

THE CHIROQUILLES OF DON Q.

BY K. and HESKETH PRITCHARD.

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The Ears of The Governor.

netic Spelling.

March 30.—Dictionary new school, do not ally in spelling, for to the movement in Carnegie, which has simplification of Eng- it was not so many the compilers of les- ded as making usages into themselves, merican lexicographer, whose house still University, at New who struck out for spelling industry and ards which the people ates were supposed to



mentally and physically, yet when evening began to fall, and the wind moaned over the sea, his impression- able nature took on a gloomy, sombre tint. He would stare at a footfall, and he had never yet seen Don Q., but in his heart he wished he had let sleeping dogs lie.

He remembered a hundred tales of the fierce chief, each one of which made him shiver. For Don Q. was a man of a strange, weird sort of humor, and scarcely one of the legends lurid manifestations of this quality. Besides, the bandit appeared to be omniscient. None ever lived to carry him face in his hands. During the formation was paid for with terrific lawlessness.

waiting below, charged to speak with- out delay to the governor on a matter of the highest importance. "You will be good enough, to request Capt. del Pino to rest himself for a few minutes," returned Don Hugo im- patiently. "Fardon, excellency, he bade me present this." The man held out a card on which some sentences were writ- ten.

the purpose of identifying it," he wound up. "By all means. Let us go without delay." Don Hugo could hardly yet credit his good fortune in thus being beheld with his own eyes the dead face. "I have never yet seen Don Q., but they tell me the vulture is unmistakable," he added.

couth outlines of a vulture's plumage. "Don Q.," a shout of astonishment went up. "At your service, senores. Be silent, I pray you, a small, commanding hand rose from the dead. He silent and remained seated. Remember, you have to deal with a man who is equally ready to die tonight or ten years hence. Also, if I may remind you, of a man who has never been known to neglect a precaution." "Where is the governor?" demanded a voice, in which anger was beginning to conquer the first shock.

matter of fact, bring an arrangement of ac- cepted, at least, on water. He was the "u" in such words of his reforms have been and others have been advised himself. The dic- tion of the present, how- the development of simply recording the editor of the Cen- Dr. Benjamin E. Biological editor of the Dr. C. F. Scott, Isaac K. Funk, the

A new governor had lately been appointed to the prison at Castellano. Don Hugo was a roystering blade, handsome, full of gallantries, and early successful in his career. In an ill-advised hour he delivered a speech in public, wherein he observed that Don Q. was a happy nickname for the brigand chief, who for so long had terrorized the district. He recounted some of his crimes, and fulminated against him the penalties of the law.

swered, and sighed impatiently. "No, no, senora; you are surely mistaken." "Hardly possible, Don Q. He is my husband!" "You are then the wife of the governor, Don Hugo?" The chief of the gov- ernment smiled slightly with some emo- tion. "What use my name, if I dared." "Of what use is beauty if it does not secure love?" she cried petulantly. "My husband?" "You love him?"

"A certain gentleman, well known, not only in the parts, but throughout the whole of Spain, certain Don Q., added the captain quietly. "You are, Senor Capitán! We have less respect for the one named in the band of the Boca de Lobo," laughed the governor, too busy in lighting a cigar to notice the smiling and uncon- scious of del Pino's features. "That vulture of the rocks has troubled us too much. He has been looking at you when you arrived, arranging to make an end of you."

the yard with an eager shout at the sight of Alice. A fine looking young fellow was Bob Phillips in his natty riding togs, sitting his saddle with the ease of a Westsaxon. He saw Alice, and figure was Alice in the doorway when the color deepening in her cheeks her great dark eyes brightening and the smiles coming to the corners of her mouth.

ward, and his head was breaking it open, "no, you can't, it just ain't born in you. I've got to do it alone." "Why, Alice, what's wrong with your mother?" "Oh, I know it, mother. I'm a horrid creature. I can't help it. Father's gone off again and left us for three years now. Sometimes he remembers to buy me a pair of shoes or a hat, but he never looks at me, or he does what he does, he just looks and scratches for wood just down to chopping wood and making the fence till the place looks more ghastly than ever, it possible."

of a vulture paraphrased in human likeness. "One word more, senores. This Don Hugo committed a crime. It became necessary that I should come down from my sierra to deal with him. He made before you this evening a state- ment that he had made before a public. He said that Don Q. was poor than the meanest ass in Spain— I give you the exact words, senores; for he carried but one ear. Sit still!" His livid, eyes flickered ominously upon them. "Behold, senores, one, two," he touched his ears one after the other with the hand that was not engaged in holding a pistol. "You can now see honorable men bear witness that you have yourselves counted the ears of Don Q., and that he poses both. You will have the goodness to count those of the governor of Castellano as well as mine—presently."

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"What is well. Keep your oath in mind," advised Don Q. "For the story he told me about to carry out will be told in the papers of Spain by your children's children." "After this quiet of death fell upon the cave, he believed the chief to be still there, for he certainly had not passed by the sentries, who would have seen him. He passed in the silence of the night, and he proposed to go down. Robledo and Gaspar to follow. "My children," he said, in his slighest tones, "they are under the mountains with whom I have an old feud should deal, the governor of the prison at Castellano."

It was evening. On the roof of the prison he saw a cluster of potted palms in a couple of pots, and he placed in the best position to catch the cool air from the mountains. "Del Pino is a sinner," he murmured, and fanned herself languidly, while the governor sat smoking cigarettes in the shade of the balcony. "You are a sinner, Del Pino," he murmured, and fanned herself languidly, while the governor sat smoking cigarettes in the shade of the balcony. "You are a sinner, Del Pino," he murmured, and fanned herself languidly, while the governor sat smoking cigarettes in the shade of the balcony.

Del Pino made a gesture of horrified surprise, and he murmured, "I am a sinner, Del Pino," he murmured, and fanned herself languidly, while the governor sat smoking cigarettes in the shade of the balcony. "You are a sinner, Del Pino," he murmured, and fanned herself languidly, while the governor sat smoking cigarettes in the shade of the balcony.

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