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BUSINESS ORGANIZATION.

In order for any kind of a legitimate business to reach any considerable volume and be a continued success, it must have an organization. As a rule this organization consists of departments, each dependent and depending on the other and all working together for the common success of the institution. But for the business to be a success these departments must work together, and in working for each other, they are all working for the collective success of the proposition. Collective success means also individual success. If the business as a whole, fails, those employed in it and by it have no opportunity to succeed, while if the business grows and is successful, those who are loyal to the business that is paying them, and earnest in their efforts, will get an opportunity to develop and use their individual ability.

Those in charge of departments have responsibilities, and they are valuable just to the extent that they recognize the importance of those responsibilities and properly organize the force under them to carry out the work possible to be performed by their department. These foremen must assist in developing their own opportunities. They can do that by making their department better today than it was yesterday—by making it more valuable to the organization. One department, if left alone, can not accomplish anything. In order for the institution to be a success all departments must be united and working together.

It is the same with a political party. When a political party is victorious in an election—city, county, state or nation—it then becomes a business institution, and the people have entrusted to it the duty of performing the governmental business necessary for the success of that community, commonwealth or country.

The head of that organization must be recognized as such as long as he is in charge. Sometimes two or three department foremen in a big store get an idea that they know more about how the place ought to be conducted than the manager does, and they work against the party in charge. They may cause him to be discharged, but it is very seldom that any of those who have been "knocking" on the manager get his place.

HOW TO GET GOOD ROADS.

The Council Bluffs Nonpareil quotes from a report made by the American commercial agent at St. Etienne, France, to show the effect of the roads of that country, held to be the best in the world, upon the material prosperity of the French people. The portion of the report quoted follows:

"The road system of France has been of far greater value to the country as a means of raising the value of lands and of putting the small peasant proprietors in easy communication with their markets than have the railways. It is the opinion of well informed Frenchmen who have made a practical study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contributions to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The far-reaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors and in their prosperity and in the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful financial vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation."

These roads of France, the Nonpareil adds, did not spring from magic. They were not brought about in some hokus-pokus manner that didn't require the outlay of money. The people of France went down into their pockets to pay for these roads. In round numbers the cost is put at $612,775,000. Any time our people in an area of equal size to France invest a like sum the Nonpareil believes they will have something to talk about in the road line.

A DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

The committee of one hundred of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which is exerting every energy toward securing a governmental department of health, advances some good arguments in a letter just issued. The committee gives its approval to the plan to have next Sunday set aside as "tuberculosis Sunday," by churches all over the country, but asks if it would not be more effective if "instead of sporadic efforts such as these, if instead of ministers of the gospel preaching against the germ of tuberculosis multiplying beyond number with the help of bad air, insufficient food, over work and under pay, we had for all the people of the United States a cabinet officer, a secretary of health, with a great department of health under him, doing for the health of the people of America what the department of agriculture is doing so effectively for their trees and crops and pigs."

The following list of reasons why the people of the United States should have a department of health are given in the letter:

1. To stop the spread of typhoid fever through drinking sewage-polluted water of interstate streams.

2. To enforce adequate quarantine regulations, so as to keep out of the country plague and other similar pestilences.

3. To supervise interstate common carriers, in so far as without such supervision they prove a menace to the health of the traveling public.

4. To have a central organization of such dignity and importance, that departments of health of states and cities will seek its cooperation and will pay heed to its advice.

5. To influence health authorities, state and municipal, to enact uniform legislation in relation to health matters.

6. To act as a clearing house of state and local health regulations and to codify such regulations.

7. To draw up a model scheme of sanitary legislation for the assistance of state and municipal health officers.

8. To gather accurate data on all questions of sanitation throughout the United States.

9. To establish the chief causes of preventable diseases and unnecessary ill-health.

10. To study conditions and causes of diseases recurring in different parts of the United States.

11. To correlate and assist investigations carried on in many separate and unrelated biographical and pathological federal, state and private laboratories.

12. To consolidate and co-ordinate the many separate government bureaus now engaged in independent health work.

13. To effect economies in the administration of these bureaus.

14. To publish and distribute throughout the country bulletins in relation to human health.

15. To apply our existing knowledge of hygiene to our living conditions.

16. **To reudce the death-rate.**

It is pointed out that the annual cost to the people for maintenance of the department of agriculture is $13,500,000, and it is declared to be money well spent, bringing in a rich return of better crops, of strong stock and of more economical methods of farming. But, it is asserted, $15,000,000 is now being spent annually in eight scattered health agencies of the national government from which adequate returns are not being received. The committee insists that one central health department would double the effectiveness of each dollar appropriated for this purpose and would give to state and municipal health officers just that advisory and co-operating body of experts they now so signally lack.

The census committee of the Commercial association has adopted a resolution calling upon "the proprietors of all business houses, manufacturing establishments, churches, societies, hotels, and other establishments and organizations to request their employes or members to see that the census enumerators have recorded their names, and those of their families, friends and acquaintances." A number of instances have been recorded where the enumerators after repeated calls have been unable to find the people they seek. These parties should make it their business to find the enumerator. It is to the interest of every Ottumwa resident that the census shall be complete. Every citizen should co-operate in the work by every means within his power.

MARK TWAIN.

This country lost its foremost man of letters when Mark Twain was called. Twain occupied a place apart and he was accorded this place not only at home, but abroad. Press dispatches today are an indication that the death of no man in recent years has aroused such a sympathetic response. But if Mark Twain is dead, his works live on to brighten other lives as they have brightened ours. His fame is of the enduring kind and countless thousands yet unborn will take delight in his "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn," as the generation of today did when Clemens was striving for the place in literature he achieved before death stilled his pen.

The latest report, says the Waterloo Reporter, is that the dandelions were not nipped by the freeze.

Many a man, says a Nebraska paper, who thinks he's full of the season's poetry and romance merely has spring fever, which is just another way of saying he's plumb lazy, and wants to go a-fishing or to the ball game, instead of work.

Well, we'll plead guilty to having all the symptoms.

Of Historical Interest

(Under this caption the Courier will publish biographical sketches of historical characters in this country, on the anniversary of their birth.)

James Buchanan, fifteenth President of the United States, born, Stony Batter, Franklin county, Pa., April 22, 1791; died in Lancaster, Pa., June 1, 1868. His father by birth was an Irishman, who had quitted Europe in 1783, and established himself on a farm at Stony Batter. The son was educated at Dickinson college, Carlisle, where he graduated. He subsequently entered the office of James Hopkins of Lancaster to study law, and was admitted to the bar in 1812. Although holding Federalist opinions at this time he supported the War of 1812. In 1814 he was elected to the legislature of Pennsylvania, and in 1820 was sent to congress, of which he continued a member until 1831, being re-elected four times. He then entered upon a career of diplomacy, being charged by President Jackson with a special mission to Russia for the conclusion of a commercial treaty. On his return, in 1833, he was elected to the senate. About this time the anti-slavery agitation began to assume importance. Buchanan wished to prevent the agitation reaching congress, by declaring its incompetency to deal with it. He held that constitutionally it was a question for the individual states, and that it was better for all parties, even for the slaves themselves, that it should remain so. Under the presidency of Polk, 1845-9, Buchanan was intrusted with the functions of Secretary of State. The annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico were the chief events of his administration. During the presidency of General Taylor he retired from public life. In 1853 Gen. Pierce, on being elected president, named him ambassador of the United States at London. He held this appointment until 1856. The Central American boundary and the project of the annexation of Cuba were the principal subjects discussed during his embassy. With Mason and Soule he signed the Ostend manifesto which recommended the acquisition of Cuba. While maintaining with ability the views of his own country, he gained the esteem of that to which he was deputed by the prudence and moderate tone of his diplomacy. He returned to America in 1856, being chosen as candidate for the presidency by the Democratic party. He was elected by a large majority over Fremont, the Republican candidate, and inaugurated in March, 1857.

His foreign policy inclined to the aggressive views he had always advocated, but the question of slavery and states' rights were at this period approaching a crisis which made home administration of much greater importance. As president he deferred constantly the pro-slavery leader and was unduly influenced by their threats of secession. His character of statesmanship suffered greatly from his vacillation in dealing with the first measures of the seceders; but it must be considered that the position of a ruler holding office as the locum tenens of his successor is not favorable to a vigorous administration in a different crisis. He took up the position that while the states had no right to secede, the nation had no power to prevent their doing so. He supported the administration of Lincoln, and lent his influence to the vigorous prosecution of the war, declaring that the north would sustain the administration almost to a man, and that it ought to be sustained at all hazards.

DATE ANNOUNCED.

May 21 Is Time Set For Rural Carriers' Examination at Post Office.

There will be an examination for rural route mail carriers held in the postoffice in the Amory, May 21, that may prove of interest to many in the county who have been waiting for the announcement of the time set for the examination. The time is still almost a month distant and has just been stated in a letter to the local postmaster, F. A. Nimocks. This examination differs somewhat from that at which the city carriers and clerks take to secure the position of postal employe. In the rural route carrier's test, the highest per cent shown by any person taking the quiz, will give the applicant first place in line for the position. A substitute, however, who has served six months previous to the examination, has five points to his credit.

BLACK HAWK.

Jesse F. Allbright of Ash Grove spent one day last week at William Brown's.

Frank Bean has returned from Fort Madison.

Lee Robb and Dave Bell of Blakesburg spent one night quite recently at Mine Barnes'.

Mrs. Frank Bean and family called on relatives near Bunch one afternoon last week.

Lester Coop has been employed by Olan Swaim for the summer.

Sylvester Hoover called here recently.

Mrs. Eli Smith, Jr., was caller at Unionville one day last week.

Mrs. Mary Martz called recently on her granddaughter Miss Ellen Martz who is staying with Mrs. Jesse Hunt.

Lovic Kinsinger of Bunch has been building fence for Chas Brown the past week.

George Wright called here last Monday.

CEDAR ROUTE 1.

The concert given at Kirkville by the Metropolitan quartet of Oskaloosa was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Mrs. V. S. McGlasson of Kirkville has received word of the death of her brother Milton Spurlock at the Soldier's Home in Marshalltown.

The Rebekah lodge of Kirkville attended the fifth annual convention of the Rebekahs of district No. 90 in Eldon recently.

Wednesday April 13 occurred the marriage of Ernest Courtney formerly of Kirkville but now of Buxton to Miss Ella Mathews of Buxton. The groom is the eldest son of Mrs. Mary Courtney and one of the popular young men of Kirkville. He is a graduate of the Kirkville school and has been employed at the mines in Buxton for some time. The bride though a stranger in this community is a highly respected young woman. The bride and groom came down to the home of the groom's mother in Kirkville Thursday and were charivaried by the Kirkville young people Thursday evening. This young couple have the good wishes of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Funk were business callers in Ottumwa Tuesday of last week.

Jack Allison was a caller in Ottumwa Saturday.

Miss Viola Ross visied her friend and former teacher Jeanetta Cottom Wednesday.

Clarence Harding was a business caller in Kirkville Saturday.

The census enumerator called in this vicinity last week.

Mrs. Etna Newell visited at the home of her daughter Mrs. Charles Moore Thursday.

Mrs. J. D. Funk was shopping in Cedar Thursday.

O. B. Courtwright Married.

Waterloo, April 23.—(Special) —O. B. Courtwright, a well known attorney and formerly state senator from the Blackhawk and Grundy district, was married yesterday at the St. Paul church to Mrs. G. Williams. His first wife was killed in an automobile accident two years ago.

TRUXTON KING

A Story of Graustark

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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(CHAPTER XVI—Continued.)

Then it was that he saw the prince. The boy was standing on a seat on the royal coach of state, holding out his eager little hands to some one in the thick of the crowd that surged about him. He was calling some one's name, but no one could have heard him.

Truxton's straining eyes caught sight of the figure in gray that struggled forward in response to the cries and the extended hand.

"Aunt Loraine! Aunt Loraine!" He now heard the name the boy cried with all his little heart.

Two officers struck at the uncouth, desperate American as he lifted the girl from the ground and deliberately tossed her into the coach.

"Turn back!" he shouted. A horseman rode him down. He looked up as the plunging animal's hoofs clattered about his head. Vos Engo, with drawn sword, was crowding up to the carriage door, shouting words of rejoicing at sight of the girl he loved.

He caught a glimpse of her, holding the prince in her arms, her white, agonized face turned toward the mob. Distinctly he heard her cry:

"Save him! Save Truxton King!"

From the sidewalks swarmed well armed hordes of desperadoes, firing wildly into the ranks of devoted guardsmen. Truxton fled from the danger zone as fast as his strained ankle would permit him. Bullets were striking all about him.

Some one was shouting his name behind in the scurrying crowd. He turned for a single glance backward. Little Mr. Hobbs, pale as a ghost, his cap gone, his clothing torn, was panting at his elbow.

Soldiers came riding up from behind, turning to fire from their saddles into the throng of cutthroats, led by the grim old man with the bloody saber. In the center of the troop there was a flying carriage. The Duke of Perse was lying back in the seat, his face like that of a dead man.

"The prince is safe!" shouted King joyously. "They'll make it! Thank God!"

Colonel Quinnox turned in his saddle and searched out the owner of that stirring voice.

"Come!" he called.

Even as King rushed out into the roadway a horseman galloped up from the direction of the castle. He pulled his horse to his haunches almost as he was riding over the dodging American.

"Here!" shouted the newcomer, scowling down upon the young man. "Swing up here! Quick, you fool!"

It was Vos Engo, his face black with fury. Quinnox had seized the hand of Mr. Hobbs on seeing help for King and was pulling him up before him. There was nothing for Truxton to do but to accept the timely help of his rival. An instant later he was up behind him and they were off after the last of the dragoons.

"If you don't mind, count, I'll try my luck," grated the American. Holding on with one arm, he turned and fired repeatedly in the direction of the howling crowd of rascals.

"Ride to the barracks gates, Vos Engo!" commanded Colonel Quinnox. "Be prepared to admit none but the royal reserves, who are under standing orders to report there in time of need."

Over his shoulder Vos Engo hissed to his companion: "It was not idle heroics, my friend, nor philanthropy on my part. I was commanded to come and fetch you. She would never have spoken to me again if I had refused."

"She! Ah, yes, I see! She did not forget me!" cried Truxton.

"Understand, it is not for you that I risk my life."

"I understand," murmured Truxton, a wry smile on his pale lips. "You mean, she is going to pay you in some way for picking me up, eh? Well, I'll put an end to that. I'll drop off again. Then you can ride on and tell her—I wouldn't be a party to the game. Do you catch my meaning?"

"You would, eh?" said the count angrily. "I'd like to see you drop off while we're going at this"—

"I've got my pistol in the middle of your back," grated Truxton. "Slow up a bit or I'll scatter your vertebrae all over your system. Pull up!"

"As you like," cried Vos Engo. "I've done my part. Colonel Quinnox will bear witness." He began pulling his horse down. "Now you are quite free to drop off."

Less than a hundred yards behind loped a riderless horse. The dragoon who had sat the saddle was lying far back in the avenue, a bullet in his head. Hobbling to the middle of the road, the American threw up his hands and shouted briskly to the bewildered animal. Five seconds later King was in the saddle and tearing along in the wake of the retreating guard.

KING WAS IN THE SADDLE.

"We need such men as King!" cried Colonel Quinnox as he waited inside the gates for the wild rider.

General Braze, with a few of his men, bloody and heartsick, was the last of the little army to reach safety in the castle grounds.

The fortress, with all guns, stores and ammunition, was in the hands of the Iron Count and his cohorts.

Baron Dangloss had been taken prisoner with a whole platoon of fighting constables. This was the last appalling bit of news to reach the horrified, disorganized forces in the castle grounds.

A wise as well as a cruel man was Marlanx. He lost no time in issuing a manifesto to the stunned, demoralized citizens of Edelweiss. Scores of criers went through the streets during the long, wretched afternoon, announcing to the populace that Count Marlanx had established himself as dictator and military governor of the principality pending the abdication of the prince and the beginning of a new and substantial regime. All citizens were commanded to recognize the authority of the dictator.

Toward evening, after many consultations and countless reports, Marlanx removed his headquarters to the tower. He had fondly hoped to be in the castle long before this.

The cells and dungeons in the great old tower were now occupied by bruised, defeated officers of the law. Baron Jasto Dangloss, crushed in spirit and broken of body, paced the blackest and narrowest cell of them all.

At 9 o'clock on Sunday morning a small group of people gathered in the square. A meeting was soon in progress. A goods box stood over against the very spot on which Olga Platanova died. An old man began haranguing the constantly growing crowd. In the group might have been seen most members of the committee of ten.

In the midst of his harangue the hand of William Spantz was arrested in one of its most emphatic gestures.

Peter Brutus was approaching at the head of a group of aliens, all armed.

"One moment!" called out Peter Brutus, lifting his hand imperatively. The speaker ceased his mouthings. "Count Marlanx desires the immediate presence of the following citizens at his office in the tower. I shall call off the names." He began with William Spantz. The name of each of his associates in the committee of ten followed.

Ten minutes later every member of the committee of ten, except Peter Brutus, was behind lock and bar, together with their shivering associates, all of them dumbly muttering to themselves the awful sentence that Marlanx had passed upon them.

"YOU ARE TO DIE AT SUNSET."

"You are to die at sunset. Graustark still knows how to punish assassins. There is no room in Graustark for anarchy. I shall wipe it out today."

"Sir, your promise!" gasped William Spantz. "We are your friends—the true party of"—

"Enough! Do not speak again! Captain Brutus, you will send criers abroad to notify the citizens that I, Count Marlanx, have ordered the execution of the ringleaders in the plot to dynamite the prince, at sunset in the square. Away with the carrion!"

Then it was, and not till then, that the committee of ten found him out! Then it was that they came to know Peter Brutus!

The unrecognizable corpse of Olga Platanova had been buried in quicklime outside the city walls. There was something distinctly grewsome in the fact that half a dozen deep graves were dug alongside hers hours before death came to the wretches who were to occupy them.

At 8 o'clock the Iron Count coolly sent messengers to the homes of the leading merchants and bankers of the city. They, with the priests, the doctors, the municipal officers and the manufacturers, were commanded to appear before him at 5 o'clock for the purpose of discussing the welfare of the city and its people.

Marlanx stated his position clearly. He left no room for doubt in their minds. The strings were in his hands. Without hesitation he informed the leading men of the city that he was to be the Prince of Graustark.

"I will rule Graustark or destroy her. Those of you who do not expect or desire to live under my rule, which, I promise you, shall be a wise one, may leave the city for other lands," he said calmly, "just as soon as my deputies have completed the formal transfer of all your belongings to the crown treasury—all, I say, even to the minutest trifle. Permit me to add in that connection, gentlemen, the transfer will not be a prolonged affair."

They glared back at him and subsided into bitter silence.

"I am well aware that you love little Prince Robin. Now, respecting young master Robin, I have no great desire to kill him."

He waited to see the effect of this brutal announcement. His hearers stiffened, and—yes, they held their breath.

"He has one alternative—he and his lords. I trust that you, as sensible gentlemen, will find the means to convey to him your advice that he seize the opportunity I shall offer him to escape with his life. Let me interrupt myself to call to your attention the fact that I am punishing the anarchists at sunset. To resume, the boy may return to America, where he belongs. I will give him free and safe escort to the United States. If he chooses to accept my kindly terms, all well and good; if not, gentlemen, I shall starve him out or blow the castle down. It may interest you to hear that I expect to establish a new nobility in Graustark. I trust I may now be addressing at least a few of the future noble lords of Graustark. Good day, gentlemen."

At the castle the deepest gloom prevailed. It was like a nightmare to the beleaguered household, a dream from which there seemed to be no awakening. Colonel Quinnox as commander of the royal guard ruled supreme. General Braze tore off his own epaulets and presented himself to Quinnox as a soldier of the file.

Prince Robin, quite recovered from his fright, donned the uniform of a colonel of the royal dragoons, buckled on his jeweled sword and, with boyish zeal, demanded at a council of war Colonel Quinnox's reasons for not going forth to slay the rioters.

"Your highness," said the colonel bitterly, "the real army is outside the walls, not inside. We are a pitiful handful, less than 300 men all told, counting the wounded. Count Marlanx heads an army of several thousand. He"—

"He wants to get in here so's he can kill me. Is that so, Colonel Quinnox?" The prince was very pale, but quite calm.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way, your"—

"Oh, I know! You can't fool me! I've always known that he wants to kill me. But how can he? Nobody can. He ought to know that. He must be awful stupid."

"We must get word to Tullis!" cried several in a breath. A dozen men volunteered to risk their lives in the attempt to find the American in the hills. Two men were chosen—by lot. They were to venture forth that very night.

"HE'S SAFE, YOUR HIGHNESS."

"My lords," said the prince as the council was on the point of dissolving, "is it all right for me to ask a question now?"

"Certainly, Robin," said the prime minister.

"Well, I'd like to know where Mr. King is."

"He's safe, your highness," said Quinnox.

"Well, you run in and tell Aunt Loraine this minute that Mr. King sends his love to her and begs her to rest easy. See if it doesn't cheer her up a bit."

At night two attempts were made by Haddan and another subaltern to leave the castle to reach Tullis, but both sorties proved failures. A day later Marlanx sent two men under a flag of truce to offer his infamous ultimatum. His offer of a safe conduct of the prince to America was refused, for the inmates of the castle knew full well the count would doom the lad to instant death if he should get him in his possession.

A single distant volley at sunset had puzzled the men on guard at the castle. They had no means of knowing that the committee of ten and its wretched friends had been shot down like dogs in the public square. Peter Brutus was in charge of the squad of executioners.

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 worshiped 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. Loraine 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 sat in gloomy contemplation of his own unhappiness, darkly glowering upon the unfriendly portals from a distant stone bench.

A brisk guardsman separated himself from the knot of men at the castle doors and crossed the plaza 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 Loraine 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 the 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 strolled 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 Hallont 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 Loraine 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.

"Loraine!" 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"—

"Don't, Truxton!" she pleaded, 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, Loraine. Did you promise to reward him if he—well, if he saved me from the mob?"

(To be Continued.)

THE BURLINGTON HOTEL.

Burlington, April 22.—The hotel company which will build the new hotel here, planned to become one of the finest in the state, has found that instead of $200,000 it would need $253,000 to build the new hotel as planned. And immediately almost $50,000 was subscribed, while the remaining $5,000 will be gathered up today, so that the contracts may be signed this afternoon