

CHEERFUL WOMEN

Dependancy is a thing of evil origin and evil results. Worry produces nothing but wrinkles and wretchedness. Let the reader put up a little note on her bureau, on her desk, and at the head of her bed, just two words, don't worry.

A woman's nerves are more truly the cause of worry than outside troubles. The nerves are of a woman's body the telegraph system, which surely warns her of any trouble in the feminine make-up.

Dr. Pierce, during a long period of practice, found that a prescription made with glycerine, entirely of roots and herbs, without the use of alcohol, cured over ninety per cent. of such cases.

Women are earnestly advised to take it for irregular or painful periods, backache, headache, displacement, catarrhal condition, hot flashes, sallow complexion and nervousness.

For girls about to enter womanhood, women about to become mothers, and for the changing days of middle age Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should always be on hand.

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If you are troubled with Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Biliary Headaches, and a hundred and one ills which depend upon an inactive liver, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—Adv.

THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS

Mr. Blithers, multimillionaire, discusses with his wife the possibility of marrying off his daughter, Maud Applegate, to the Prince of Graustark, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Truxton King in America in anticipation of getting some one to take up the loan Russia holds. A Mr. Scoville is attentive to Maud.

Prince Robin is accompanied by Count Quinnox, minister of war; Lieutenant Dank and Hobbs the valet. The prince had balked at a matrimonial alliance with the Princess of Dawsergen, both of them wishing to choose for themselves. Mr. Blithers visits the Kings uninvited.

Mr. Blithers discusses the Russian loan and gently hints at \$30,000,000 his daughter will get when she marries the right man.

Bankers suddenly refuse to handle the loan. Count Quinnox and King arrange a meeting with Blithers. King suspects him of blocking the deal.

Blithers promises to consider the loan. His wife prepares a ball for the Prince and Maud, who suddenly balks at the affair and doesn't attend.

Meeting the prince out for a stroll, Blithers chats on matrimony. Robin says he is not for sale, but agrees to meet Maud when he learns she is opposed to her parents' wishes.

Maud again evades the prince, who reports he must leave for Graustark at once. Maud writes she is off for Europe on the Jupiter with an agent companion, her father schemes to get them both on the same ship.

The prince as Mr. Schmidt sails on the Jupiter. Blithers buys \$200,000 of Graustark bonds. A young lady disputes Robin's right to a table and deck chair.

He learns she is Miss Guile of New York, and her aged companion Mrs. Gaston. He soon becomes better acquainted with Miss Guile.

Her given name is Bedella, she tells him. She tells Mrs. Gaston that she suspects he is the Prince of Graustark.

Mrs. Gaston changes her manner toward him. Hobbs discovers Miss Guile's baggage is marked with a B. In Paris she is met by a young man.

Gourou, Robin's police chief, concludes that the B on the baggage means Blithers. Miss Blithers denies her engagement to the prince. Bedella sends Robin a note.

She invites him for a drive to St. Cloud. He intimates she is Miss Blithers, but she resents it. While at lunch they are told some one is spying on them.

They flee and are arrested for speeding. Miss Guile just happens revealing her true identity to the judge. She tells Robin she will go to Switzerland.

Mr. Blithers sails for Paris. He instructs his agents to kidnap Maud, but she is not to be located.

At Interlaken Mrs. Gaston tells Robin he has a chance to win Bedella, who says she is going to Graustark.

Miss Guile gets letters from her angry father, her disappointed lover and another saying detectives were still on her trail. She disappears.

Mr. Blithers arrives in Graustark. He sees Robin reach home, hailed by his people. He is granted an interview in the castle.

He is awed by his surroundings and angered by Count Romano, who refers to a marriage between Maud and the prince as impossible. Robin goes to meet Miss Guile.

She is at a public eating place, where Mr. Blithers also has a dinner party. She takes Robin to her father, who is the Prince of Dawsergen. Maud marries Scoville.

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PROLOGUE

After a lapse of a very few years, lo, here is a story about a Prince of Graustark who is none other than the son of Princess Yette, the heroine of "Graustark." He is a full grown man, very much full grown, and very much of a man. Moreover, there is a beautiful girl in the offing, whose relation to Beverly of Graustark is that of daughter to mother; also there is a very shrewd, forceful, powerful American multimillionaire with a brilliant and lovely daughter. Now, given these ingredients, so to speak, and the reader may trust McCutcheon to mix them up to give them just the right flavor, to cook them to just the right turn and to serve a story piping hot, which will give as many million hours of thorough enjoyment as "Graustark" and "Beverly of Graustark" did in their time.

CHAPTER I

Matrimony is Discussed.

"My dear," said Mr. Blithers, with decision, "you can't tell me."

"I know I can't," said his wife, quite as positively. She knew when she could tell him a thing and when she couldn't. It was quite impossible to impart information to Mr. Blithers when he had the tips of two resolute fingers embedded in his ears. Mrs. Blithers had lived with her husband, more or less, for twenty-five years, and she knew him like a book. He was a forceful person who would have his own way, even though he had to put his fingers in his ears to get it. Moreover, when he called her "my dear" instead of the customary Lou it was a sign of supreme obstinacy on his part and could not by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as an indication of placid affection. He always said "my dear" at the top of his voice and with a great deal of irascibility.

Mr. William W. Blithers was a self-made man who had begun his career by shouting lustily at a team of mules in a railway construction camp. Other drivers had tried to improve on his vocabulary, but even the mules were able to appreciate the utility of such an affection. He always said "my dear" at the top of his voice and with a great deal of irascibility.

Mr. Blithers long ago had convinced her husband that no ordinary human being of the male persuasion was worthy of their daughter's hand and had set her heart on having nothing nearer than a duke on the family roll—Blithers alluded to it for awhile as the payroll—with the choice lying between England and Italy.

But now, just as they were on the point of accepting in lieu of a duke an exceptionally promising count, the aforesaid event conspired to completely upset all of their plans—or notions, so to speak. It was nothing less than the arrival in America of an eligible prince of the royal blood, a ruling prince at that. As a matter of fact, he had not only arrived in America, but upon the vast estate adjoining their own in the Catskills.

Peculiarly promising to their hopes was the indisputable fact that the prince's mother had married an American, thereby establishing a precedent behind which no constitutional obstacle could thrive, and had lived very happily with the gentleman in spite of the critics.

It appears that the prince after leaving the continent on his way around the world had come to the Truxton Kings for a long promised and much desired visit, the duration of which depended to some extent on his own inclinations and not a little on the outcome of the war talk that affected two great European nations—Russia and Austria. Mr. Blithers was in a position to know that the little principality over which the young man reigned was bound to be drawn into the cataclysm not as a belligerent or an ally, but in the matter of a loan that had recently expired within the year and which would hardly be renewed by Russia with the prospect of vast expenditures of war threatening her treasury. The loan undoubtedly would be called, and Graustark was not in a position to pay out of her own slender resources, two years of famine having fallen upon the people at a time when prosperity was most to be desired.

It was the private opinion of Mr.

Blithers that the young prince and the trusted agents who accompanied him on his journey were in the United States solely for the purpose of arranging a loan through sources that could only be reached by personal appeal. But all this is beside the question. The young Prince of Graustark was enjoying American hospitality, and no matter what he owed to Russia, America owed to him its most punctilious consideration. The main point is that the prince was now rusticiating within what you might call a stone's throw of the capacious and lordly country residence of Mr. Blithers; moreover, he was an uncommonly attractive chap, with a laugh that was so charged with heartiness that it didn't seem possible that he could have a drop of royal blood in his vigorous young body. And the perfectly ridiculous part of the whole situation was that Mr. and Mrs. King lived in a modest, vine covered little house that had been lost in the servants' quarters at Blitherwood. Especially aggravating, too, was the Kings' attitude. They were really nobodies, so to speak, and yet they blithely called their royal guest "Bobby" and allowed him to fetch and carry for their women folk quite as if he were an ordinary whippersnapper up from the city to spend the week end. The remark with which Mr. Blithers introduces this chapter was in response to an oft repeated declaration made by his wife. Mrs. Blithers merely had stated—but over and over again—that money couldn't buy everything in the world, referring directly to social eminence and indirectly to their secret



"You say you don't want Count What's-His-Name."

ambition to capture a prince of the royal blood for the daughter Maud. She had professed this opinion, however, with the exceedingly irritating insinuation that Mr. Blithers was not in his right mind when he proposed inviting the prince to spend a few weeks at Blitherwood, provided the young man could cut short his visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. King, who, he had asseverated, were in no position to entertain royalty as royalty was in the habit of being entertained.

Long experience had taught Mr. Blithers to read the lip and eye language with some degree of certainty, so by watching his wife's indignant face closely he was able to tell when she was succumbing to reason. He was a burly, domineering person who reasoned for every one within range of his voice, and it was only when his wife became coldly sarcastic that he closed his ears and boomed his opinions into her very teeth, so to say, joyfully overwhelming her with facts which were futile for her to attempt to deny. He was aware quite as much so as if he had heard the words that she was now saying:

"Well, there is absolutely no use arguing with you, Will. Have it your way if it pleases you."

Eying her with some uneasiness, he cautiously inserted his thumbs in the armholes of his broadcated waistcoat and proclaimed:

"As I said before, Lou, there isn't a foreign nobleman, from the emperor down, who is above grabbing a few million dollars. They're all hard up."

"We were speaking of Prince Robin," remarked his wife, with a slight shudder. Mrs. Blithers came of better stock than her husband. His gancheries frequently set her teeth on edge. She was born in Providence and sometimes mentioned the occurrence when particularly desirous of squelching him, not unkindly perhaps, but by way of making him realize that their daughter had good blood in her veins. Mr. Blithers had heard in a roundabout way that he first saw the light of day in Jersey City, although after he became famous Newark claimed him. He did not bother about the matter.

why we shouldn't consider his offer. He?"

"Offer?" she cried, aghast. "He has made no offer. Will. He doesn't even know that Maud is in existence. How can you say such a thing?"

"I was merely looking ahead, that's all. My motto is 'Look ahead.' You know it as well as I do. Where would I be today if I hadn't looked ahead and seen what was going to happen before the other fellow had his eyes open? Will you tell me that? Where, I say? What's more, where would I be now if I hadn't looked ahead and seen what a marriage with the daughter of Judge Morton would mean to me in the long run?" He felt that he had uttered a very pretty and convincing compliment. "I never made a bad bargain in my life, Lou, and it wasn't guesswork when I married you. You, my dear old girl, you were the solid foundation on which I—"

"I know," she said wearily. "You've said it a thousand times—the foundation on which I built my temple of posterity—yes, I know. Will. But I am still unalterably opposed to making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. King."

"Ridiculous? I don't understand you?"

"Well, you will after you think it over," she said quietly, and he scowled in positive perplexity.

"Don't you think he'd be a good match for Maud?" he asked, after many minutes. He felt that he had thought it over.

"Are you thinking of kidnaping him, Will?" she demanded.

"Certainly not! But all you've got to do is to say that he's the man for Maud and I'll—I'll do the rest. That's the kind of a man I am, Lou. You say you don't want Count What's-His-Name—that is, you don't want him as much as you did—and you do say that it would be the grandest thing in the world if Maud could be the Princess of Groostick!"

"Graustark, Will."

"That's what I said. Well, if you want her to be the Princess of THAT I'll see that she is, provided this fellow is a gentleman and worthy of her. The only prince I ever knew was a rascal, and I'm going to be careful about this one. You remember that mealy?"

"There is no question about Prince Robin," said she sharply.

"I suppose the only question is, How much will he want?"

"You mean—settlement?"

"Sure."

"Have you no romance in your soul, William Blithers?"

"I never believed in fairy stories," said he grimly. "And, what's more, I don't take any stock in cheap novels in which American heroes go about marrying into royal families and all that sort of rot. It isn't done, Lou. If you want to marry into a royal family you've got to put up the coin."

"Prince Robin's mother, the poor Princess Yette, married an American for love, let me remind you."

"Emph! Where is this Groostock, anyway?"

"Somewhere east of the setting sun," she quoted. "You must learn how to pronounce it."

"I never was good at foreign languages. By the way, where is Maud this afternoon?"

"Motoring."

He waited for additional information. It was not volunteered, so he demanded somewhat fearfully:

"Who with?"

He scowled. "He's a loafer, Lou. No girl in the world, I don't like the way you let—"

"He is of a very good family, my dear. I—"

"Is he—or—in love with her?"

"Certainly. Why not? Isn't every one she meets in love with her?"

"I—I suppose so," he admitted sheepishly. His face brightened. "And there's no reason why this prince shouldn't fall heels over head, is there? Well, there you are! That will make a difference in the settlement, believe me, a difference of a couple of millions at least!"

She arose abruptly. "You are positively disgusting, Will. Can't you think of anything but—"

"Say, ah! That Maudie coming up the drive now? Sure it is! By gracious, did you ever see anything to beat her? She's got 'em all beat a mile when it comes to looks and style and— Oh, by the way," lowering his voice to a hoarse, confidential whisper, "I wouldn't say anything to her about the marriage just yet if I were you. I want to look him over first."

Prince Robin of Graustark was as good looking a chap as one would see in a week's journey. Little would one suspect him of being the descendant of a long and distinguished line of princes save for the unmistakable though indefinable something in his eye that exhaled that he had inherited the homage of his fellow men. His laugh was a free and merry one, his spirits as effervescent as wine, his manner blithe and boyish, yet beneath all this fair and guileless exposition of carelessness lay the sober integrity of caste.

His mother, the beautiful, gracious and lamented Princess Yette, set all royal circles by the ears when she married the American, Lorry, back in the nineties. A special act of the ministry had legalized this union, and the son of the American was not deprived of his right to succeed to the throne which his forbears had occupied for centuries. From his mother he had inherited the right of kings, from his father the spirit of freedom; from his mother the power of majesty, from his father the

power to see beyond that majesty. When little more than a babe in arms he was orphaned, and the affairs of state fell upon the shoulders of three loyal and devoted men who served as regents until he became of age.

He was seven when the great revolt headed by Count Marlanx came so near to overthrowing the government and he behaved like the prince that he was. It was during those perilous times that he came to know the gallant Truxton King, in whose home he was now a happy guest. But before Truxton King he knew the lovely girl who became the wife of that devoted adventurer and who, to him, was always to be "Aunt Lorraine."

As a very small boy he had paid two visits to the home land of his father but after the death of his parents his valuable little person was guarded so jealously by his subjects that not once had he set foot beyond the borders of Graustark, except on two widely separated occasions of great pomp and ceremony at the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and a secret journey to London when he was seventeen. It appears that he was determined to see a great football match. On each of these occasions he was attended by watchful members of the cabinet and certain military units in the now far from insignificant standing army. As a matter of fact, he witnessed the football match from the ordinary stands, surrounded by thousands of unimpassioned Britons, but carefully wedged in between two generals of his own army and flanked by a minister of police, a minister of the treasury and a minister of war, all of whom were excessively bored by the contest and more or less appalled by his unregal enthusiasm. He had insisted on going to the match itself, to enjoy it for all it was worth to the real spectators—those who sit or stand where the compression is not unlike that applied to a box of sardines.

The regency expired when he was twenty years of age, and he became ruler in fact of himself as well as of the half million subjects who had waited patiently for the great day that was to see him crowned and glorified. He was their prince, and they loved him well. Mr. Blithers was very close to the truth when he said to himself, if you remember that the financial situation in the far off principality was not all that could be desired. It is true that Graustark was in Russia's debt to the extent of some 20,000,000 gzyvoss—about \$30,000,000, in other words—and that the day of reckoning was very near at hand. The loan was for a period of twelve years and had been arranged contrary to the advice of John Tullis, an American financier, who long had been interested in the welfare of the principality through friendship for the lamented Count What's-His-Name. He had been farsighted enough to realize that Russia would prove a hard creditor, even though she may have been sincere in her protestations of friendship for the modest borrower.

A stubborn element in the cabinet overcame his opposition, however, and the debt was contracted, taxation increased by popular vote and a period of governmental thriftiness inaugurated. Railroads, highways, bridges and aqueducts were built, owned and controlled by the state, and the city of Edelweiss rebuilt after the devastation created during the revolt of Count Marlanx and his minions. There seemed to be some prospect of vindication for the ministry, and Tullis, who lived in Edelweiss, was fair minded enough to admit that their action appeared to have been for the best. The people had prospered, and taxes were paid in full and without complaint. The reserve fund grew steadily and surely, and there was every prospect that when the huge debt came due it would be paid in cash. But on the very crest of their prosperity came adversity. For two years the crops failed, and a pestilence swept through the herds. There was not so much as a penny left over for the so called sinking fund.

CHAPTER II

Mr. Blithers Goes Visiting.

A YEAR of grace remained. The minister of finance had long since recovered from the delusion that it would be easy to borrow from either England or France to pay the Russians, there being small prospect of a renewal by the czar, even for a short period at a higher rate of interest. The great nations of Europe made it plain to the little principality that they would not put a finger in Russia's pie at this stage of the game. Russia was ready to go to war with her great neighbor, Austria. Diplomacy—caution, if you will—made it imperative that other nations should sit tight and look to their own knitting, so to say. Not one could afford to be charged with befriending even in a roundabout way either of the angry grumblers.

It was only too well known in diplomatic circles that Russia coveted the railroads of Graustark as a means of throwing troops into a remote and almost impenetrable portion of Austria. "Say, ah! That Maudie coming up the drive now? Sure it is! By gracious, did you ever see anything to beat her? She's got 'em all beat a mile when it comes to looks and style and— Oh, by the way," lowering his voice to a hoarse, confidential whisper, "I wouldn't say anything to her about the marriage just yet if I were you. I want to look him over first."

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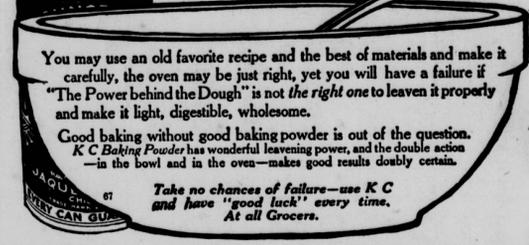
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I will take, and, besides, it lays the foundation for other diseased conditions and complications. Blood tests national law, for the great White Bear to take over these roads and at least a portion of the western border of the principality. Obviously, Austria would be benefited by the prompt lifting of the debt, but her own relations with Russia were so strained that an offer to come to the rescue of Graustark would be taken at once as an open

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