

# TRUXTON KING

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A Story of Graustark  
By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

### Synopsis.

CHAPTER I—Truxton King arrives in Edelweiss, capital of Graustark, and meets the beautiful niece of Spantz, a gunmaker. II—King does a favor for Prince Robin, the young ruler of the country, whose guardian is John Tullis, an American. III—Baron Dangloss, minister of police, interviews King and warns him against Olga, the gunmaker's niece. IV—King invades the royal park, meets the prince and is presented to the lad's fascinating Aunt Lorraine. V—The committee of ten conspirators against the prince, meets in an underground chamber, where the girl Olga is disclosed as one who is to kill Prince Robin with a bomb. VI—John Tullis calls on the beautiful Countess Ingomede, who warns him that her hated and notorious old husband, Count Marlanx, is conspiring against the prince. VII, VIII, IX and X—King visits the house of the witch of Ganlook and meets the royal household there. He sees an eye gleaming through a crack in a door, and while searching for the person he is overpowered and dragged into a loft. He is confronted by Count Marlanx and then taken to the underground den of the committee of ten.

### CHAPTER IX.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES.  
BUT Hobbs halted his mad flight. He decided to return to the aut. His friend might be in desperate need of aid.

Then, with his heart in his mouth, he slowly began to retrace his steps, walking where he had galloped a moment before. A turn in the road caused him to draw rein sharply. A hundred yards ahead five or six men were struggling with a riderless bay horse.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Hobbs. "It's his horse!"  
As he drew nearer it struck him forcibly that the men were not what he had thought them to be. They were an evil looking lot, more like the strikers he had seen in the town earlier in the day. Even as he was minding the new thought over in his mind one of them stepped out of the little knot and, without a word of warning, lifted his arm and fired point blank at the little Englishman. A pistol ball whizzed close by his head. His horse leaped to the side of the road in terror, almost unseating him.

But Hobbs had fighting blood in his veins. What is more to the point, he had a Mauser revolver in his pocket. He jerked it out and, despite a second shot from the picket, prepared to ride down upon the party. An instant later half a dozen revolvers were blazing away at him. Hobbs turned at once and rode in the opposite direction, whirling to fire twice at the unfriendly group. Soon he was out of range. The only thing left for him to do was to ride at once to the city and give the alarm.

Suddenly his horse swerved and leaped furiously out of stride, stumbling, but recovering himself almost instantaneously. In the same second he heard the sharp crack of a firearm fired down the unbroken ravine to his left. A second shot came, this time from the right and close at hand. His horse was staggering, swaying; then down he crashed. Hobbs swinging clear barely in time to escape being plinoned to the ground. A stream of blood was pouring from the side of the poor beast. Aghast at this unheard of wantonness, the little interpreter knew not which way to turn, but stood there dazed until a third shot brought him to his senses. The bullet kicked up a dust near his feet. He scrambled for the heavy underbrush at the roadside and darted off into the roadside, his revolver in his hand, his heart palpitating like mad. Time and again as he fled through the dark thickets he heard the hoarse shouts of men in the distance.

At 10 o'clock the next morning Colonel Quinnox and a company of soldiers, riding up from the city gates toward the north in response to a call for help from honest herders who reported attacks and robberies of an alarming nature, came upon the stiff, footsore, thorn scratched Mr. Hobbs not far from the walls of the town. The colonel was not long in grasping the substance of Hobbs' revelations. He rode off at once for the witch's hovel, sending Hobbs with a small, instructed escort to the castle, where Baron Dangloss was in consultation with Mr. Tullis and certain ministers.

The city was peaceful enough, much to the surprise of Hobbs. No disturbance had been reported, said the guardsmen who rode beside him. Up in the hills there had been some deprivations, but that was all.

"All?" growled Mr. Hobbs. "All? Hang it all, man, wot did you call all? You haven't heard of it yet. I tell you, there's been the devil to pay. Wait till the colonel comes back from Ganlook gap. He'll have news for you; take it from me, he will. That poor chap 'as gone up in smoke as sure as my name 's Hobbs."  
They met Baron Dangloss near the barracks, across the park from the castle. He was in close, earnest conversation with John Tullis and Count Halfont, both of whom seemed laboring under intense excitement.

"This mystery coming on top of the other is all the more difficult to understand—I mean the disappearance of the Countess Marlanx," said Baron Dangloss, pulling at his imperial in plain perplexity. "But we must not stop here talking. Will you come with me, Mr. Tullis, to the tower? I shall send out my best man to work on the case of the lady. It is a most amazing thing. I still have hope that she will appear in person to explain the affair."

"I think not," said Tullis gloomily. "This looks like abduction—foul play, or whatever you choose to call it. She has never left her father's house in just this manner before. I believe, baron, that Marlanx has taken her away by force. She told me yesterday that she would never go back to him if she could help it. I have already given you my suspicions regarding his designs upon the—ahem!" Catching the eager gaze of the prince, he changed the word "throne" to "treasury."

Lorraine, her cheeks white with resolution, turned upon John Tullis. "You might leave the rescue of the countess to the proper authorities—the police," she said calmly. "I think it is your duty as an American to head the search for Mr. King. If Count Marlanx has spirited his wife away, pray who has a better right?"

"But we are not sure that he"—  
"We are sure that Mr. King is either dead or in dire need of help," she interrupted hotly.

"Colonel Quinnox is quite competent to conduct the search," he said shortly. "But Colonel Quinnox has gone forth on another mission. He may be unable to give any of his time to the search for Mr. King. It is outrageous, John Tullis, to refuse help!"

"I don't refuse help!" he exclaimed. "But I'll sell you this—I consider it my duty as a man to devote what strength I have to the service of a woman in trouble. Come, baron; we will go to the tower."

Count Halfont intervened, hastily proposing that a second party be sent out at once with instructions to raze the witch's hut if necessary.

"I shall be happy to lead the expedition," said young Count Vos Engo, bowing deeply to the young lady herself.

"You shall, Vos Engo," said Halfont. "Prepare at once. Take ten men." Tullis turned suddenly to the resentful girl. "Lorraine," he said gently as the others drew away, "don't be hard with me. You don't understand."  
"Yes, I do," she said stubbornly. "You are in love with her."  
"Yes; that's quite true."  
"A married woman?"  
"I can't help it. I must do all I can for her."

She looked into his honest eyes for a moment. "Forgive me," she murmured, hanging her head.

Then she smiled brightly up into his face. "Have your way, then. Remember that I am her friend too."  
The guard about the prince was doubled. Orders requiring the strictest care of his person were issued by Count Halfont. Baron Dangloss began to see things in a different light. Things that had puzzled him before now seemed clear.

But late in the afternoon a telegram was brought to Tullis which upset all of their calculations and caused the minister of police to swear softly in pure disgust. It was from the Countess Marlanx herself, sent from Porvrak, a station far down the railway, in the direction of Vienna. It was self explanatory: "I am going to Schloss Marlanx, there, and my days. There is no hope of me. I go voluntarily. Will you not understand why I am leaving Edelweiss? You must know." It was signed "Ingomede."

Tullis was dumfounded. He caught the penetrating glance of Dangloss and flushed under the sudden knowledge that this shrewd old man also understood why she was leaving Edelweiss. Because of him! Because she loved him and would not be near him. His heart swelled exultantly in the next moment. A brave resolve was born within him.

side the anonymous young officer in command was a girl in gray. Now she was coming home with them, silent, subdued, dispirited—even more so than she allowed the count to see.  
Colonel Quinnox and his men had been scouring the hills for bandits. They arrived at the witch's cabin a few minutes after Vos Engo and his company. Disregarding the curses of the old woman, a thorough search of the place was made.  
The old woman's story, reflected by the grandson, was convincing so far as it went. She said that the young man remained behind in the kitchen to puzzle himself over the smoke mystery while she went out to her doorstep. The man with the horses became frightened when she went down to explain the situation to him. He fled. A few minutes later the gentleman emerged to find his horse gone, himself deserted. Cursing, he struck off down the glen in pursuit of his friend, and that was the last she saw of him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE POPE IN A LAWSUIT.

His Holiness Defendant in Contest Over Mgr. Adam's Will.

Rome—Although the Vatican is not particularly interested in the Ruspoli will case and awaits the decision of the Rospiglioso affair before the court of Roman Rota with equanimity, it is directly identified in the contest over the will of the late Mgr. Adam, since Pope Pius X, himself is a defendant in the case.  
It seems that Mgr. Adam accumulated a fortune between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000 in a mysterious manner. Two months before his death he wished to bequeath it to the Pope, but was informed that his Holiness was unable personally to inherit a bequest of any kind. Then, it is alleged, the Monsignore resorted to a ruse. He sold his property to the Vatican for 500,000 lire, or \$100,000, and, receiving that money in gold, he determined to keep it with him until just before his death, when he would find means to have it conveyed directly to the Pope.  
Mgr. Adam died. His will, when proved, showed that, besides some small keepsakes, he had left nothing, not even his Roman palace, and that even the 500,000 lire, which he was known to have had with him, had disappeared. With the will was a memorandum saying that his estate had been conveyed to the vatican for "value received."

Immediately three female cousins of the dead Monsignore began suit to recover either the estate or at least the purchase money of 500,000 lire. On the first point they declared that the testator, for several months prior to his demise, was in no mental condition to carry out the alleged bargain, much less to execute a will. The plaintiffs entrusted their case to Signor Scialoja, the present Minister of Justice, who has presented to the Lancia Court a memorandum in support of his clients' contentions. The memorandum sets forth, among other things, that Mgr. Adam claimed to have received his fortune direct from heaven, through the medium of the Archangel Michael, and explained that the latter had intimated to him the duty of leaving everything to the Pope. The following amazing narrative is also embodied in it:

When he had made his will Mgr. Adam decided to leave Rome, and pass his last days in his own country. He took carriage and left for Sangro. On the way he fell into a deep sleep, and on waking up he found himself in his bed at his Roman palazzo. At this he manifested surprise, but the monks around him said:

"You are not in Rome; you are in Bologna."  
"But this is my roof," said the dying man.  
"No. We selected one identical with your own room in Rome."  
"But the furniture—"  
"We had it fetched from Rome."  
Mgr. Adam allowed himself to be persuaded. Believing himself at Bologna he wrote to the Cardinal Archbishop, and asked him to come to him. The Cardinal came—a false Cardinal, a priest, in fact, disguised as a Cardinal. A few words having been exchanged, the soi-distant Cardinal inquired if a will had been made.  
"Yes," replied Mgr. Adam, "and I have left everything to the Pope."  
"But you still have some money by you."  
"I have 500,000 lire, which I intrust to you, your Eminence, to give to the Pope."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

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