

Beverly of Graustark

By
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M'GUTCHEON,**
Author of "Graustark"
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If not physical support to our cause. Give them two months in which to get over this tremendous hysteria and they'll find their senses. Gabriel isn't worth it, you see, and down in their hearts they know it. They really loved young Danton, who seems to be a devil of a good fellow. I'll wager my head that in six weeks they'll be wishing he were back on the throne again. And just to think of it, Yette, dear, you were off there in the very heart of Axlphain risking everything!" he cried, wiping the moisture from his brow.

"It is just eleven days since I left Edelweiss, and I have had a lovely journey," she said, with one of her rare smiles. He shook his head gravely, and she resolved in her heart never to give him another such cause for alarm.

"And in the meantime, Mr. Grenfall Lorry, you are blaming me and hating me and all that for being the real cause of your wife's escapade," said Beverly Calhoun plaintively. "I'm awfully sorry. But you must remember one thing, sir—I did not put her up to this ridiculous trip. She did it of her own free will and accord. Besides, I am the one who met the lion and almost got devoured, not Yette, if you please."

"I'll punish you by turning you over to old Count Marlax, the commander of the army in Graustark," said Lorry laughingly. "He's a terrible ogre, worse than any lion."

"Heaven pity you, Beverly, if you fall into his clutches!" cried Yette. "He has had five wives and survives to look for a sixth. You see how terrible it would be."

"I'm not afraid of him," boasted Beverly, but there came a time when she thought of those words with a shudder.

"By the way, Yette, I have had word from Harry Anguish. He and the countess will leave Paris this week, if the baby's willing, and will be in Edelweiss soon. You don't know how it relieves me to know that Harry will be with us at this time."

Yette's eyes answered his enthusiasm. Both had a warm and grateful memory of the loyal service which the young American had rendered his friend when they had first come to Graustark in quest of the princess, and both had a great regard for his wife, the Countess Dagmar, who as Yette's lady in waiting had been through all the perils of those exciting days with them.

As they drew near the gates of Edelweiss a large body of horsemen rode forth to meet them. The afternoon was well on the way to night, and the air of the valley was cool and refreshing despite the rays of the June sun.

"Edelweiss at last," murmured Beverly, her face aglow. "The heart of Graustark. Do you know that I have been brushing up on my grammar? I have learned the meaning of the word 'Graustark,' and it seems so appropriate. 'Gru' is gray, hoary, old; 'stark' is strong. Old and strong, isn't it, dear?"

"And here rides the oldest and strongest man in all Graustark—the Iron Count of Marlax," said Yette, looking down the road. "See; the strange gray man in front there is our greatest general, our craftiest fighter, our most heartless warrior. Does he not look like the eagle or the hawk?"

A moment later the parties met, and the newcomers swung into line with the escort. Two men rode up to the carriage and saluted. One was Count Marlax, the other Colonel Quinnox of the royal guard. The count, lean and gray as a wolf, revealed rows of huge white teeth in his perfumery smile of welcome, while young Quinnox's face fairly beamed with honest joy. In the post that he held he was but following in the footsteps of his forefathers. Since history began in Graustark a Quinnox had been in charge of the castle guard.

The "Iron Count," as he sometimes was called, was past his sixtieth year. For twenty years he had been in command of the army. One had but to look at his strong, sardonic face to know that he was a fearless leader, a savage fighter. His eyes were black, piercing and never quiet; his hair and close cropped beard were almost snow white; his voice was heavy and without a vestige of warmth. Since her babyhood Yette had stood in awe of this grim old warrior. It was no uncommon thing for mothers to subdue disobedient children with the threat to give them over to the Iron Count. "Old Marlax will get you if you're not good," was a household phrase in Edelweiss. He had been married five times, and as many times had he been left a widower. If he were discon-

solate in any instance, no one had been able to discover the fact. Enormously rich, as riches go in Graustark, he had found young women for his wives who thought only of his gold and his lands in the trade they made with Cupid. It was said that without exception they died happy. Death was a joy. The fortress overlooking the valley to the south was no more rugged and unyielding than the man who made his home within its walls. He lived there from choice, and it was with his own money that he fitted up the commandant's quarters in truly regal style. Power was more to him than wealth, though he enjoyed both.

Colonel Quinnox brought news from the castle. Yette's uncle and aunt, the Count and Countess Halfont, were eagerly expecting her return, and the city was preparing to manifest its joy in the most exuberant fashion. As they drew up to the gates the shouts of the people came to the ears of the travelers. Then the boom of cannon and the flare of bands broke upon the air, thrilling Beverly to the heart. She wondered how Yette could be so calm and unmoved in the face of all this homage.

Past the great Hotel Regenetz and the tower moved the gay procession into the broad stretch of boulevard that led to the gates of the palace grounds. The gates stood wide open and inviting. Inside was Jacob Fraasch, the chief steward of the grounds, with his men drawn up in line; upon the walls the sentries came to parade rest; on the plaza the royal band was playing as though by inspiration. Then the gates closed behind the coach and escort, and Beverly Calhoun was safe inside the castle walls. The Iron Count handed her from the carriage at the portals of the palace, and she stood as one in a dream.

CHAPTER XI.

THE two weeks following Beverly Calhoun's advent into the royal household were filled with joy and wonder for her. Daily she sent glowing letters to her father, mother and brothers in Washington, elaborating vastly upon the paradise into which she had fallen. To her highly emotional mind the praises of Graustark had been but poorly sung. The huge old castle, relic of the feudal days, with its turrets and bastions and portcullises, impressed her with a never ending sense of wonder. Its great halls and stairways, its chapel, the throne room and the armor closet; its underground passages and dungeons all united to fill her imaginative soul with the richest, rarest joys of romance. Simple American girl that she was, unused to the rigorous etiquette of royalty, she found embarrassment in the first confusion of events, but she was not long in recovering her poise.

Her apartments were near those of the Princess Yette. In the private intercourse enjoyed by these young women all manner of restraint was abandoned by the visitor and every vestige of royalty slipped from the princess. Count Halfont and his adorable wife, the Countess Yvonne, both of whom had grown old in the court, found the girl and her strange servant a source of wonder and delight.

Some days after Beverly's arrival there came to the castle Harry Anguish and his wife, the vivacious Dagmar. With them came the year-old cooling babe who was to overthrow the heart and head of every being in the household, from princess down. The tiny Dagmar became queen at once, and no one disputed her rule.

Anguish the painter became Anguish the strategist and soldier. He planned with Lorry and the ministry, advancing some of the most harebrained projects that ever encouraged discussion in a solemn conclave. The staid, cautious ministers looked upon him with wonder, but so plausible did he make his proposals appear that they were forced to consider them seriously. The old Count of Marlax held him in great disdain and did not hesitate to expose his contempt. This did not disturb Anguish in the least, for he was as optimistic as the sunshine. His plan for the recapture of Gabriel was ridiculously improbable, but it was afterward seen that had it been attempted much distress and delay might actually

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Salmaquidi.

Niagara Falls a power generating plant is worth \$40,000,000 a year.

Mrs. Hetty Green, it is said, can

stand in City Hall Square, New York City, and see \$5,000,000 of her own cleverness represented in buildings.

Fifteen members of the Brotherhood of Carpenters of Newark, N. J., were fined \$100 each by the union for not striking. They refused to go out on a recent strike when ordered, and when the firm which employed them settled its differences with the union they were discharged.

The Rhode Island man, whose life was saved by whisky, says the Augusta Chronicle, had not yet applied for citizenship in Georgia.

William T. Stead thus whacks the British representatives at The Hague: "As members of a conference striving for peace ideals, they are about the most incompetent set of beings that ever achieved an unmitigated failure."

Does "order out of chaos" in the public printer's office mean getting back to the English language in public documents?—[Courier-Journal].

Taft's tariff idea that will barely cover the difference between domestic and foreign cost of manufacture will not suit Aldrich and his stand-patters. The margin of unearned profit is not broad enough for them in that kind of protection.

George Bernard Shaw thought he was drowning the other day, but, like most of Shaw's thoughts, it proved to be only a dream.

Col. Bryan was in another railroad wreck recently, but he survives every week, both railroad and political.

Mrs. Eva Fox Strangways, now in the Tombs in New York for passing bogus checks, says that "money is the only qualification needed for breaking into Gotham society." She neglected to state, however, that it is necessary for the breaker-in to be able to put up some sort of bluff at being the real owner of the money in question.

"The American people owe a great deal to the trusts," says a French writer. Well, we do not see what is to be done about it, unless the trusts will lead us the money to pay up.

The judge at an Asbury Park baby show dropped dead just before rendering his decision. Perhaps the easiest way out of it.

Indications are that Mr. Taft means to follow Mr. Roosevelt's policy very closely as for the tariff, says the Norfolk Landmark. Which, we suppose, means that Mr. Taft will endeavor to forget the tariff between elections.

"Booker T. Washington stands out clearer to-day than ever before," says a contemporary. Booker evidently appreciates the advantages of a white background.

"There are canals on Mars," says a scientist, dogmatically. Oh, well, suppose there are; the one we almost have in this country is sufficient worry.

The new \$10 bill is very pretty, indeed. The last one we saw looked like a streak of yellow gold.

A flash of lightning is reported to have peeled a sack full of onions. The lightning has always been noted for its eccentricities.

When a horse becomes frightened it is a mistake to use the whip on him, or employ harsh language. If a horse is frightened at any object and is whipped because he shows fright, he will always afterward associate that object with whipping, and will, for that reason, fear it still more than he would otherwise do. You would not whip your child or abuse a friend for getting frightened. Speak kindly and the fear is soon gone.

The late Gen. Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the civil war, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virginia, when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a schoolhouse, says Lippincott's. It chanced that during the night a

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skunk had found its way under the floor, and by and by had announced its savory presence after its well-known effective manner. The officers all waked up, but, being gentlemen, and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer. "Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "Dis is awful! Dey shleeps and I wakes, and I haf got to smell it all!"

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