

Beverly of Graustark

By
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CHAPTER I.

Far off in the mountain lands, somewhere to the east of the setting sun, lies the principality of Graustark, serene relic of rare old feudal days. The traveler reaches the little domain after an arduous, sometimes perilous, journey from the great European capitals, whether they be north or south or west—never east. He crosses great rivers and wide plains; he winds through fertile valleys and over barren plateaus; he twists and turns and climbs among somber gorges and rugged mountains; he touches the cold clouds in one day and the placid warmth of the valley in the next. One does not go to Graustark for a pleasure jaunt. It is too far from the rest of the world, and the ways are often dangerous because of the strife among the tribes of the intervening mountains. If one hungers for excitement and peril, he finds it in the journey from the north or the south into the land of the Graustarkians. From Vienna and other places almost directly west the way is not so full of thrills, for the railroad skirts the darkest of the danger lands.

Once in the heart of Graustark, however, the traveler is charmed into dreams of peace and happiness and—paradise. The peasants and the poets sing in one voice and accord, their psalm being of never ending love. Down in the lowlands and up in the hills the simple worker of the soil rejoices that he lives in Graustark; in the towns and villages the humble merchant and his thrifty customer unite to sing the song of peace and contentment; in the palaces of the noble the same patriotism warms its heart with thoughts of Graustark, the ancient. Prince and pauper strike hands for the love of the land, while outside the great, heartless world goes rumbling on without a thought of the rare little principality among the eastern mountains.

In point of area Graustark is but a wisp in the great galaxy of nations. Glancing over the map of the world, one is almost sure to miss the infinitesimal patch of green that marks its location. One could not be blamed if he regarded the spot as a typographical or topographical illusion. Yet the people of this quaint little land hold in their hearts a love and a confidence that are not surpassed by any of the jorly monarchs who measure their patriotism by miles and millions. The Graustarkians are a sturdy, courageous race. From the faraway century when they fought themselves clear of the Tartar yoke to this very hour they have been warriors of might and valor. The boundaries of their tiny domain were kept inviolate for hundreds of years, and but one victorious foe had come down to lay siege to Edelweiss, the capital. Aplain, a powerful principality in the north, had conquered Graustark in the latter part of the nineteenth century, but only after a bitter war in which starvation and famine proved far more destructive than the arms of the victors. The treaty of peace and the indemnity that fell to the lot of vanquished Graustark have been discussed upon at length in at least one history.

Those who have followed that history must know, of course, that the reigning princess, Yette, was married to a young American at the very end of the nineteenth century? This admirable couple met in quite romantic fashion while the young sovereign was traveling incognito through the United States of America. The American, a splendid fellow named Lorry, was so persistent in the subsequent attack upon her heart that all ancestral prejudices were swept away, and she became his bride with the full consent of her enchanted subjects. The manner in which he wooed and won this young and adorable ruler forms a very attractive chapter in romance, although unmentioned in history. This being the tale of another day, it is not timely to dwell upon the interesting events which led up to the marriage of the Princess Yette to Grenfall Lorry. Suffice it to say that Lorry won his bride against all wishes and odds and at the same time won an endless love and esteem from the people of the little kingdom among the eastern hills. Two years have passed since that notable wedding in Edelweiss.

Lorry and his wife, the princess, made their home in Washington, but spent a few months of each year in Edelweiss. During the periods spent in Washington and in travel her affairs in Graustark were in the hands of a capable, austere old diplomat, her uncle, Count Caspar Halfont. Princess Yette reigned as regent over the principality of Aplain. To the south lay the principality of Dawsbergen, ruled by young Prince Dantan, whose half brother, the deposed Prince Gabriel, had been for two years a prisoner in Graustark, the convicted assassin of Prince Lorenz of Aplain, one time suitor for the hand of Yette.

It was after the second visit of the Lorrys to Edelweiss that a serious turn of affairs presented itself. Gabriel had succeeded in escaping from his dungeon. His friends in Dawsbergen stirred up a revolution, and Dantan was driven from the throne at Serros. On the arrival of Gabriel at the capital the army of Dawsbergen espoused the cause of the prince it had spurned, and three days after his escape, he was on the throne, crowning Yette and offer-

a price for the head of the unfortunate Dantan, now a fugitive in the hills along the Graustark frontier.

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR GEORGE CALHOUN was a member of congress from one of the southern states. His forefathers had represented the same commonwealth, and so, it was likely, would his descendants, if there is virtue in the fitness of things and the heredity of love. While intrepid frontiersmen were opening the trails through the fertile wilds west of the Alleghenies a strong branch of the Calhoun family followed close in their footsteps. The major's great-grandfather saw the glories and the possibilities of the new territory. He struck boldly forward from the old Revolutionary grounds, abandoning the luxuries and traditions of the Carolinas for a fresh, wild life of promise. His sons and daughters became solid stones in the foundation of a commonwealth, and his grandchildren are still at work on the structure. State and national legislatures had known the Calhouns from the beginning. Battlefields had tested their valor, and drawing rooms had proved their gentility.

Major Calhoun had fought with Stonewall Jackson and won his spurs, and at the same time the heart and hand of Betty Haswell, the staunchest Confederate who ever made flags, bandages and prayers for the boys in gray. When the reconstruction came he went to congress, and later on became prominent in the United States consular service, for years holding an important European post. Congress claimed him once more in the early nineties, and there he is at this very time.

Everybody in Washington's social and diplomatic circles admired the beautiful Beverly Calhoun. According to his own loving term of identification, she was the major's "youngest." The fair southerner had seen two seasons in the nation's capital. Cupid, standing directly in front of her, had shot his darts ruthlessly and resistlessly into the passing hosts, and masculine Washington looked humbly to her for the balm that might soothe its pains. The wily god of love was fair enough to protect the girl whom he forced to be his unwilling, perhaps unconscious, ally. He held his impenetrable shield between her heart and the assaults of a whole army of suitors, high and low, great and small. It was not idle rumor that said she had declined a coronet or two, that the millions of more than one American Midas had been offered to her and that she had dealt gently but firmly with a score of hearts which had nothing but love, ambition and poverty to support them in the conflict.

The Calhouns lived in a handsome home not far from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Grenfall Lorry. It seemed but natural that the two beautiful young women should become constant and loyal friends. Women as lovely as they have no reason to be jealous. It is only the woman who does not feel secure of her personal charms that cultivates envy. At the home of Graustark's princess Beverly met the dukes and barons from the far east. It was in the warmth of the Calhoun hospitality that Yette formed her dearest love for the American people.

Miss Beverly was neither tall nor short. She was of that divine and indefinite height known as medium; slender, but perfectly molded; strong, but graceful—an absolutely healthy young person, whose beauty knew well how to take care of itself. Being quite heart whole and fancy free, she slept well, ate well and enjoyed every minute of life. In her blood ran the warm, eager impulses of the south; hereditary love of ease and luxury displayed itself in every emotion; the perfectly normal demand upon men's admiration was as characteristic in her as it is in any daughter of the land whose women

are born to expect chivalry and homage. A couple of years in a New York "finishing school" for young ladies had served greatly to modify Miss Calhoun's colloquialisms. Many of her delightful "way down south" phrases and mannerisms were blighted by the

major's social refinement. He was not permissive either to hang or to electrocute him, my dear. The situation is precisely the reverse, if he is correctly quoted by my uncle. When Uncle Caspar sent an envoy to inform Dawsbergen respectfully that Graustark would hold it personally responsible if Gabriel were not surrendered. Gabriel himself replied, "Graustark be damned!"

old, unromantic atmosphere of a semi-inary conducted by two ladies from Boston who were too old to marry, too penurious to love and too prim to think that other women might care to do both. There were times, however—if she were excited or enthusiastic—when pretty Beverly so far forgot her training as to break forth with a very attractive "yo' all," "suah 'nough" or "go 'long naow." And when the bands played "Dixie" she was not afraid to stand up and wave her handkerchief. The northerner who happened to be with her on such occasions usually found himself doing likewise before he could escape the infection.

Miss Calhoun's face was one that painters coveted deep down in their artistic souls. It never knew a dull instant; there was expression in every lineament, in every look; life, genuine life, dwelt in the mobile countenance that turned the head of every man and woman who looked upon it. Her hair was dark brown and abundant; her eyes were a deep gray and looked eagerly from between long lashes of black; her lips were red and ever willing to smile or turn plaintive as occasion required; her brow was broad and fair, and her frown was as dangerous as a smile.

As to her age, if the major admitted, somewhat indiscreetly, that all his children were old enough to vote, her mother, with the reluctance born in women, confessed that she was past twenty, so a year or two either way will determine Miss Beverly's age so far as the telling of this story is concerned. Her eldest brother, Keith Calhoun (the one with the congressional heritage), thought she was too young to marry, while her second brother, Dan, held that she soon would be too old to attract men with matrimonial intentions. Lucy, the only sister, having been happily wedded for ten years, advised her not to think of marriage until she was old enough to know her own mind.

Toward the close of one of the most brilliant seasons the capital had ever known, less than a fortnight before congress was to adjourn, the wife of Grenfall Lorry received the news which spread gloomy disappointment over the entire social realm. A dozen receptions, teas and balls were destined to lose their richest attraction, and hostesses were in despair. The princess had been called to Graustark.

Beverly Calhoun was miserably unhappy. She had heard the story of Gabriel's escape and the consequent probability of a conflict with Aplain. It did not require a great stretch of imagination to convince her that the Lorrys were hurrying off to scenes of intrigue, strife and bloodshed, and that not only Graustark, but its princess, was in jeopardy.

Miss Calhoun's most cherished hopes faded with the announcement that trouble, not pleasure, called Yette to Edelweiss. It had been her plan that Beverly should spend the delightful summer months in Graustark, a guest at the royal palace. The original arrangements of the Lorrys were hopelessly disturbed by the late news from Count Halfont. They were obliged to leave Washington two months earlier than they intended, and they could not take Beverly Calhoun into danger ridden Graustark. The contemplated visit to St. Petersburg and other pleasures had to be abandoned, and they were in tears.

Yette's maids were packing the trunks, and Lorry's servants were in a wild state of haste preparing for the departure on Saturday's ship. On Friday afternoon Beverly was naturally where she could do the most good and be of the least help—at the Lorrys'. Self confessedly she delayed the preparations. Respectful maidservants and respectful manservants came often to the princess' boudoir to ask questions, and Beverly just as frequently made tearful resolutions to leave the household in peace—if such a hulloabalo could be called peace. Callers came by the dozen, but Yette would see no one. Letters, telegrams and telephone calls almost swamped her secretary; the footman and the butler fairly gasped under the strain of excitement. Through it all the two friends sat despondent and alone in the drear room that once had been the abode of pure delight. Grenfall Lorry was off in town closing up all matters of business that could be dispatched at once. The princess and her industrious retinue were to take the evening express for New York, and the next day would find them at sea.

"I know I shall cry all summer," vowed Miss Calhoun, with conviction in her eyes. "It's just too awful for anything." She was lying back among the cushions of the divan, and her hat was the picture of cruel neglect. For three solid hours she had stubbornly withstood Yette's appeals to remove her hat, insisting that she could not trust herself to stay more than a minute or two. "It seems to me, Yette, that your jalliers must be very incompetent or they wouldn't have let loose all this trouble upon you," she complained.

"Prince Gabriel is the very essence of trouble," confessed Yette plaintively. "He was born to annoy people, just like the evil prince in the fairy tales."

"I wish we had him over here," the American girl answered stantly. "He wouldn't be such a trouble, I'm sure. We don't let small troubles worry us very long, you know."

"But he's dreadfully important over there, Beverly; that's the difficult part of it," said Yette solemnly. "You see, he is a condemned murderer."

"Then you ought to hang him or electrocute him or whatever it is that you do to murderers over there," spoke Beverly promptly.

"But, dear, you don't understand. He won't permit us either to hang or to electrocute him, my dear. The situation is precisely the reverse, if he is correctly quoted by my uncle. When Uncle Caspar sent an envoy to inform Dawsbergen respectfully that Graustark would hold it personally responsible if Gabriel were not surrendered. Gabriel himself replied, 'Graustark be damned!'"

she sat staring rather soberly straight ahead of her. "Just as soon as we get to Edelweiss the whole affair will look so simple that we can laugh at the fears of today. You see, we are a long way off just now."

"I am only afraid of what may happen before we get there, Gren," she said simply. He leaned over and kissed her hand, smiling at the emphasis she unconsciously placed on the pronoun.

Beverly Calhoun was announced just before coffee was served and a moment later was in the room. She stopped just inside the door, clicked her little heels together and gravely brought her hand to "salute." Her eyes were sparkling and her lips trembled with suppressed excitement.

"I think I can report to you in Edelweiss next month, general," she announced, with soldierly dignity. Her hearers stared at the picturesque recruit, and Halkins so far forgot himself as to drop Mr. Lorry's lump of sugar upon the table instead of into the cup.

"Explain yourself, sergeant!" finally fell from Lorry's lips. The eyes of the princess were beginning to take on a rapturous glow.

"May I have a cup of coffee, please, sir? I've been so excited I couldn't eat a mouthful at home." She gracefully slid into the chair Halkins offered and broke into an ecstatic giggle that would have resulted in a court martial had she been serving any commander but Love.

With a plenteous supply of southern idioms she succeeded in making them understand that the major had promised to let her visit friends in the legation at St. Petersburg in April, a month or so after the departure of the Lorrys. "He wanted to know where I'd rather spend the spring—Washington or Lexington—and I told him St. Petersburg. We had a terrific discussion, and neither of us ate a speck at dinner. Mamma said it would be all right for me to go to St. Petersburg if Aunt Josephine was still of a mind to go too. You see, auntie was scared almost out of her boots when she heard there was prospect of war in Graustark, just as though a tiny little war like that could make any difference away up in Russia, hundreds of thousands of miles away"—with a scornful wave of the hand—"and then I just made auntie say she'd go to St. Petersburg in April, a whole month sooner than she expected to go in the first place, and—"

"You dear, dear Beverly!" cried Yette, rushing joyously around the table to clasp her in her arms. "And St. Petersburg really isn't a hundred thousand miles from Edelweiss!" cried Beverly gaily.

"It's much less than that," said Lorry, smiling. "But you surely don't expect to come to Edelweiss if we are fighting. We couldn't think of letting you do that, you know. Your mother would never—"

"My mother wasn't afraid of a much bigger war than yours can ever hope to be!" cried Beverly resentfully. "You can't stop me if I choose to visit Graustark."

"Does your father know that you contemplate such a trip?" asked Lorry, returning her hand clasp and looking doubtfully into the swimming blue eyes of his wife.

"No, he doesn't," admitted Beverly a trifle aggressively.

"He could stop you, you know," he suggested. Yette was discreetly silent.

"But he won't know anything about it," cried Beverly triumphantly.

"I could tell him, you know," said Lorry.

"No, you couldn't do anything so mean as that," announced Beverly. "You're not that sort."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONEY FOR THE SCHOOL FUND.

Dispensary Officials Promise to Remit \$10,000 a Week on Last Year's Account.

Columbia, Oct. 31.—The authorities of the State dispensary have promised to remit to the State treasurer \$10,000 a week for the school fund until about \$60,000 is paid in. It will be recalled that at the session of the dispensary investigating committee last year it was brought out that the dispensary then owed the school fund \$114,000 in round figures. Since that time there has been only one settlement. On March 2, \$25,000 was paid for distribution, and of that amount about \$9,000 yet remains to the credit of the fund. In the statement rendered by the dispensary for the quarter ending August 31, the amount due the school fund is placed at \$79,834.41, and the capital stock is placed at \$400,000, "belonging to the school fund." The cash in the State treasury is placed at \$44,637.95, but this cash statement varies from day to day and cannot be checked up to the school fund.

Commissioner Tatum requires all retail dispensers to file their reports and send to the State dispensary every week the amount due the dispensary. There is no check on the school fund which is sent to the treasurer at any time and with which the State treasurer has nothing to do except receipt for and turn over to the comptroller general for distribution by counties.

Jenkins Motor Co.

Columbia, Nov. 1.—The E. A. & T. B. Jenkins Company of Columbia, was chartered today, the incorporators being E. A. and T. B. Jenkins, the well known automobile men, who handle the Reo car. The capital is \$5,000. The concern will sell and repair automobiles.

"It will be all right, dearest," said Lorry, declining his wife's thoughts at

COTTON MUST GO HIGHER.

Ginning Report Shows a Considerable Shortage.—Mr. E. D. Smith's Advice to the Farmers Based Upon Recent Figures Prepared by Government.

Columbia, Oct. 28.—Mr. E. D. Smith of the South Carolina Cotton association issued a statement concerning the recent ginning report made by the department of agriculture. Mr. Smith says that the figures show as predicted by the association that the crop is a short one and the farmers should obtain 12 1-2 cents per pound for the product if they will only hold their cotton. Mr. Smith in his statement says:

"The bureau's report on ginning makes the total amount of cotton ginned up to the present 4,916,000 bales. South Carolina is 396,000 as against 639,000 last year. I think all agree that at least 50 per cent. of South Carolina's crop was ginned up to the 18th of October. This being true, we will not make much over 700,000 bales of cotton. Last year's crop was about 1,125,000. This will leave South Carolina something like 400,000 bales short. Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina all show about the same percentage short. Texas makes up in excess lacking 80,000 bales of bringing it up to last year's ginning.

"The next ginner's report, I am confident, will show that our contention that the crop is short, is true. Last week and the week before, the mills and the cotton buyers gave 11 cents readily for cotton. If they could afford to buy it then at that figure, it is worth that much now, for the reason that they had placed their contract months ahead and could afford to give 11 cents and show a handsome profit.

"There is no reason why you, the farmers of the South, should sacrifice what cotton you do sell them, because somebody predicted there was a much larger crop. Demand from them that they shall give for what you do sell them from now on, what they have been paying for it for the last two or three weeks at least. Cotton is worth today on the markets, in view of the price and the scarcity of goods, 12 1-2 cents a pound. If the farmers will just absolutely refuse to sell it for less, this price can be obtained for the balance of this crop.

"Of course everything depends upon the unanimity with which they hold cotton. I am still convinced that on account of the frost and storm making anything like a top crop is impossible; that this crop will not appreciably exceed last year's and therefore cotton is bound ultimately to go very much higher. The world will need 12,500,000 bales and one of the best posted men in the cotton world wired me that if the crop should turn out 12,000,000 bales, it would readily bring 7d. in England. I do not think anyone looks for a crop as great as 12,000,000 bales. Let the farmers of the country settle this question and settle it now by absolutely refusing to part with their property, except at a value satisfactory to themselves. The break in the market of one cent a pound within three days entailing a loss of \$5 a bale compared with 1200r of the farmer for 12 months, make the bale of cotton, is enough to arouse him to a sense of his duty in the premises. To work 12 months to produce that which speculators and gamblers can take 10 per cent. from its value in 336 hours is enough to either make a man quit growing cotton or show that he is a man. The world is waiting to see whether you are men."

Mr. Smith is now at work on the plans for the organization of the mammoth holding company which is to buy and hold all cotton offered at less than the agreed price. Some time ago a full statement of the purposes of this company was given in The State and since then the association has received many letters seeking information about the company. Another statement will be given to the press in a few days.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Her hearers stared at the picturesque recruit.