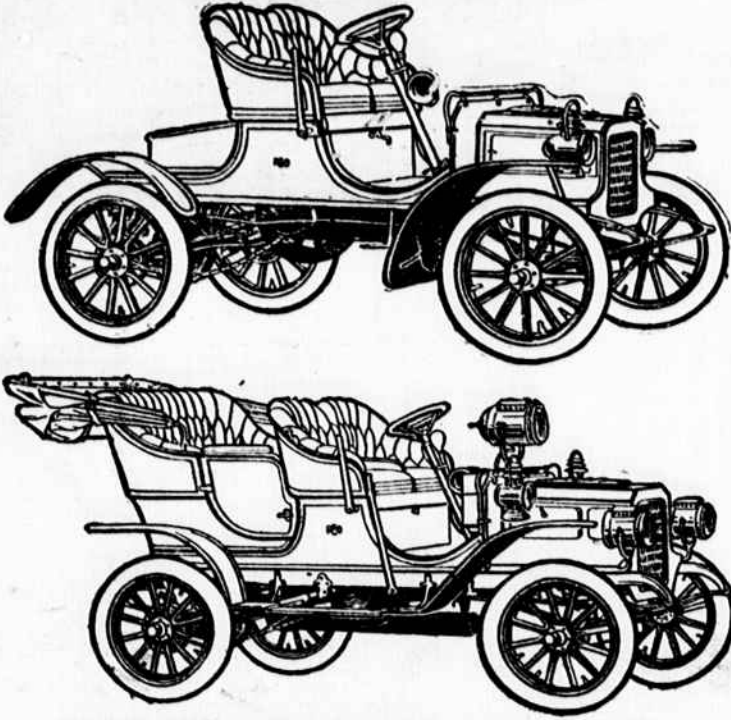


THE REO IS RIGHT.



UNION HARDWARE CO.

Beverly of Graustark

By
GEORGE BARR
M'GUTCHEON,
Author of "Graustark"

Copyright, 1904, by Dodd,
Mead and Company

CHAPTER X.

BRIGHT and early the next morning the party was ready for the last of the journey to Edelweiss. Less than twenty miles separated Ganlook from the capital, and the road was in excellent condition. Beverly Calhoun, tired and contented, had slept soundly until aroused by the princess herself. Their rooms adjoined each other, and when Yette, shortly after daybreak, stole into the American girl's chamber Beverly was sleeping so sweetly that the intruder would have retreated had it not been for the boisterous shouts of stable boys in the courtyard below the windows. She hurried to a window and looked out upon the gray clouded morning. A ragged old man who stood with his back against one of the huge posts. In some curiosity, she called Beverly from her slumbers, urging the sleepy one to hasten to the window.

"Is this one of your friends from the wilderness?" she asked.

"It's Franz!" cried Beverly, rubbing her pretty eyes. Then she became thoroughly awake. "What are they doing to him? Who are those ruffians?" she demanded indignantly.

"They are my servants and"—

"Shame on them! The wretches! What has old Franz done that they should— Call to them; tell 'em you'll cut their heads off if they don't stop. He's a dear old fellow in spite of his rags, and he's"—

The window sash flew open, and the stormers in the court below were astonished by the sound of a woman's voice coming, as it were, from the clouds. A dozen pairs of eyes were turned upward; the commotion ended suddenly. In the window above stood two graceful, white-robed figures. The sun, still far below the ridge of mountains, had not yet robbed the morning of the gray, dewy shadows that belong to 5 o'clock.

"What are you doing to that poor old man?" cried Yette, and it was the first time any of them had seen anger in the princess' face. They slunk back in dismay. "Let him alone! You, Gartz, see that he has food and drink, and without delay. Report to me later on, sir, and explain, if you can, why you have conducted yourselves in so unbecoming a manner." Then the window was closed, and the princess found herself in the warm arms of her friend.

"I couldn't understand a word you said, Yette, but I knew you were giving it to them hot and heavy. Did you see how nicely old Franz bowed to you? Goodness, his head almost touched the ground!"

"He was bowing to you, Beverly. You forgot that you are the princess to him."

"Isn't that funny? I had quite forgotten it. The poor old goose!"

Later, when the coaches and escort were drawn up in front of the Ralowitz palace ready for the start, the princess called the chief postilion, Gartz, to the step of her coach.

"What was the meaning of the disturbance I witnessed this morning?" she demanded.

Gartz hung his head. "We thought the man was crazy, your highness. He had been telling us such monstrous lies," he mumbled.

"Are you sure they were lies?"

"Oh, quite sure, your highness. They were laughable. He said, for one thing, that it was he who drove your highness' coach into Ganlook last evening, when everybody knows that I had full charge of the coach and horses."

"You are very much mistaken, Gartz," she said distinctly. He blinked his eyes.

"Your highness," he gasped, "you

surely remember"—

"Enough, sir. Franz drove the princess into Ganlook last night. He says so himself, does he not?"

"Yes, your highness," murmured poor Gartz.

"What more did he say to you?"

"He said he had come from his master, who is in the hospital, to inquire after your health and to bear his thanks for the kindnesses you have secured for him. He says his master is faring well and is satisfied to remain where he is. Also, he said that his master was sending him back into the mountains to assure his friends that he is safe and to bear a certain message of cheer to them, sent forth by the princess. It was all so foolish and crazy, your highness, that we could but gibe

Send the old man to me."

"He has gone, your highness," in frightened tones.

"So much the better," said the princess, dismissing him with a wave of the hand. Gartz went away in a daze, and for days he took every opportunity to look for other signs of mental disorder in the conduct of his mistress, at the same time indulging in speculation as to his own soundness of mind.

Ganlook's population lined the chief thoroughfare, awaiting the departure of the princess, although the hour was early. Beverly peered forth curiously as the coach moved off. The quaint, half oriental costumes of the townspeople, the odd little children, the bright colors, the perfect love and reverence that shone in the faces of the multitude impressed her deeply. She was never to forget that picturesque morning.

Baron Dangloss rode beside the coach until it passed through the southern gates and into the countryside. A company of cavalymen acted as escort. The bright red trousers and top boots, with the deep blue jackets, reminded Beverly more than ever of the operative figures she had seen so often at home. There was a fierce, dark cast to the faces of these soldiers, however, that removed any suggestion of play. The girl was in ecstasies. Everything about her appealed to the romantic side of her nature. Everything seemed

friend when they had first come to Graustark in quest of the princess, and both had a great regard for his wife, the Countess Dagmar, who as Yette's lady in waiting had been through all the perils of those exciting days with them.

As they drew near the gates of Edelweiss a large body of horsemen rode forth to meet them. The afternoon was well on the way to night, and the air of the valley was cool and refreshing despite the rays of the June sun.

"Edelweiss at last," murmured Beverly, her face aglow. "The heart of Graustark. Do you know that I have been brushing up on my grammar? I have learned the meaning of the word 'Graustark,' and it seems so appropriate. 'Grau' is gray, hoary, old; 'stark' is strong. Old and strong, isn't it, dear?"

"And here rides the oldest and strongest man in all Graustark—the Iron Count of Marlax," said Yette, looking down the road. "See; the strange gray man in front there is our greatest general, our craftiest fighter, our most heartless warrior. Does he not look like the eagle or the hawk?"

A moment later the parties met, and the newcomers swung into line with the escort. Two men rode up to the carriage and saluted. One was Count Marlax, the other Colonel Quinnox of the royal guard. The count, lean and gray as a wolf, revealed rows of huge white teeth in his perfunctory smile of welcome, while young Quinnox's face fairly beamed with honest joy. In the post that he held he was but following in the footsteps of his forefathers. Since history began in Graustark, a Quinnox had been in charge of the castle guard.

"And in the meantime, Mr. Grenfall Lorry, you are blaming me and bating me and all that for being the real cause of your wife's escapade," said Beverly Calhoun plaintively. "I'm awfully sorry. But you must remember one thing, sir—I did not put her up to this ridiculous trip. She did it of her own free will and accord. Besides, I am the one who met the lion and almost got devoured, not Yette, if you please."

"I'll punish you by turning you over to old Count Marlax, the commander of the army in Graustark," said Lorry laughingly. "He's a terrible ogre, worse than any lion."

"Heaven pity you, Beverly, if you fall into his clutches!" cried Yette. "He has had five wives and survives to look for a sixth. You see how terrible it would be."

"I'm not afraid of him," boasted Beverly, but there came a time when she thought of those words with a shudder.

"By the way, Yette, I have had word from Harry Anguish. He and the countess will leave Paris this week, if the baby's willing, and will be in Edelweiss soon. You don't know how it relieves me to know that Harry will be with us at this time."

Yette's eyes answered his enthusiasm. Both had a warm and grateful memory of the loyal service which the young American had rendered his



Two men rode up to the carriage.

so unreal and so like the story book. The princess smiled lovingly upon the throngs that lined the street. There was no man among them who would not have laid down his life for the gracious ruler.

"Oh, I love your soldiers," cried Beverly warmly.

"Poor fellows, who knows how soon they may be called upon to face death in the Dawsbergen hills?" said Yette, a shadow crossing her face.

Dangloss was to remain in Ganlook for several days, on guard against manifestations by the Aphrainians. A corps of spies and scouts was working with him, and couriers were ready to ride at a moment's notice to the castle in Edelweiss. Before they parted Beverly extracted a renewal of his promise to take good care of Baldos. She sent a message to the injured man, deploring the fact that she was compelled to leave Ganlook without seeing him as she had promised. It was her intention to have him come to Edelweiss as soon as he was in condition to be removed. Baron Dangloss smiled mysteriously, but he had no comment to make. He had received his orders and was obeying them to the letter.

"I wonder if Grenfall has heard of my harum-scarum trip to St. Petersburg," reflected Yette, making herself comfortable in the coach after the gates and the multitudes were far behind.

"I'll go you a box of chocolate creams that we meet him before we get to Edelweiss," ventured Beverly.

"Agreed," said the princess.

"Don't say 'agreed,' dear. 'Done' is the word," corrected the American girl airily.

Beverly won. Grenfall Lorry and a small company of horsemen rode up in furious haste long before the sun was in mid-sky. An attempt to depict the scene between him and his venturesome wife would be a hopeless task. The way in which his face cleared itself of distress and worry was a joy in itself. To use his own words, he breathed freely for the first time in hours. The American took the place of the officer who rode beside the coach, and the trio kept up an eager, interesting conversation during the next two hours.

It was a warm, sleepy day, but all signs of drowsiness disappeared with the advent of Lorry. He had reached Edelweiss late the night before, after a three days' ride from the conference in Dawsbergen. At first he encountered trouble in trying to discover what had become of the princess. Those at the castle were aware of the fact that she had reached Ganlook safely and sought to put him off with subtleties. He stormed to such a degree, however, that their object failed. The result was that he was off for Ganlook with the earliest light of day.

Regarding the conference with Prince Gabriel's representatives, he had but little to say. The escaped murderer naturally refused to surrender and was to all appearances quite firmly established in power once more. Lorry's only hope was that the reversal of feeling in Dawsbergen might work ruin for the prince. He was carrying affairs with a high hand, dealing vengeful blows to the friends of his half brother and encouraging a lawlessness that, sooner or later, must prove his undoing. His representatives at the conference were an arrogant, law defying set of men.

"We are not going to surrender to our authorities inside of sixty days we would declare war and go down and take him," concluded the American.

"Two months!" cried Yette. "I don't understand."

"There was method in that ultimatum. Aphrain, of course, will set up a howl, but we can forestall any action the Princess Volga may undertake. Naturally one might suspect that we should declare war at once, inasmuch as he must be taken sooner or later, but here is the point: Before two months have elapsed the better element of Dawsbergen will be so disgusted with the new dose of Gabriel that it will do anything to avert a war on his account. We have led them to believe that Aphrain will lend moral if not physical support to our cause. Give them two months in which to get over this tremendous hysteria and they'll find their senses. Gabriel isn't worth it, you see, and down in their hearts they know it. They really loved young Danton, who seems to be a devil of a good fellow. I'll wager my head that in six weeks they'll be wishing he were back on the throne again. And just to think of it, Yette, dear, you were off there in the very heart of Aphrain risking everything!" he cried, wiping the moisture from his brow.

"It is just eleven days since I left Edelweiss, and I have had a lovely journey," she said, with one of her rare smiles. He shook his head gravely, and she resolved in her heart never to give him another such cause for alarm.

"And in the meantime, Mr. Grenfall Lorry, you are blaming me and bating me and all that for being the real cause of your wife's escapade," said Beverly Calhoun plaintively. "I'm awfully sorry. But you must remember one thing, sir—I did not put her up to this ridiculous trip. She did it of her own free will and accord. Besides, I am the one who met the lion and almost got devoured, not Yette, if you please."

"I'll punish you by turning you over to old Count Marlax, the commander of the army in Graustark," said Lorry laughingly. "He's a terrible ogre, worse than any lion."

"Heaven pity you, Beverly, if you fall into his clutches!" cried Yette. "He has had five wives and survives to look for a sixth. You see how terrible it would be."

"I'm not afraid of him," boasted Beverly, but there came a time when she thought of those words with a shudder.

"By the way, Yette, I have had word from Harry Anguish. He and the countess will leave Paris this week, if the baby's willing, and will be in Edelweiss soon. You don't know how it relieves me to know that Harry will be with us at this time."

Yette's eyes answered his enthusiasm. Both had a warm and grateful memory of the loyal service which the young American had rendered his

THE PRETTIEST SUMMER RESORT CHICK SPRINGS

If you are looking for Health, go there.

If you are looking for Pleasure, go there.

If you are looking for Rest, go there.

Among the advantages offered are:--The most valuable medicinal water known to sufferers from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver troubles.

If you go there and drink the water, AS YOU SHOULD, and are not benefitted, no pay will be asked. One of the most convenient and best equipped summer hotels in the South. Only one mile off Southern Railway with 5 daily trains. Situated in the foothills of the Blue Ridge with 1,300 feet altitude. Nights and days cool. NO MOSQUITOES.

All the popular outdoor sports.

Best orchestra to be found furnishes Music for Concerts and Dances. Splendid floor.

Table abundantly supplied with Milk, Poultry and Vegetables from the company's own private farm.

Always a happy, congenial crowd of the best people to be found. To spend a while here adds zest to the mere consciousness of living. To drink the health-giving water and breathe the pure mountain air at this place will add the vividness of life to your existence.

Write For Booklet and Terms.

CHICK SPRINGS COMPANY,

Chick Springs, S. C.

Union Citizens Gladly Testify.

It is testimony like the following that has placed "The Old Quaker Remedy" so far above competitors. When people right here at home raise their voice in praise there is no room left for doubt. Read the public statement of a Union citizen.

John R. Petty, farmer, Excelsior Knitting Mills, Union, S. C., says: "I suffered an attack of measles 20 years ago, and it left me with a case of kidney complaint. The result was a lame, weak and aching back, and I have endured agony with it. Doan's Kidney Pills have been a blessing in my home. They brought the first relief that I experienced in twenty years. My wife also suffered severely from backache, and there were other evidences of kidney disorders, the secretions being irregular and containing a sediment. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills the kidney action has been normal and the backache has disappeared. She feels like another woman, and work is now a pleasure to her."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Winthrop College Scholarship and Entrance Examination.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 6th, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than fifteen years of age. When scholarships are vacated after July 6, they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for scholarship application blanks.

Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 19th, 1906. For further information and catalogue, address Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C. 18-104p

Twenty Year Battle.

"I was a loser in a twenty year battle with chronic piles and malignant sores, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; which turned the tide by curing both, till not a trace remains," writes A. M. Bruce, of Farmville, Va. Best for old Ulcers, Cuts, Burns and Wounds, 25c at all druggists.

Positions GUARANTEED BY
\$5,000 BANK DEPOSIT
R. R. Paid. Notes Taken
500 FREE COURSES
Board at Cost. Write Quick

GEORGIA-ALABAMA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

The Peoples' Insurance Company, with headquarters at Union, South Carolina, is making great increase in its business every day. From the very first, its agents have met with splendid success. We give a sick benefit and accident insurance amounting to five dollars per week upon the payment of one dollar for initiation fee and fifty cents monthly premium. This policy also has a fifty dollar death benefit. Our agents in the local field are T. W. Jones, W. S. Scott, J. W. Rowe and J. T. Hawkins. An investigation of our policies will convince you that we deserve your business. We are building upon merit, and our rates are reasonable. One of the great things about our policies is that one does not have to die to get the benefit. It comes when most needed—during the time of sickness and accident.

L. M. JORDAN, - President.
J. P. MAHON, Mgr. F. H. JORDAN, Secy.

TIPS

The New Liquid Headache Cure

Is sold on a positive guarantee to cure Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic and all other ordinary aches and pains. Contains no Opium, Chloral, Cocaine or other habit forming drug. Price 10 and 25 cents a bottle, and 5 cents a dose at soda fountain.

DUKE DRUG CO.
Under Hotel Union, Union, S. C.