

TRUXTON KING

A Story of
...Groustark

By **GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON**

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CHAPTER XV.

THE GIRL IN THE RED CLOAK.

INSIDE of an hour after the return of the frightened, quivering groom who had escaped from the brigands in the hills Jack Tullis was granted permission by the war department to take a hundred picked men with him in the effort to overtake and capture the abductors of his sister. The dazed groom's story hardly had been told to the horrified brother before he was engaged in telephoning to General Braze and Baron Daugloss. A hurried consultation followed.

Baron Daugloss was sadly upset. Three prominent persons had been stolen from beneath his nose, so to speak. He was beside himself with rage and dismay. This last outrage was the climax. The old man adored the sister of Jack Tullis. He was heartbroken and crushed by the news of the catastrophe.

Captain Haas of the dragoons was put in charge of the relief party. The party was armed and equipped for a bitter chase. Word had been sent to Serros, the capital of Dawsbergen, asking the assistance of Prince Dantan in the effort to overtake the abductors. A detachment, it was announced in reply, was to start from Serros during the afternoon bound for the eastern passes.

Baron Daugloss rode to the southern gate with the white faced, suffering Tullis. "We will undoubtedly receive a communication from the rascals this afternoon or tomorrow," he said gloomily. "They will not be slow to make a formal demand for ransom, knowing that you and your sister are possessed of unlimited wealth. Hello! Who's this?"

A man who had ridden up with the gages, his horse covered with foam, was demanding admission. The wardens halted him unceremoniously as Daugloss rode forward. They found that he was one of the foremen in the employ of the railway construction company. He brought the disquieting news that another strike had been declared, that the men were ugly and determined to tear up the track already laid unless their demands were considered and, furthermore, that there had been severe fighting between the two factions engaged on the work. He urgently implored Daugloss to send troops out to hold the rioters in check.

"What is your name?" demanded the harassed minister of police.

"Polson," replied the foreman. He lied, for he was no other than John Cromer, the abusive husband of Anna Cromer of the committee of ten.

"Come with me," said Daugloss. "We will go to General Braze. Good-bye and good luck, Tullis."

At that very moment Lorraine Tullis was comparing notes with Truxton King in the room beneath the armorer's shop. Count Marlanx was hiding in the trader's inn outside the northern gates. The abductors themselves were scattered about the city, laughing triumphantly over the success of the ruse that had drawn the well feared American away on a wild goose chase to the distant passes of Dawsbergen. More than that, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon a second detachment of soldiers left the city for the scene of the riots in the construction camps, twenty miles away.

Surely the well laid plans of the Iron Count were being skillfully carried out!

All afternoon and evening men straggled in from the hills and surrounding country, apparently loath to miss the early excitement attending the ceremonies on the following day. Sullen strikers from the camps came down cursing the company, but drinking noisy toasts to the railroad and its future. The city by night swarmed with reveling thousands. The bands were playing, the crowds were singing and mobs were drinking and carousing in the lower end.

At 3 o'clock in the morning word flew from brothel to brothel, from lodging house to lodging house, in all parts of the slumbering city. A thousand men crept out into the streets after the storm, all animated by one impulse, all obeying a single force injunction.

They were to find and kill a tall American! They were to keep him or his companion from getting in touch with the police authorities or with the royal castle, no matter what the cost!

At 5 o'clock a stealthy whisper went the rounds, reaching the ear of every vagabond and cutthroat engaged in the untiring vigil. Like smoke they faded away. The silent watch was over.

The worst had sped to every corner of the town that it was no longer necessary to maintain the watch for Truxton King. He was no longer in a position to give them trouble or un-
success.

His men were never so alert as to-day and never so deceived.

"There can't be trouble of any sort," mused Colonel Quinnox. "These fellows are ugly, 'tis true, but they are not prepared for a demonstration."

"Colonel, we'll yet see the day when Groustark regrets the economy that has cut our little army to almost nothing. What have we now all told? Three hundred men in the royal guard, fewer than 600 in the fortress. I have a hundred policemen. There you are. Today there are nearly 200 soldiers off in the mountains on nasty business of one sort or another. Gad, if these ruffians from the railroad possessed no more than pistols they could give us a merry fight. There must be a thousand of them. I don't like it. We'll have trouble before the day's over."

By 11 o'clock the streets in the neighborhood of the plaza were packed with people. At 12 the castle gates were to be thrown open for the brilliant cavalcade that was to pass between these cheering rows of people.

Shortly after half past 11 o'clock certain groups of men usurped the positions in front of certain buildings on the south side of the square, a score here, a half score there, others below them. They favored the shops operated by the friends of the committee of ten; they were the men who were to take possession of the rifles that lay hidden behind counters and walls.

From the distant castle came the sounds of shouts, crawling up the long line of spectators for the full length



THEY SLEPT. HOW TIRED THEY WERE!

closed the door against all spying, un-civil eyes.

Daybreak found him at the wharf gates.

Coming to an empty flat car directed from the quairies, he resolutely seated himself upon its edge and, with amiable resignation, set about devouring his early meal, all the while casting longing, almost appealing, glances toward the next car but one. Busy little switch engines began chugging about the yards. The railroad at least was exhibiting some signs of life.

Down through the maze of sidetracks whisked the little train, out upon the main line with a thin shriek of greeting, past the freight houses. It was then that Sir Vagabond sat up very straight, a look of mild interest in his eyes. Interest gave way to perplexity, perplexity to concern. What this leaving the city? He wasted no time. Clutching his belongings to his side, he vaulted from one hand, almsly landing safely on his feet at the roadside.

He thought of the luckless pair in the empty "box."

Suddenly he stopped, his chin up, his hands to his sides. A hearty peal of laughter soared from his lips. The joke was on them. It was rich. The more he thought of their astonishment on awakening the more he laughed.

His immense levity attracted attention. Four or five men approached him from the shadows of the freight houses, ugly, unsmiling fellows. They demanded of him the cause of his unseemly mirth. With tears in his merry black eyes he related the plight of the pretty slumberers. They piled him with questions. He described the couple, even glowingly. Then the sinister fellows smiled. More than that, they clapped each other on the back and swore splendidly.

And so it was that the news spread over town at 5 o'clock that Truxton King was where he could do no harm. It was well known that the train would make forty miles an hour down the steep grade into the lower valley.

When Truxton King first awoke to the fact that they were no longer lying motionless in the dreary yards he leaped to his feet with a startled shout of alarm. With frantic energy he pulled open the door. For a minute he stared at the scudding walls of stone so close at hand, uncomprehendingly. Then the truth burst upon him with the force of a mighty blow. He staggered back, his jaw dropping, his eyes glaring.

"Great God, Lorraine! We're going! We're moving!" he cried hoarsely.

She shot to her feet and lurched to his side. "Don't fall out!" she almost shrieked.

Suddenly the train shot out into the open, farm spattered valley. Truxton fell back dumfounded.

"The country?" he exclaimed. "We've been carried away. God in heaven! The prince—he is lost!" He was beside himself, railing like a madman.

He had shouted to her that he must get back to the city.

"You would be killed!" she cried, clutching his arm fiercely. "You never can jump, Truxton. See how we are running. If you jump I shall follow. I won't go on alone. I am as much to blame as you."

A small station drew by. "Bonn, seven kilometers to Edelweiss." He looked at her in despair.

"We're going faster and faster," he grated.

Just then his gaze alighted on the pathetic breakfast. He stared as if hypnotized. Was he going mad? An instant later he was on his hands and knees examining the mysterious feast. She joined him at once. No two faces have before were so puzzled and perplexed.

"By heaven," he exclaimed, "I see it all! We've been deliberately shanghaied! We've been bottled up here and shipped out of town. Don't touch that stuff! It's probably full of poison. Great Scott, what a clever gang they are!"

Whereupon he proceeded to kick the unoffending breakfast out of the car door. To their dying day they were to believe that the food had been put there by agents of the great conspirator.

"Hello!" said he. "We're slowing up." He looked out and ahead. "There's a bridge down the road a bit—yes, there's our same old river! They're running slow for the bridge. We can swing off, Lorraine. Now's our chance!"

The train was barely creeping up to the bridge. He clasped her in the strong crook of his left arm, slid down to a sitting position and boldly pushed himself clear of the car, landing on his feet. Staggering forward with the impetus he had received, he would have fallen except for a mighty effort. A sharp groan escaped his lips as he lowered Lorraine to the ground. She looked anxiously into his face and saw nothing there, but relief.

"Come along," said the man briefly. "We must try to reach that station back there. There I can telegraph in Oh!" His first attempt to walk brought out a groan of pain.

He had turned his ankle in the leap to the ground.

"Lean on me!" she cried despairingly.

"Nonsense!" he said, with grim stubbornness. "I don't mind the pain. We'll not stop, my dear—not till we get word to Daugloss."

At a wagon road crossing they paused to rest, having covered two miles. Her little cry of joy caused him to look up from the swollen ankle, which he was regarding with dubious con-



"LEAN ON ME!" SHE CRIED.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Goble is prepared to fit glasses in all cases of defective sight that glasses will remedy. Repairs of all kinds. Broken lenses duplicated. Invisible bifocals.

18 WEST MAIN STREET.

NOTICE

is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the next meeting of the city council of Medford, Oregon, for license to sell malt, vinous and spirituous liquors in less quantities than one gallon, for six months, at lot 10, block 20, in Medford, Oregon, for a period of six months.

BASS & HALE.
Dated March 22, 1910.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed proposals for the construction of lateral sewers on certain streets and alleys, a list of which is on file at the office of the city recorder, together with plans and specifications.

All bids must be filed with the city recorder on or before 5 o'clock p. m., April 5th, 1910, accompanied by a certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount bid for, and made payable to the city treasurer of the city of Medford.

The council reserves the right to accept or reject any and all bids.

Dated at Medford, Oregon this 24th day of March, 1910.

ROBT. W. TELFER,
City Recorder.

Ladies' Guaranteed Hosiery

Aside from our line of men's furnishings, men's oxfords and shoes, we carry ladies' and children's shoes and have added to this line ladies' Square Deal" guaranteed Hosiery," made with linen heel, toe and sole of a desirable weight for summer wear. Price 25c per pair. We give a written guarantee when six pairs are bought at one time, six pairs guaranteed six months or new stockings.

The Wardrobe

FARMERS AND FRUITGROWERS' BANK BUILDING.

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OH, HERE WE ARE AT LAST!

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Canton Restaurant

SAM LOCK, Prop.

To Whom It May Concern:

The former famous chef at the Nash Grill, Mr. Sam Lock, will open a first-class restaurant next Thursday morning, above Kennedy's saloon, No. 33 South Front street. Entrance at both sides. Only first-class meals will be served, and just the name of the proprietor is the best guarantee. This is the only place where will be served chop suey and China noodles next month. Come and see me and I and you are both sure you will come back. Remember, I am willing and I preach what I promise. Yours truly,

SAM LOCK.

The scissors of the ad-reader should encounter your ad when he gets to work with them.

Orchards Farms Town Lots

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I am in position to be of material use to you in helping you locate in the Rogue River country. My acquaintance with the present owners and knowledge of the soil and conditions of every kind, favorable and otherwise, are at your command. What you want are all the facts, then you can make an intelligent investment of your cash.

I have a list of very excellent bargains which, of course, is constantly changing, but never mind that—come and see me and I will help you get what you want, whether on my list or not.

George F. Dyer

Room 3, Bijou Building, opposite Moore Hotel. Tel. 3204. (Formerly Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.)

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20 acres, 2 1/2 miles out; a snap.
10 acres, 1/2 mile from Phoenix; a bargain.
7-room house, lot 91x200, W. Main; \$3000.
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9-room house on Bartlett; \$6500.
Lots in Walnut Park; terms.

For Sale or Trade

Second-hand pitcher pump with pipe
22-special Winchester rifle.
10 acres in California.
15 acres in California, equity.
10 acres 7 miles from Medford.

BARGAINS for BUYERS
104 acres, cleared, close to station, \$20,000.
42 acres, cleared, two and one-half miles from Medford, \$9000.
20 acres, in pears, half mile from Central Point, \$7000.
40 acres, 25 acres in alfalfa and irrigated; beautiful view; \$9000.
32 acres, bearing orchard, close in, \$24,000.

HUNTLEY-KREMER Co.
214 Fruit Growers Bank Building

Electrical Fudge Parties



Informal fudge parties are enjoyable affairs when G.E. electrically heated utensils are used. No visits to the kitchen are necessary, as the fudge may be prepared in any room in the house.

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Rogue River Electric Co.

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