#### THE MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE, MEDFORD, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1910.

smile.

"An American, ch?"



Truston King, a millionaire's son, sets out in search of adventure. Where better could he look for stirring events than in faroff Graustark, where the age of chivalry yet survives in all its romantic opportunity; where rales Prince Robin, the most precocious boy monarch in the realm of fiction; where the reds of Europe plot his murder in mysterious underground retreats; where gallant Truxton King and brave "Uncle Jack" fight valiantly for the preservation of the prince and the love of beautiful princesses; where American pluck and manhood are pitted against foreign intriguers, and where honesty and courage are mightier than the sword? Read of Prince Robin, son of an Amertean princess; of Olga Platanova, the girl with the dread mission; of Marlahx, the Iron Count; of John Tullis, the American bulwark of a foreign throne; of lovely the place. Loraine and of daredevil Truxton King, and then you will understand why an American lad is Prince of Grazstark and an American author prince of story tellers.

> CHAPTER L TRUXTON KING.

E was a tall, rawboned, rangy young fellow with a face so tanned by wind and sun you had the impression that his skin would feel like leather if you could affect the impertinence to test it by the sense of touch. His clothes fitted him loosely and yet were graciously devoid of the bagginess which characterizes the appearance of extremely young men whose frames are not fully et and whose joints are still parading through the last stages of college de-

This tall young man in the panama hat and gray fiannels was Truxton King, embryo globe trotter and searcher after the treasures of romance. Somewhere up near Central park, in one of the fashionable cross streets, was the home of his father and his father's father before him-a home which Truxton had not seen in two years or more. It is worthy of passing notice, and that is all, that his Inther was a manufacturer; more than that, he was something of a power in 11305 Wills not strictly a social queen in the great metropolis, but she was what we might safely call one of the first "ladies in waiting," which is quite good ugh for the wife of a manufacturespecially when one records that sband was a manufacturer of steel. It is also a matter of no little equence that Traxton's mother was more or less averse to the steel ness as a heritage for her son. Be it understood here and now that the intended Truxton for the diplo-They were packed with weapons and matic service But neither Truxton's father, who santed him to be a manufacturing Crocsus, nor Truxton's mother, who expected him to become a social Soloa, appears to have taken the young man's private inclinations into conderation Young Mr. King believed in romance. He grew up with an ever increasing bump of imagination, contiguous to which, strange to relate, there was a property developed bump of industry and application; hence it. is not surprising that he was willing to go far affeld in search of the things that seemed more or less worth while to a young gentleman who had suffered the ill fortune to be born in the mineteenth century instead of the sevmteenth. We come upon him at last-luckily for us we were not actually following im-after two years of wonderful but rather disillusioning adventure in mid-Asia and all Africa. He had seen the Kongo and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Nile, the Yangtsekinng and the Yenisei; he had climbed mountains in Abyssinia, in Siam, in Tibet and Afghanistan; he had shot big game in more than one jungle and had been shot at by small brown men in more than one forest, to say nothing of the little encounters he had had in most unoccidental towns and cities. For twenty days he had traveled he caravan across the Persian upatude through Herat and Meshhed and Pakhara, striking off with his guide atou . toward the sea of Aral and the east day." ern shores of the Caspian, thence through the Ural foothills to the old Bomaf highway that led down into ford it," he said, disappointment in his the sweet green valleys of a land he had thought of as nothing more than the creation of a harebrained fictionist. Somewhere out in the shimmering east he had learned, to his honest amazement, that there was such a

come to it if he traveled long enough and far enough into the north and west and if he were not afraid of the hardships that most men abhor. The dying spirit of romance flamed up in his heart. His blood grew quick again and eager. He would not go home until he had sought out this land of fair women and sweet tradition. And so he traversed the wild and dangerous Tartar roads for days and days, like the knights of Scheherazade in

the times of old, and came at last to the gates of Edelweiss. Not until he sat down to a rare dinner in the historic Hotel Regengetz was he able to realize that he was truly in that fabled, mythical land of Graustark, a quaint, grim little principality in the most secret pocket of the earth's great mantle. This was the land of his dreams, the land of his fancy. He had not even dared to hope that it actually existed.

And now it becomes my deplorable duty to divulge the fact that Truxton King, after two full days and nights in the city of Edelweiss, was quite ready to pass on to other fields, completely disillusioned in his own mind and not a little disgusted with himself for having gone to the trouble to visit

Where were the beautiful women he had read about and dreamed of ever since he left Teheran? On his soul, he had not seen half a dozen women in Edelweiss who were more than passably fair to look upon. True, he had to admit, the people he had

seen were of the lower and middle classes-the shopkeepers and the shopgirls, the hucksters and the fruit yenders. What he wanted to know was this: What had become of the royalty future



are used by the nobility-not by the you will see the beauty and chivalry army, I am happy to say." "I say. Herr Spants, or monsieur, I'd of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." like to have a good long chat with you. There was an unmistakable sneer in What do you say to a mug of that excellent beer over in the cafe garden? his tone. Business seems to be a little dull.

Can't you-er-lock up?" Spantz looked at him keenty. "May I ask what brings you to Edel-

weiss?" he asked abruptly. "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Spantz, that I'm here because I'm somewhat. of a fool. False hopes led me astray I came here looking for romance-for adventure."

"I see," cackled Spants, his eyes take less exaited places." twinkling with mirth. "You thought you could capture wild and beautiful princesses here just as you pleased. eh? Let me tell you, young man, only one American-only one foreigner, in fact-has accomplished that miracle

Mr. Lorry came here ten years ago and won the fairest flower Graustark ever produced-the beautiful Yetivebut he was the only one." "No. I'm not looking for princesses. I've seen hundreds of 'em in all parts

of the world." "You should see Prince Robin," went

on the armorer. "I've heard of nothing but him, my good Mr. Spantz. He's seven years old, and he looks like his mother, and he's got a jeweled sword and all that sort of thing. I daresay he's a nice

little chap. Got American blood in him, you see." The old man retired to the rear of the shop and called out to some one upstairs. A woman's voice answered

"My niece will keep shop, sir, while am out," Spantz explained. They paused near the door until the old man's niece appeared at the back of the shop. King's glance became

more or less in the nature of a stars of amazement. A young woman of the most astound ing beauty, attired in the black and red of the Graustark middle classes,

was slowly approaching from the shadowy recesses at the end of the shop His heart enjoyed a lively thump. Truxton King, you may be sure, did not precede the old man into the street He deliberately removed his hat and waited most politely for age to go before youth, in the meantime blandly gazing upon the face of this amazing niece.

Across the square, at one of the fa bles, the old man, over his huge much of beer, became properly grateful Hwas willing to repay King for his lit tle attention by giving him a careful history of Graustark, past, present and

The old man was rambling on. "The young prince has lived most of hilife in Washington and London and Paris, sir. He's only seven, sir. O: course you remember the dreadful a cident that made him an orphan and put him on the throne with the thre-'wise men of the east' as regents or governors-the train wreck near Brus sels, sir. His mother, the gloriou-Princess Yetive, was killed and his father, Mr. Lorry, died the next day from his injuries. That, sir, was most appalling blow to the people of Graustark. There never will be an other pair like them, sir. God alonpreserved the little prince. The col. lision was from the rear, a broken rail throwing a locomotive into the prin cess' coach. This providential escapeof the young prince preserved the unbroken line of the present royal fan

ily.' say, Mr. Spantz, I don't bell

morer to the crown, sir My blades | If you should happen to be on the ave-'Who the devil is that old man at nue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock the table there?" demanded young Mr King londly.

The waiter assumed a look of extreme insolence. "That is Baron Dangloss, minister of police. Anything more, sir?

"You don't care much for society. "Yes. What's he looking so hard at I'd say," observed Truxton, with a me for? Does he think I'm a pickpocket?"

Spantz's eyes damed for an instant "You know as much as I, sir," was and then subtly resumed their most all that the walter said in reply. King ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all pocketed the coin he had intended for be peacocks," he said quietly. "You the fellow and deliberately left the will also see that the man who rides place. As he sauntered across the little beside the prince's carriage wheel is square his gaze suddenly shifted to a an American, while Graustark nobles second story window above the gunshop.

The interesting young woman had "Yes. Have you not heard of John cautiously pushed open one of the shutters and was peering down upon Tuillis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind a trio of red coated guardsmen. Alour throne. On his deathbed the most at the same instant her quick. prince's father placed his son in this eager gaze fell upon the tall American. now quite close to the horsemen. He saw her dark eyes expand as if with surprise. The next instant he caught his breath and almost stopped in his tracks.

A shy, impuisive smile played about her red lips for a second, lighting up the delicate face with a radiance that amazed him. Then the shutter was closed gently, quickly. He felt his ears burn as he abruptly turned away. In the meantime Baron Dangloss

was watching him covertly from the edge of the cafe garden across the square.

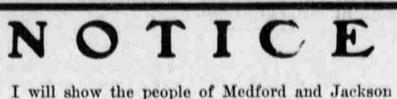
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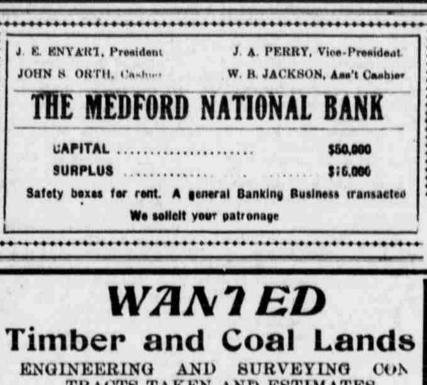
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HES RED LIPS

done as much for their prince!"

Is that it?" Spantz gave him a withering look, as

much as to say that he was a fooi to ask such a question in a place so public. Without replying, he got to his feet.

"I must return. I have been away too long.

The American sank back in his chair. Suddenly he became conscious of a disquieting feeling that some one was looking at him intently from behind. He turned in his chair and found himself meeting the gaze of a ferocious looking, military appearing little man at a table near by. His waiter appeared at his elbow with the change.

A SLY, IMPULSIVE SMILE PLAYED ABOUT American's charge and begged him to stand by him through thick and thin until the lad is able to take care of himself. As if there were not loyal men in Graustark who might have

King looked interested. "I see. The people, no doubt, resent this espionage.

land as Graustark. At first he would not believe, but the English bank in Meshled assured him that he would

I've told you that your niece is a me "TLL GIVE YOU & HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT." remarkably beau"-

barons, to say nothing of the feminine concomitants to these excellent gentlemen?

firearms of ancient design. Once he

mighty broadsword.

for attention.

lish, don't you?'

learn theirs."

One dingy little shop in the square interested him. It was directly opposite the Royal cafe, with American travel abroad.' bar attached, and the contents of its Spantz was eying him narrowly grimy little windows presented a pecullarly fascinating interest to him.

royal family." he ventured coldly.

ventured inside the little shop. Findso now that I appreciate that the li: ing no attendant, he put aside his sudtle prince is the last of his race." denly formed impulse to purchase a

On several occasions he had seen a grim, sharp featured old man in the Halfont, the Duke of Perse and Baron Jasto Dangioss, who is minister of podoorway of the shop, but it was not lice. Count Halfont is a grandunchuntil after he had missed the Thursof the prince by marriage. The Duke day train that he made up his mind to of Perse is the father of the unhappy accost him and to have the broadsword at any price. With this object Countess Ingomede, the young and beautiful wife of the exiled Iron Count in view, he inserted his tall frame into the narrow doorway, calling out lustily Marianx. No doubt you've heard of

in 1901 and now resides on his estatement-like face of the little old man.

"That broad- Say, you speak Eng-"Certainly." snapped the old man. "Why shouldn't 1? I can't afford an interpreter. You'll find plenty of English used here in Edelweiss since the Americans and British came. They won't learn our language, so we must 110

"What's the price of that old sword you have in the window?" "Three bundred gavvos." "What's that in dollars?"

"Four hundred and twenty. It is genuine, sir, and 300 years old. Old Prince Boris carried it. It's most

AIPC. "I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, Mr.-er"-he looked at the sign on the open door-"Mr. Spantz." "I don't want your money. Good

Truxton King felt his chin in perplexity. "It's too much. I can't af-**DYON** 

"I have modern blades of my own make, sir, much cheaper and quite as snapped Spantz.

good," centured the excellent Mr. Spantz.

"You make 'em?" in surprise. The old man straightened his bent figure with sudden pride. "I am ar- marches in review before the prince

"As I was saying, sir." Interrupted Spantz so pointedly that Truxter flushed. "the little prince is the idof all the people. Under the preserve regency he is obliged to reside in the principality until his fifteenth year after which he may be permitted t-

You do not appear interested in our Truxton hastened to assure him that he was keenly interested. "Especially

"There are three regents, sir, in charge of the affairs of state-Count

"I remember that he was banished "What is it?" demanded a sharp, anfrom the principality. gry voice at his elbow. He found him-"Quite true, sir. He was banished self looking into the wizened, parch-

> in Austria. Three years ago in Buda

pest he was mar ried to Ingomede the daughter at the duke. Count Marianx has great influence at the Austrian court The Duke of Perso realized this when he compelled his daughter to accept him as her hes.

band. The fair in gomede is less than HE WAS BANISHED twenty-five years IN 1901." of age The Iron

Count is fully sixty-five." "I'd like to see if she's really beautiful. I've seen but one pretty woman in this whole blamed town, your niece, Herr Spantz. I've looked 'em over pretty carefully too. She is exceedngly attract"-

"You will not find the beautiful wemen of Edelweiss in the streets, sir,"

"Don't they ever go out shopping?" "Hardly. The merchants, if you will

but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress

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