

# Beverly of Graustark

By **GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON**, Author of "Graustark" etc. Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead and Company

"The wild, untamed gentleman from the hills came without a word, I see," said Lorry, who had watched the approach. He and Yettev stood in the window overlooking the grounds from the princess's boudoir. Beverly had just entered and thrown herself upon a divan.

"Yes; he's here," she said shortly. "How long do you, with all your cleverness, expect to hoodwink him into the belief that you are the princess?" asked Yettev, amused, but anxious.

"He's a great fool for being hoodwinked at all," said Beverly, very much at odds with her protegee. "In an hour from now he will know the truth and will be howling like a madman for his freedom."

"Not so soon as that, Beverly," said Lorry consolingly. "The guards and officers have their instructions to keep him in the dark as long as possible." "Well, I'm tired and mad and hungry and everything else that isn't compatible. Let's talk about the war," said Beverly, the sunshine in her face momentarily eclipsed by the dark cloud of disappointment.

Baldos was notified that duty would be assigned to him in the morning. He went through the formalities which bound him to the service for six months, listening indifferently to the words that foretold the fate of a traitor. It was not until his new uniform and equipment came into his possession that he remembered the note resting in his pocket. He drew it out and began to read it with the slight interest of one who has anticipated the effect. But not for long was he to remain apathetic. The first few lines brought a look of understanding to his eyes; then he laughed the easy laugh of one who has cast care and confidence to the winds. This is what he read:

She is not the princess. We have been duped. Last night I learned the truth. She is Miss Calhoun, an American, going to be a guest at the castle. Before she goes with her into the castle, it may be a trap and may mean death. Question her boldly before committing yours if.

There came the natural impulse to make a dash for the outside world, fighting his way through if necessary. Looking back over the ground, he wondered how he could have been deceived at all by the unconventional American. In the clear light of retrospection he now saw how impossible it was for her to have been the princess. Every act, every word, every look, should have told him the truth. Every flaw in her masquerading now presented itself to him, and he was compelled to laugh at his own simplicity. Caution, after all, was the largest component part of his makeup. The craftiness of the hunted was deeply rooted in his being. He saw a very serious side to the adventure. Stealing himself upon the cot in the corner of the room, he gave himself over to plotting, planning, thinking.

In the midst of his thoughts a sudden light burst in upon him. His eyes opened with a new fire, his heart leaped with new animation, his blood ran warm again. Leaping to his feet, he ran to the window to regard the note from old Franz. Then he settled back and laughed with a fervor that cleared the brain of a thousand vague imaginings.

"She is Miss Calhoun, an American, going to be a guest at the castle," not the princess, but Miss Calhoun. Once more the memory of the clear gray eyes leaped into life. Again he saw her asleep in the coach on the road from Graustark. Again he recalled the fervent throbs his guilty heart had felt as he looked upon this fair creature, at one time the supposed treasure of another man. Now she was Miss Calhoun, and her gray eyes, her entrancing smile, her wondrous vivacity, were not for one man alone. It was marvelous what a change this sudden realization wrought in the view ahead of him. The whole situation seemed to be transformed into something more desirable than ever before. His face cleared, his spirits leaped higher and higher with the buoyancy of fresh relief, his confidence in himself crept back into existence. And all because the fair deceiver, the slim girl with the brave gray eyes who had drawn him into a net was not a princess!

Something told him that she had not drawn him into his present position with any desire to injure him or with the slightest sense of malice. To her it had been a merry jest, a pleasant comedy. Undoubtedly all he saw the goodness of her motive in taking him from the old life and putting him into his present position of trust. He had helped her, and she was ready to help him to the limit of her power. His position in Edelweiss was clearly enough defined. The more he thought of it the more justifiable it seemed as viewed from her point of observation. How long she hoped to keep him in the dark he could not tell. The outcome would be entertaining. Her efforts to deceive, if she kept them up, would be amusing. Altogether he was ready, with the leisure and joy of youth, to await developments and to enjoy the comedy from a point of view which she could not at once suspect.

His subtle effort to draw Haddan

into a discussion of the princess and her household resulted unsatisfactorily. The young guard was annoyingly unresponsive. He had his secret instructions and could not be inveigled into betraying himself. Baldos went to sleep that night with his mind confused by doubts. His talk with Haddan had left him quite undecided as to the value of old Franz's warning. Either Franz was mistaken or Haddan was a most skillful dissembler. It struck him as utterly beyond the pale of reason that the entire castle guard should have been enlisted in the scheme to deceive him. When sleep came he was contending himself with the thought that morning doubtless would give him clearer insight to the situation.

Both he and Beverly Calhoun were ignorant of the true conditions that attached themselves to the new recruit. Baron Daugloss alone knew that Haddan was a trusted agent of the secret service, with instructions to shadow the newcomer day and night. That there was a mystery surrounding the character of Baldos, the goat hunter, Daugloss did not question for an instant, and in spite of the instructions received at the outset he was using all his skill to unravel it.

Baldos was not summoned to the castle till noon. His serene indifference to the outcome of the visit was calculated to deceive the friendly but watchful Haddan. Dressed carefully in the close fitting uniform of the royal guard, taller than most of his fellows, handsomer by far than any, he was the most noticeable figure in and about the barracks. Haddan coached him in the way he was to approach the princess. Baldos listened with exaggerated interest and with deep regard for detail.

Beverly was in the small audience room of the main reception hall when he was ushered into her presence. The servants and ladies in waiting disappeared at a signal from her. She arose to greet him, and he knelt to kiss her hand. For a moment her tongue was bound. The keen eyes of the new guard had looked into hers with a directness that seemed to penetrate her brain. That this scene was to be one of the most interesting in the little comedy was proved by the fact that two eager young women were hidden behind a heavy curtain in a corner of the room. The Princess Yettev and the Countess Dagmar were there to enjoy Beverly's first hour of authority, and she was aware of their presence.

"Have they told you that you are to act as my especial guard and escort?" she asked, with a queer flutter in her voice. Somehow this tall fellow with the broad shoulders was not the same as the ragged goat hunter she had known at first.

"No, your highness," he said easily. "I have come for instructions. It pleases me to know that I am to have a place of honor and trust such as this."

"General Marlaux has told me that a vacancy exists, and I have selected you to fill it. The compensation will be attended to by the proper persons, and your duties will be explained to you by one of the officers. This afternoon, I believe, you are to accompany me on my visit to the fortress, which I am to inspect."

"Very well, your highness," he respectfully said. He was thinking of Miss Calhoun, an American girl, although he called her "your highness." "May I be permitted to ask for instructions that can come only from your highness?"

"Certainly," she replied. His manner was more deferential than she had ever known it to be, but he threw a bomb into her fine composure with his next remark. He addressed her in the Graustark language:

"Is it your desire that I shall continue to address you in English?"

Beverly's face turned a bit red, and her eyes wavered. By a wonderful effort she retained her self control, stammering ever so faintly when she said in English:

"I wish you would speak English," unwittingly giving answer to his question. "I shall insist upon that. Your English is too good to be spoiled."

Then he made a bold test, his first having failed. He spoke once more in the native tongue, this time softly and earnestly.

"As you wish, your highness, but I think it is a most ridiculous practice," he said, and his heart lost none of its courage. Beverly looked at him almost pathetically. She knew that behind the curtain two young women were enjoying her discomfiture. Something told her that they were stifling their mirth with dainty lace bordered handkerchiefs.

"That will do, sir," she managed to say firmly. "It's very nice of you, but after this pay your homage in English," she went on, taking a long chance on his remark. It must have been complimentary, she reasoned. As for Baldos, the faintest sign of a smile touched his lips, and his eyes were twinkling as he bent his head quickly. Franz was right; she did not know a word of the Graustark language.

"I have entered the service for six months, your highness," he said in Eng-

lish. "You have honored me, and I give my heart as well as my arm to your cause."

Beverly, breathing easier, was properly impressed by this promise of fealty. She was looking with pride upon the figure of her stalwart protegee.

"I hope you have destroyed that horrid black patch," she said.

"It has gone to keep company with other devoted but deserted friends," he said, a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "The uniform is vastly becoming," she went on, realizing helplessly that she was providing intense amusement for the unseen auditors.

"It shames the rags in which you found me."

"I shall never forget them, Baldos," she said, with a strange earnestness in her voice.

"May I presume to inquire after the health of your good Aunt Fanny and, although I did not see him, your Uncle Sam?" he asked, with a face as straight and sincere as that of a judge.

Beverly swallowed suddenly and checked a laugh with some difficulty.

"Aunt Fanny is never ill. Some day I shall tell you more of Uncle Sam. It will interest you."

"Another question, if it please your highness. Do you expect to return to America soon?"

This was the unexpected, but she met it with admirable composure.

"It depends upon the time when Prince Dautan resumes the throne in Dawsbergen," she said.

"And that day may never come," said he, such mocking regret in his voice that she looked upon him with newer interest.

"Why, I really believe you want to go to America!" she cried.

The eyes of Baldos had been furtively drawn to the curtain more than once during the last few minutes. An occasional movement of the long oriental hangings attracted his attention. It dawned upon him that the little play was being overheard, whether by spies or conspirators he knew not. Recentment sprang up in his breast and gave birth to a daring that was as spectacular as it was confounding.

With long, noiseless strides he reached the door before Beverly could interpose. She half started from her chair, her eyes wide with dismay, her lips parted, but his hand was already clutching the curtain. He drew it aside relentlessly. Two startled women stood exposed to view, smiles dying on their amazed faces. Their backs were against the closed door, and two hands clutching handkerchiefs dropped from a most significant altitude. One of them dashed an imperious glance at the bold discoverer, and he knew he was looking upon the real princess of Graustark. He did not lose his composure. Without a tremor he turned to the American girl.

"Your highness," he said clearly, coolly. "I fear we have spies and eavesdroppers here. Is your court made up of—I should say, they are doubtless a pair of curious ladies in waiting. Shall I begin my service, your highness, by escorting them to yonder door?"

"CHAPTER XIII. BEVERLY gasped. The countess stared blankly at the new guard. Yettev flushed deeply, but her lip in hopeless chagrin and dropped her eyes. A pretty turn, indeed, the play had taken! Not a word was uttered for a full half minute; nor did the guilty witnesses venture forth from their retreat. Baldos stood tall and impassive, holding the curtain aside. At last the shadow of a smile crept into the face of the princess, but her tones were full of deep humility when she spoke.

"We crave permission to retire, your highness," she said, and there was virtuous appeal in her eyes. "I pray forgiveness for this indiscretion and implore you to be lenient with two miserable creatures who have you so well that they forget their dignity."

"I am amazed and shocked," was all that Beverly could say. "You may go, but return to me within an hour. I will then hear what you have to say."

Slowly, even humbly, the ruler of Graustark and her cousin passed beneath the upraised arm of the new guard. He opened a door on the opposite side of the room, and they went out, to all appearance thoroughly crestfallen. The steady features of the guard did not relax for the fraction of a second, but his heart was thumping disgracefully.

"Come here, Baldos," commanded Beverly, a bit pale, but recovering her wits with admirable promptness. "This is a matter which I shall dispose of privately. It is to go no further, you are to understand."

"Yes, your highness."

"You may go now. Colonel Quinnox will explain everything," she said hurriedly. She was eager to be rid of him. As he turned away she observed a faint but peculiar smile at the corner of his mouth.

"Come here, sir!" she exclaimed hotly. He paused, his face as somber as an owl's. "What do you mean by laughing like that?" she demanded. He caught the fierce note in her voice, but gave it the proper interpretation.

"Laughing, your highness?" he said in deep surprise. "You must be mistaken. I am sure that I could not have laughed in the presence of a princess."

"It must have been a—a shadow, then," she retracted, somewhat startled by his rejoinder. "Very well, then. You are dismissed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Emulates the Bee.** How doth the busy bootblack Improve each shining shoe? By taking dirt encrusted shoes And giving them a scour. How patiently he shines away, Nor wasteth any time, But hustles hard to gather in The nimble little dime!

## 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.

### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A reputation for good nature causes a man to stand for many a touch.

No confirmed bachelor is a job too hard for a widow to tackle.

It is hard for even the charitable man who does business with it to esteem a steam laundry.

If the making of gardens were as easy as the making of resolutions the onion crop would swamp the market.

To a hobo everybody else looks like a plutocrat except another hobo.

Before long every suburbanite will have a premonitory back ache whenever he looks at his lawn.

Probably babies cry in exasperation at not being able to solve the problem as to why some people will try to sing.

### Citation to Kindred and Creditors.

State of South Carolina, )  
County of Union )  
By Jason M. Greer, Esq., Probate Judge.

Whereas, Florence E. Davis, has made suit to me to grant her Letters of Administration on the estate of and effects of John Davis, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said John Davis, deceased, that they be and appear, before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Union C. H., South Carolina, on the 7th day of July, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal this 19th day of June, Anno Domini, 1906.

JASON M. GREER, Probate Judge.  
Published on the 22nd day of June, 1906, in The Union Times. 25-24

### NATURE'S WARNING.

Union People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come quietly—mysteriously, but nature always warns you through the urine. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy—if there are settlements and sediment, passages too frequent, scanty, painful. It's time then to use Doan's Kidney Pills, to ward off Bright's disease or diabetes. Doan's have done great work in Union.

J. H. Lindsey, with business on Main street, and residing on Spring street, says: "I have been troubled with a very lame back for quite a while. The kidney secretions were dark and full of brick-dust sediment and caused me great inconvenience, especially at night, by causing me to get out of bed so often. My back pained from my hips to my shoulder blades with a constant pain which at night would awaken me. I did everything I knew of, put on plasters and liniments, used bottle after bottle of medicine, but nothing helped me so much until I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Holmes Pharmacy. They acted like a charm and after using them the first day I went to bed and rested splendidly all night. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have not had the backache. I also tried Doan's Ointment for itching hemorrhoids from which I had suffered for years. It is impossible to express the suffering I endured, but this wonderful medicine gave me instant relief. I also used it for a sore which it completely cured. I would not be without Doan's Ointment if it cost ten times what it does."

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

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

### A Home Enterprise.

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. E. M. 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 D. JG CO.



**NO NEW BLADES. NO ANNUAL TAX. ONE RAZOR LASTS A LIFETIME. ALWAYS READY FOR USE. NEVER GETS DULL.**

Carbo-Magnetic  
Carbo-Magnetic Elastic  
Cutting Strips, \$1.00.  
Free Booklet "Hints to Shavers."

For Sale by UNION HARDWARE CO., Union, S. C.

### A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a minor break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner, Kenneth Melver, of Vancouver, Me., permitted a little cold to go on unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure at all drug stores. 50c and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

**Positions** GUARANTEED BY A BANK DEPOSIT

**\$5,000** R. R. Fare Paid. Notes Taken 800 FREE COURSES Board at Cost. Write Quick

GEORGIA-ALABAMA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.