

TRUXTON KING

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

Copyright, 1906, by George Barr McCutcheon.
Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

CHAPTER XXI.

"YOU WILL BE MRS. KING."

It was late in the day when Truxton King was summoned to the devastated state chamber to be made a baron, and the prince completed the American's reward by presenting him with an ancient gold seal ring, one of the crown jewels.

Late that night it was reported at the castle that a large force of men were encamped on the opposite side of the river. A hundred campfires were gleaming against the distant uplands.

"The Grand Duke Paulus!" exclaimed Count Halfont. "Thank God he did not come a day earlier. We owe him nothing today, but yesterday—ah, he could have demanded much of us!"

In one of the wrecked approaches to the terrace, surrounded by fragments of stone and confronted by ugly destruction, sat a young man and a slender girl. There were no lights near them. The shadows were black and forbidding.

His arm was about her; her head nestled securely against his shoulder, and her slim hands were willing prisoners in one of his.

She was saying: "Truxton, dear, I did not love Eric Vos Hugo. I just thought it was love. I never really knew what love was until you came into my life. That's what made it so hard. I had let him believe that I might care for him some day. And I did like him. So I—"

"You will never, never know how happy I am, Lorraine!" he breathed into her ear.

"I hope I shall always bring happiness to you, Truxton," she murmured faintly with the joy of loving.

"You will make me very unhappy if you don't marry me tomorrow."

"I will marry you, Truxton, when we get to New York," she said, but not very firmly. He saw his advantage.

He held her close for a long time, his face buried in her hair. "Listen, darling! Won't you say you'll be my wife before I leave Graustark? I want you so much. I can't go away without you."

She hesitated. "When are you going, Truxton? Yes—you haven't told me."

It was what he wanted. "I am going next Monday," he said promptly. As a matter of fact, he had forgotten the day of the week they were now living in.

"Monday? Oh, dear!"

"Will you?"

"I—I must cable home first," she faltered.

"That's a mere detail, darling. Cable afterward. It will best us home by three weeks. They'll know we're coming."

"I must ask John, really I must, Truxton," she protested faintly.

"Hurry!" he shouted—in a whisper. "He is so desperately in love he won't think of refusing anything we ask. Shall we set it for Saturday?"

They set it for Saturday without consulting John Tullis and then fell to discussing him. "He is very much in love with her," she said wistfully.

"And she loves him, Lorraine. They will be very happy. She's wonderful!"

"Well, so is John. He's the most wonderful man in all this world."

"I am sure of it," he agreed unanimously. "I saw him talking with her and the Duke of Ferse as I came out awhile ago. They were going to the duke's rooms up there. The duke will offer no objections. He'll permit his daughter to select his next son-in-law."

"I shall be sorry to leave Graustark," she said dreamily after a long period of silent retrospection. "I've had the happiest year of my life here."

"I've had the bestest month of my life here. I'll never again say that the world is a dull place, I shudder when I think of what might have happened to you, my precious sweetheart, if I hadn't come to Edelweiss. I would not have found you."

"Feeling her trembling in his arms, he went on with whimsical good humor: "You would have been eaten up by the eggs long before this, or perhaps you would have succeeded in becoming a countess."

"As it is, I shall be a baroness."

"In Graustark, but not in New York. That reminds me. You'll be more than a baroness—more than a princess. You will be a queen. Don't you catch the point? You will be Mrs. King."

The Grand Duke Paulus was distinctly annoyed. He had traveled many miles, and had quite a number

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

allowed his beaming eyes to rest upon the sleeping boy far back in the chair of state. Incidentally he decided to delay a few days before taking up the bond question with the ministry. The grand duke was not an ordinary diplomat.

In one of the curtained windows, far removed from the throne, sat Truxton King and Lorraine Tullis. All about them people were watching the delicate little scene, smiling drowsily at the grand duke's tender comedy. No one was looking at the two in the curtained recess. Her hand was in his; her head sank slowly toward his inviting shoulder. Her heavy lids drooped lower and lower, refusing to obey the slender will that argued against complete surrender. At last her soft, regular breathing told him that she was asleep. Awaiting his opportunity, he tenderly kissed the soft brown hair, murmured a gentle word of love and settled his own head against the thick cushions.

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

allowed his beaming eyes to rest upon



"DEAR LITTLE MAN! GOD BLESS HIM!" the sleeping boy far back in the chair of state. Incidentally he decided to delay a few days before taking up the bond question with the ministry. The grand duke was not an ordinary diplomat.

In one of the curtained windows, far removed from the throne, sat Truxton King and Lorraine Tullis. All about them people were watching the delicate little scene, smiling drowsily at the grand duke's tender comedy. No one was looking at the two in the curtained recess. Her hand was in his; her head sank slowly toward his inviting shoulder. Her heavy lids drooped lower and lower, refusing to obey the slender will that argued against complete surrender. At last her soft, regular breathing told him that she was asleep. Awaiting his opportunity, he tenderly kissed the soft brown hair, murmured a gentle word of love and settled his own head against the thick cushions.

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

of hardships, and all to no purpose. When dawn came his emissaries returned from the city with the lamentable information that the government had righted itself, that Mariani's sensational revolution was at an end and that the regents would be highly honored if his excellency could overlook the distressingly chaotic conditions at court and condescend to pay the castle a visit.

The grand duke resolved that he would visit the castle in a very informal way, extend his congratulations and offer his services, which he knew would be declined with thanks. Incidentally he would mention the bond issue; also he would find the opportunity to suggest to the ministry that his government still was willing to make large grants and stupendous promises if any sort of arrangement could be made by which the system might be operated in conjunction with branch lines of the imperial roads.

And so it was that at midday he rode in pomp and splendor through the city gates, attended by his staff and a rather overpowering bodyguard.

The grand duke, with all the arrogance of a real personage, was late. It was not for him to consider the conditions that distressed the court of Graustark—not at all. He was a grand duke and he would take his own time in paying his respects. When he finally presented himself at the castle doors a sleepy group of attendants actually yawned in his presence.

No one had slept during the night just passed. Excitement and the suffering of others had denied slumber to one and all, even to those who had not slept for many days and nights. Now the reaction was upon them. Relaxation had succeeded tension.

When the grand duke entered the great, somber throne room he was confronted by a punctiliously polite assemblage, but every eyelid was as heavy as lead and as prone to sink.

The prince sat far back in the great chair of his ancestors, his sturdy legs sticking straight out in front of him. The grand duke advanced between the respectful lines and knelt at the foot of the throne.

"Arise, your highness," piped Bobby, with a quick glance at Count Halfont. It was a faint, faraway voice that uttered the gracious command. "Graustark welcomes the Grand Duke Paulus. It is my pleasure to—"

Everywhere they dozed and nodded. The grand duke smiled and blinked his little eyes. He was very wide awake. That is how he happened to see the prince move restlessly and half open his sleep bound eyes. The grand duke leaned forward with his hand to his ear and listened. He had seen the boy's lips move. From dreamland came Bobby's belated "Good night."

THE END.

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.

Haskins for Health.

Dr. Seely Going East.

Dr. E. R. Seely will leave in a short time for New York to take a course in surgery. He would greatly appreciate the payment of outstanding accounts before he leaves.
10

Haskins for Health.

No. 16—\$6000—75 acres, 2 miles from town, one-quarter mile from school; 20 acres in cultivation, 25 more ready to plow; 60 acres tillable, balance fine wood; 3 acres in fruit; on rural mail route. Half cash will handle this. One of the best buys on the market.

No. 14—14 ACRES—Near city limits, all in fruit, mostly 4 to 6 years old; all fine black soil; 7-room house, full 2-story, with closets, bathroom, etc.; one barn 20x28 and one 4x28 feet; splendid well. Price only \$900 per acre; one-half cash, balance terms. This price goes for a short time only.

No. 15—80 ACRES—Black loam, fine for garden, corn, or fruit; 14 acres in cultivation, balance oak and laurel wood; on creek; 4-room house, barn, chicken house and corn crib; good well, three-quarters mile to school, 2 1/2 miles to postoffice, 9 miles to station; \$1000 takes this.

No. 43—FINE vacant lot, 50x210 feet, on east side; best of garden soil. Price \$500, terms. It is worth more.

No. 21—30 ACRES—Black free soil, as fine as any in the valley; all fenced; 15 acres in Bartlett pears, with a few apple trees; 5-room house, barn and outbuildings, all painted and in nice shape; splendid well, on good county road; only 1 1/2 miles from city school. This is a bargain at \$300 per acre.

McARTHUR & ALEXANDER

ROOM 3, POSTOFFICE BUILDING
PHONE 3681 MEDFORD, OREGON

ORCHARDS AND HOMES

Mr. Landseker, did you ever stop to consider that it is not an easy task to select a profitable orchard or orchard site, especially for one unacquainted with the country or the business? I have been right next to the soil here for the past twenty years, raising trees and fruit, and I feel that I can give you information that is of value to you. Would you hire a lawyer or dentist to build you a house? No. Then why not seek a practical fruit-grower to advise you as to a location for an orchard?

Phone 5003, Ashland, or Address E. E. FOSS, TALENT, OR.

For Sale

640 acres of Good Farming Land at \$35.00 per acre. Being situated three miles west of that place and near the government irrigation canal. This land is selling at a BARGAIN and now is your time to INVEST. For particulars write

Harry Moon P. O. Address
Germantown, Calif.

P. C. HANSEN

TOM MOFFAT

We make any kind and style of Windows.
We carry Glass of any size on hand.

MEDFORD SASH & DOOR CO., Medford, Oregon.

A SMALL AD
WILL ATTRACT
ATTENTION
IF WRITTEN BY AN
EXPERT
CALL MAIN 3021

The Services

OF AN
EXPERT
AD-
WRITER
ARE AT
YOUR
COMMAND

Free

OF CHARGE
CALL
MAIN
3021

Canton Restaurant

SAM LOCK, Prop.

To Whom It May Concern:

The former famous chef at the Nash Grill, Mr. Sam Lock, has opened a first-class restaurant above Kennedy's saloon, No. 23 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.

OPEN EVERY DAY AND NIGHT
NOODLES, CHOP SUEY.

This is the only place where will be served chop suey and China noodles. Come and see me and you and I are both sure you will come back. Remember, I am willing and I preach what I promise. Yours truly.

SAM LOCK.

A SNAP IN ORCHARD LAND

One hundred and sixty acres of free red soil, 10 to 30-foot depth; two wells, about 25 acres cleared; a very gradual south hill, slope one-half mile from postoffice, less than one-fourth mile from school and seven and one-half miles southwest of Jacksonville. Only \$30 per acre. Call on or address

JOE THOMAS

222 SOUTH HOLLY STREET. MEDFORD, OREGON

PLUMBING

Steam and Hot Water Heating.
All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

I. F. MOORE AND E. E. SMITH

Old Tribune Building. Phone 3331.

Animal Insurance

We insure Horses and Cattle Against Death From Accident, Disaster or Fire.

NATIONAL LIVESTOCK INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

J. E. Tull, Agent, Medford.

Medford Iron Works

E. E. TROWBRIDGE, Proprietor.

FOUNDRY AND MACH