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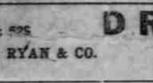
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A Story Of Graustark Truxton King By George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER. Truxton King, an American millionaire's son, tired of the humdrum life and sets out to have some adventures. He reaches the kingdom of Graustark.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER VI. INGOMEDE THE BEAUTIFUL.

A LIGHT, chilling drizzle had been falling all evening, pattering softly upon the roof of leaves that covered the sidewalks along Castle avenue.

Almost in the center of the imposing line of palatial residences stood the home of the Duke of Perse, minister of finance, flanked on either side by structures as grim and as gay as itself, yet far less significant in their generation. Here dwelt the most important man in the principality, not excepting the devoted prime minister himself.

John Tullis opened his own eyes very wide. "You don't mean to say that he is—in peril of any sort?" She leaned nearer to him, dropping the ash from her cigarette into the receiver as she spoke slowly, intensely. "I think he is in peril—in deadly peril."

"He stared hard. 'What do you mean?' he demanded, with an involuntary glance over his shoulder. She interpreted that glance correctly. 'The peril is not here, Mr. Tullis. I know what you are thinking. My father is a loyal subject. The peril I suggest never comes to Graustark.'

She was seen no more in the gay courts for a year. Then of a sudden she appeared before them all, as dazlingly beautiful as ever, but with a haunting, wistful look in her dark eyes that could not be mistaken. The old count found an uneasy delight in exhibiting her to the world once more, plainly as a bit of property that all men were expected to look upon with envy in their hearts.

Then the Duke of Perse resumed his residence in Edelweiss, opening the old palace once more to the world. His daughter after the death of the princess began her extended visits to the home of her girlhood. So long as the princess was alive she remained away from Edelweiss, reluctant to meet the friend who had banished her husband long before the wedding day in Budapest. Now she came frequently and stayed for weeks at a time, apparently happy during these escapes from life in the great capitals.

Of late she came more frequently to Edelweiss than before. John Tullis was always to remember the moment when he looked upon this exquisite creature for the first time. That was months ago. After that he never ceased being a secret, silent worshiper at her transient shrine.

Ten o'clock on this rainy night a carriage had drawn up before the lower gates to the Perse grounds, and a tall, shadowy figure leaves it to hurry through the shrub lined walks to the massive doors.

Tullis had long since ceased to be a welcome visitor in the home of the Duke of Perse. The men were openly unfriendly to each other. The duke resented the cool interference of the sandy haired American; on the other hand, Tullis made no effort to conceal his dislike, if not distrust, of the older man.

The countess was alone in the long, warm tinted library. "It is good of you to come," she said as they shook hands warmly. "Do you know it is almost a year since you last came to this house?"

"It would be a century, countess, if I were not welcomed in other houses where I am sure of a glimpse of you from time to time and a word now and then."

"They both seated themselves before a glowing open fire. 'The duke has gone to Ganlook to play bridge with friends,' she said at once. 'He will not return till late. I have just telephoned—to make sure.' Her smile did more than reassure him.

"Of course you will understand how impossible it is for me to come here, countess. Your father, the duke, does not mince matters, and I'm not quite a fool."

"It is of the prince that I want to speak, Mr. Tullis," she said. "I do want to talk very seriously with you concerning his future—I might say his immediate future."

"He looked at her narrowly. 'Are you quite serious?' 'Quite. I could not have asked you to come to this house for anything trivial. We have become very good friends, you and I. Too good, perhaps, for I've no doubt there are old tabbies in Edelweiss who are provoked to criticism. You know what I mean.'

"The prince is a sturdy little beggar," he began, but she lifted her hand in protest. "And he has sturdy, loyal friends. That is agreed. And yet!"—She paused, a perplexed line coming between her expressive eyes.

John Tullis opened his own eyes very wide. "You don't mean to say that he is—in peril of any sort?" She leaned nearer to him, dropping the ash from her cigarette into the receiver as she spoke slowly, intensely. "I think he is in peril—in deadly peril."

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"I am overjoyed to hear you say this, countess," he said very seriously. "I have been so bold on occasion as to assert—for your private ear, of course—that you could not by any freak of nature happen to care for Count Marlanx, whom I know only by description. You have laughed at my so-called American wit, and you have been most tolerant. Now, I feel that I am justified. I'm immeasurably glad to hear you confess that you do not love your husband."

"You have never tried to make love to me," she went on. "That's what I like about you. I think most men are silly, not because I am so very young, but because my husband is so ridiculously old. Don't you think so? But, never mind! I see you are quite eager to answer. That's enough. Take another cigarette and—listen to what I am going to say." He declined the cigarette with a shake of his head.

After a moment she went on resolutely: "As I said before, I do not know that my suspicions are correct. I have not even breathed them to my father. He would have laughed at me. My husband is a Graustarkian, even as I am, but there is this distinction between us—he despises Graustark, while I love her in every drop of my blood. I know that in his heart he has never ceased to brew evil for the throne that disgraced him. He openly expresses his hatred for the present dynasty and has more than once said in public gatherings that he could cheerfully assist in its utter destruction. That, of course, is commonly known in Graustark, where he is scorned and derided. But he is not a man to serve his hatred with mere idle words and inaction."

"I am seeing you here in this big room openly," she went on, "for the simple reason that if I am being watched this manner of meeting may be above suspicion. We may speak freely here, for we cannot be heard unless we raise our voices. Don't betray surprise or consternation. The eyes of the wall may be better than its ears."

"You don't mean to say you are being watched here in your father's house?" he demanded. "I don't know. This I do know—the count has many spies in Edelweiss. He is systematically apprised of everything that occurs at court, in the city or in the council chamber. Day before yesterday I saw his secretary in the streets, a man who has been in his employ for five years or more and who now pretends to be a lawyer here. His name is Brutus. I spoke with him. He said that he had left the count six weeks ago in Vienna, determined to set out for himself in his chosen profession. He knows, of course, that I am not and never have been in the confidences of my husband. I asked him if it was known in Edelweiss that he had served the count as secretary. He promptly handed me one of his business cards on which he refers to himself as the former trusted and confidential secretary of Count Marlanx. Now, I happen to know that he is still in my husband's service, or was no longer ago than last week. He is here for a purpose, as my husband's representative. I have not been asleep all these months at Schloss Marlanx. I have seen and heard enough to convince me that some great movement is on foot. My intelligence tells me that it has to do with Graustark. As he wishes the prince no good, it must be for evil."

"But there is nothing he can do. He has no following here. The prince is adored by the people. Count Marlanx would not be such a fool as to—' 'He is no fool,' she interrupted quickly. "That's why I am afraid. If he is plotting against the crown, you may depend upon it he is laying his plans well. John Tullis, that man is a devil—a devil incarnate!" She turned her face away. A spasm of utter repugnance crossed her face. "I am afraid of Peter Brutus. He is here to watch—everybody."

She leaned against the great carved mantel post, a tall, slender, lissom creature, exquisitely gowned in rarest Irish lace, her bare neck and shoulders gleaming white against the dull timbers beyond, the faint glow from the embers creeping up to her face with the insistence of a maiden's blush. He gazed in rapt admiration, his heart thumping like fury in his great breast. She was little more than a girl, this wife of old Marlanx, and yet how wise, how clever, how brilliant she was!

She was well named Ingomede the Beautiful. "Does Baron Dangloss know this man Brutus?" asked Tullis, arising to stand beside her. "I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I have not spoken to him concerning Brutus. Perhaps he knows. The baron is very wise. Let me tell you how I happen to know that Peter Brutus is still serving Count Marlanx and why I think his presence signifies a crisis of some sort."

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Her voice, always low and even, seemed lower still. "In the first place, I have a faithful friend in one of the oldest retainers at Schloss Marlanx. His daughter is my maid. She is here with me now. The old man came to see Joseph one day last week. He had accompanied Count Marlanx to the town of Balak, which is in A-x-phain, a mile beyond the Graustark line. Peter Brutus was with my husband in Balak for two days. They were closeted together from morning till night in the house where Marlanx was stopping. At the end of two days Brutus went away, but he carried with him a vast sum of money provided by my husband. It was given out that he was on his way to Serros, in Dawsbergen, where he expected to purchase a business block for his master. Marlanx waited another day in Balak, permitting Joseph's father to come on to Edelweiss with a message for me and to see his daughter. He—' 'And Joseph's father saw Brutus in Edelweiss?'"

"No. But he did see him going into Balak as he left for Edelweiss that morning. He wore a disguise, but Jacob says he could not be mistaken. Moreover, he was accompanied by several men whom he recognized as Graustark mountaineers and hunters of rather unsavory reputation. They left Brutus at the gates of Balak and went off into the hills. All this happened before I knew that Peter was living in Edelweiss. When I saw him here I knew at once that his presence meant something sinister. I can put many things together that once puzzled me—the comings and goings of months, the secret reports and consultations, the queer looking men who came to the castle, the long absences of my husband and my—my own virtual imprisonment—yes, imprisonment. I was not permitted to leave the castle for days at a time during his absences."

"Surely you will not go back again!" he began hotly. "Sh!" She put a finger to her lips. A manservant was quietly crossing the hall just off the library. "He is a new man. I do not like his appearance."

The servant disappeared through a door at the end of the hall. "Then there were the great sums of money that my husband sent off from time to time," she continued, "and the strange boxes that came overland to the castle and later went away again as secretly as they came. Mr. Tullis, I am confident in my mind that those boxes contained firearms and ammunition. I have thought it all out. Perhaps I am wrong, but it seems to me that I can almost see those firearms stored away in the caves and cellars outside of Edelweiss, ready for instant use when the signal comes."

"God! An uprising! A plot so huge as that!" he gasped, amazed. It is fortunate that he was not facing the door. The same servant, passing once more, might have seen the telltale consternation in his eyes. "It cannot be possible! Why, Dangloss and his men would have scented it long ago."

"I have not said that I am sure of anything, remember that. I leave it to you to analyze. You have the foundation on which to work. I'd advise you to waste no time. Something tells me that the crisis is near at hand."

(To Be Continued.)

NON-PARTISAN ELECTION TABOOED BY SILVER CITY Grant County Has Numerous Republican and Democratic Candidates for Constitutional Convention.

Grant county will not have a non-partisan election of delegates, as each party will put a ticket in the field.

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Already there are several candidates in the field from each party.

Among the Democratic candidates are Judge Arthur H. Harlike of the law firm of Harlike & Barnes; William B. Walton, former member of the territorial legislature, former probate clerk of the county and present chairman of the county Democratic central committee; Alvan N. White, for three terms superintendent of schools for the county and an attorney of Silver City; Joseph W. Bible, former president of the bureau of immigration of the territory and a mining engineer; J. L. Burnside, former county treasurer, and F. J. Davidson, present member of the legislature and a merchant of Pinos Altos.

The Republicans most spoken of as probable candidates are mayor Percy Wilson, attorney; William E. Murray, president of the Silver City National bank and former member of the territorial council; William H. Newcomb, chairman of the Republican central committee; Judge M. W. Porterfield, a retired merchant and large mine owner; attorney Mat Fowler, and George H. Utter, a wealthy mine owner and operator.

Primaries will be called for the various precincts of the county within the next few days. The delegates chosen will meet in convention in Silver City.

SILVER CITY INSTRUCTOR RESIGNS FROM NORMAL

Postal Telegraph Injunction Suit Against Tri-State Company for Hearing at Las Cruces.

Silver City, N. M., July 9.—The board of regents of the New Mexico Normal school, located here, has accepted the resignation of Prof. Hugh A. Owen, who, although elected unanimously for the coming year as professor of the science department, which he had filled for the past ten years, will accept the superintendency of the Orski schools, at Orski, Cal. He will leave with his family the last of August.

Harlike & Barnes, attorneys of this city representing the Postal Telegraph company in its injunction suit against the Tri-State Telephone company, have reached an agreement with Turney & Burgess, attorneys of El Paso representing the defendant company, whereby Judge Frank W. Parker will hear proofs and arguments at Las Cruces on July 11. The Postal company seeks to make its temporary injunction permanent.

PEARSON COMPANY ORDERS MILL WORK.

Window Frames and Sash From Mexican Colonies—Illness in Mexican Settlements—Personal Notes. Colonia Dublin, Mex., July 9.—Gaskell Romney has received an order from the Pearson Railroad company for 125 window frames and sash for 20,000 window panes.

There is considerable sickness in San de Sidrio and San Jose, two Mexican settlements near Dublin. The death rate is quite heavy. The people are suffering from typhoid fever, scarlet fever and whooping cough.

The La Fortuna Mining company has struck a good flow of water in its mine. The Union Mercantile has placed the apparatus for a basket ball game, and are installing some shower baths.

The child of George J. J. of Guadalupe, swallowed some poison set for mice, and became very ill. Marlon Harris returned to his home in Colonia Morelos. Mrs. Hardy, of Colonia Pacheco, has returned from Utah.

ENGINEER INJURED AT AT MINE; OTHER BISBEE NOTES

Bisbee, Ariz., July 9.—J. Bailey, engineer at the Bisbee Extension Mining company, had his face and hands scorched by an explosion of gas while on duty. Mr. Bailey had just been married to Miss Whiteley a few hours before the accident occurred.

Jose Moreno, a Mexican woman 30 years old, was severely burned while lighting a fire with kerosene oil. She was hurried to the county hospital for treatment but she is beyond all hopes of recovery.

J. Hirsch, who had his right leg injured during the race on July 4, has been taken to the Copper Queen hospital.

K. J. Dyé, a miner, was successfully operated on for appendicitis at the Copper Queen hospital.

According to an official statement, 24 persons have been sent to the insane asylum from Cochise county during the present year.

Dr. Hagan, who has been practicing in Bisbee for five years, left yesterday for Wichita, Kas., where he will locate permanently.

POST NOTES.

Upon the recommendation of the chief surgeon of the department, the commanding officer of Fort Bliss will send an enlisted man as attendant with private Raymond Praeger, Company F, 23rd infantry, on his journey to the general recruit depot at Fort Logan, Colorado. The attendant will return to his station on completion of this duty. Private Praeger is ill.

Private Hays W. McClellan, company E, 23rd infantry, will be discharged from the army by purchase by the commanding officer at Fort Bliss.

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea, and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all druggists.

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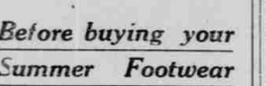
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