

# TRUXTON KING

A Story of ...Graustark

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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### Synopsis.

CHAPTER I—Truxton King arrives in Edelweis, 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 Danglous, 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 empowered 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 denounces 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, aboard, and they hide 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. XVII and XVIII—King goes from the castle to notify Tullis of the prince's danger. Tullis being absent in the hills with a force of soldiers. He finds Tullis.

### CHAPTER XIX. THE RETURN.

FROM the highlands below the Monastery Captain Haas and his men were able to study the situation in the city. The impracticability of an assault on any one of the stubborn, well guarded gates was at once recognized. A force of 700 men, no matter how well trained or how determined, could not be expected to surmount walls that had stood without attack for as many thousands. The wisdom of delaying until a few thousand loyal though poorly armed countrymen could be brought into play against the city appeared at once to Prince Danton and John Tullis.

Squads of men were sent without delay into the hills and valleys to call the panic-stricken, wavering farmers into the fold. John Tullis headed the company that struck off into the well populated Ganlook district.

Marlanx, as if realizing the nature of the movement in the hills, began a furious assault on the gates leading to the castle. The watchers in the hills could see as well as hear the conflict that raged almost at their feet, so to speak.

The next morning Captain Haas announced to his followers that Marlanx had begun to shell the castle. Big guns in the fortress were hurling great shells over the city, dropping them in the park. On the other hand, Colonel Quinnox during the night had swung three Gatling guns to the top of the wall; they were stationed at intervals along the wall, commanding every point from which an assault might be expected.

That night recruits from the farms and villages began to straggle into the camp. They were armed with rifles, ordinary shotguns and unique blunderbusses, swords, staves and aged lances. All were willing to die in the service of the little prince. By the close of the second day nearly 3,000 men were camped above the city. Late that night John Tullis rode into camp at the head of a great company from the Ganlook province. He had retaken the town of Ganlook, seized the fortress and recruited the entire fighting strength of the neighborhood. More than that, he had unlimbered and conveyed to the provisional camp two of the big guns that stood above the gates at the fortress.

Marlanx trained two of his big guns on the camp in the hills. From the fortress he threw many futile shells toward their place of shelter. They did no damage; instead of death, they brought only laughter to the scornful camp. Under cover of night the two Ganlook cannons were planted in a position commanding the southeastern city gate. It was the plan of the besiegers to bombard this gate, tearing it to pieces with shot.

The knowledge that Marlanx had no big guns except those stationed in the fortress was most consoling to Tullis and his friends. He could not destroy the castle gates with shells, except by pure chance. He could drop shells into the castle, but to hit a gate twenty feet wide? Never!

Truxton King was growing haggard from worry and loss of sleep. He could not understand the abnormal, criminal procrastination. He was of a race that did things with a dash and on the spur of the moment. His soul sickened day by day. John Tullis,

equally unappreciative, but more philosophical, often found him seated upon a rock at the top of the ravine, an unlighted pipe in his fingers, his eyes intent upon the hazy castle.

"Cheer up, King. Our time will come," he was wont to say. Then came the night before the proposed assault on the gates. The gun were in position, and the cannonading was to begin at daybreak. Truxton was full of the bitterness of doubt and misgiving. Was she in love with Vos Engo? Was the count's suit progressing favorably under the fire of the enemy? Was his undoubted bravery having its effect upon the wavering susceptibilities of the distressed Lorraine?

The sound of a voice in sharp command attracted his attention. There was a bright moon, and Truxton could see other pickets hurrying to join the first. A few moments later several trespassers were escorted through the lines and taken directly to headquarters—a man and two women. King observed.

John Tullis was staring hard at the group approaching from the roadway. One woman walked ahead of her companions. Suddenly he sprang forward with a cry of amazement.

It was the Countess Ingomede. Her arrival created a sensation. In a moment she was in the center of an amazed circle of men. Tullis, after his first low, eager greeting at the edge of the fire circle, drew her near to the warmth of King's arms. Prince Danton and Captain Haas threw rugs and blankets in a great heap for her to sit upon. Every one was talking at once. The countess was smiling through her tears. "Make room for my maid and her father. They are colder and more fatigued than I," she said, lifting her tired, glorious eyes to John Tullis, who stood beside her. "We have come from Balak. They suffered much that I might enjoy the slender comforts I was so ready to share with them."

"Thank God, you are here!" he said in low, intense tones. She could not mistake the fervor in his voice nor the glow in his eyes.

"I know you were here, John. I am not going back to Count Marlanx. It is ended."

"I knew it would come, Ingomede. You will let me tell you how glad I am some day."

"Some day, when I am truly, wholly free from him, John. I know what you will say, and I think you know what I shall say in reply." Both understood and were exalted. No other word passed between them, touching upon the thing that was uppermost in their minds.

Food was provided for the wayfarers, and Tullis' tent was made ready for the countess and her maid.

The countess' story was soon told. Sitting before the great fire, surrounded by eager listeners, she related her experiences.

She had been seized on the night of the ball as she started across her father's garden, and escape had become possible only through the aid of Joseph and the girl's father. Farmers' wives told them of the newly formed army and of its leaders. She determined to make her way to the camp of those who would destroy her husband, eager to give them any assistance that her own knowledge of Marlanx's plans might provide.

One bit of information she gave created no end of consternation among the would-be deliverers of the city. It had the effect of making them all for the more resolute; the absolute necessity for immediately regaining control in the city was forced upon them. She told them that Count Marlanx had lately received word that the Grand Duke Paulus was likely to intervene before many days, acting on his own initiative, in the belief that he could force the government of Graustark to grant the railway privileges so much desired by his country. Marlanx realized that he would have to forestall the wily grand duke. If he were in absolute control of the Graustark government when the Russian appeared he, and he alone, would be in a position to deal with the situation.

"The grand duke may send a large force of men across the border at any time," said the countess in conclusion. "Count Marlanx is sure to make a decisive assault as soon as he hears that the movement has begun. He had hopes of starving them out, thus saving the castle from destruction, but as that seems unlikely his shells will soon begin to rain in earnest upon the dear old pile."

Truxton King was listening with wide open ears. As she finished this dreary prediction he silently arose to his feet and, without a word to any one, stalked off in the darkness. Tullis looked after him and shook his head sadly.

"I'll be happy on that fellow's account when daybreak comes and we are really at it," he said to Prince Danton, who knew something of King's affliction.

But Truxton King was not there at daybreak. When he strode out of the camp that night he left it behind forever. The unfortunate lack of means to communicate with the occupants of the castle had been the source of great distress to Captain Haas. If the defenders could be informed as to the exact hour of the assault from the outside they could do much toward its speedy success by making a fierce sortie from behind their own walls. A quick dash from the castle grounds would serve to draw Marlanx's attention in that direction, diminishing the force that he would send to check the onslaught at the gates.

Truxton King had all this in mind as he swung off down the mountain road, having stolen past the sentries with comparative ease. The danger from Marlanx's scouts outside the city was not great; they had been scattered and beaten by Haas' recruiting parties. He stood in more danger from the men he would help, they who were the watchful defenders of the castle.

It must have been 2 o'clock when he crossed the king's highway, a mile or more above the northern gates, and struck down into the same thick undergrowth that had protected him and Hobbs on a memorable night not long before.

At 3 o'clock a dripping figure threw up his hat and laughed with exultation when confronted by a startled guardsman inside the castle

walls and not more than fifty yards from the water gate. He snorted a friendly cry as he advanced toward the man, calling out his own name.

Ten minutes later he was standing in the presence of the haggard, nerve-racked Quinnox, pouring into his astonished ears the news of the coming attack. The colonel lost no time in routing out the sleeping guardsmen and reserves and in sending commands to those already on duty at the gates.

When the sun peeped over the lofty hills he saw inside the gates a restless, waiting company of dragons ready for the command to ride forth.

Meantime King had crossed the grounds with Colonel Quinnox on the way to the castle. He was amazed, almost stupefied, by the devastation that already had been wrought. A dozen or more balls had crashed into the facade. Yawning fissures, gigantic holes, marked the path of the ugly messengers from Marlanx. Nearly all of the windows had been wrecked by riflemen who shot from the roofs of palaces in and about the avenue. Two of the smaller minarets were in ruins. A huge pillar in the lower balcony was gone. The terrace had been plowed up by a single ricocheting shell.

"Great God!" gasped King. "It is frightful!"

"They began bombarding yesterday afternoon. We were asked to surrender at 3 o'clock. Our reply brought the shells, Mr. King. It was terrible. After the first two or three shells we found places of shelter for the prince and his friends. They are in the stone tower beyond the castle. The most glorious courage is shown. Count Vos Engo guards the prince and the ladies of the household. Alas, it was hunger that we feared the most. Today we should have resorted to horse's flesh. There was no other way. We know that relief would come some day. John Tullis was there. And now it is today! This shall be our day, thank God!"

Attendants sped to the tower, shouting the battle tidings.

The prince came tumbling down the narrow iron stairs from his room above, shouting joyously to Truxton King. No man was ever so welcome. He was besieged with questions, handshakes and praises. Even the Duke of Perse, hobbling on crutches, had a kindly greeting for him. Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks when King told him of his daughter's safe arrival in the friendly camp.

But just now Truxton was starting at the narrow staircase. Vos Engo and Lorraine were descending slowly. The former was white and evidently very weak. He leaned on the girl for support.

Count Halfont offered the explanation. "Vos Engo was sent last week through the shoulder. He is too weak to give up, as you may see. It happened on the terrace. There was an unexpected fusillade from the house-tops. Eric placed himself between the marksmen and Miss Tullis. A bullet that might have killed her instantly struck him in the shoulder."

King never forgot the look in Lorraine's eyes as she came down the steps. Joy and anguish seemed to combine themselves in that long, intense look.

She gave him her hands. The look in her tired eyes went straight to his heart. Vos Engo drew back, his face set in a frown of displeasure.

"My brother" she said, without taking her gaze from his eyes.

"He is well. He will see you today." "And you, Truxton?" was her next question, low and quavering.

"Inharm'd and unchanged, Lorraine," he said softly. "Tell me, did Vos Engo stand between you and the fire from the—"

"Yes, Truxton," she said, dropping her eyes as if in deep pain.

"And you have not—broken your promise to him?"

"No; nor have I broken my promises to you."

"He is a brave man. I can't help saying it," said the American, deep lines suddenly appearing in his face. Swiftly he turned to Vos Engo, extending his hand. "My hand, sir, to a brave man!"

Vos Engo stared at him for a moment and then turned away, ignoring the friendly hand. A hot flush mounted to Lorraine's brow.

Vos Engo's response was a short, bitter laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Broken Rod Comes up Through Floor of Cab.

Lake Crystal, Minn., June 11.—Omaha train No. 42 on the Elmore branch came in two hours late presenting a sorry spectacle.

When the train was running at a fast clip between Blue Earth and Winnebago, to make up lost time, a side rod became loose from the rear driver and the heavy piece of steel began to whirl around. It came up through the floor of the cab at Engineer A. B. Coy's feet, throwing him from his seat. His feet caught in the reverse lever and his arm became entangled in the door chain of the fire box. Fireman Frank Broonan released him.

The train ran almost half a mile before being brought to a stop. One rod was bent double, the air pump and all of the piping was stripped from the engine, and the cab was completely demolished.

### Where the Family Is Going.

Mother's going to Long Branch; Bessie to Cape May; Jane to Narragansett; Nell to Buzzard's Bay; Sue to Saratoga; May to Lake Champlain; Flo to Martha's Vineyard; Grace to Fulton Chain; Jack to Atlantic City; Charley to Good Ground; Bob is going sailing.

At Larchmont on the Sound. Bill will soon be motoring Through the Berkshire Hills, And dear old dad will stick around, And try and pay the bills.

J. A. FITZGERALD.

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Embroideries	Untrimmed Hats
Laces	Millinery Trimmings
White Goods	Ribbons
Linings	Boys' Clothing
Gloves	Men's Clothing
Hosiery and Comforts	Trunks, Suit Cases and Bags
Jewelry	Lace Curtains
Toilet Articles	Window Shades
Stationery	Portieres
Leather Bags & Pocketbooks	Carpets and Rugs
Art Goods	Mattings
Notions	Oil-cloths and Linoleums
Hosiery	Enamelware
Neckwear	House Furnishings
Men's Furnishings	China and Glassware
Kilt Underwear	Cut Glass and Bric-a-brac
Handkerchiefs	Table Silverware and Cutlery
Umbrellas and Parasols	Bathroom Fixtures
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**ADDITIONAL LOCAL**

**A Surprise Birthday Social.**  
For the Advocate.

Mrs. Geo. C. Freyman, widow of the late Geo. C. Freyman, was surprised on May 21st by the visit of her daughter, Elizabeth Logue, of Pleasant Valley and her family, to which grandmother had looked forward with pleasure. They arrived on the morning of her 74th birthday, at an early hour which surprised even Mrs. Frank Freyman, who lives with dear old grandmother, as well as the old lady herself. Unfortunately Mr. Frank Freyman was not at home, and he missed spending a happy day with grandmother and his uncle and aunt, but nevertheless his heart was left behind with his family and grandmother. Although grandmother is getting old she hopes she has many more birthdays in store for her, but if on earth her surprises are few, we hope to meet her in heaven, don't you? Her daughter brought her so many nice things to eat, not because she suffers for such, for thanks to the good Master she has plenty and kind friends, but she wants to get grandmother to the mall box, as it was she they wished to receive the mail that afternoon. As soon as they had enjoyed the fine dinner that Mrs. Freyman had prepared for grandmother's birthday and her visitors they asked her she would get the mail for them. "Oh, yes, said she," I'll go and bring down a great big handful of nothing, but to her surprise she was compelled to call on her apron to help bear the handful of nothing to the house. Poor old soul, it brought the tears of joy to her eyes as her daughter and Mrs. Freyman read the beautiful post cards of kind wishes to her, arrived from almost all over the United States, from Indiana, Boston, Baltimore and lots of other places. Mrs. Freyman wishes to thank each and every one that thought of her for the kind wishes they bestowed upon her, wishing them the same on each of their birthdays and that they may receive the same number of postals she did, which was 57.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

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**Given 144 Years; Not There to Serve 'Em.**

Rome, June 21.—The notorious Sicilian brigand Felice Mulome, who escaped the officers of the law four years ago and fled from Italy, was tried in contumacy at Perugia, and after being found guilty of murder, blackmail and other crimes was sentenced to 144 years in prison.

Mulome walked for the United States in 1906. No trace of him has been found by the detectives there.

Will Hunter, a negro, was taken from the officers by a mob at Star City, Ark., and lynched. The negro had been arrested for entering the room of a white woman.

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