

The PRINCE of GRAUSTARK

BY
GEORGE BARR
M'UTCHEON



Copyright, 1914, by Dodd, Mead and Company.

SYNOPSIS

Mr. Blithers, multi-millionaire, discusses with his wife the possibilities of marrying off his daughter, Maud Applegate, to the Prince of Graustark, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Truxton King in America in anticipation of getting some one to take up the loan Russia holds. A Mr. Scoville is attentive to Maud.

Prince Robin is accompanied by Count Quinnox, minister of war; Lieutenant Dank and Hobbs, the valet. The prince had balked at a matrimonial alliance with the Princess of Dawnsbergen, both of them wishing to choose for themselves. Mr. Blithers visits the Kings uninvited.

Mr. Blithers discusses the Russian loan and gently hints at \$30,000,000 his daughter will get when she marries the right man.

Bankers suddenly refuse to handle the loan. Count Quinnox and King arrange a meeting with Blithers. King suspects him of blocking the deal.

Blithers promises to consider the loan. His wife prepares a ball for the Prince and Maud, who suddenly balks at the affair and doesn't attend.

Meeting the prince out for a stroll, Blithers chats on matrimony. Robin says he is not for sale, but agrees to meet Maud when he learns she is opposed to her parents' wishes.

Maud again evades the prince, who reports he must leave for Graustark at once. Maud writes she is off for Europe on the Jupiter with an aged companion. Her father schemes to get them both on the same ship.

The prince as Mr. Schmidt sails on the Jupiter. Blithers buys \$20,000,000 of Graustark bonds. A young lady disputes Robin's right to a table and deck chair.

He learns she is Miss Guile of New York, and her aged companion Mrs. Gaston. He soon becomes better acquainted with Miss Guile.

Her given name is Hedella, she tells him. She tells Mrs. Gaston that she suspects he is the Prince of Graustark.

CHAPTER XI

The Lieutenant Receives Orders.

THE next day brought not only an agreeable change in the weather, but a most surprising alteration in the manner of Mrs. Gaston, whose attitude toward R. Schmidt and his friends had been anything but amicable up to the hour of Miss Guile's discovery. The excellent lady, recovering very quickly from her indisposition, became positively polite to the hitherto repugnant Mr. Schmidt. She melted so abruptly and so completely that the young man was vaguely troubled. He began to wonder if his incognito had been pierced, so to speak.

He forbore asking when Miss Guile might be expected to appear on deck for her constitutional, but she volunteered the information, which was neither vague nor yet definite. In fact, she said that Miss Guile would be up soon.

Now it is necessary to relate that Miss Guile had been particularly firm in her commands to Mrs. Gaston. In the first place, Mrs. Gaston was given to understand that she was not to breathe it to a soul that R. Schmidt was not R. Schmidt, and she was not to betray to him by word or sign that he was suspected of being the Prince of Graustark. Moreover, the exacting Miss Guile laid great stress upon another command—R. Schmidt was never to know that she was not Miss Guile, but some one else altogether.

"You're right, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Gaston in an excited whisper as she burst in upon her fair companion, who was having coffee and toast in her parlor. Marie, the maid, was waiting to do up her mistress's hair, and the young lady herself was alluringly charming in spite of the fact that it was not already "done up."

"He is the—er—he is just what you think."

"Good heavens, you haven't gone and done it, have you?" cried the girl, a slim hand halting with a piece of toast halfway to her lips.

"Gone and done it?"

"You haven't been blabbing, have you?"

"How can you say that to me? Am I not to be trusted? Am I so weak and—"

"Don't cry, you old dear! Forgive me. But now tell me—absolutely—just what you've been up to," and Mrs. Gaston repeated every word of the conversation she had had with R. Schmidt, proving absolutely nothing, but stoutly maintaining that her intuition was completely to be depended upon.

"And, oh," she whispered in conclusion, "wouldn't it be perfectly wonderful if you two should fall in love with each other?"

"Don't be silly!"

"But you have said that if he should fall in love with you for yourself and not because—"

"I have also said that I will not marry any man—prince, duke, king, count or anything else—unless I am in love with him. Don't overlook that, please."

"But he is really very nice. I should think you could fall in love with him. Just think how it would please your father and mother. Just think—"

"I won't be bullied!"

"Am I bullying you?" in amazement.

"No, but father tries to bully me, and you know it."

"When she appeared on deck ions

afterward she found every chair occupied. A warm sun, a far from turbulent sea and a refreshing breeze had brought about a marvelous transformation.

She made several brisk rounds of the deck, then, feeling that people were following her with their eyes—admiringly, to be sure, but what of that?—she abandoned the pleasant exercise and sought the seclusion of the sunless corner where her chair was stationed. The ship's daily newspaper was just off the press, and many of the loungers were reading the brief telegraphic news from the capitals of the world. She procured a copy of the paper from a steward and was glancing at the headlines as she made her way into her corner. Double led type appeared over the rumored engagement of Miss Maud Applegate, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the great capitalist, and Robin, prince of Graustark. A queer little smile played about her lips as she folded the paper for future perusal. Turning the corners of the deck building, she almost collided with R. Schmidt, who stood leaning against the wall, scanning the little newspaper with eyes that were blind to everything else.

"Oh!" she gasped.

"I'm sorry," he exclaimed, crumpling the paper in his hand as he backed away, flushing. "Stupid of me. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Schmidt. It wasn't your fault. I should have looked where I was going. I see you have a paper. It appears that Miss Blithers and the prince are to be married after all."

"Yes, it is quite apparent that the Blithers family wants a title at any cost," he said.

Her eyes flashed with amusement at his reply.

"Would you like to take a few turns around the deck, Miss Guile?" he inquired, a trace of nervousness in his manner.

Before deciding she shot an investigating glance into the corner. Mrs. Gaston was not only there, but was engaged in conversation with the gray mustached gentleman in a nearby chair. It required but half a glance to show that Mr. Totten was unmistakably interested in something the voluble lady had just said to him.

"No, thank you, Mr. Schmidt," said Miss Guile hastily, and then hurried over to her chair, a distinct cloud on her smooth brow. Robin, considering himself dismissed, whirled and went his way, a dark flush spreading over his face. Never in all his life had he been quite so out of patience with the world as on this bright, sunny morning.

"Here comes Mr. Schmidt," whispered Mrs. Gaston excitedly a few moments later and at once made a movement indicative of hasty departure.

"Sit still," said Miss Guile peremptorily.

R. Schmidt again passed them by without so much as a glance in their direction. There was a very sweet smile on Miss Guile's lips as she closed her eyes and lay back in her chair. Once, twice, thrice, even as many as six times R. Schmidt strode rapidly by her corner, his head high and his face aglow.

At last a queer little pucker appeared on the serene brow of the far from drowsy young lady whose eyes peeped through half closed lids. Suddenly she threw off her rug with a brief remark to her companion, arose and went to her cabin. Mrs. Gaston followed, not from choice, but because the brief remark formed a command.

Soon afterward R. Schmidt, who had been joined by Dank, threw himself into his chair with a great sigh of fatigue and said:

"If Hobbs isn't careful he'll discover a new continent one of these days. He is always discovering something," said Robin, puffing away at his pipe.

"But this is really interesting. It seems that he was in the hold when Miss Guile's maid came down to get into one of her mistress's trunks. Now, the first letter in Guile is G, isn't it? Well, Hobbs says there are at least half a dozen trunks there belonging to the young lady and that all of them are marked with a large red B. What do you make of it?"

The prince had stopped puffing at his pipe.

"Really, you know, Dank, I ought to dismiss Hobbs," said Robin irritably. "He is getting to be a dreadful nuisance. Always nosing around trying to—"

"But, after all, sir, you'll have to admit that he has made a puzzling dis-



"I should say because her name begins with a B," said Robin.

covery. Why should her luggage be marked with a B?"

"I should say because her name begins with a B," said Robin shortly.

"In that case it isn't Guile."

"Obviously." The young man was thinking very hard.

"And if it isn't Guile there must be an excellent reason for her sailing under a false name."

"Have you a theory?"

"There are many that we could advance, but, of course, only one of them could be the right one, even if we were acute enough to include it in our list of guesses. She may have an imperative reason for not disclosing her identity. For instance, she may be running away to get married."

"That's possible," agreed Robin.

"But not probable. She may be a popular music hall favorite or one of those peculiarly clever creatures known as the American newspaper woman, against whom we have been warned. Don't you regard it as rather significant that of all the people on this ship she should be the one to attach herself to the unrecognized Prince of Graustark? Put two and two together, sir, and—"

"I find it singularly difficult to put one and one together, Dank," said the prince ruefully. "No, you are wrong in both of your guesses."

"So be it," said Dank, but with doubt in his eyes. "You ought to know. I've never spoken to her, so—"

"She thinks you are a dreadfully attractive chap, Dank," said Robin mischievously. "She said so only yesterday."

Dank gave his prince a disgusted look and smoked on in silence. His dignity was ruffled.

"Come, old fellow, let's forget Miss Guile," cried Robin, slapping the lieutenant on the shoulder. "Let's think of the real peril—Maud Applegate Blithers." He held up the ship's paper for Dank to see, and then sat back to enjoy his companion's rage.

An hour later Dank and Count Quinnox might have been seen seated side by side on the edge of a skylight at the tiptop of the ship's structure engaged in the closest conversation.

"He is young enough and stubborn enough to make a fool of himself over her," the count had said. "I wouldn't blame him, 'pon my soul I wouldn't. She is very attractive—ahem! You must be his safeguard, Dank. Go in and do as I suggest. You are a good looking chap and you've nothing to lose. So far as she is concerned you are quite as well worth while as the fellow known as R. Schmidt. There's no reason why you shouldn't make the remainder of the passage pleasant for her and at the same time enjoy yourself at nobody's expense."

"Is it a command, sir?"

"It is."

"Very well, sir. I shall do my best."

Five days later as the Jupiter was discharging passengers at Plymouth Count Quinnox and Lieutenant Dank stood well forward on the promenade deck watching the operations. The younger man was moody and distant, an unusual condition for him, but one that had been noticeably recurrent during the past two or three days. Something had gone wrong with him, and it was something that he felt in

GET RID OF HUMORS

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other eruptions come from humors, which may be either inherited or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, the old reliable medicine, helps the system to discharge the humors, and to improve the digestion and assimilation.

From your druggist get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which may be confidently relied upon to do its work. It purifies the blood, tones the stomach, and builds up the whole system. It goes to the roots of diseases, and its beneficial results are permanent. It sets things to rights in the system. Remember to ask for Hood's Sarsaparilla, because nothing else acts like it and nothing can take its place.

duty bound to lay before his superior, the grim old minister of war and hereditary chief of the castle guard. Occasionally his somber gaze shifted to a spot farther down the deck, where a young man and woman leaned upon the rail and surveyed the scene of activity below.

"What is on your mind, Dank?" asked the count abruptly. "Out with it."

"Pretty mess I've made of the business," lamented Dank surlily. "Putting myself up as a contender against a fellow like Robin and dreaming that I could win out, even for a minute! Good Lord, what an ass I am! Why, we've only made it worse, count. We've touched him with the spur of rivalry, and what could be more calamitous than that? From being a rather matter of fact, indifferent observer, he becomes a bewildering cavalier bent on conquest at any cost. I am swept aside as if I were a parcel of rags. For two days I stood between him and the incomparable Miss Guile. Then he suddenly arouses himself. My cake is dough. I am nobody. The beautiful Miss Guile has bewitched our prince, and my labor is not only lost, but I myself am lost. Mon dieu!"

The count stared at him in perplexity for a moment. Then a look of surprise came into his eyes—surprise not unmingled with scorn.

"You don't mean to say, Dank, that you've fallen in love with her? Oh, you absurd fledgelings. Will you?"

"Why not?" broke in Dank fiercely. "Why should it appear incredible to you? Is she not the most entrancing creature in all the world? Is she not the most appealing, the most adorable, most feminine of all her sex? The—"

The count stopped him with a sharp gesture. A look of real concern appeared in his eyes.

"Do you believe that he is actually in love with this girl?"

"Heels over head," barked the unhappy lieutenant. "I've never seen a worse case."

"We must put an end to this fond adventure. Robin is our most precious possession. We must not—Why do you shake your head?"

"We are powerless, sir. If he makes up his mind to marry Miss Guile he'll do it in spite of anything we can do—that is, provided she is of the same mind. All Graustark can't stop him, nor old man Blithers either. Besides, he says he isn't going to Edelweiss immediately."

"That is news to me."

"I thought it would be. He came to the decision not more than two hours ago. He is determined to spend a couple of weeks at Interlaken."

"Interlaken?"

"Yes. Miss Guile expects to stop there for a fortnight after leaving Paris."

"I must remonstrate with Robin—at once," declared the old man. "He is needed in Graustark. He must be made to realize the importance of—"

"I told him we were expected to reach home by the end of next week, and he said that a quiet fortnight in the Alps would make new men of all of us."

"'Pon my soul!" was all that the poor minister of war, an adept in strategy, was able to exclaim.

For some unaccountable reason Miss Guile and her companion preferred to travel alone to Paris. They had a private compartment, over which a respectful, but adamant, conductor exercised an authority that irritated R. Schmidt beyond expression. The rest of the train was crowded to its capacity, and here was desirable space going to waste in the section occupied by the selfish Miss Guile. He couldn't understand it in her. Was it, after all, to be put down as a simple steamer encounter? Was she deliberately snubbing him, now that they were on land?

It was not until the boat train was nearing the environs of Paris that Hobbs threw some light over the situation, with the result that it instantly became darker than ever before. It appears that Miss Guile was met at the landing by a very good looking young man who not only escorted her to the train, but actually entered it with her and was even now enjoying the luxury of a private compartment as well as the contents of a large luncheon hamper, to say nothing of an uninterrupted view of something far more inspiring than the scenery.

(To be Continued)



Facts

GET the facts on the operating cost before you buy any automobile.

Find out the truth before—not after. And don't be satisfied with hearsay or a salesman's claims. The price of gasoline is high; so is oil and there is sure to be an increase in the cost of all tires.

So, what you want is the car that will give you most miles per gallon of gasoline, per gallon of oil and per set of tires.

Here are the facts proved by the Maxwell stock touring car that recently set the World's Motor Non-Stop Record:

Maxwell World's Non-Stop Record Facts

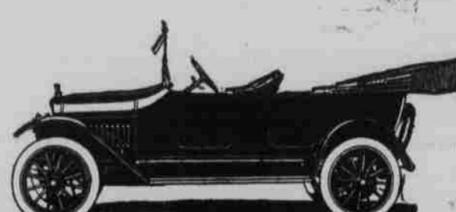
Miles without a motor stop.....	22,023
Average miles per day (44 days).....	500.6
Miles per gallon of gasoline.....	21.88
Miles per gallon of oil.....	400
Average miles per tire.....	9,871

Remember that this was a Non-Stop Endurance Record—in order to prove that the Maxwell car was exceedingly sturdy, reliable and trouble proof.

No attempt was made or could be made to save gasoline, oil or tires. So these figures merely indicate what would be possible under ordinary driving conditions.

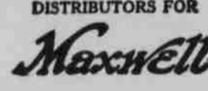
Right now we have a Maxwell we can deliver to you, and if you don't want to pay cash, make a deposit and pay the balance as you use the car. **But don't put it off.** We know the Maxwell factory can't get half enough freight cars to carry their doubled output. Later on we may not be able to supply you. But we can NOW. Better phone us for a demonstration today.

Touring Car, \$655
Roadster, \$635
Prices F. O. B. Detroit



P. C. REDMAN, Agent
Abilene, Kansas

DISTRIBUTORS FOR



SUES A. T. & S. F. FOR \$184.25 ON SHIPMENT DAMAGED FLOUR

The Security Flour Mills company seeks judgment in the district court against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad company for \$184.25, loss incurred by the mills in a carload shipment of flour to Stevenson & Co., Mountain View, Mo. When the flour was delivered to the railroad here, August 4, 1915, it was in a merchantable condition but was refused by Stevenson when delivered. In transportation the shipment became damaged so that it had to be sold as damaged goods at a loss to the mills.

TRAIN PASSENGERS ENDED JOURNEY IN JITNEY BUS

The engine of the west bound Rock Island passenger train, due here at 5:45 p. m., blew out a cylinder head when a mile and a half west of Enterprise last night and did not proceed again until another locomotive was brought from Herington. It took several hours to do this and the train did not arrive here until 9:30. In the meantime the passengers bound for Abilene had gone to a nearby farmhouse, telephoned for Harding's jitney bus and arrived at their destination in good time. Two passengers bound for the Ross reception started for Abilene via the foot route, but were rescued by some generous automobilists.

Hortis Dickinson Dies in Oregon

L. B. Campbell received word yesterday afternoon of the death April 22 of his brother-in-law, Hortis Dickinson, of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Dickinson was known through relatives to people of this vicinity. A wife and six children survive him and he was well up in years. Mrs. Frank Phillips is a niece.

A HEAVY BURDEN

A Bad Back Makes Life Miserable For Many Abilene People

A bad back is a heavy burden. A burden at night when bedtime comes. Just as bothersome in the morning.

Ever try Doan's Kidney Pills for it?

Know they are for kidney backache—and for other kidney ills? If you don't, some Abilene people do.

Read a case of it:

Mrs. Nancy Purves, N. Sixth St., Abilene, says: "My kidneys were weak. The kidney secretions contained sediment and were irregular in passage. My back ached constantly and I had headaches, accompanied by dizzy spells. At night I was restless and mornings felt all tired out. Although I tried different medicines, I continued to grow worse until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They soon gave me great relief. I became stronger, the pains left and my kidneys were again normal."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Purves had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla is the medicine for impure blood, eruptions, weakness and general debility—I positively and absolutely CURES. Obtainable everywhere.