TRUXTON KING

Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon
Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

A Story of Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

Synopsis.

CHAPTER 1—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 Loraine. V—The committee of ten conspirators againsst 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 hatred 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 gap 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. XI—Olga defends King before the committee of anarchists. XII—Loraine is brought to the den and thrown into the same room with King.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW PRISONER ARRIVES.

IT was far past midnight when King was aroused from the doze into which he had fallen. Was it the 26th? Loud, quick commands came to his ears.

"They are here at last," he heard some one say. "God! This suspense has been awful. But they are here."

"Stand ready, then, with the guns!" cried Peter Brutus. "It may be a trick, after all. Don't open that door down there, Spantz, until you know who is on the outside."

"It's all right," came at last in the relieved, eager voice of Peter Brutus. "Clear the way, comrades. Give them room. By our holy father, this is a brave triumph. Ah!"

Heavy footsteps clogged into the room, accompanied by stertorious breathing and no small amount of grunting from masculine throats. Not one but three or four languages were spoken by the excited, intense occupants of the other room. King could make nothing of what they said. Finally the sharp, incisive voice of William Spantz broke through the babble, commanding silence.

"Still unconscious," he said when some measure of order was secured.

"Yes," grunted one of the men.

"We will have our instructions tomorrow. The count is to inform us before nightfall where she is to be removed to. Next week she is going to go to Schloss Marlanx." Brutus added a cruel, heartless laugh.

A woman, thought Truxton. The countess! They had brought her here from Balak, after all. What a remorseless brute Marlanx must be to maltreat his beautiful wife!

"To my mind she is more beautiful than his own wife," observed Anna Cromer. "She will be a fine morsel for the count, who has even cast longing eyes on so homely a mortal as I."

"All woman are alike to him," said Spantz sententiously.

"We must put her in the room with the American for the present. You are sure he will take her away before Saturday? A woman's cries are most distressing." It was Spantz who spoke.

"I'll stop her crying," volunteered Anna Cromer harshly.

"She's regaining her senses!" exclaimed one of the men. "Stand back, every one. Give her air."

Presently the door to King's room was thrown open. He had got to his feet and was standing in the center of the room, his eyes blinking in the glare of light.

"Hello!" cried Peter Brutus. "You up, eh? We've got a fair lady for you, my friend. Get back there, you dog! Keep in your corner."

"You are a fine bunch of human beings!" blurted Truxton.

A man with a lighted candle entered first, holding the light above his head. He was followed by two others, who supported the drooping, tottering figure of a woman.

"Let her sit there against the wall, Drago. Julius, fetch in more candles. She must not be left in the dark. He says she is not to be frightened to death. Women are afraid of the dark and strange dogs. Let there be light," scoffed Peter Brutus, spitting toward King.

"I'll get you for that some day," grated the American, white with anger.

"Enough!" commanded William Spantz. "We are not children." Turning to King, he went on, a touch of kindness in his voice: "Cheer her if you can. She is one of your class. Do not let the lights go out."

Raising his hands, he fairly drove the others from the doorway.

For a time King stood in his corner, watching the figure huddled against the opposite wall. Suddenly he started forward, his eyes wide and staring. He had seen that gray riding habit before. Two eager steps he took and then halted halfway.

"Great Jehovah!" he gasped, unbelieving. "You! My God, is it you?"

"MY GOD, IS IT YOU?"

He dropped to his knees before her, peering into her startled eyes. A look of abject terror crossed the tired, tear stained face. She shrank away from him.

"What is it? Where am I?" she moaned. "Oh, let me go! What have I done that you should bring me here? Let me go, Mr. King! You are not so wicked as"—

"I—I bring you here!" he interrupted, aghast. Then he understood. Utter dismay filled his eyes. "You think that I have done this thing to you? God above us! Look! I, too, am a prisoner here. They are going to kill me after tomorrow."

"Oh, Mr. King, what does it all mean? Forgive me! I see now. You are bound; you are suffering; you are years older. What have you done? What have I done?"

"Don't shrink from me," he urged. "Try to calm yourself."

Then, with the utmost gentleness, he persuaded her to rise and walk about the little room with him.

"It will give you courage," he urged. "Poor little girl!"

She looked up into his face, a new light coming into her eyes.

"Don't talk now," he said softly. "Take your time. Hold to my arm, please. There!"

For five or ten minutes he led her back and forth across the room very tenderly. At first she was faint and uncertain; then, as her strength and wits came back to her, courage took the place of despair. She smiled wanly and asked him to sit down with her.

"Where are we? What is it all about?" she asked.

"Not so loud," he cautioned. "I'll be perfectly candid with you. You'll have to be very, very brave. But wait. Perhaps it will be easier for you to tell me what has happened to you, so far as you know. I can throw light on the whole situation, I think."

She became more excited. Her eyes flashed; she spoke rapidly. On the morning of the 23d she had gone for her gallop in the famous Ganlook road, attended by two faithful grooms from the royal stables.

"I was in for a longer ride than usual," she said, with sudden constraint. She looked away from her eager listener. "I was nervous and had not slept the night before. A girl never does, I suppose."

He looked askance. "Yes?" he queried.

She was blushing, he was sure of it. "I mean a girl is always nervous and distrait after—after she has promised, don't you see."

"No; I don't see."

"I had promised Count Vos Engo the night before that I— Oh, but it really has nothing to do with the story. I"—

Truxton was actually glaring at her. "You mean that you had promised to marry Count Vos Engo!" he stammered.

"How very strangely you talk! Are you sure—I mean, do you think it is fever? One suffers so"—

He sighed deeply. "Well, that's over! Whew! It was a dream, by Jove!"

She waited a moment and then, looking down, said very gently, "I'm so sorry for you."

Then she resumed her story.

She had gone six or eight miles down the Ganlook road when she came up with five troopers of the royal guard. One of the troopers came forward and respectfully requested her to turn off into another road until a detachment passed, in charge of a gang of desperadoes taken at the inn of the Hawk and Raven the night before. Unsuspecting, she rode off into the forest lane for several hundred yards.

It was a trap. The men were not troopers, but brigands got up in the uniform of the guard. Once away from the main highway, they made prisoners of her and the two grooms. Then followed a long ride through roads new to her.

When night came they were high in the mountains back of the monastery, many hours ahead of any pursuit. They became stupidly careless, and the two grooms made a dash for freedom. One of them was killed, but one had escaped.

Some time during the slow, torturing ride through the forest she swooned. When she came to her senses she was in a dimly lighted room, surrounded by men. The gag had been removed from her mouth. She would have shrieked out in her terror had not her gaze rested upon the figure of a man who sat opposite, his elbows on the back of the chair which he straddled, his chin on his arms. He was staring at her steadily, his black eyes catching her gaze and holding it as a snake holds the bird it has charmed.

She recognized the hard, hawklike face. There could be no mistake. She was looking into the face that made the portrait of the Iron Count so abhorrent to her—the leathery head of a cadaver with eyes that lived. She broke down and cried herself into the sleep of exhaustion.

All the next day she sat limp and helpless in the chair they had brought to her. She could neither eat nor drink. Late in the afternoon Marlanx came again. She knew not from whence he came; he stood before her suddenly as if produced by the magic of some fabled genie, smiling blandly, his hands clasped behind his back, his attitude one of designing calculation.

"He laughed when I demanded that he should restore me to my friends. He chided me when I pleaded and begged for mercy. My questions were never answered. Where am I, Mr. King? Oh, this dreadful place! Why are we here—you and I?"

King's heart throbbed fiercely once more. A vast hunger possessed his soul. In that moment he could have laid down his life for her with a smile of rejoicing.

Then he told her why she was there, why he was there and of the 26th—the dreadful 26th!

"God in heaven!" she repeated over and over again in a piteous whisper.

The light was going out.

"Quick!" he cried. "The candle! Light a fresh one. My hands are bound."

She crept to the candles and joined the wicks. A new light grew as the old one died. Then she stood erect, looking down upon him.

"You are bound, I forgot."

She started forward, dropping to her knees beside him, an eager gleam in her eyes. "If I can untie the rope—will that help? There must be one little chance for you—for us. Let me try."

"By Jove," he whispered admiringly, his spirits leaping to meet hers, "you've got pluck. You put new life in me. I—I was almost a—a quitter."

At last, after many despairing tugs, the knot relaxed. "There!" she cried, sinking back exhausted. "Oh, how it must have hurt you! Your wrists are raw!"

His arms were stiff and sore and hung like lead at his sides. She watched him with narrowed eyes while he stood off and tried to work blood and strength back into his muscles.

"Do you think you can—can do anything now, Mr. King?" she asked after a long interval. "We must escape," she said as if it were all settled.

"It cannot be tonight," he gently informed her, a sickness attacking his heart. "Don't you think you'd better try to get some sleep?"

He prevailed upon her to lie down, with his coat for a pillow. In two minutes she was asleep.

For an hour or more he sat there looking sorrowfully at the tired, sweet face, the utmost despair in his soul. At last he stretched himself out on the floor near the door, and as he went to sleep he prayed that Providence might open a way for him to prove that she was not depending on him in vain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Unusual Feast.

By J. W. Foley.

I saw a sight the other night,
A sight both rare and fine;
Unusual and novel quite
When I went out to dine;
It was no miracle or myth,
A moment seen, then gone,
I say I saw potatoes with
Their smoking jackets on!

I was surprised, as you may know,
To see them thus dressed up,
For seldom will you find them so
When you would dine or sup;
Their smoking jackets they all wore
When they came from the pot,
But I soon learned the reason for
It: They were pipe-ing hot!

And then I saw another sight
Ere I was done and gone,
I saw a pudding served that night
With its new suet on;
I saw the salad dressing there,
And rum punch in a glass,
A thing, as you'll admit, that's rare,
And seldom comes to pass.

I saw the rum punch in the glass
As plain as could be, but
It was unharmed—it came to pass
It was the glass was cut;
And then, as true as you are born,
With wonder I was dumb,
To find the silk upon the corn
Was so cumbersome!

And then the sliced bananas creamed!
In sooth, it was a shock,
Because you know, I never dreamed
Or heard banana stalk!
But that was not the only scarce:
It shocked me, I repeat,
To have to sit and eat my share
With cats up on the meat!

But there came wonders, more and more:
I heard tomatoes whoop!
And never in my life before
I've seen a noise stir soup!
The thunder rolled, hoarse, reddish sound;
We waited all in vain,
For when we came to dine, we found
It started in tureen!

Foolish Parsi.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
They landed like this.
—Lippincott's.

A pair out canoeing
To change seats essayed,
And these are the bubbles
o o
o o
o o
o o
That sinking they made.
—Boston Transcript.

A pair went out "bubbling"
And broke the speed law;
The auto turned turtle
And here's what they saw:
* * * *
* * * *
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A pair went out balooning;
While high overhead,
The gasbag exploded,
And here's what they said:
? ? ? ?
! ! ! !
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Profitable Veracity.—In one day she was told that she had
(1) Beautiful hair,
(2) Lovely skin,
(3) A perfect figure,
(4) Shapely hands,
(5) Very small feet.
However, it is explained by the fact that she visited
(1) The hairdresser,
(2) The beauty doctor.
(3) The modiste,
(4) The manicurist,
(5) The shoe store.—Chicago Evening Post.

From the Gallery.

A troupe of colored players was playing Othello. The play had reached the stage where Othello demands of Desdemona the handkerchief he has given her.

"Desdemona, whar's dat handkerchief?"

"Desdemona, of course having lost the keepsake, bowed her head, and said nothing.

"Desdemona, whar's dat handkerchief?"

No reply.

"Now niggah, shell out, whar's dat handkerchief?"

By this time a god in the gallery became excited and shouted down:

"For de Lawd's sake, Niggah, wipe yo' nose on yo' sleeve and let de play go on!"

DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS. DRY GOODS.

Eisenberg's "Underselling" Store of Baltimore

The Eisenberg Store maintains a staff of merchandise experts---or what are known to the trade as "buyers." Each buyer is a specialist---having long experience and possessing exceptional ability in the selection and purchase of the goods he, or she, is in charge of. Each buyer knows exactly where the best grades are made--knows the best way to obtain lowest prices---knows how to turn every trade incident to the advantage of the patrons of the Eisenburg Store.

That is one of the reasons why the Eisenberg Store always undersells. Write for prices or visit the Eisenberg Store when you want goods of any kind.

DEPARTMENTS

All the following lines of goods are sold at Eisenberg's at Underselling prices:

Dress Goods
Silks
Wash Goods
Household Linens
Domestics
Embroideries
Laces
White Goods
Linings
Gloves
Blankets and Comforts
Jewelry
Toilet Articles
Stationery
Leather Bags & Pocketbooks
Art Goods
Notions
Hosiery
Neckwear
Men's Furnishings
Knit Underwear
Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas and Parasols
Muslin Underwear
Corsets
Little Children's Coats and Dresses
Women's Suits, Waists, Skirts, Dresses, Petticoats, Coats, Wrappers, Capes, Etc.
Shoes for Women & Children
Overshoes and Gum Boots
Trimmed Hats
Untrimmed Hats
Millinery Trimmings
Ribbons
Boys' Clothing
Men's Clothing
Trunks, Suit Cases and Bags
Lace Curtains
Window Shades
Portieres
Carpets and Rugs
Mattings
Oil-cloths and Linoleums
Enamelware
House Furnishings
China and Glassware
Cut Glass and Bric-a-Brac
Table Silverware and Cutlery
Bathroom Fixtures
Wooden and Willow Ware
Gas and Electric Lamps
Oil and Gas Stoves & Heaters

Freight prepaid on purchases of $5 and over.

Eisenberg's
Underselling Store
Lexington Street Bet. Park Ave. & Howard St. Baltimore

HARNESS. HARNESS. FARM IMPLEMENTS. FARM IMPLEMENTS.

STOP AT SHUNK'S
NEXT DOOR TO NEW POSTOFFICE

For Harness, Halters, Chains, Horse Covers, Horse Sundries, Base Ball Specials, Sporting Goods,
Saddles and Bridles, Collars, Lap Dusters, Fly Nets, Trunks and Bags, Reparing a Specialty. Open at Night.

Resp., J. W. SHUNK'S, POPULAR CASH HARNESS EMPORIUM.

Doyle & Magee
28 and 30 WEST MAIN ST.,
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.
BOTH 'PHONES.

Jobbers and Retailers.

We are prepared to show the farmers the largest and best assortment of
Vehicles, Farm Machinery and Household Furniture
Ever offered in Carroll County. If you are in need of anything in our line we will appreciate a call.

1000 BUSHELS HOME-GROWN CLOVER SEED WANTED.

Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Gasoline Engines, Cream Separators, Buggies, Surreys, Runabouts, Harness, Harrows, Seed Plows, Grain Drills, Corn Planters, Farm Wagons, Potato Planters, Hay Tedders

ART. ART.

NOW OPEN!
NEW STUDIO! NEW ENTRANCE! NEW FIXTURES! NEW IDEAS!

Having opened my new Studio, I am now ready to deliver work within a few days after sitting is made.

EVERYTHING PROTOGRAPHIC.

Entrance in the new Post-Office Building.

SERECK S. WILSON, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST. C. & P. PHONE 81-F.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY
BY SEEING US OR BY ASKING YOUR DEALER FOR OUR GOODS.

LOOK!

Omega Cream Separators.

No. 1, capacity	325 lbs.	$45.00
No. 2. "	400 "	50.00
No. 3, "	500 "	55.00
No. 4, "	700 "	60.00

Model Incubators.

No. 0,	80 egg	$16.00
No. 1,	150 "	22.00
No. 2,	250 "	31.00
No. 3,	360 "	37.00
Model B.	80 egg	8.00
" B.	100 "	11.00
" B.	175 "	15.00
" B.	250 "	20.00
" B.	360 "	27.00

Headquarters for Root's Bee Hive Supplies, Black Hawk Corn Planters, Kraus Cultivators, Acme Harrows, Sprayers, Lawn Mowers.

Aermotor Gasoline Pumping Engine $37.50.
Stover Gasoline Engines 2 to 50 Horse Power.
TELL US YOUR NEEDS. We Have the Prices and Goods of Merit.

RAWLINGS IMPLEMENT CO.,
11 W. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.

PLUMBING.

WHAT'S THE USE IN HOLLERING
if you haven't news to tell? The latest—You can get good Plumbing Work just now at money saving prices—A surer chance to fill your wants, with better service than anywhere else. You want what you want when you want it, eh? Here's your best chance
Plumbing, Heating, Repairing and Gas Fitting.
FRANK T. SHAEFFER.
Westminster, Md.
Forks-of-the-Road. C. & P. 'Phone.

It will be best for you to see
MITCHELL
BEFORE HAVING
Photographs Made or Kodak Work Finished.
J. M. MITCHELL,
Progressive Photographer,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Above Bowers' Store. Open Saturday Nights. feb 4

FIRE INSURANCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.—If you want Fire Insurance, Life Insurance, Accident Insurance, Windstorm Insurance, Steam Boiler Insurance, give me a call. Lowest Rates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes. Quick Cash Settlements.
JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent,
Main and Church streets,
Westminster, Md.

FIRE INSURANCE FREE
ALMOST
I have saved money for others and can do the same for you
I am now prepared to write Fire Insurance on Dwellings, Household Goods in the very best companies for almost nothing; as low as $2.00 a $1000.
You cannot afford to be without the protection at the price I charge. Before your present policy expires, see me first.
CHARLES E. GOODWIN,
All kinds of Insurance.
98 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

The project of the Cape Cod Canal, now under construction, antedates the Revolutionary War.

JEWELRY.

Hot Springs Bulletin.
Don't be foolish enough to come out here to buy
Silverware,
Jewelry,
Watches,
Clocks, &c.,
when you can get them cheaper and nearer home
FROM
CASSELL
THE JEWELER.
C. & P. Phone 196-R.

BICYCLES.

BICYCLES!
NEW WHEELS $20.00 and up.
SECOND HAND WHEELS
and all REPAIRS constantly on hand.
Graphophone and Gun Repairing Done.
F. A. LOGUE,
Fair Ground Hill, - - - Westminster, Md
C. & P. Phone 6-W. apr8 1y

Buggies
Wagons
Binders
Mowers
Rakers and Tedders
Everything for the Farm.
The W. H. Davis Co.,
Cor. Main & John St.,
WESTMINSTER - - MD.

SALE BILLS PRINTED ON SHORT NOTICE AT THIS OFFICE.

AUTOMOBILES.

D. P. SMELSER & SONS
NEW WINDSOR, MARYLAND.
AGENTS
CHALMERS - DETROIT
HUDSON & PEERLESS
AUTOMOBILES