CHAPTER XXIV.

HILE Baldos was standing guard in the long, lofty hallway the Iron Count was busy with the machinations which were calculated to result in a startling upheaval with the break of a new day. He prepared and swore to the charges preferred against Baldos. They were aispatched to the princess for her perusal in the morning. Then he set about preparing the vilest accusations against Beverly Calhoun. In his own handwriting and over his own signature he charged her with complicity in the betrayal of Graustark, influenced ground passage which led to a point by the desires of the lover who masqueraded as her protege. At some length he dwelt upon the well laid plot of the spy and his accomplice. He told of their secret meetings, their outrages against the dignity of the court and their uninistakable animosity toward Graustark. For each and every count In his vicious indictment against the girl he professed to have absolute proof by means of more than one reputable witness. It was not the design of Marlanx to

present this document to the princess and her cabinet. He knew full well that it would meet the fate it deserved. It was intended for the eyes of Beverly Calhoun alone. By means of the vile accusations, false though they were, he hoped to terrorize her into submission. He longed to possess this lithe, beautiful creature from over the sea. In all his life he had not hungered for anything as he now craved Beveriy Calhoun. He saw that his position in the army was rendered inscure by the events of the last day. A bold, vicious stroke was his only means for securing the prize he longed for more than he longed for honor and fame.

Restless and enraged, consumed by reastle grounds long after he had drawn the diabolical charges. He knew that while he, a noble of the realm, was releleader. Each hour saw the numbers sugmented by the arrival of reserves from with me?" he said intensely, a from the districts of the principality. mighty longing in his breast. She His place was out there with the staff, laughed, but drew back uneasily. Jet he could not drag himself away from the charmed circle in which his phscure corner of the grounds.

to himself angrily.

general, but I will get him the next time," growled the man.

to say?"

The man reported that Baldos had dently on watch.

Marlanx ground his teeth and his blood stormed his reason. "The job must be done tonight. You have your instructions. Capture him if possible; but, if necessary, kill him. You know

your fate if you fail." Marlanx actually grinned at the thought of the punishment he would mete out to them. "Now be off!" Rashly he made his way to the castle front. A bright moon cast its mellow glow over the mass of stone outlined against the western sky. For an hour he glowered in the shade of the trees,

giving but slight heed to the guards who passed from time to time. His eyes never left the enchanted balcony. At last he saw the man. Baldos came from the door at the end of the

calcony, paced the full length in the moonlight, paused for a moment near Beverly Calhoun's window and then disappeared through the same door that had afforded him egress. Inside the dark castle the clock at

the end of the hall melodiously boomed the hour of 2. Dead quiet followed the soft echoes of the gong. A tall figure stealthily opened the door to Yetive's chapel and stepped inside. There was a streak of moonlight through the clear window at the far end of the room. Baldos, his heart beating rapidly, stood still for a moment, awaiting the next move in the game. The ghostlike figure of a woman suddenly stood before him in the path of the moonbeam, a hooded figure in dark robes. He started as if confronted by the supernatural.

"Come," came in an agitated whisper, and he stepped to the side of the phantom. She turned, and the moonsight fell upon the face of Beverly Calhoun. "Don't speak. Follow me as quickly as you can."

He grasped her arm, bringing her to

"I have changed my mind," he whispered in her ear. "Do you think I will run away and leave you to shoulder the blame for all this? On the balcony near your window an hour ago I'-

"It doesn't make any difference," she argued. "You have to go. I want you to go. If you knew just how I feel toward you you would go without a

murmur." "You mean that you hate me," he

groaned. "I wouldn't be so unkind as to say who you are. Come, we can't delay a

minute. I have a key to the gate at the other end of the passage, and I know where the secret panel is located. Hush! It doesn't matter where I got the key. See! See how easy it is!" He felt her tense little fingers in the darkness searching for his. Their hands were icy cold when the clasp came. Together they stood in a niche of the wall near the chancel rail. It was dark, and a cold draft of air blew across their faces. He could not see, but there was proof enough that she had opened the secret panel in the wall and that the damp, chill air came from the under-

sutside the city walls. "You go first," she whispered nervously. "I'm afraid. There is a lantern on the steps, and I have some matches. We'll light it as soon as- Oh, what was that?"

"Don't be frightened," he said. "i think it was a rat."

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I wouldn't go in there for the world." "Do you mean to say that you intended to do so?" he asked eagerly.

"Certainly. Some one has to return the key to the outer gate. Oh, I suppose I'll have to go in. You'll keep them off, won't you?" plaintively. He was smiling in the darkness, thinking what a dear, whimsical thing she was. "With my life," he said softly.

"They're ten times worse than lions," she announced.

"You must not forget that you return alone," he said triumphantly.

"But I'll have the lantern going full blast," she said and then allowed him to lead her in'o the narrow passageway. She closed the panel and then felt about with her foot until it located the lantern. In a minute they had a light. "Now, don't be afraid," she said encouragingly. He laughed in pure dejealousy and fear, he hung about the light. She misunderstood his mirth and was conscious of a new and an almost unendurable pang. He was filled with Baldos was inside the castle, favored, exhibitantion over the prospect of escape! Somehow she felt an impulse to gated to ignominy and the promise of throw her arms about him and drag degradation. Encamped outside the him back into the chapel in spite of the city walls the army lay without a ghost of the game warden's daughter. "What is to prevent me from taking

"And live unhappily ever after-

ward?" said she. "Oh, dear me! Isn't prey was sleeping. Morose and grim this a funny proceeding? Just think he anxiously paced to and fro in an of me. Beverly Calhoun, being mixed up in schemes and plots and intrigues "What keeps the scoundrel?" he said and all that! It seems like a great big dream. And that reminds me-Presently a villainous looking man, you will find a rain coat at the foot of dressed in the uniform of the guards, the steps. I couldn't get other clothes stealthily approached. "I missed him, for you, so you'll have to wear the uniform. There's a stiff hat of Mr. Lorry's also. You've no idea how dif-"Curse you for a fool?" hissed Mar- ficult it is for a girl to collect clothes lanx through his teeth. As another for a man, There doesn't seem to be hireling came up, "What have you got any real excuse for it, you know. Goodness, it looks black ahead there, doesn't it? I hate underground things. been seen on the balcony alone, evi- They're so damp and all that. How far is it, do you suppose, to the door in the wall?" She was chattering on, simply to keep up her courage and to make her fairest show of composure.

> "It's a little more than 300 yards," he replied. They were advancing through the low, narrow stone lined passage. She steadfastly ignored the hand he held back for support. It was not a pleasant place, this underground way to the outside world. The walls were damp and moldy; the odor of the rank earth assailed the nostrils; the air was chill and deathlike.

"How do you know?" she demanded quickly.

"I have traversed the passage before, Miss Calhoun," he replied. She stopped like one paralyzed, her eyes wide and incredulous. "Franz was my guide from the outer gate into the chapel. It is easy enough to get outside the walls, but extremely difficult to return," he went on easily.

"You mean to say that you have been in and out by way of this passage? Then, what was your object, sir?" she demanded sternly.

"My desire to communicate with friends who could not enter the city. particular object of my concern was of the casks, and, pushing it in front Will it interest you if I say that the a young woman?"

She gasped and was stubbornly silent for a long time. Bitter resentment filled her soul, bitter disappointment in this young man. "A young woman!" he had said, oh, so insolently! There could be but one inference, one conclusion. The realization of it settled one

point in her mind forever. "It wouldn't interest me in the least. I don't even care who she was. Permit me to wish you much joy with her. Why don't you go on?" irritably, forgetting that it was she who delayed progress. His smile was invisible in and touched the wall behind. the blackness above the lantern. There were no words spoken until after they

had reached the little door in the wall. Here the passage was wider. There were casks and chests on the floor, evidently containing articles that required the obstacle and upon him. instant removal from Edelweiss in case of an emergency.

"Who was that woman?" she asked | 666 at last. The key to the door was in the nervous little hand.

"One very near and dear to me, Miss Calhoun. That's all I can say at this

"Well, this is the only time you will have the chance," she cried loftily. that," she fluttered. "I don't know "Here we part. Hush!" she whispered.

involuntarily grasping his arm. think I heard a step. Can any one be following us?" They stopped and listened. It was as still as a tomb.

"It must be the same old rat," he answered jokingly. She was too nervous for any pleasantries and, releasing her hold on his arm, said timidly,

"Am I to go in this manner? Have you no kind word for me? I love you better than my soul. It is of small consequence to you, I know, but I crave one forgiving word. It may be the last." He clasped her hand, and she did not withdraw it. Her lips were trembling, but her eyes were brave and obstinate. Suddenly she sat down upon one of the chests. If he had not told her of the other woman! "Forgive me instead, for all that I

have brought you to," she murmured. "It was all my fault. I shall never forget you or forgive myself. I-I am going back to Washin'ton immediately. I can't bear to stay here now. Goodby, and God bless you. Do-do you think we shall ever see each other again?" Unconsciously she was cling ing to his hand. There were tears in the gray eyes that looked pathetically down there in the grev-some passageway with the fitful rays of the lantern lighting her face. Only the strictest self control kept him from seizing her in his arms, for something told him that she would have surrendered.

"This is the end, I fear," he said, with grim persistence. She caught her breath in half a sob. Then she arose resolutely, although her knees trembled shamelessly.

"Well, then, goodby," she said very steadily. "You are free to go where and to whom you like. Think of me once in awhile, Baldos. Here's the key. Hurry! I-I can't stand it much longer!" She was ready to break down, and he saw it, but he made no sign.

Turning the key in the rusty lock, he cautiously opened the door. The moonlit world lay beyond. A warm, intoxicating breath of fresh air came in upon them. He suddenly stooped and kissed her hand.

"Forgive me for having annoyed you with my poor love," he said as he stood in the door, looking into the night beyond.

"All-all right," she choked out as she started to close the door after him. "Halt! You are our prisoner!"

The words rang out sharply in the silence of the night. Instinctively Beverly made an attempt to close the door, but she was too late. Two burly, villainous looking men, sword in hand, blocked the exit and advanced upon them.

"Back! Back!" Baldos shouted to Beverly, drawing his sword.

Like a flash she picked up the lantern and sprang out of his way. Capture or worse seemed certain, but her heart did not fail her.

"Put up your sword! You are under arrest!" came from the foremost of the two. He had heard enough of Baldos' skill with the sword to hope that the ruse might be successful and that he would surrender peaceably to numbers.



"One!" cried Baldos.

The men's instructions were to take their quarry alive if possible. The reward for the man living exceeded that for him dead.

Baldos instantly recognized them as spies employed by Marlanx. They had been dogging his footsteps for days and even had tried to murder him. The desire for vengeance was working like madness in his blood. He was overjoyed at having them at the point of his sword. Beverly's presence vouchsafed that he would show little

"Arrest me, you cowardly curs!" he exclaimed. "Never!" With a spring to one side he quickly overturned one of him, it served as a rolling bulwark,

preventing a joint attack. "You first!" he cried coolly as his sword met that of the leader. The unhappy wretch was no match for the finest swordsman in Graustark. He made a few desperate attemps to ward off his inevitable fate, calling loudly for his comrade to aid him. The latter was eager enough, but Baldos' strategic roll of the cask effectively prevented him from taking a hand. With a vicious thrust the blade of the goat hunter tore clean through the man's chest

"One!" cried Baldos, gloating in the chance that had come to him. The man gasped and fell. He was none too quick in withdrawing his dripping weapon, for the second man was over

CHAPTER XXV.

OLD the lantern higher, Bev"-In the fury of the fight he remembered the risk and importance of not mentioning her name and stopped short. He was fighting fast, but warily, for he realized that his present adversary was no mean one. As the swords played back | death." and forth in fierce thrusts and matries

this fellow we will go on! Ah! Bravol | won't be for long!" and disappeared. Well parried, my man! How the dence | She stood still and lifeless, staring

a cutthroat of Marlanx?" her heart. She was a weird picture face deathlike in its pallor. Not a cry escaped her lips as the sword blades swished and clashed. She could hear the deep breathing of the combatants in that tomb-like passage.

Suddenly she started and listened chamber. keenly. From behind her, back there in the darkness, hurried footsteps were unmistakably approaching. What she had heard, then, was not the scurrying of a rat. Some one was following them. A terrible auguish seized her. Louder and nearer came the heavy steps. "Ob, Baidos!" she screamed in terror. "Another is coming!"

"Have no fear, dear one!" he sung out gayly. His voice was infinitely more cheerful than he felt, for he realized only too well the desperate situation. He was penned in and forced to meet an attack from front and rear. He fell upon his assailant with redoubled fury, aiming to finish him before the newcomer could give aid.

From out of the gloom came a fiendish laugh. Instantly the dark figure of a man appeared, his face completely hidden by a broad slouch hat and the long cloak which enveloped him. A sardonic voice hissed: "Trapped at last! My lady and her lover thought to escape, did they!" The voice was unfamiliar, but the atmosphere seemed charged with Marlanx. "Kill him, Zem!" he shouted. "Don't let him escape you! I will take care of the little witch, never fear!" He clutched at the girl and tried to draw her to him. "Marlanx! By all the gods!" cried

Baldos in despair. He had wounded his man several times, though not seriously. He dared not turn to Beverly's aid.

The scene was thrilling, grewsome. Within this narrow, dimly lighted underground passage, with its musty walls sweating with dampness and thick with the tangled meshes of the spider's web, a brave girl and her lover struggled and fought back to back.

To her dismay, Beverly saw the point of a sword at her throat.

"Out of the way, girl?" the man in the cloak snarled, furious at her resistance. "You die as well as your lover unless you surrender. He cannot escape me."

"And if I refuse!" cried the girl, trying desperately to gain time. "I will drive my blade through your

heart and tell the world it was the deed of your lover." Baldos groaned. His adversary, en-

couraged by the change in the situation, pressed him sorely. "Don't you dare to touch me, Count Marlanx. I know you!" she hissed. "I

know what you would do with me. It is not for Graustark that you seek his The sword came nearer. The words

died in her throat. She grew faint. Terror paralyzed her. Suddenly her heart gave a great thump of joy. The resourcefulness of the trapped was surging to her relief. The valor of the south leaped into life. The exhilaration of conflict beat down all her fears. "Take away that sword, then, please!" she cried, her voice trembling, but not with terror now. It was exultation. "Will you promise to spare his life? Will you swear to let him go, if I"-

"No, no; never! God forbid!" im-

plored Baldos.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the man in the cloak. "Spare his life! Oh, yes, after my master has reveled in your charms. How de you like that, my handsome goat hunter?"

"You infernal scoundrel! I'll settle you yet!" Baldos fairly fumed with rage. Gathering himself together for a final effort, he rushed madly on his rapidly weakening antagonist.

"Baldos," she cried hopelessly and in a tone of resignation, "I must do it!

It is the only way!"

The man in the cloak as well as Baldos was deceived by the girl's cry. He immediately lowered his sword. The lantern dropped from Beverly's hands and clattered to the floor. At the same instant she drew from her pocket her revolver, which she had placed there before leaving the castle, and fired point blank at him. The report sounded like a thunderclap in their ears. It was followed quickly by a sharp cry and imprecation from the lips of her persecutor, who fell, striking his head with a terrible force on the stones.

Simultaneously there was a groan and the noise of a limp body slipping to the ground, and Baldos, victor at last, turned in fear and trembling to find Beverly standing unhurt staring at the black mass at her feet.

"Thank God, you are safe!" Grasping her hand he led her out of the darkness into the moonlight. Not a word was spoken as they ran

swiftly on until they reached a little clump of trees not far from one of the gates. Here Baldos gently released her hand. She was panting for breath, but he realized she must not be allowed to risk a moment's delay. She must pass the sentry at once. "Have you the watchword?" he

eagerly asked. "Watchword?" she repeated feebly.

"Yes, the countersign for the night. It is Ganlook. Keep your face well covered with your hood. Advance boldly to the gates and give the word. There will be no trouble. The guard is all hours of night." "Is he dgad?" she asked timorously,

returning to the scene of horror.

"Only wounded, I think, as are the other men, though they all deserve He went with her as close to the gate

he spoke assuringly to Beverly: 'Don't | as he thought safe. Taking her hand be frightened! As soon as I flaish with he kissed it fervently. "Goodby! It

could such a swordsman as you become after him, for ages, it seemed. He was gone. Gone forever, no doubt. Her Beverly had been standing still all eyes grew wilder and wilder with the this time, holding the light high above | pity of it all. Pride fied incontinently. her head, according to her lover's or- She longed to cut him back. Then it ders, for she knew now that such he | occurred to her that he was hurrying was and that she loved him with all off to that other woman. No, he said be would return. She must be brave, standing there as she watched Baldos true to herself, whatever happened. fighting for their lives, her beautiful | She marched boldly up to the gate. gave the countersign and passed through, not heeding the curious glances cast upon her by the sentry, turned into the castle, up the grand staircase and fled to the princess' bed-

> Beverly, tremoling and sobbing, threw herself in the arms of the princess. Incoherently she related all that had happened, then swooned.

After she had been restored, the promise of Yetive to protect her, whatever happened, comforted her some-

"It must have been Marlanx," moaned Beverly.

"Who else could it have been?" replied the princess, who was visibly ex-Summoning all her courage, she went

on: "First, we must find out if he is badly hurt. We'll trust to luck. Cheer up!" She touched a bell. There came a knock at the door. A guard was told to enter. "Ellos," she exclaimed, "did you hear a shot fired a short time

"I thought I did, your highness, but

was not sure." "Baldos, the guard, was escaping by the secret passage," continued the princess, a wonderful inspiration coming to her rescue. "He passed through the chapel. Miss Calhoun was there. Alone and single handed she tried to prevent him. It was her duty. He refused to obey her command to stop, and she followed him into the tunnel and fired at him. I'm afraid you are too late to capture him, but you may-oh, Beverly, how plucky you were to follow him! Go quickly, Ellos! Search the tunnel and report at once." As the guard saluted with wonder, admiration and unbelief he saw the two conspirators locked in each other's arms.

Presently he returned and reported that the guards could find no trace of any one in the tunnel, but that they found blood on the floor near the exit and that the door was wide open.

The two girls looked at each other in amazement. They were dumfounded, but a great relief was glowing in their

"Ellos," inquired the princess, considerably less agitated, "does any one else know of this?"

No. your nighness on guard but Max, Baldos and my-

"Well, for the present no one else must know of his flight. Do you unmyself will explain when the proper time comes. You and Max have been very careless, but I suppose you should not be punished. He has tricked us all.

Send Max to me at once." "Yes, your highness," said Ellos, and he went away with his head swimming. Max, the other guard, received like orders, and then the two young

women sank limply upon a divan. "Oh, how clever you are, Yetive," came from the American girl. "But what next?"

"We may expect to hear something disagreeable from Count Marianx, my dear," murmured the perplexed but confident princess, "but I think we have the game in our own hands, as you would say in America."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SENT TO PRISON.

Gaffney Man Will Go to Penitentiary This Week to Begin Serving Sentence for the Killing of Bennett and Davidson.

Gaffney, Feb. 28.—The remittitur in the case of George Hasty has been received here by the clerk of the court, and the authorities at the penitentiary notified to send for him. He will go to the penitentiary some time this week to pay the penalty for killing Milan Bennett and Abbott Davidson, the two members of the 'Nothing But Money" Company, in the Piedmont Inn here, more than a year ago. Taking him away will close one of the most celebrated cases this county has ever had.

How's This?

We offer \$100 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.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, 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. Take Hall's Family Pills for con-

Kingston, Jamaica, Feb. 27.-The guarantee before lending a million a hotel. used to pleasure seekers returning at pounds for the rebuilding of the island, according to advices received the island.

DEATH SENTENCE FOR HARRIS.

White Man Who Murdered Mrs. Morgan, Near Gaffney, Confessed.

Gaffney, Feb. 28 .- In the court of neral sessions today Tom Harris. alias Tom Childress, was convicted of the murder of Mrs. Hortensia Morgan on November 20, 1906, and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, March

Mrs. Morgan, an aged widow, lived alone on the crest of a hill about two and a half miles from Gaffney. She was brutally murdered about midday, her throat being cut from ear to ear, and her person robbed of a large sum

Harris made a written confession. giving all the details of the crime.

\*"In 1897 I had a stomach disease. Some physicians said dyspepsia, some consumption. One said I would not live until spring. For four years I existed on boiled milk, soda biscuits. and doctors' prescriptions. I could not digest anything I ate; then I picked up one of your almanacs and it happened to be my life-saver. I bought a 50c bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. In two months I went back to my work, as a machinist, and in three months I was well and hearty. May you live long and prosper."-C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., 1906. The above is only a sample of the great good that is daily done everywhere by Kodol. for dyspepsia. It is sold here by

## WILLIE BODIE GOES FREE.

"No Bill" Returned Against Greenwood Youth Charged With Kill-

Greenwood, Feb. 28 .- The February term of the court of general sessions is in session here this week. Judge R. O. Purdy is presiding. Only criminal cases will be heard this week. The grand jury yesterday brought in "no bill" in the case of little Willie Bodie, the little boy who was held on the charge of murder. having shot his little playmate, Hiles Norris, some weeks ago. Almost all the other cases are negroes, one murder case being on docket.

Given Up To Die.

\*B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia Street, Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was all run down, and a year ago derstand? Not a word to any one. I had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured." Why not let it help you? Sibert's Drug Store.

## Carnegie Gives \$25,000.

New Brunswick, N. J., March 1 .--Andrew Carnegie has given \$25,000 toward a \$50,000 chemical and electrical building for Rutgers College. The college is to raise the balance.

\*A severe cold that may develop into pneumonia over night can be cured quickly by taking Foley's Honey and Tar. It will cure the most obstinate racking cough and strengthen your lungs. The genuine is in a yellow package. Sibert's Drug Store.

## DISPENSARY AUDITOR.

W. B. West, of Gaffney, Gets the Joh.

Columbia, March 1 .- Governor Ansel yesterday announced the appointment of Mr. W. B. West, superintendent of the graded schools of Gaffney, as dispensary auditor, under the provisions of the Carey-Cothran law. This position carries with it a salary of \$2,000 per year and actual expenses. The incumbent will be the most powerful single official of the

Mr. West is a thoroughly able and trustworthy man, with a good general education, strong common sense and some training in accounting.

## Saved Her Son's Life.

\*The hapipest mother in the little town of Ava, Mo., is Mrs. S. Ruppee. She writes: "One year ago my son was down with such serious lung trouble that our physician was unable to help him; when, by our druggist's advice, I began giving him Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed improvement. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks when he was perfectly well. He has worked steadily since at carpenter work. Dr. King's New Discovery saved his life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure by Sibert's Drug Store. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

A company with \$200,000 capital is British government has insisted on a being organized in Greenville to build

\*Little globules of sunshine that here. Surprise, humiliation and in- drive the clouds away. DeWitt's Litdignation are the result. A commit- tle Early Risers will scatter the gloom tee is being organized to appeal to the of sick-headache and biliousness. American people for aid in rebuilding They do not gripe or sicken. Recommonded and sold here by druggists.