

# Reduced Round Trip Fares East

From Anaconda, and points on the Great Northern Railway in Montana to destinations in Colorado, District of Columbia, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New Brunswick, New Jersey, New York, Nova Scotia, Ohio, Ontario, Pennsylvania, Quebec, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia and Wisconsin.—August 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30; September 6 and 20.

Liberal stopovers allowed—final return limit Oct. 31, 1916.

Following are Round Trip Summer Tourist Fares from Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Great Falls, Billings and Lewistown to principal points in the above named states. Proportionately low fares from other stations on the Great Northern Railway in Montana:

\$37.50 to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo	\$45.00 to Sioux City, Iowa
63.00 to Chicago, Ill.	51.85 to Waterloo, Iowa
60.60 to Peoria, Ill.	45.00 to Atchison and Leavenworth, Kans.
56.20 to Rock Island, Ill.	45.00 to Duluth, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.
56.20 to Cedar Rapids, Iowa	45.00 to Kansas City, Mo.
49.70 to Omaha and Council Bluffs	56.20 to St. Louis, Mo.
56.20 to Davenport, Iowa	45.00 to St. Joseph, Mo.
51.85 to Des Moines, Iowa	60.55 to Milwaukee, Wis.
56.20 to Dubuque, Iowa	45.00 to Superior, Wis.
49.70 to Fort Dodge, Iowa	65.00 to Memphis, Tenn.
51.85 to Marshalltown, Iowa	

Write, call on or phone your local Great Northern representative for further information and fares from your home town.



J. T. MCGAUGHEY  
Asst. General Freight and Pass. Agent  
HELENA, MONT.

## The Prince of Graustark

(Continued from page 3.)

been mistaken in you," she said. He recalled Gourou's advice. Had he failed in the test? "But don't do it again." "Now that I think of it," he said soberly, "you are not to call me Mr. Schmidt. Please bear that in mind, Bedelia."

"Thank you. I don't like the name. I'll call you"—

Just then the footman turned on the seat and excitedly pointed to a car that had swung into the boulevard from a side street.

"The man hunters!" exclaimed Robin. "By jove, we didn't lose them after all."

"To the Ritz, Pierre," she cried out sharply. Once more she seemed perturbed and anxious.

Her nervousness increased as they sped down the Champs Elysees and across the Place de la Concorde. He thought that he understood the cause and presently sought to relieve her anxiety by suggesting that she set him down somewhere along the Rue de Rivoli. She flushed painfully.

"Thank you, Mr. Schmidt, I—am you sure you will not mind?"

"May I ask what it is that you are afraid of, Miss Guile?" he inquired seriously.

She was lowering her veil. "I am not afraid, Mr. Schmidt," she said. "I am a very, very guilty person, that's all. I've done something I ought not to have done, and I'm—I'm ashamed. You don't consider me a bold, silly?"

"Good Lord, no!" he cried fervently.

"Then why do you call me Bedelia?" she asked, shaking her head.

"If you feel that way about it—I humbly implore you to overlook my freshness," he cried in despair.

"Will you get out here, Mr. Schmidt?" She pressed a button, and the car swung alongside the curb.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked, holding out his hand. She gave it a firm, friendly grip and said:

"I am going to Switzerland the day after tomorrow. Goodby."

### CHAPTER XV. Three Messages.

AS Robin approached the Ritz a tall young man emerged from the entrance, stared at him for an instant and then swung off at a rapid pace in the direction of the Rue de la Paix. He was the good looking young fellow who had met her at the steamship landing, and it was quite obvious that he had been making investigations on his own account.

Robin permitted himself a sly grin as he sauntered into the hotel. He had given that fellow something to worry about, if he had accomplished nothing else. Then he found himself wondering if by any chance it could be the Scoville fellow. That would be a facer!

He found Quinnox and Dank awaiting him in the lobby. They were visibly excited.

"Did you observe the fellow who just went out?" inquired Robin, assuming a most casual manner.

"Yes," said both men in unison.

"I think we've got some interesting news concerning that very chap," added the count, glancing around uneasily.

"Perhaps I may be able to anticipate it, count," ventured Robin. "I've an idea he is young Scoville, the chap who is supposed to be in love with Miss Blithers—and vice versa," he concluded, with a chuckle.

"What have you heard?" demanded the count in astonishment.

"Let's sit down," said Robin, at once convinced that he had stumbled upon an unwelcome truth.

Quinnox gravely extracted two or three bits of paper from his pocket and spread them out in order before his sovereign.

"Read this one first," said he grimly.

It was a cablegram from their financial agents in New York city, and it said:

Mr. B. making a hurried trip to Paris just learned Scoville preceded Miss B. to Europe by fast steamer and has been seen with her in Paris. B. fears an elopement. Make sure papers are signed at once, as such contingency might cause B. to change his mind and withdraw if possible.

Robin looked up. "I think this may account for the two manhunters," said he. His companions stared. "You will hear all about them from Gourou. We were followed this afternoon."

"Followed?" gasped Quinnox.

"Beautifully," said the prince, with his brightest smile. "Detectives, you know. It was ripping."

"I had the feeling that evil would be the result of this foolish trip today," groaned Quinnox. "I should not have permitted you to"—

"The result is still in doubt," said Robin enigmatically. "And now, what comes next?"

"Read this one. It is from Mr. Blithers. I'll guarantee that you do not take this one so complacently."

He was right in his surmise. Robin ran his eye swiftly over the cablegram and then started up from his chair with a muttered imprecation.

"Sh!" cautioned the count—and just in time, for the young man was on the point of enlarging upon his original effort. "Calm yourself, Bobby, my lad."

"You needn't caution me," murmured the prince. "If I had the tongue of a pirate I couldn't begin to do justice to this," and he slapped his hand resoundingly upon the crumpled message from William W. Blithers.

The message had been sent by Mr.

Blithers that morning, evidently just before the sailing of the fast French steamer on which he and his wife were crossing to Havre. It was directed to August Totten and read as follows:

Tell our young friend to qualify statement to press at once. Announce reconsideration of hasty denial and admit engagement. This is imperative. I am not in mood for trifling. Have wired Paris papers that engagement is settled. Have also wired daughter. The sooner we act together on this the better. Wait for my arrival in Paris.

W. B.

"There is still another delectable communication for you, Robin," said the count. It was directed to R. Schmidt, and I took the liberty of opening it, as authorized. Read it!"

This was one of the ordinary "petits bleus," dropped into the pneumatic tube letter box at 2:30 that afternoon, shortly before Robin ventured forth on his interesting expedition in quest of tea, and its contents were very crisp and to the point:

Pay no attention to any word you may have received from my father. He cables a ridiculous command to me which I shall ignore. If you have received a similar message I implore you to disregard it altogether. Let's give each other a fighting chance.

MAUD BLITHERS.

Mr. Blithers received a marconigram from the Jupiter when the ship was three days out from New York. It was terse, but a glimpse.

Have just had a summons of Prince Charming. He is very good looking. Love to mother.

MAUD.

He had barely settled into a state of complete satisfaction with himself over the successful inauguration of a shrewd campaign to get the better of the recalcitrant Maud and the incomprehensible Robin when he was thrown into a panic by the discovery that young Chandler Scoville had sailed for Europe two days ahead of Maud and her elderly companion.

Newspaper reporters in New York camped on the trail of Mr. Blithers. He very obligingly admitted that there was something in the report that his daughter was to marry the Prince of Graustark, although he couldn't say anything definite at the time. It wouldn't be fair to the parties concerned, he explained. Then came the disgusting denials in Paris by his daughter and the ungrateful prince. This was too much. He couldn't understand such unfilial behaviour on the part of one, and he certainly couldn't forgive the ingratitude of the other.

Instead of waiting until Saturday to sail, he changed ships and left New York on Friday, thereby gaining nothing by the move, except relief from the newspapers, for it appears that he gave up a five day boat for one that could not do it under six.

"There will be something doing in Europe the day I land there, Lou," he said to his wife as they stood on deck and watched the statue of Liberty glide swiftly back toward Manhattan Island. "I've got all the strings working smoothly. We've got Groostock where it can't peep any louder than a freshly hatched chicken, and we'll soon bring Maud to her senses. By the way, did I tell you that I've ordered some Dutch architects from Berlin to—"

"The Dutch are from Holland," she said wearily.

"To go over to Groostock and give me a complete estimate on repairing and remodeling the royal castle? I dare say we'll have to do a good deal



"There will be something doing in Europe the day I land there, Lou."

to the place. It's several hundred years old and must require a lot of conveniences, such as bathrooms, electric lights and steam heating. Probably needs refurnishing from top to bottom, too, and a new roof. I never saw a ruin yet that didn't leak. Remember those castles on the Rhine? Will you ever forget how wet we got the day we went through the one at—"

"They were abandoned, tumbledown castles," she reminded him.

"There isn't a castle in Europe that's any good in a rainstorm," he proclaimed.

"It is time you informed yourself about the country you are trying to annex to the Blithers estate," she said sarcastically. "I can assist you to some extent if you will be good enough to listen. In the first place, the royal castle at Edelweiss is one of the most substantial in the world. It has not

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