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DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

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BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON. Author of "The Girl in the Red Coat" and "The Girl in the Blue Coat"...

"I may as well inform your highness that the regent holds another an... deeper grudge against Graustark, he said in the audience chamber, where said in the audience chamber, where said in the audience chamber..."

"I am only saying what is believed to be true by Axlphin, your highness. It is reported that he joined you in the mountains in June and since has held a position of trust in your army."

"Would you know Prince Frederic if you were to see him?" quietly asked Lorry. "I have not seen him since he was a very small boy and then but for a moment on the day when he and his mother were driven through the streets on their way to exile."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. "I'll bet father will be glad to hear that I am coming home," she said to Yette after the letter was gone.

"Oh, Beverly, dear, I hate to hear of your going," cried the princess. "When did you tell him you'd marry?" "Why—oh—let me see, when did I say? Oh, my dear, as Mr. Angrish would say, I don't believe I gave a date. It seems to me I said soon; that's all."

"You don't know how relieved I am," exclaimed Yette merrily, and Beverly was in high dudgeon because of the implied reflection. "I believe you are in a tiff with Baldos," went on Yette airily.

"Goodness! How foolish you can be at times, Yette!" was what Beverly gave back to her highness the Princess of Graustark. Late in the evening couriers came in from the Dawsbergen frontier with reports which created considerable excitement in castle and army circles.

"I do not say that he does know, Miss Calloun, but it is not beyond possibility that he may be getting information from the main factor to the messengers who await outside our walls."

"I wonder if these things would have happened if Baldos had never come to Edweiss," mused the princess. As though by common impulse, both of the Graustark women placed their arms about Beverly.

"It's because we have so much at stake, Beverly, dear, whispered Dagmar. "Forgive me if I have hurt you."

"Of course Beverly sobbed a little in the effort to convince them that she did not care whom they accused if it proved to be the right man in the end. They left her alone on the balcony. For an hour after midnight she sat there and dreamed. Every one was ready to turn against Baldos. Every one had been harsh toward him, for he had seen him repeat to the most obnoxious of duties delegated to him a far different order. He had done what was in his power to do, and Beverly's eyes brightened.

"Oh, do you think so?" she said, quite indifferently. "What are you doing with that hat?" "Takin' out de teeth—jes' as"—"Well, leave it alone. Don't disturb my things, Aunt Fanny. How many times must I tell you?"

"Good Lawd!" was all that Aunt Fanny could say. "Don't forget about the time tables," said Beverly as she snifled forth for her walk in the park.

"But, your highness," complained the count, "war may break out any day. I cannot concede delay." "I think there's a game called 'shooting craps,'" suggested she serenely. "It seems to me it would be particularly good for warriors. You could be shooting something all the time."

"He went away with a decidedly irascible frame of mind. She did not know it, but Baldos was soon afterward set to work in the garrison stables, a most loathsome occupation, in addition to his duties as a guard by night."

"After mature deliberation Beverly set herself to the task of writing home to her father. It was her supreme intention to convince him that she would be off for the States in an amazingly short time. The major upon receiving the letter three weeks later found nothing in it to warrant the belief that she was ever coming home. He did oblige, however, that she had but little time for the army of Graustark—and was especially disappointed in the set of men Yette retained as her private guard. For the life of her Beverly could not have told why she disappeared of the guard in general or in particular, but she was conscious of the fact after the letter was posted that she had said many things that might have been left unwritten. Besides, it was not Baldos' fault that she could not sleep. It was distinctly

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ing that he was dejected, tired, unhappy. His shoulders drooped, and there was a general air of listlessness about the figure which had once been so full of courage and of hope. The post light fell directly upon his face. It was somber, despondent, strained. He wore the air of a prisoner. Her heart went out to him like a flash. The delectable knight of the black patch was no more. In his place there stood a sullen slave to discipline.

"Baldos," she called softly, her voice penetrating the dripping air with the clearness of a bell. He must have been longing for the sound of it, for he started and looked eagerly in her direction. His tall form straightened as he passed his hand over his brow. It was but a voice from his dream, he thought.

"I have an umbrella," she protested. "What are you doing?" she cried in alarm. He was coming hand over hand up the trellis work that inclosed the lower veranda.

"I am coming to a place where I won't get dripping wet," he called softly. There was a dangerous ring in his voice, and she drew back in a panic.

"You must not," she cried desperately. "This is madness! Go down, sir!"

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Furs Wanted. The very best prices paid for all kinds of furs. Special prices paid for No. 1 Dark and Prime Skunk Skins. J. HOUZER Next Door to Post Office

CHAPTER XXI. THE next morning Aunt Fanny had a hard time of it. Her mistress was petulant; there was no sunshine in the bright August day as it appeared to her. Toward dawn, after she had counted many millions of black sheep jumping backward over a fence, she had fallen asleep. Aunt Fanny obeyed her usual instructions in this luckless morning. It was Beverly's rule to be called every morning at 7 o'clock. But how was her attendant to know that the graceful young creature, who had kicked the counterpane to the foot of the bed and had maulled the pillow out of all shape, had slept for less than thirty minutes? How was she to know that the flushed face and frown were born in the course of a night of distressing perplexities? She knew only that the sleeping beauty who lay before her was the fairest creature in all the universe. For some minutes Aunt Fanny stood off and admired the rich youthful glory of the sleeper, prophetically reluctant to disturb her happiness. Then she obeyed the impulse of duty and spoke the summoning words.

"What time is it?" demanded the newcomer from the land of Nod, stretching her fine young body with a splendid but discontented yawn. "Seven, Miss Beverly. What time do you suppose it is? Hi! It's 7 o'clock, 30 seconds. Did you all have a nice sleep?

"I don't know," she protested, when he announced himself ready for the game. "Nobody plays poker when it's 92 in the shade."

"But, your highness," complained the count, "war may break out any day. I cannot concede delay." "I think there's a game called 'shooting craps,'" suggested she serenely. "It seems to me it would be particularly good for warriors. You could be shooting something all the time."

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SECTION TWO

Men's We

Reg. 7.50 Suit Reg. 8.50 Suit Reg. 10 Suit Reg. 12 Suit Reg. 13.50 Suit Reg. 15 Suit Reg. 16.50 Suit Reg. 18 Suit Reg. 20 Suit Reg. 25 Suit

Children AGES 3 Reg. 2.50 O Reg. 3.50 O Reg. 4.50 O Reg. 5 Ove Reg. 6 Ove

Tug-of-War at Winter C

Fenelon Barn and Conte Des

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