

# TRUXTON KING

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

A Story of  
Graustark  
By  
GEORGE BARR  
MCUTCHEON

### 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 lady'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 Ganlock 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.—Lorraine is brought to the den and thrown into the same room with King. XIII.—King tells a jester, dons his clothing and, disguised, carries Lorraine into a boat at night in which several of the anarchists are about to depart. XIV.—King manages to get Lorraine, whom he loves, ashore, and she hides in a freight car. XV.—Olga waits on a street corner with a bomb to kill Prince Robin as he passes in a parade. King and Lorraine are carried off into the country in the car. They start back in an ox cart and warn the prince when almost in front of the girl Olga. XVI.—The bomb is thrown, but the prince escapes to the castle. Marlanx is in control of the city.

### CHAPTER XVII.

TRUXTON EXACTS A PROMISE.  
TRUXTON KING had been in a resentful frame of mind for nearly forty-eight hours. In the first place, he had not had so much as a single glimpse of the girl he now worshipped with all his heart. In the second place, he had learned, with unpleasant promptness, that Count Vos Engo was the officer in command of the house guard, a position as gravely responsible as it was honorable. He had, of course, proffered his services to Colonel Quinnox. The colonel, who admired the Americans, gravely informed him that there was no regular duty to which he could be assigned, but that he would expect him to hold himself ready for any emergency. In case of an assault he was to report to Count Vos Engo. But he was not satisfied. Lorraine had not come forward with a word of greeting or relief—in fact, she had not appeared outside the castle doors. Toward dusk on Monday, long after the arrival of the refugees, he had in gloomy contemplation of his own unhappiness, darkly glowering upon the unfriendly portals from a distant stone bench. A brisk guardman separated himself from the knot of men at the castle doors and crossed the piazza toward him. Judge the dismay and anger when the soldier, a bit shamefaced himself, briefly announced that Count Vos Engo had issued an order against loitering in close proximity to the castle. Truxton's cheek burned. He saw in an instant that the order was meant for him and for no one else, he being the only outsider likely to come under the head of "loiterer." Truxton turned to him with a frank smile. "Please tell Count Vos Engo that I am the last person in the world to disregard discipline at a time like this." His glance swept the balcony, suddenly becoming fixed on a couple near the third column. Count Vos Engo and Lorraine Tullis were standing there together, unmistakably watching his humiliating departure. The next morning he encountered Vos Engo near the grotto. Catching sight of Vos Engo, he hastened across the avenue and caught up to him. "Good morning," said Truxton. Vos Engo did not smile as he eyed the tall American. "I haven't had a chance to thank you for coming back for me last Saturday. Allow me to say that it was a very brave thing to do." "I do not like your words, Mr. King, nor the way in which you glare at me." "I'm making it easier to tell you the agreeable news, Count Vos Engo; that's all. Take your hand off your sword, please—some other time perhaps, but not in these days, when we need men, not cripples. I'll tell you what I have discovered, and then we'll drop the matter until some other time. Frankly, count, I have made a gratifying discovery that you are a miserable cur." Count Vos Engo went very white. "As you say, there is another and a better time. We need dogs as well as men in these days." Truxton strobbled off to the stables, picking up Mr. Hobbs on the way. "Hobbs," he said, "we've got to find John Tullis; that's all there is to it." "I dare say, sir," said Mr. Hobbs, with sprightly decisiveness. "He's very much needed." "I'm going to need him before long as my second." Later on much of Truxton's good humor was restored and his vanity pleased

by a polite request from Count Halfont to attend an important council in the "room of wrangles" that evening at 9. Very boldly he advanced upon the castle a few minutes before the appointed hour. He came upon Lorraine Tullis at the edge of the terrace. She was walking slowly in the soft shadows beyond the row of lights on the lower gallery. He knew her at a glance, this slim girl in spotless white. "Lorraine!" he whispered, reaching her side in two bounds. She put out her hands, and he clasped them. Plainly she was confused. "I've been dying for a glimpse of you. Do you think you've treated me?" "Do not," Truxton said, suddenly serious. "You must not come here. I saw—well, you know. I was so ashamed; I was so sorry." He still held her hands. "Yes; they ordered me to move on, as if I were a common loafer," he said, with a soft chuckle. "But where have you kept yourself?" "I have been ill, Truxton—truly, I have," she said quickly, uneasily. "You told Vos Engo to ride back and pick me up," he persisted. "He told me in so many words. Now, I want a plain answer, Lorraine. Did you promise to reward him if he—well, if he saved me from the mob?" "No," she said in a low voice. "What was it, then? I must know, Lorraine." "I am very, oh, so very unhappy, Truxton," she murmured. "I came near spilling everything just now," he whispered hoarsely. "What?" "I almost kissed you, Lorraine. I swear it was hard to keep from it. That would have spoiled everything." "Yes, it would," she agreed quickly. "I'm not going to kiss you until you have told me you love Vos Engo." "I—I don't understand!" she cried, drawing back and looking up into his face with bewildered eyes. "Because then I'll be sure that you love me." "Be sensible, Truxton." "I'll know that you promised to love him if he'd save me. It's as clear as day to me. You did tell him you'd marry him if he got me to a place of safety." "No, I refused to marry him if he did not save you. Oh, Truxton, I am so miserable! What is to become of all of us? What is to become of John and Bobby and you?" "I—I think I'll kiss you now, Lorraine," he whispered almost tremulously. "God, how I love you, little darling! You must make me a promise." "Oh, Truxton, don't ask me to say that I'll be your— She stopped painfully embarrassed. "That will come later," he said consolingly. "I want you to promise, of your sacred word of honor, that you'll kiss no man until you've kissed me." "Oh," she murmured. "I—I cannot promise that! I am not sure that I'll ever—ever kiss anybody. What is it you really want me to say?" she asked, looking up with sudden shyness in her starry eyes. "That you love me—and me only, Lorraine," he whispered. "I will not say it!" she cried, breaking away from him. "But," as she

John Tullis, who, if given time, might succeed in collecting a sufficient force of loyal countrymen to harass and eventually overthrow the dictator. I am loath to speak of another alternative that has been discussed at length by the ministers and their friends. The Duke of Perse, from a bed of pain and anguish, has counseled us to take steps in the direction I am about to speak of. "We can appeal to Russia in this hour of stress, but we will have to make an unpleasant sacrifice. Russia is eager to take over our new issue of railway bonds. Hitherto we have voted against disposing of the bonds in that country, the reason being obvious. St. Petersburg wants a new connecting line with her possessions in Afghanistan. Our line will provide a most direct route—a cutoff, I believe they call it. Last year the Grand Duke Paulus volunteered to provide the money for the construction of the line from Edelweiss north to Balak on condition that Russia be given the right to use the line in connection with her own roads to the orient. You may see the advantage in this to Russia. Mr. King, if I send word to the Grand Duke Paulus, agreeing to his terms, which still remain open to us, signing away a most valuable right in what we had hoped would be our own individual property, we have every reason to believe that he will send armed forces to our relief on the pretext that Russia is defending properties of her own. That is one way in which we may oust Count Marlanx. The other lies in the ability of John Tullis to give battle to him with our own people carrying the guns. Lieutenant Haddan has told us quite lately of a remark you made which he happened to overhear. If I quote him correctly, you said to the Englishman Hobbs that you could get away with it, meaning, as I take it, that you could succeed in replacing John Tullis. May I not inquire you to tell us how you would go about it?" Truxton had turned a brick red. Shame and mortification surged within him. He was cruelly conscious of an undercurrent of irony in the premier's courteous request. For an instant he was sorely crushed. For an instant he was the opposite side of the room sent a shaft to his soul. He looked up. Vos Engo was still smiling. In an instant the American's blood boiled. "I did say I could get to John Tullis. I'll start tonight." His words created a profound impression, they came so abruptly. "Send for Mr. Hobbs, please," said Truxton. "There should be three of us," addressing the men about him. "One of us is sure to get away." "There is not a man here—or in the service—who will not gladly accompany you, Mr. King," cried General Brazz quickly. "Count Vos Engo is the man I would choose. If I may be permitted the honor of naming my companion," said Truxton, grinning inwardly with a malicious joy. Vos Engo turned a yellowish green. His eyes bulged. "I—I am in command of the person of his royal highness," he stammered, suddenly going very red. "I had forgotten your present occupation," said Truxton quietly. "Pray pardon the embarrassment I may have caused you. After all, I think Hobbs will do. He knows the country like a book." Mr. Hobbs came. That is to say, he was produced. It is doubtful if Mr. Hobbs ever fully recovered from the malady commonly known as stage fright. He had never been called Mr. Hobbs by a prime minister before, nor had he ever been asked in person by a minister of war if he had a family at home. Afterward Truxton King was obliged to tell him that he had unwaveringly volunteered to accompany him on the perilous trip to the hills. Be sure of it, Mr. Hobbs was not in a mental condition for many hours to even remotely comprehend what had been given him. But Mr. Hobbs was not the kind to falter once he had given his word. "We'll be off at midnight, Hobbs," said Truxton. "As you say, Mr. King, just as you say," said Hobbs, with fine indifference. As Truxton was leaving the castle ten minutes later a brisk, eager faced young attendant hurried up to him. "I bear a message from his royal highness," said the attendant, retaining him. "Prince Robin has asked for you, sir." "I'll see him," said King promptly, as if he were granting the audience. [TO BE CONTINUED.]



VOS ENGO TURNED A YELLOWISH GREEN.



"THAT YOU LOVE ME AND ME ONLY, LORRAINE."

Beware of the Trustee.  
H. K. Adair, the western detective, was in Duluth on the trail of an absconding trustee. "The rascal," said Mr. Adair, bitterly, "had charge of half a million belonging to two old maids. Now, I'm afraid, the old maids will have to go to work. Moral, beware of the trustee." "A good many of us, if we are mixed up with trustees, have something like Annie Johnson's experience." "Annie's uncle left all his money to his son on condition that the young man marry Annie. If he didn't marry her then the money went to Annie herself." "The son didn't marry her. He eloped with a much prettier girl. Annie, well enough pleased on the whole, then called on the trustee." "I've called for my money," she said. "What money?" the trustee demanded, in surprise. "Uncle's money that you're in charge of," said she. It was to go to her if Tom didn't marry me—and he didn't. So it's mine. Please hand it over." "Tut, tut," said the trustee. "Not so fast. You don't understand a trustee's duties. Patience. It's true Tom hasn't married you, so far, but he may bury or divorce a dozen wives and still come back to you in the end." —Washington Star.

Men love goodness, but marry beauty—the divorce mill continues to grind overtime.

## Eisenberg's "Underselling" Store of Baltimore

You are just as safe in buying—either by mail or in person—from the Eisenberg Store as you are in purchasing a government gold bond. The Eisenberg Store handles only strictly reliable grades of goods, and however low the price all goods are guaranteed to give satisfaction—or you get money back. Everything is sold at an underselling price—a lower price than the same quality costs at other stores. Before buying anything, anywhere, anytime, write to the Eisenberg Store for prices, or visit the Eisenberg Store in person.

Freight prepaid on purchases of \$5 and over.

# Eisenberg's

## Underselling Store Baltimore

Lexington Street, West Park Ave. & Howard St.

DEPARTMENTS.

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

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

### A Rhode Island Red Talk.

A friend said to the writer the other day: "Geer, what do you know about the Rhode Island Reds, where did they come from anyhow, and where did they get the drag they have on the poultry fraternity?" Our reply to one section of his compound question was prompt: "Rhode Island, of course, up there in Yankeealand where they made the Barred Plymouth Rocks, dressed down the Leghorns, Brown, White and Black, and struck out of a piece of marble the White Wyandotte."

In general, however, his question perplexed us, for we do not know as much about the Rhode Island Reds as we should like to know. But we do know that in the matter of color it is necessary to breed very closely to the standard in order to make advancement in a fixed red color for the breed. It will not do, if one wants to raise clear red birds, to breed from fowls with white or smut in their plumage, nor from hens which in their second and third year show too much of the light creamy color. In fact, in breeding Reds, we should select the pullet that shows no smut down the back in the under feathers, and which has no tendency to light blotches in the heavier feathers. One that is good, clear red to the skin, with a glowing, clear red cast in the sunshin. This kind of a pullet, when she gets older, will have a well defined reddish cast to her plumage, and will not run to a lighter creamy color, with darker neckhackle. And such a female, mated with a cock bird that is likewise free of smut and white, with good red undercolor and a good strong red in his surface color, will throw chickens that will take the breeding line away up, in the way of fixing a truly red breed.

In points of utility the Rhode Island Reds are all right. The hens do get broody to an aggravation sometimes if we are not looking for that characteristic; but they may well be broken up by simply dropping them in a small bare pen with an active cockerel for a few days. They lay well, and keep it up in the cold season, too. A friend of ours who has Reds, Rhode Island and White Wyandottes, let the latter breeds go, because he always got more eggs from his Reds than from either of the other breeds.

The Reds are hearty, and the chicks grow fast and mature early. It's a good breed and one that will stay with us, settling down eventually along the line of utility with the Barred Plymouth Rocks, the S. C. Brown and White Leghorns, and the Wyandottes.—H. B. Geer, in the Indianapolis Farmer.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### BOLGIANO'S RECLEANED COW PEAS

WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Show them for hay crops—for storage crops after grain crops—on vacant land. Put Cow Peas in every available piece of land you have. They will wonderfully increase the value and productivity of your entire farm. We strongly recommend the sowing of Mixed Cow Peas. They are composed of Blacks, Whip-poor-wills, Clays, Wonderfuls, Shinnys, Etc. The upright growing varieties will hold up the vines varieties and will produce much better crops of vines and larger amount of forage. J. Bolgiano & Son, Baltimore, Md. The Agricultural Department of Washington referred me to you for Alfalfa, Cow Peas, and Irish Cobbler Potatoes. E. L. Dupleknek, Cecil Co., Md. J. Bolgiano & Son, Baltimore, Md. The Mixed Cow Peas I bought from you for my farm in Halifax Co., Va. are producing a splendid crop. W. Cabell Bruce, Baltimore, Md. Chief Council of Public Utilities Commission. We are headquarters for Cow Peas. If your merchant can't supply you with Bolgiano's High Grade Cow Peas write to us. We will tell you where you can get them.

FREE: A lot of KING OF THE MAMMOTH PUMPKIN SEED. The kind that wins the County Fair Prize. Send a 2c stamp to pay the postage and mention this paper.

#### J. BOLGIANO & SON,

Baltimore's Greatest Seed House.  
LIGHT, PRATT & ELLICOTT STS., 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.  
For - of-the-Road. C. & P. Phone.

### FARM IMPLEMENTS. FARM IMPLEMENTS.

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

## YOU WILL SAVE MONEY

BY SEEING US OR BY ASKING YOUR DEALER FOR OUR GOODS.

### LOOK!

<b>Omega Cream Separators.</b>	<b>Model Incubators.</b>
No. 1, capacity 325 lbs. - \$45.00	No. 0, 80 egg - \$16.00
No. 2, " 400 " - 50.00	No. 1, 150 " - 22.00
No. 3, " 500 " - 55.00	No. 2, 250 " - 31.00
No. 4, " 700 " - 60.00	No. 3, 350 " - 37.00
Headquarters for Root's Bee Hive Supplies, Black Hawk Corn Planters, Kraus Cultivators, Acme Harrows, Sprayers, Lawn Mowers.	Model B, 80 egg - 8.00 " B, 100 " - 11.00 " B, 175 " - 15.00 " B, 250 " - 20.00 " B, 300 " - 27.00

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.

---

### Automobiles.

**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.

### MONUMENTS.

DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN another day without having arranged with us to place a monument in the last resting place of your loved ones. Every day you delay submits you to the unspoken reproach of those who note THE UNMARKED GRAVE.

If money matters have interfered with your intention to erect a memorial in your plot come and see us. We can doubtless arrange that matter as satisfactorily as we can the design and cost of the stone.

JOSEPH L. MATHIAS,  
Successor to John Beaver,  
C. & P. Phone 70R. Westminster, Md.

---

### Weather Terms Illustrated.

(Boston Transcript.)

Maiden with a powder puff Dabbing here and there— This reported weather-wise Means "Continued fair." Hubby coming home at 1. Zigzag course a-wending— Weather signal in this case Would be "Storm impending!" Baby climbing on a chair, Man goes taller on the street, It is not unlikely that There'll be "Sudden squalls." Girl and lover have a spat, She flings down his flowers; Lover, angry, grabs his hat And rushes off—that's "Showers." Man sees tailor on the street, Seems a trifle nettled; Crosses to the other side— That suggests, "Unsettled."

P. T. Bennett, of Sykesville, sells the best medium priced Buggy on the market for the money.