

# TRUXTON KING

Copyright, 1909, by George Barr McCutcheon  
Copyright, 1909, by Dodd, Mead & Company

A Story of  
Graustark  
By  
GEORGE BARR  
M'UTCHEON

Truxton King, a millionaire's son, sets out in search of adventure. Where better could he look for stirring events than in faroff Graustark, where the age of chivalry yet survives in all its romantic opportunity; where rules Prince Robin, the most precocious boy monarch in the realm of fiction; where the reds of Europe plot his murder in mysterious underground retreats; where gallant Truxton King and brave "Uncle Jack" fight valiantly for the preservation of the prince and the love of beautiful princesses; where American pluck and manhood are pitted against foreign intriguers, and where honesty and courage are mightier than the sword? Read of Prince Robin, son of an American princess; of Olga Platanova, the girl with the dread mission; of Marlanx, the Iron Count; of John Tullis, the American bulwark of a foreign throne; of lovely Loraine and of daredevil Truxton King, and then you will understand why an American lad is Prince of Graustark and an American author prince of story tellers.

### CHAPTER I. TRUXTON KING.

HE was a tall, rawboned, rangy young fellow with a face so tanned by wind and sun you had the impression that his skin would feel like leather if you could affect the impertinence to test it by the sense of touch. His clothes fitted him loosely and yet were graciously devoid of the bagginess which characterizes the appearance of extremely young men whose frames are not fully set and whose joints are still parading through the last stages of college development.

This tall young man in the Panama hat and gray flannels was Truxton King, embryo globe trotter and searcher after the treasures of romance. Somewhere up near Central park, in one of the fashionable cross streets, was the home of his father and his father's father before him—a home which Truxton had not seen in two years or more. It is worthy of passing notice, and that is all, that his father was a manufacturer; more than that, he was something of a power in the financial world. His mother was not strictly a social queen in the great metropolises, but she was what we might safely call one of the first "ladies in waiting," which is quite good enough for the wife of a manufacturer, especially when one records that her husband was a manufacturer of steel. It is also a matter of no little consequence that Truxton's mother was more or less averse to the steel business as a heritage for her son. Be it understood here and now that she intended Truxton for the diplomatic service.

But neither Truxton's father, who wanted him to be a manufacturing Croesus, nor Truxton's mother, who expected him to become a social Solomon, appears to have taken the young man's private inclinations into consideration.

Young Mr. King believed in romance. He grew up with an ever-increasing bump of imagination, contiguous to which, strange to relate, there was a properly developed bump of industry and application; hence it is not surprising that he was willing to go far afield in search of the things that seemed more or less worth while to a young gentleman who had suffered the ill fortune to be born in the nineteenth century instead of the seventeenth.

We come upon him at last—luckily for us we were not actually following him—after two years of wonderful but rather disillusioning adventure in mid-Asia and all Africa. He had seen the Congo and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Nile, the Yangtsekiang and the Yenisei; he had climbed mountains in Abyssinia, in Slam, in Tibet and Afghanistan; he had shot big game in more than one jungle and had been shot at by small brown men in more than one forest, to say nothing of the little encounters he had had in most unaccidental towns and cities.

For twenty days he had traveled by caravan across the Persian uplands, through Herat and Meshhed and Bokhara, striking off with his guide alone toward the sea of Aral and the eastern shores of the Caspian, thence through the Ural foothills to the old Roman highway that led down into the sweet green valleys of a land he had thought of as nothing more than the creation of a harebrained fictionist. Somewhere out in the shimmering east he had learned, to his honest amazement, that there was such a

land as Graustark. At first he would not believe, but the English bank in Meshed assured him that he would come to it if he traveled long enough and far enough into the north and west and if he were not afraid of the hardships that most men abhor. The dying spirit of romance flamed up in his heart. His blood flew quick again and eager. He would not go home until he had sought out this land of fair women and sweet tradition. And so he traversed the wild and dangerous Tartar roads for days and days, like the knights of Scheherazade in the times of old, and came at last to the gates of Edelweiss.

Not until he sat down to a rare dinner in the historic Hotel Regenetz was he able to realize that he was truly in that fabled, mythical land of Graustark, a quaint, grim little principality in the most secret pocket of the earth's great mantle. This was the land of his dreams, the land of his fancy. He had not even dared to hope that it actually existed.

And now it becomes my deplorable duty to divulge the fact that Truxton King, after two full days and nights in the city of Edelweiss, was quite ready to pass on to other fields, completely disillusioned in his own mind and not a little disgusted with himself for having gone to the trouble to visit the place.

Where were the beautiful women he had read about and dreamed of ever since he left Teheran? On his soul, he had not seen half a dozen women in Edelweiss who were more than passably fair to look upon. True, he had to admit, the people he had seen were of the lower and middle classes—the shopkeepers and the shopgirls, the hucksters and the fruit vendors. What he wanted to know was this: What had become of the royalty and the nobility of Graustark? Where were the princes, the dukes and the



"I'LL GIVE YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR IT."

barons, to say nothing of the feminine concomitants to these excellent gentlemen?

One dingy little shop in the square interested him. It was directly opposite the Royal cafe, with American bar attached, and the contents of its grimy little windows presented a peculiarly fascinating interest to him. They were packed with weapons and firearms of ancient design. Once he ventured inside the little shop. Finding no attendant, he put aside his suddenly formed impulse to purchase a mighty broadsword.

On several occasions he had seen a grim, sharp featured old man in the doorway of the shop, but it was not until after he had missed the Thursday train that he made up his mind to accost him and to have the broadsword at any price. With this object in view, he inserted his tall frame into the narrow doorway, calling out lustily for attention.

"What is it?" demanded a sharp, angry voice at his elbow. He found himself looking into the wizened, parchment-like face of the little old man.

"That broad— Say, you speak English, don't you?"

"Certainly," snapped the old man. "Why shouldn't I? I can't afford an interpreter. You'll find plenty of English used here in Edelweiss since the Americans and British came. They won't learn our language, so we must learn theirs."

"What's the price of that old sword you have in the window?"

"Three hundred ravsos."

"What's that in dollars?"

"Four hundred and twenty. It is genuine, sir, and 300 years old. Old Prince Boris carried it. It's most rare."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, Mr.—er—" he looked at the sign on the open door—"Mr. Spantz."

"I don't want your money. Good day."

Truxton King felt his chin in perplexity. "It's too much. I can't afford it," he said, disappointment in his eyes.

"I have modern blades of my own make, sir, much cheaper and quite as

good," ventured the excellent Mr. Spantz.

"You make 'em?' in surprise.

The old man straightened his bent figure with sudden pride. "I am armorer to the crown, sir. My blades are used by the nobility—not by the army, I am happy to say."

"I say, Herr Spantz, or monster, I'd like to have a good long chat with you. What do you say to a mug of that excellent beer over in the cafe garden? Business seems to be a little dull. Can't you—er—lock up?"

Spantz looked at him keenly.

"May I ask what brings you to Edelweiss?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Spantz, that I'm here because I'm somewhat of a fool. False hopes led me astray. I came here looking for romance—for adventure."

"I see," cackled Spantz, his eyes twinkling with mirth. "You thought you could capture wild and beautiful princesses here just as you pleased, eh? Let me tell you, young man, only one American—only one foreigner, in fact—has accomplished that miracle. Mr. Lorry came here ten years ago and won the fairest flower Graustark ever produced—the beautiful Yette—but he was the only one."

"No. I'm not looking for princesses. I've seen hundreds of 'em in all parts of the world."

"You should see Prince Robin," went on the armorer.

"I've heard of nothing but him, my good Mr. Spantz. He's seven years old, and he looks like his mother, and he's got a jeweled sword and all that sort of thing. I daresay he's a nice little chap. Got American blood in him, you see."

The old man retired to the rear of the shop and called out to some one upstairs. A woman's voice answered. "My niece will keep shop, sir, while I am out," Spantz explained.

They paused near the door until the old man's niece appeared at the back of the shop. King's glance became more or less in the nature of a stare of amazement.

A young woman of the most astounding beauty, attired in the black and red of the Graustark middle classes, was slowly approaching from the shadowy recesses at the end of the shop. His heart enjoyed a lively thump. Truxton King, you may be sure, did not precede the old man into the street. He deliberately removed his hat and waited most politely for age to go before youth. In the meantime blandly gazing upon the face of this amazing niece.

Across the square, at one of the tables, the old man, over his huge mug of beer, became properly grateful. He was willing to repay King for his little attention by giving him a careful history of Graustark, past, present and future.

The old man was rambling on. "The young prince has lived most of his life in Washington and London and Paris, sir. He's only seven, sir. Of course you remember the dreadful accident that made him an orphan and put him on the throne with the three 'wise men of the east' as regents or governors—the train wreck near Brussels, sir. His mother, the glorious Princess Yette, was killed and his father, Mr. Lorry, died the next day from his injuries. That, sir, was a most appalling blow to the people of Graustark. There never will be another pair like them, sir. God alone preserved the little prince. The collision was from the rear, a broken rail throwing a locomotive into the prince's coach. This providential escape of the young prince preserved the unbroken line of the present royal family."

"I say, Mr. Spantz, I don't believe I've told you that your niece is a most remarkably beau'—"

"As I was saying, sir," interrupted Spantz so pointedly that Truxton flushed. "The little prince is the idol of all the people. Under the present regency he is obliged to reside in the principality until his fifteenth year, after which he may be permitted to travel abroad."

Spantz was eying him narrowly. "You do not appear interested in our royal family," he ventured coldly.

Truxton hastened to assure him that he was keenly interested. "Especially so now that I appreciate that the little prince is the last of his race."

"These are three regents, sir, in charge of the affairs of state—Count Halfont, the Duke of Perse and Baron Jasto Dangloss, who is minister of police. Count Halfont is a granduncle of the prince by marriage. The Duke of Perse is the father of the unhappy Countess Ingomede, the young and beautiful wife of the exiled Iron Count Marlanx. No doubt you've heard of him."

"I remember that he was banished from the principality."

"Quite true, sir. He was banished in 1901 and now resides on his estates in Austria. Three years ago in Budapest he was married to Ingomede, the daughter of the duke. Count Marlanx has great influence at the Austrian court. The Duke of Perse realized this when he compelled his daughter to accept him as her husband. The fair Ingomede is less than twenty-five years of age. The Iron Count is fully sixty-five."

"I'd like to see if she's really beautiful. I've seen but one pretty woman in this whole blasted town, your niece, Herr Spantz. I've looked 'em over pretty carefully too. She is exceedingly attract'—"

"You will not find the beautiful wo-

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

"You don't care much for society, I'd say," observed Truxton, with a smile.

Spantz's eyes flamed for an instant and then subtly resumed their most ingratiating twinkle. "We cannot all be peacocks," he said quietly. "You will also see that the man who rides beside the prince's carriage wheel is an American, while Graustark nobles take less exalted places."

"An American, eh?"

"Yes. Have you not heard of John Tullis, the prince's friend? He, your countryman, is the real power behind our throne. On his deathbed the prince's father placed his son in this

men of Edelweiss in the streets, sir," snapped Spantz.

"Don't they ever go out shopping?"

"Hardly. The merchants, if you will but notice, carry their wares to the houses of the noble and the rich. But tomorrow the garrison at the fortress marches in review before the prince. If you should happen to be on the avenue near the castle gate at 12 o'clock you will see the beauty and chivalry of Graustark. The soldiers are not the only ones who are on parade." There was an unmistakable sneer in his tone.

**GLOBE LIVERY STABLES**  
441 N. BROAD  
Saddles, Harness and Rigs for Prospectors  
McKreem & Co. Phone 1281

Newly Furnished Throughout  
**Lantin House**  
Baths in Connection.  
150 W. Wash St. Phone 1992  
Mrs. A. J. Leonard

**Eagle Restaurant**  
445 N. BROAD  
Good Meals, Best Service  
Seasonable Delicacies  
Private Rooms for Ladies  
GIN & CO., Props.

**Globe Real Estate Office**  
185 N. BROAD ST.  
Correspondence Solicited  
FOR BARGAINS  
Watch our advertisements on Page 7.  
F. L. Toombs, Manager  
PHONE 1107

**Naquin's**  
Globe's Leading Home Furnishers

**The Palace Pharmacy**  
The Rexall Store

**The Newport**  
First-Class Barber Shop  
HOEY & MOREY  
Props.  
440 N. Broad.  
Best Baths Always Ready.

**Elks Restaurant**  
DAY AND NIGHT  
Best Meals  
Best Service

**O. R. FEIST**  
THE Jeweler  
Watch Repairing and Hand Engraving  
A SPECIALTY  
N. Broad St.

**Our House**  
434 N. Broad  
JOE F. MAYER  
Proprietor  
Wholesale and Retail  
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS  
SUNNYBROOK WHISKEY

**LODGE DIRECTORY**  
ODD FELLOWS  
Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Gila Encampment No. 5—Meets second and fourth Fridays. Odd Fellows' hall, A. H. Hargrave, chief patriarch; C. A. Wind, scribe.  
Rescue Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday, Odd Fellows hall. Barney Johnson, noble grand; E. L. Taylor, financial secretary.  
Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F., Sultana Lodge No. 5—Meets second and fourth Mondays, Odd Fellows hall. Mrs. A. H. Hargrave, noble grand; Miss Laurel Shute, secretary.  
ELKS  
Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Globe Lodge No. 489—Meets first and third Fridays, Odd Fellows hall. R. G. Goodwin, E. R.; J. G. Oldfield, secretary.  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS  
Knights of Columbus, Globe Council No. 1158—Meets second and fourth Wednesdays in Miners' Union hall. Albert A. Altweis, G. K.; William Burke, financial secretary.  
EAGLES  
Fraternal Order of Eagles, Globe Aerie No. 191—Meets second and fourth Fridays, Miners' Union hall, 7:30 p. m. A. W. Synnor, worthy president; J. A. Pinyan, secretary.  
REDMEN  
Improved Order of Red Men, Tonto Tribe No. 13—Meets Tuesday night of each week at 7:30 o'clock, Fashion hall. L. S. Parker, sachem; G. H. Abel, C. or R.  
MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA  
Modern Woodmen of America Globe Camp No. 12019—Meets second and fourth Thursdays, 7:30 p. m., Miners' Union hall. J. W. Murphy, consu; E. L. Taylor, camp clerk.  
ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN  
Globe Lodge No. 15, A. O. U. W.—Meets at Miners' Union hall first and third Thursday each month. W. T. Fenrose, M. W.; I. N. Marx, Recorder; F. L. Gates, Financier.

**Wm. Mill Williams**  
We undersell any store in Globe  
Order by Phone—Pay at Your Door  
Phone 121

**OUR NAME**  
"The Globe Jewelry Co."  
IS OUR Guarantee  
340 N. Broad  
Phone 2681

**The Leading Stationers**  
G. S. Van Wagenen & Co.

**GLOBE LABOR UNION DIRECTORY**  
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR  
Branch American Federation of Labor—Meets second and fourth Mondays in Union Labor hall. H. D. Green, president; F. H. Myers, secretary; M. F. Smith, treasurer.  
CARPENTERS AND JOINERS  
Local Union No. 1030 United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Meets each Thursday at Union Labor hall at 7:30 p. m. William Hayes, president; C. D. Olds, treasurer; F. W. Tenbrook, financial secretary.  
MINERS  
Globe Miners' Union No. 60, W. F. M.—Meets every Tuesday at 7 p. m. M. P. Page, president; William Wills, secretary; P. J. Hipple, special organizer.  
PRINTERS  
Globe Typographical Union, No. 367. Meets first Sunday in each month at 4 p. m. in Union Labor hall. Arthur G. Olliver, president; Carl F. Holdsworth, secretary.  
CLERKS  
Store and Office Employees' Union. Meets 4th Wednesday night each month in Carpenter's hall, at 7:30 p. m. W. T. Wright, president; T. E. Collins, secretary.  
BARBERS  
Journeymen Barbers' International Union of America. Meets last Tuesday in each month at 8:30 p. m., Newport Barber shop. Sol Flora, president; Otto Perdue, secretary.  
BARTENDERS  
Bartenders' International League of America, No. 512. Meets first and third Thursdays in Union Labor hall. H. E. Fox, president; Tom Henderson, secretary-treasurer.  
PAINTERS  
Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paper Hangers of America, No. 217. Meets first and third Friday in the month at Labor Council hall. Joseph Freeman, president; John Mehan, vice president; Jack Roberts, secretary.  
INTERNATIONAL UNION OF STEAM ENGINEERS—Globe Local No. 390—Meets first and third Monday at 7:30 p. m. in each month at Labor Union hall, North Broad street. James M. McLean, president; William Ross, secretary.

**Wing, Jing, Chong & Co.**  
China Lilies and Candies  
A fine assortment of Silk Goods and imported China ware for Christmas presents.  
526 North Broad St., 2nd door north of Miners Union hall.

**Budweiser**  
Supplies Force, Energy, Vitality  
Call for It When You Order  
"THE PACIFIC"  
436 N. BROAD  
Jack Martin, Prop.  
Samuel's 80 Year Stock  
Ambesser-Busch Beer

**THE PARLOR**  
MOERLEIN BEER on Draught  
Cedar Brook Whiskey  
Free Lunch Daily from 5 to 8 p. m.  
M. B. MONAHAN,  
Proprietor

**Stanley Woodward**  
Contractor and Builder  
ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED  
P. O. Box 14 Phone 1181

**Cactus Saloon**  
and Rooming House  
ED. KNIGHT, PROP.  
485 N. Broad St.  
Under new management. The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Your patronage solicited.

**ARIZON STEAM LAUNDRY & TOWEL SUPPLY CO.**  
One Day Work a Specialty  
750 N. Broad Phone 461

**FAMOUS Cedar Brook Whiskey**  
Always in stock.  
O. I. MUNN, Casino Saloon  
N. BROAD ST., GLOBE