

TRUXTON KING

A Story of ... Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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CHAPTER III

MARY PERSONS IN REVIEW.

TRUXTON KING witnessed the review of the garrison. That in itself was rather a tame exhibition for a man who had seen the finest troops in all the world. A thousand earnest looking soldiers, proud of the opportunity to march before the little prince, and that was all, so far as the review was concerned.

Mr. King saw the court in all its glory scattered along the shady Castle avenue—in carriages, in traps, in motors and in the saddle. His brain whirled and his heart leaped under the pressure of a new found interest in life.

If Truxton King had given up in disgust and fled to Vienna this tale would never have come to light. Instead of being the lively narrative of a young gentleman's adventures in faraway Graustark, it might have become a tale of the smart set in New York, for, as you know, we are bound by tradition to follow the trail laid down by our hero, no matter which way he elects to fare. He confided to his friend from Cook's that he could never have forgiven himself if he had adhered to his resolution to leave on the following day.

"I didn't know you'd changed your mind, sir," remarked Mr. Hobbs in surprise.

"Of course you didn't know it," said Truxton. "How could you? I've just changed it this instant. I didn't know it myself two minutes ago. No, sir, Hobbs—or is it Dobbs? Thanks. No, sir, I'm going to stop here for a week or two. Where the dickens do these people keep themselves? I haven't seen 'em before."

"Oh, they are the nobility—the swells. They don't hang around the streets like tourists and rubbernecks, sir," in plain disgust.

"I say, who is that just passing—the lady in the victoria?" King asked abruptly.

"That is the Countess Marlanx."

"Whew! I thought she was the queen."

Hobbs went into details concerning the beautiful countess.

"I was just going to ask if you know anything about a young woman who occasionally tends shop for William Spantz, the armorer," King finally asked.

Hobbs looked interested. "She's quite a beauty, sir, I give you my word."

"I know that, Hobbs. But who is she?"

"I really can't say, sir. She's his niece, I've heard. Been here a little over a month. I think she's from Warsaw."

"Well, I'll say goodbye here. If you've nothing on for tomorrow we'll visit the castle grounds and—ahem!—take a look about the place. Come to the hotel early. I'm going over to the gunshop."

He was whistling gayly as he entered the little shop, ready to give a cheery greeting to old Spantz and to make him a temporizing offer for the broadsword. But it was not Spantz who stood behind the little counter. Truxton flushed hotly and jerked off his hat. The girl smiled.

"I beg pardon, sir," he exclaimed. "I'm looking for Mr. Spantz."

"He is out. Will you wait?" She turned to the window, resuming the wistful, preoccupied gaze down the avenue.

"Beg pardon," he said politely. "I wanted to have another look at the broadsword there."

Very quickly he noticed that she went about it clumsily despite her supple gracefulness—she withdrew the heavy weapon from the window and laid it upon the counter.

"I am not—not what you would call an expert," she said frankly.

"What's the price?" he asked, his courage faltering under the cool, impersonal gaze.

"I do not know. My uncle has told you. I am quite new at the trade. I hope you will excuse my ignorance. My uncle will be here in a moment."

She was turning away with an air that convinced King of one thing—she was a person who in no sense had ever been called upon to serve others.

"So I've heard," he observed. The bait took effect. She looked up quickly. He was confident that a striking expression flitted across her face.

"You have heard? What have you heard of me?" she demanded.

Mr. King was inspired to fabricate in the interest of psychical research. "I have heard that you are not the niece of old man Spantz," he watched intently to catch the effect of the declaration.

"You have heard nothing of the kind," she said coldly.

Now she smiled divinely. "And why not, pray? His sister was my mother." "In order to establish a line on which to base my calculations, would you mind telling me who your father is?" He asked the question with his most appealing smile, a smile so frankly impudent that she could not resent it.

"My father is dead," she said seriously, "and my mother is dead. Now can you understand why I am living here with my uncle? Even an amateur may rise to that. Now, sir, do you expect to purchase the sword? If not I shall replace it in the window."

"That's what I came here for," said he, resenting her tone and the icy look she gave him.

"I gathered that you came in the capacity of Sherlock Holmes or something else," she added the last three words with unmistakable meaning.

She was leaning toward him, her hands on the counter, a peculiar gleam in her dark eyes, which now for the first time struck him as rather more keen and penetrating than he had suspected before.

"I simply want to tell you, Mr. King, that unless you really expect to buy this sword it is not wise in you to make it an excuse for coming here."

"My dear young lady, I—"

"My uncle has a queer conception of the proprieties. He may think that you come to see me. Young men may chat with shopgirls all the world over, but in Edelweiss, no, unless they come to pay most honorable court to them. My uncle would not understand."

"I take it, however, that you would understand," he said boldly.

"I have lived in Vienna, in Paris and in London, but now I am living in Edelweiss. I have not been a shop-girl always."

"I can believe that. My deductions are justified."

"My uncle is returning," she remarked suddenly. "I must not talk to you any longer." She glanced uneasily out upon the square and then hurriedly added, a certain wistfulness in her voice and eyes: "I couldn't help it today. I forgot my place. But you are the first gentleman I've spoken to since I came here."

When Spantz entered the door the girl was going listlessly from the window and Truxton King was leaning against the counter with his back toward her, his arms folded and a most impatient frown on his face. Spantz's black eyes shot from one to the other. "What do you want?" he demanded sharply.

"The broadsword. And, say, Mr. Spantz, you might assume a different tone in addressing me. I'm a customer, not a beggar."

The girl left the window and walked slowly to the rear of the shop, passing through the narrow door, without so much as a glance at King or the old man. Spantz was silent until she was gone.

"You want the broadsword, eh?" he asked, moderating his tone considerably. "It's a rare old—"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars—not another cent," interrupted King, not yet over his resentment. There followed a long and irritating argument, at the conclusion of which Mr. King became the possessor of the weapon at his own price.

"I'll come in again," he said indifferently.

"But you are leaving tomorrow, sir."

"I've changed my mind."

"Then you have discovered something in Edelweiss to attract you?" grinned the old armorer.

"I dare say you're right. Clean that sword up a bit for me, and I'll drop in tomorrow and get it. Here's 60 gavvos to bind the bargain—the rest on delivery. Good day, Mr. Spantz."

"Good day, Mr. King."

"How do you happen to know my name?"

Spantz put his hand over his heart and delivered himself of a most impressive bow. "When so distinguished a visitor comes to our little city," he said, "we lose no time in discovering his name. It is a part of our trade, sir, believe me."

"I'm not so sure that I do believe you," said Truxton King to himself as he sauntered up the street toward the hotel.

Mr. Hobbs, from Cook's, was at his elbow, his eyes glistening with eagerness.

"I say, old Dangloss is waiting for you at the Regency, sir. What's up? What you been up to, sir?"

"Up to—up to, Hobbs?"

"My word, sir, you must have been or he wouldn't be there to see you."

"Who is Dangloss?"

"Minister of police. Haven't I told you? He's a keen one, too, take my word for it. I heard him ask for you."

He lost no time in getting to the hotel. A well remembered, fierce looking little man in a white linen suit was waiting for him on the great piazza.

Baron Jasto Dangloss was a polite man, but not to the point of procrastination. He advanced to meet the puzzled American, smiling amiably and swirling his imposing mustache with neatly gloved fingers.

"I have called, Mr. King, to have a little chat with you," he said abruptly. He enjoyed the look of surprise on the young man's face. "Won't you join me at this table? A julep will not be bad, eh?" King sat down opposite to him at one of the piazza tables in the shade of the great trailing vines. A waiter took the order and departed.

"Now, to come to the point," began the baron. "You expected to leave tomorrow. Why are you staying over?"

King became serious at once. He saw that it was best to be frank with this keen old man.

"Baron Dangloss, I don't know just what you are driving at, but I'll set you straight, so far as I'm concerned. I never saw that girl until the day before yesterday. I never spoke to her until today."

"She smiled on you quite familiarly from her window casement yesterday," said Dangloss coolly.

"She laughed at me, to be perfectly candid. But what's all this about?"

Dangloss leaned forward and smiled merrily.

"Take my advice—do not play with fire," he said enigmatically.

"You—you mean she's a dangerous person? I can't believe that, baron."

"She has dangerous friends out in the world. She is Olga Platanova. Her mother was married in this city twenty-five years ago to Professor Platanova of Warsaw. The professor was executed last year for conspiracy. He was one of the leaders of a great revolutionary movement in Poland. They were virtually anarchists, as you have come to place them in America. This girl Olga was his secretary. His death almost killed her. But that is not all. She had a sweetheart up to fifteen months ago. He was a prince of the royal blood. He would have married her in spite of the difference in their stations had it not been for the intervention of the crown that she and her kind hate so well. The young man's powerful relatives took a hand in the affair. He was compelled to marry a scrawny little duchess, and Olga was warned that if she attempted to entice him away from his wife she would be punished. She did not attempt it, because she is a virtuous girl. Her uncle, Spantz, offered her a home."

"Baron, are you sure that she is a red?" asked King.

"Quite. She attended their councils."

"She doesn't look it, 'pon my word. I thought they were the scum of the earth."

"The kind you have in America are. But over here—oh, well, we never can tell."

"I'm much obliged. And I'll keep my eyes well open. I suppose there's no harm in my going to the shop to look at a lot of rings and knickknacks he has for sale?"

"Not in the least. Confine yourself to knickknacks, that's all."

"Isn't Spantz above suspicion?"

"No one is in my little world. By the way, I am very fond of your father. He is a most excellent gentleman and a splendid shot."

Truxton stared harder than ever. "What's that?"

"I know him quite well. Hunted wild boars with him five years ago in Germany. And your sister! She was a beautiful young girl. They were at Carlsbad at the time. Was she quite well when you last heard?"

"She was," was all that the wondering brother could say.

The baron left the American standing at the head of the steps, gazing after his retreating figure with a look of admiration in his eyes.

Truxton fared forth into the streets that night with a greater zest in life than he had ever known before. A man with a limp cigarette between his lips was never far from the side of the American—a man who had stopped to pass the time of day with William Spantz and who from that hour was not to let the young man out of his sight until another relieved him of the task.

(To Be Continued.)



"TAKE MY ADVICE—DO NOT PLAY WITH FIRE," HE SAID.

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SPRAYING FOR THRIPS MOST SUCCESSFUL

Professor O'Gara Writes Article Dealing With Spraying for Thrips and Gives Method.

(By P. J. O'Gara.)

According to Dudley Moulton, of the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, spraying for thrips has proved wonderfully successful wherever proper sprays have been used and the work done with care and thoroughness, while indifferent and careless work or improper sprays are absolutely ineffective. The thrips must first of all be reached. This necessitates high pressure—125 to 180 pounds—and a rather coarse, penetrating spray. It is necessary also that the spray be directed downward into the buds and not thrown at them from below or from the sides. It should be remembered that spraying is done, not to drive the insects away or to protect the tree from any possible future attack, but to kill those insects which are actually present on the trees. It may not be possible to reach all of the thrips, which are concealed in the buds, even with most careful spraying, but a very large percentage of them can be killed. Spraying into partly opened buds and blossoms theoretically seems impossible, but it is found entirely practicable when a coarse, forceful spray is thrown down directly against the tips. A tower platform should be built over the spray wagon so that the tops of large trees can be properly sprayed.

The bodies of the thrips, both adults and larvae, are decidedly oily and strongly resistant to all sprays which do not readily assimilate the oil. Poisonous sprays are ineffective because the thrips feed from the inner parts of the plant and not from the outer layers, where the poison would be placed.

Black-leaf tobacco extract diluted to proportions of one part of the extract to 60 or 70 parts of water and combined with a one and one-half or 2 per cent distillate oil emulsion, furnishes a spray having all the required carrying, penetrating and killing qualities desired. This is the spray which is now recommended. It can be applied with safety to opening buds, but should not be used on trees in full bloom. Blossom petals are more sensitive to injury from spraying than any other parts of a tree; but, since they soon fall, the damage, although noticeable, is not often serious. This spray can be applied to the trees immediately after the blossoms have fallen, and later to the foliage for adults and larvae.

The first application should properly be made when the thrips are coming from the ground in large numbers, and before the cluster buds are too far advanced. The winter buds, or fruit buds, as they are commonly called, should be just breaking their scales. Where the thrips are very numerous, it may be necessary to immediately follow this first application with a second. Another application can be made immediately after the petals fall, to kill the remaining adults, but more especially to kill the larvae. The adults should by all means be attacked first. The spraying for larvae is merely to alleviate the minor injury of roughening the fruits, and to protect the trees for the following year by killing the larvae before they get into the ground.

The method of making and mixing the spray is as follows:

Black-leaf tobacco extract, 1 gallon; distillate oil emulsion, 1 1/2 per-

cent, 1 3-4 gallons; water, 58 gallons.

The distillate oil emulsion may be prepared after the following formula:

Hot water, 12 gallons; whaleoil or fish oil soap, 30 pounds; distillate oil (28 degrees Baume), 20 gallons.

The soap is first dissolved in a kettle of boiling water and then removed to the spray tank where the oil is added, and this should be agitated violently and sprayed out under pressure of from 125 to 150 pounds into other barrels. This stock solution contains about 55 per cent of oil, and should be diluted at the rate of about 1 3-4 gallons to 58 gallons of water to make a 1 1/2 solution. To this should be added one gallon of the black leaf tobacco extract. This will be found to be a very adhesive and penetrating spray for the green apple aphid as well as the pear thrips.

Of the hundreds of people who will read a particular classified ad today, probably not one, except yourself, will see its peculiar significance. It may "mean more" to you than to any one else.

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of the person and estate of Charles Lloyd Hockersmith and Ivan Henry Hockersmith, minors, by virtue of an order of the county court of Jackson county, Oregon, duly and regularly given and made and entered of record on the 28th day of January, 1910, will on or after the 5th day of March, 1910, offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, the undivided two-thirty-fifths (2-35) interest of said minors in and to the following described real property, situated in the county of Jackson and state of Oregon, to-wit:

The south half (1-2) of section sixteen (16) and the southeast quarter (1-4) of section seventeen (17), in township thirty-seven (37) south of range one (1) west of the Willamette meridian.

Dated Medford, Oregon, February 4, 1910.

J. N. HOCKERSMITH, Guardian of the Person and Estate of Charles Lloyd Hockersmith and Ivan Henry Hockersmith, minors.

W. E. PHIPPS, Attorney.

Date of first publication February 4, 1910.

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\$150 AN ACRE—270 acres, foothill land, about 6 miles from Medford; there are about 85 acres on this place now planted to fruit, which includes about 26 acres in bearing. The bearing varieties are Newtown and Spitzenberg apples and Comice pears. There are 25 acres of Newtowns in their second year with peach fillers and about 6 acres of Newtowns just planted; also 20 acres of Jonathans and 10 acres of Bartlett and Anjou pears just planted. About 200 acres of first-class fruit land on the place. There are many springs on the place and considerable water could be developed for irrigation; two houses, good barn and other buildings. Would subdivide nicely. Easy terms.

\$2500—Sixty acres, 6 miles from Medford, about 15 acres cleared and partly planted; small buildings.

\$250 AN ACRE—70 acres, about 4 miles from Medford, free soil; 25 acres planted to Newtown and Spitzengerg apples, mostly 3 years old; in addition, about 25 acres under cultivation, balance easily cleared; good new 6-room plastered house, new barn; also set of old buildings. Could be subdivided into two or three tracts nicely. easy terms.

\$5500—Six miles from Medford, good new buildings, about 8 acres planted to Newtowns, Spitzengergs and pears, 1 and 2 years old; about 7 acres additional cleared, balance not hard clearing; good team, wagon and machinery goes with the place. This is a 40-acre tract.

\$275 AN ACRE—Seventy acres of level land within a mile and a half of the city limits of Medford; first-class fruit land; priced at least \$50 an acre less than anything in the vicinity; good buildings. Would subdivide nicely.

\$12,525—Eleven acres in Comice pears, 10 years old; 9 acres in Bartlett and Anjou pears, 1 to 3 years old; close in; good soil; terms.

\$12,000—Eleven acres in Comice and Bose pears, 14 years old; these trees are in full bearing and will pay a good income on the price asked.

\$7000—Thirty-five acres of black sticky, 3 miles from Medford, all under the ditch and can be irrigated.

\$13,000—Thirty-two acres, close to Medford, 8 acres in Newtowns and Spitzengergs, 5 to 7 years of age; 14 acres in alfalfa, 3 acres in peaches, 2 acres in berries; irrigated; buildings.

\$14,000—Thirty-five acres; buildings; exceptionally fine place for a home; 12 acres in apples and pears 3 years old; about an acre of bearing orchard; 11 acres in alfalfa; all fine deep free soil.

\$150 to \$200 PER ACRE—Stewart acre tracts; 2 miles from Medford; tracts are from 10 to 25 acres in size; fine building spots on all; can all be irrigated; cheapest tracts in Medford neighborhood; easy terms.

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