do, sir," she managed to grant and her couldn't passed be say in the street of th

"Wasn't it ridiculous, and wasn't it just too lovely?" she cried.

"It was extremely theatrical," agreed Beverly, seating herself on the arm of Yetive's chair and throwing a warm arm around her neck. "Have you all heard about it?" she demanded naively, turning to the others, who unquestionably had had a jumbled account of the performance.

"You got just what you deserved," said Lorry, who was immensely amused.

"I wonder what your august vagabond thinks of his princess and her ladies in hiding?" mused Harry Anguish. The Count and Countess Halfont were smilling in spite of the assault upon the dignity of the court.

"I'd give anything to know what he really thinks," said the real princess. 'Oh, Beverly, wasn't it awful? And how he marched us out of that room!" "I thought it was great," said Beverly, her eyes glowing. "Wasn't It splendid? And isn't be good look-

"He is good looking, I imagine. But I am no judge, dear. It was utterly impossible for me to look at his face," lamented the princess.

"What are you going to do with us?" asked Dagmar penitently.

"You are to spend the remainder of your life in a dungeon, with Baldos as guard," decided Miss Calhoun. "Beverly, dear, that man is no ordi-

nary person," said the princess quite positively. "Of course he isn't. He's a tall, dark mystery."

"I observed him as he crossed the terrace this morning," said Lorry. "He's a striking sort of chap, and I'll bet my head he's not what he claims to be." "He claims to be a fugitive, you must

remember," spil Beverly in his de-"I mean that he is no common malefactor, or whatever it may be. Who and what do you suppose he is? I confees that I'm interested in the fellow, and he looks as though one might like him without half trying. Why haven't

You are so keen about him." "He positively recuses to let me dig,"

explained Beverly. "I tried, you know, but he-he-well, he squelched me." "Well, after all is said and done, he caught us peeping today, and I am filled with shame," said the princess. It doesn't matter who he is, he must ertainly have a most unflattering opin-

on as to what we are." "And he is sure to know us sooner or later." said the young countess, mo mentarily serious.

"Oh, if it ever comes to that I shall e in a splendid position to explain it all to him," said Beverly. "Don't you ree, I'll have to do a lot of explaining myself?"

Baron Dangloss!" announced the guard of the upper hall, throwing open the door for the doughty little chief of police.

"Your highness sent for me?" asked ie, advancing after the formal salutation. The princess exhibited genuine amazement.

"I dld, Baron Dangloss, but you must have come with the wings of an eagle. It is really not more than three minutes since I gave the order to Colonel Quinnox." The baron smiled mysteriously, but volunteered no solution. The truth is, he was entering the castle doors as the messenger left them, Lut he was much too fond of effect to poll a good situation by explanations. It was a long two miles to his office in the Tower. "Something has just happened that impels me to ask a few questions concerning Baldos, the new guard."

"May I first ask what has happen-Dangloss was at a loss for the meaning of the general smile that went around.

"It is quite personal and of no consequence. What do you know of him? My curiosity is aroused. Now, be quiet, Beverly. You are as eager to know as the rest of us."

"Well, your highness, I may as well confess that the man is a puzzle to me.



What are you going to do with ust" He comes here a vagabond, but he certainly does not act like one. He admits that he is being hunted, but takes no one into his confidence. For that he cannot be blamed."

"Have you any reason to suspect who he is?" asked Lorry.

"My instructions were to refrain from questioning him," Dangiose, with a pathetic k original platters, "Still," h investigations ulong other is orly ... engage to a Total

"I don't know," was the disappointing answer. "We are confronted by a queer set of circumstances. Doubtless you all know that young Prince Dantan is flying from the wrath of his half brother, our lamented friend Gabriel, He is supposed to be in our hills with half starved body of followers. It ems impossible that he could have cached our northern boundaries withit our outports catching a glimpse of in at some time. The trouble is that als face is unknown to most of us, I mong the others. I have been going on the presumption that Baldos is in callty Prince Dantan, but last night he bellef received a severe shock ' 'Ves?" cause from several eager lips.

'My men who are watching the lawsbergen frontier came in last ight and reported that Dantan had een seen by mountaineers no later than Sunday, three days ago. These nountaineet; were in sympathy with him and refused to tell whither he went. We only know that he was in the southern part of Graustark three days ago. Our new guard speaks many anguages, but he has never been heard to use that of Dawsbergen. That fact in itself is not surprising, for, of all things, he would avoid his mother tongue. Dantan is part English by birth and wholly so by cultivation. In that he evidently finds a mate in this

"Then he really isn't Prince Dantan?" cried Beverly, as though a cherished ideal had been shattered. "Not If we are to believe the tales

from the south. Here is another com- N. E. McGREW, plication, however. There is, as you know, Count Halfout, and perhaps all of you, for that matter, a pretender to the throne of Axphain, the fugitive Prince Frederic. He is described as young, good looking, a scholar and the next thing to a pauper."

"Baidos a mere pretender!" cried Beverly in distress. "Never!"

"At any rate, he is not what he pretends to be," said the baron, with a Shaving, Hair Cuttle wise smile.

Then you think he may be Prince Frederic?" asked Lorry, deeply inter- Everything neat and clean at

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