THE SMITHFIELD HERALD.

V 280 V ATR By **Beverly** of GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON, Graustark Author of "Graustark ... Gopyright, 1904. by Dodd, STENE®.

that foot, horse and artillery were en-

gaged in the drills, and that fully 8,000

men were massed in the south of Ax-

phain. The fortifications of Ganlook,

Labbot and other towns in northern

insustark were strengthened with al-

st the same care as those in the

oth, where conflict with Dawsbergen

light first be expected. General Mar-

is roady. Underneath the castle's

ty exterior there smoldered the fire of

"I arrive to ask about my friend, the

t lainter," said Boveriv, her cheeks

its is far from an amfable person.

any highness," said the officer. When

discussing, Baldos he never failed to

uld as Deverly as 'your lighness.'

wolk without much pain, but he is as reaction over witch. Following instruc-

tions, I have not questioned him con-

"What did he say when you gave

Which one, your highness?" asked

"Why, the suggestion that he should

and to Edelweiss for better treat

"He said he was extremely grateful

for your kind offices, but he did not

deem it advisables to come to this city

He requested me to thank you in his

never forget what you have done for

"And he refuses to come to Edel

"Yes, your highness. You see, he still

regards himself with disfavor, being a

fugitive. It is hardly fair to blame him

for respecting the security of the

"I hoped that I might induce him to

give up his old life and engage in some-

thing perfectly honest, although, mind

you, Baron Dangioss, I do not ques

tion his integrity in the least. He

hills

weiss?" irritably demanded Beverly.

behalf and to tell you that he will

n my message?" asked Beverly.

out," reforted Beverly severely.

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CHAPTER XI.

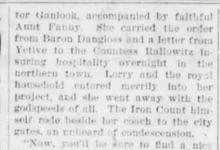
HE two weeks following Beverly Calhoun's advent into the royal household were filled with joy and wonder for her. Daily she sent glowing letters to her father, mother and brothers in Washington, elaborating vustly upon the paradise into which she had fallen. To her highly emotional mind, the praises of Graustark and been but poorly The huge old castle, relic of the readal days, with its thrrets and hastions and portfullises, impressed her with a never solding sense of woo Its great fulls and stairways, its dispel, the throps room and the armor tosori ita underground possiges and tive soul with the richest, farest joys she was, mapped to the rigorous his watchdogs. The scowl left his face near, in the flost confusion of but she was not long in recov-1.

Princise Vetera. In the private in some exployed by these young womall manner of restantat was aban of the the chains and svery vestige adjust itom the princess evi listingt and his asbrable wife, countries Yvonne, both of when 0 grows old is the court, found the 1 and her straight servent a source

Some days after Beverly's arrival there came to the costle Harry Anulth and his wife, the civacious Dag With them came the year-old cooling balle who was to overtheow the heart and head of every being in the household, from princess down. The tiny Diagtaur because queen at once. and no one disputed her rule.

Auguish the painter became Auguish the strategist and soldler. He planned with Lorry and the ministry, advancing some of the most harebrained projects that ever encouraged discussion in a solemn conclave. The staid, cautious ministers looked upon him with wonder, but so plausible did he make his proposals appear that they were forced to consider them seriously. The old Count of Marlanx held him in great disdain and did not hesitate to expose his contempt. This did not disturb Anguish in the least, for he was as optimistic as the sunshine. His plan for the recapture of Gabriel was ridiculously improbable, but it was afterward seen that had it been attempted qmuch distress and delay might actually have been avoided.

Yetive and Beverly, with Dagmar and the baby, made merry while the men were in conneil. Their mornings were spent in the shady park surrounding the castle, their afternoons in driving, riding and walking. Oftentimes the princess was barred from these simple pleasures by the exigencies of her position. She was obliged to grant audiences, observe certain customs of state, attend to the charities that came directly under her supervi sion and confer with the nobles on affairs of weight and importance. Bey erly delighted in the throne room and the underground passages. They sigmified more to her than all the rest. She was shown the room in which Lorwy had foiled the Viennese who once tried to abduct Yetive. The dungeon where Gabriel spent his first days of confinement, the tower in which Lorry had been held a prisoner and the monastery in the clouds were all places of unusual interest to her. Some of the people of the city began to recognize the fair American girl who was a guest in the castle, and a certain amount of homage was paid to her. When she rode or drove in the streets. with her attendant soldiers, the people bowed as deeply and as respectfully as they did to the princess herself, and Beverly was just as grand and graclous as if she had been born with a scepter in her hand. The soft moonlight nights charmed her with a sense of rapture never known before. With the castle brilliantly illuminated, the halls and drawing rooms filled with gay courtiers, the harpists at their posts, the military band playing in the parade ground, the balconies and porches offering their most inviting allurements, it is no wonder that Beverly was entranced. War had no terrors for her. If she thought of it at all it was with the fear that it might disturb the dream into which she had fallen. True, there was little or nothing to distress the most timid in these first days. The controversy between the principalities was at a standstill, although there was not an hour in which preparations for the worst were neglected. To Beverly Calhoun it meant little when sentiment was laid aside. To Yetive and her people this probable war with Dawsbergen meant everything. Dangloss, going back and forth between Edelweiss and the frontier north of Ganlook, where the best of the police and secret service watched with the sleepless eyes of the lynx, brought unsettling news to the ministry. Axphain troops were engaged in the annual maneuvers just across the border in their own territory. Usually these were held in the plains near the capital, and there was a sinister signifi-



place for him in the castle guard, won't yon, Count Marlanx?" she said at the parting, her hopes as fresh as the daisy In the dew, her confidence supreme, The count promised faithfully, even engerly. Colonel Quinnox, trained as were being carried on in the rough he was in the diplomacy of silence, southern extremity of the principality. could scarcely conceal his astonishcithin a day's march of the Graustark ment at the conquest of the hard old ne, fully two months earlier than warrior. usual. The doughty baron reported

Although the afternoon was well spent before Peverly reached Ganlook. she was resolved to visit the obdurate patient at once, relying upon her re-

sourcefulness to secure his promise to start with her for Edelweiss on the following morning. The couch deliv ered her at the hospital door in grand style. When the visitor was ushered ax and his staff rested neither day into the snug little anteroom of the night. The army of Graustark governor's office her heart was throb blug and her composure was undergoing a most unusual strain. It an noyed her to discover that the ap-Late one afternoon Beverly Calhoun presching contact with a humble goat Mrs. Anguish drove up in state to hunter was giving her such unmistak-Tower, wherein ant Dangloss and ably symptoms of perturbation.

From an upstall's window in the hosan far as nature would permit, and he pital the convalescent but unhappy patient witnessed her approach and arrival. His sore, lonely heart gave a bound of Joy, for the days had seemed long since her departure.

He had bad time to think during these days too. Turning over in his mind all of the details in connection with their meeting and their subse-quent intercourse, it began to dawn pon him that she might not be what him, suspicious grew into anidzing erroring his plans, but I fancy he is when he laughed sardonically at himself for being taken in by this strange but charming young woman, but through it all his heart and mind were being drawn more and more fervently toward ber. More than once he called himself a fool and more than once he dreamed toolish dreams of her, priness or not. Of one thing he was sure -he had come to love the adventure for the sake of what it promised, and there was no bitterness beneath his suspleions.

> Arrayed in clean linen and presentable clothes, pale from indoor confinement and fever, but once more the straight and strong cavalier of the hills, he hastened into her presence when the summons came for him to descend. He dropped to his knee and kissed her hand, determined to play the game notwithstanding his doubts. As he arose she glanced for a flitting second into his dark eyes, and her own long lashes drooped.

"Your highness," he said gratefully, "How well and strong you look!" she said hurriedly. "Some of the tan is

gone, but you look as though you had never been ill. Are you quite recovered ?"

""hey say I am as good as new," he smilingly answered. "A triffe weak and uncertain in my lower extremities, but a few days of exercise in the mountains will overcome all that. Is all well with you and Granstark? give me no news here, by whose order I do not know."

for Gaulook, accompanied by faithful hour she devoted her whole heart and helplessness of one whose hope is blast-Aunt Fanny. She carried the order soul to the task of overcoming his from Baron Dangloss and a letter from prejudices, fears and objections, meeting his protestations firmly and logicsuring hospitality overnight in the ally, unconscious of the fact that her northern town. Lorry and the royal very enthusiasm was betraying her to household entered merrily into her him. The first signs of weakening in spired her afresh and at last she was riding over him roughshod, a happy victor. She made promises that Yetive herself could not have made; she offered inducements that never could be carried out, although in her zeal she

did not know it to be so; she painted such pictures of ease, comfort and pleasure that he wondered why royalty did not exchange places with its servants. In the end, overcome by the spirit of adventure and a desire to be near her, he acreed to enter the service for six months, at the expiration of which time he was to be released from all obligations if he so desired.

"But my friends in the pass, your he said in surrendering, highness." what is to become of them? They are waiting for me out there in the wilderness. I am not base enough to desert "Can't you get word to them?" she

usked eaverly. "Let them come into the city too. We will provide for the poor follows, Lelieve me." "That, at least, is impossible, your

bichness," he said, shaking his head adly. "You will have to sky them before you can bring them within the elty gutes. My only hope is that Franz may be here toulcht. He has permis- pudent out in the hills, so deliciously sion to onter, and I am expecting him . today of tomorrow."

"You can send word to them that you are sound and safe, and you can him: tell them that Graustark soldiers shall "H them whatever. They shall, not be dfs. | not beyond those walls?" tupled." He haughed outright at her eathusinsan. Many times during her enger conversation with Baldos she

had almost beingred the ract that data was not the princess. Some of her highness of speech and nanner, "Horsbierth I shall be a rost annable bear to please you." "What an 19 Only the hun do goat Beverly and the faithful Aunt Fanny hunter, hunted to death and eager for

a short respite. Do with me as you like, your highness. You shall be my princess and sovereign for six months was to appear before her for personal nt leust," hersnid, signing, "Perhaps it is for the best."

"You are the strangest man I've ever een," she remarked, puzzled beyond expression

That night Franz appeared at the iospital and was left alone with Baldos for an hour or more. What passed between them no outsider knew. though there were tears in the eyes of both at the parting. But Franz did not start for the pass that hight; as they had expected. Strange news had come to the ears of the faithful old follower. and he hung about Ganlook until morning came, eager to catch the ear of his leader before it was too late.

The coach was drawn up in front of the hospital at 8 o'clock, Beverly triumphant in command. Baldos came down the steps slowly, carefully, favoring the newly healed ligaments in his legs. She smiled cheerily at him,

and he swung his rakish hat low. There was no sign of the black patch. Suddenly he started and peered intently into the little knot of people near the coach. A look of anxiety crossed his face. From the crowd advanced a grizzled old beggar, who boldly extended his hand. Baldos grasped the proffered hand and ther

ed at birth

The note which had been surreptitiously passed to him in Ganlook lay crumpled and forgotten inside his coat pocket, where he had dropped it the moment it had come into his possession, supposing that the message contained information which had been forgotten by Franz and was by no means of a nature to demand immediate attention. Had fie read it at once his suspicious would have been confirmed. and it is barely possible that he would have refused to enter the city.

Late in the afternoon the walls of Edelweiss were sighted. For the first time he looked upon the distant housetops of the principal city of Graustark. Up in the clouds, on the summit of the mountain peak overlooking the city. stood the famed monastery of St. Valentine. Stretching up the gradual incline were the homes of citizens, accessible only by footpaths and donkey roads. Beverly was awake and impatient to reach the journey's end. He had proved a most disappointing companion, polite, but with a haffling in difference that irritated her considera bly. There was a set expression of definnce in his strong, clean cut face, the look of a soldier advancing to meet a powerful foe.

"I do hope he'll not always act this WHY! she was complaining in her thoughts. "He was so charmingly imhuman. Now he is like a clam. Vetive will think I am such a fool if he doesn't live up to the reputation I've given

"Here are the gates," he said, half to he instructed to pay no attention to himself. "What is there in store for

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't be so dis-

and almost betrayed the fact that she mass," he manufed, will a softlen

were driven to the castle, where the former have farewell to her new knight until the following morning, when he instructions. Colonel Quinnox escorted him to the barracks of the guard, where he was to share a room with young Haddan, a corporal in the service.

"The wild, untamed gentleman from the hills came without a word, I see," said Lorry, who had watched the approach. He and Yetive stood in the window overlooking the grounds from the princess' 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 eleverness, expect to hoodwink him into the bellef that you are the princess?" asked Yetive, amused, but any ious.

"He's a great fool for being boodwinked at all." said Beverly, very much at odds with her protege. "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 aim 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

from Ganlook. 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!

Semething 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. Underneath all he saw the good ness 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 un responsive. Ho had his secret instructions and could not be inveigled into betraying himself. Ealdos went to sloop that hight with his mind confused by doubts. His talk with Had dan had left him quite undecided as to the value of old Franz's warning. Either Franz was mistaken or Haddan was a most skillful dissonabler. It struck him as utterly beyond the pale of reason that the entire eastle guard should have been enlisted in the scheme to deceive him. When sleep came he was contenting himself with the thought that morning doubtless would give him clearer insight to the situa-

Both he and Beverly Calhoun were ignorant of the true conditions that attached themselves to the new recruit. Baron Dangloss 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 Baidos, the goat hunter, Dangloss 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 listening with exaggerated intentness and with deep regard for de-



He dropped to his knee.

should have a chance to prove himself worthy, that's all. This morning I petitioned Count Marlanx to give him a place in the castle guard."

"My dear Miss Calhoun, the princess has"- began the captain.

"Her highness has sanctioned the request," interrupted she.

"And the count has promised to discover a vacancy," said Dagmar, with a smile that the baron understood perfeetly well.

"This is the first time on record that old Marlanx has ever done anything to oblige a soul save himself. It is wonderful, Miss Calhoun. What spell do you Americans cast over rock and metal that they become as sand in your fingers?" said the baron, admiration and wonder in his eyes.

"You dear old flatterer!" cried Beverly so warmly that he caught his breath.

"I believe that you can conquer even that stubborn fellow in Ganlook," he said, fumbling with his glasses. "He is the most obstinate being I know, and yet in ten minutes you could bring him to terms, I am sure. He could not resist you."

"He still thinks I am the princess?" "He does and swears by you."

"Then my mind is made up. I'll go to Ganlook and bring him back with me, willy nilly. He is too good a man to be lost in the hills. Goodby, Baron

Dangloss! Thank you ever and ever so much. Oh, yes; will you write an order delivering him over to me? The hospital people may be-er-disobliging, you know."

"It shall be in your highness' hands this evening."

The next morning, with Colonel Quinnox and a small escort, Beverly Cal-

"Turn about is fair play, sir. It is a well established fact that you will give me and mine. Were you beginning to think that I had deserted you? It has been two weeks, hasn't it?"

"Ab, your highness, I realize that you have had much more important things to do than to think of poor Baldos. am exceedingly grateful for this sign of interest in my welfare. Your visit is the brightest experience of my life." "Be seated," she cried suddenly. "You are too ill to stand."

"Were I dying I should refuse to be seated while your highness stands," said he simply. His shoulders seemed to square themselves involuntarily, and his left hand twitched as though accustomed to the habit of touching a sword hilt. Beverly sat down instantly. With his usual easy grace he took chair near, by. They were alone in the antechamber.

"Even though you were on your last legs?" she murmured, and then wondered how she could have uttered anything so inane. Somehow she was be ginning to fear that he was not the ordinary person she had judged him to "You are to be discharged from the hospital tomorrow," she added hastily.

"Tomorrow?" he cried, his eyes lighting with joy. "I may go then?"

"I have decided to take you to Edelweiss with me," she said, very much as if that were all there was to it. He stared at her for a full minute as though doubting his ears.

"No!" he said at last, his jaws set tling, his eyes glistening. It was a terrible setback for Beverly's confi-"Your highness forgets that I dence. have your promise of absolute freedom.

"But you are to be free," she protest "You have nothing to fear. It is not compulsory, you know. You don't have to go unless you really want to. But my heart is set on having you inin the castle guard." His bitter, mock ing laugh surprised and wounded her, which he was quick to see, for his contrition was immediate.

"Pardon, your highness, I am a rude, ungrateful wretch, and I deserve punishment instead of reward. The proposal was so astounding that I for got myself completely," he said.

Whereupon, catching him in this contrite mood, she began a determined ascance in the fact that this year they houn set off in one of the royal conches | sault against his resolution. For an

stepped into the coach. No one saw the bit of white paper that passed from

Franz's paim into the possession of Baldos. Then the coach was off for them no news. Yes, all is well with Edelweiss, the people of Ganlook enjoying the unusual spectacle of a mysterious and apparently undistinguished stranger sitting in luxurious ease beside a fair lady in the royal coach of Graustark.

CHAPTER XII.

T was a drowsy day, and, besides. Baldos was not in a communicative frame of mind. Beverly put forth her best efforts during the forenoon, but after the basket luncheon had been disposed of in the shade at the roadside she was content to give up the struggle and surrender to the soothing importunities of the coach as it bowled along. She dozed peacefully, conscious to the last that he was a most ungracious creature and more worthy of resentment than of benefaction. Baldos was not intentionally disagreeable; he was morose and unhappy because he could not help it. Was he not leaving his friends to wander alone in the wilderness while he drifted weakly into the comforts and pleasures of an enviable service? His heart was not in full sympathy with the present turn of affairs, and he could not deny that a selfish motive

was responsible for his action. He had the all too human eagerness to serve beauty; the blood and fire of youth were strong in this wayward nobleman of the hills.

Lying back in the seat, he pensively studied the face of the sleeping girl whose dark brown head was pillowed against the corner cushions of the coach. Her hat had been removed for the sake of comfort. The dark lashes fell like a soft curtain over her eyes. obscuring the merry gray that had overcome his apprehensions. Her breathing was deep and regular and peaceful. One little gloved hand rested carelessly in her lap, the other upon her breast near the delicate throat. The heart of Baldos was troubled. The picture he looked upon was entrancing, uplifting; he rose from the lowly state in which she had found him to the position of admirer in secret to a princess, real or assumed. He found himself again wondering if she were really Yetive, and with that fear in his heart he was envying Grenfall Lorry, the lord and master of this es quisite creature, envying with all the

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 forefold 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. Refuse to go with her into Edelweiss. It may be a trap and may mean death. Question her bold-ly before committing yourself.

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. Stretching 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 gleamed 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 reread the note from old Franz. Then he settled back and laughed with a fervor that cleared the brain of a thousand vague misgivings.

"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 cosch on the road

tail

Beverly was in the small audience room off 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 Yetive 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 Marlanx 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, l is first