

# THE PRODIGES OF DON Q.

## How Don Q.'s Sword Was Drawn for the Queen

BY K. and HASKETH PRITCHARD.

(COPYRIGHT BY PEARSON-PUB. CO. AND CANADA NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE)



up. The chief stood in the centre of the cave, shaken visibly by some fierce emotion. "You have been to Malaga?" he asked abruptly. "Who was the chief guest at your hotel?" "I see," Lalor considered. "A fellow from South America, calling himself Don Costa. He seemed to have an amount of money."

"No, no. On the contrary, I am deeply gratified at the upshot of our little meeting." "Can you get at him then?" "As any moment," the chief assured him, with peculiar urbanity. "But how, and where? The royal party has moved, the streets are decorated, and—"

"My dear nephew, if you will trouble yourself to go down upon your knees, and look under my bed, I think you will find our excellent friend there."

"How in the world did you manage to get me?" "I gave him the choice of coming quietly with me and submitting to my wishes, or having his brains blown out over the breakfast table."

"And he came with you?" "Most certainly. He did not even hesitate, and had no time to spare, and told him so."

After the death of Don Luis del Monte no event of great import occurred for long period in the sierras. Certain captures were indeed made, and certain persons of small consequence were held to ransom during those weary months of monotony, for in the course of his long and interesting career as a chief of sequestradores, brigands who held to ransom, Don Q. had had dealings with many sorts and conditions of men. Persons of divers callings had passed through his hands—sportsmen, politicians, merchants, a doctor, a couple of English M.P.'s, a High Church parson of the same nationality, the German Count von Squealotte, an American newspaper proprietor, and many adventurers. But when his men, patrolling the lower passes, lassooed the first of the latter, a certain gentleman of a profession with which he had never before come in contact.

Garth Lalor was nearer twenty than he cared to own, full of the irrespressible sap of youth, and of a racial blood that made it difficult for him to take things as they came. Without much delay Don Q. sent for him. Lalor was distinctly stirred by the romance of the situation, for the brigand was a man with an ominous record, and the captive looked with a good deal of curiosity at the fragile figure framed in a cloak that croaked and hissed the great air, spreading bloodless hands to the blaze. Was this person the fierce-hearted and terrible character they spoke of in Don Q.'s tales? As usual, a wide soft brim of felt hid his features, and he seemed unaware of the entrance of the party, until Lalor stepped suddenly up beside him to the fire.

"Good morning, señor. It is precious cold," he said, and he turned to look at the word and thrust him back roughly. Don Q. raised his head and looked full at this unusual prisoner. "Excuse my taking of my hat, señor," the chief spoke at last in smooth, deliberate tones. "As you say, it is cold. I regret that your visit to us should be made in such unpleasant weather. Still we welcome you, for we have been in danger of suffering from dullness lately, and I foresee both pleasure and profit from your society."

"The queen is already on her way to Malaga, where she is to make a progress through the streets on the 15th. Don Basilio presumes that some infamous plot against her is being prepared. You have heard of this man?" "He's pretty notorious," Lalor replied. "You may take my word for it, señor, he is even worse than the world believes him to be."

"It is at the man himself that I must strike!" the chief paused and laid a yellow forefinger on Lalor's sleeve. "Are you willing to risk your life in service to the Queen, and thereby cause me to remit your ransom?" "If I am willing to take the remitting of the ransom, señor," exclaimed Don Q. "I see our way into this man's presence!"

"Our way?" "Yes, we two—alone!" the chief bent forward and whispered for some time into Lalor's ear, breaking off at intervals to give way to terrible sibilant paroxysms of laughter.

"The queen enters Malaga this afternoon," observed Lalor, sitting down to the breakfast table. "The royal progress through the streets takes place, and the lights of the house were low, and as she leaned for a second, a billow mass of chiffon and lace, against the emerald, her heavily-lashed eyelids half closed and she sighed faintly."

"I am afraid you would have been disappointed, for Don Basilio always rears a pair of eyes, but between the white tab at his back and the curly-brimmed hat of a noble and a pair of fierce livid-lidded eyes peered forth to arrest the attention of any on-looker."

"I do not fight with gnats!" he answered ruefully, yet his eyes, he added, turning away. "But the bishop's active figure was again before him. I have not yet entirely forgotten the flesh. My fiery temper has ever been a thorn in my side. About to vent his rage in words, he added—'Forget all I have said—I earnestly trust I have not frightened you!' The churchman's livid eyelids flickered up at Don Basilio's puffy face and before that gentleman could re-

"The chamber of the bishop was luckily somewhat isolated in consideration of his illness. About two o'clock Don Q. rose and dressed himself in ordinary attire, packing his bishop's costume in his valise, while he requested Don Basilio, stung with the pain, made a fierce onslaught and Don Q. took off the gag, his dear nephew."

"I am glad you would have been disappointed, for Don Basilio always rears a pair of eyes, but between the white tab at his back and the curly-brimmed hat of a noble and a pair of fierce livid-lidded eyes peered forth to arrest the attention of any on-looker."

"I do not fight with gnats!" he answered ruefully, yet his eyes, he added, turning away. "But the bishop's active figure was again before him. I have not yet entirely forgotten the flesh. My fiery temper has ever been a thorn in my side. About to vent his rage in words, he added—'Forget all I have said—I earnestly trust I have not frightened you!' The churchman's livid eyelids flickered up at Don Basilio's puffy face and before that gentleman could re-

"The chamber of the bishop was luckily somewhat isolated in consideration of his illness. About two o'clock Don Q. rose and dressed himself in ordinary attire, packing his bishop's costume in his valise, while he requested Don Basilio, stung with the pain, made a fierce onslaught and Don Q. took off the gag, his dear nephew."

"I am glad you would have been disappointed, for Don Basilio always rears a pair of eyes, but between the white tab at his back and the curly-brimmed hat of a noble and a pair of fierce livid-lidded eyes peered forth to arrest the attention of any on-looker."

"I do not fight with gnats!" he answered ruefully, yet his eyes, he added, turning away. "But the bishop's active figure was again before him. I have not yet entirely forgotten the flesh. My fiery temper has ever been a thorn in my side. About to vent his rage in words, he added—'Forget all I have said—I earnestly trust I have not frightened you!' The churchman's livid eyelids flickered up at Don Basilio's puffy face and before that gentleman could re-

stumbled against every day, let me tell you. At the close of the third act, although there was still much to be played, Alberta turned to her companion. "We'll go now," she said simply, but she helped her on with her wrap. As she went to the door, she had a lumination of her face. It was an illumination he had never seen before—an illumination in which he knew instinctively he had no part. When Hershel, having gotten his hat and coat, joined her in the lobby, and was about to enter a cab, one of the girls' hands went out to his ready arm; but the other deftly handed him his ring.

"I've decided you'd better keep it," she said calmly, while his fingers closed tightly around the jewel. Hershel looked at her, and then at the strange smile. "I'll explain to you as we walk along. Not 'No' a cab; I prefer to walk—in fact, I had to get the curtains gone up, don't get frightened. I'll be here before the bloom of things over."

"How was turning out in the aisle, unconsciously, even to herself, Alberta's eyes swept him from head to foot—ruminatingly, and she was not a matter of a few seconds, with almost a child's fresh joy in her voice. "Nothing matters now but the big things. Occasionally, she had a sudden habit to herself, with a queer little thrill: 'I'm going home to-morrow! I'm going home to Louisville to-morrow!'"

### WHILE THE PLAY WAS ON

BY VIRGINIA LELLA WENTZ

They came in rather late—the first act was well under way. The girl, in her soft evening gown, swept quickly down the aisle and took the seat indicated by the usher with serene noiselessness. The man with waxed moustaches and flashy diamond studs followed ostentatiously. He sat down, much to the annoyance of the party directly behind, after unduly pompous remarks. Contentment and composure were in Mr. Hershel's face.

"I'm afraid you would have been disappointed, for Don Basilio always rears a pair of eyes, but between the white tab at his back and the curly-brimmed hat of a noble and a pair of fierce livid-lidded eyes peered forth to arrest the attention of any on-looker."

"I do not fight with gnats!" he answered ruefully, yet his eyes, he added, turning away. "But the bishop's active figure was again before him. I have not yet entirely forgotten the flesh. My fiery temper has ever been a thorn in my side. About to vent his rage in words, he added—'Forget all I have said—I earnestly trust I have not frightened you!' The churchman's livid eyelids flickered up at Don Basilio's puffy face and before that gentleman could re-

### HOW TO GROW FERNS.

From time to time one hears of lack of success in fern balls, those bits of greenery from Japan, made by the natives by winding the rhizomes of the fern Davallia bullata about balls of sphagnum moss. The trouble usually arises from lack of moisture, of which a good quantity is necessary. Try immersing the fern balls in water every few days and leaving them for an hour or more. Occasionally, a little liquid manure mixed with the water hastens the growth of the ferns.

### Taking His Word for It.

"I don't want to be in the way of my Diana. (Sotto voce) Prettiest girl in London, old chap."

### In Greeniana.

Joey Esquimaux—"Give me a bite of your seal blubber!"

Joey Esquimaux—"No! I won't!"

Joey Esquimaux—"All right, you! Didn't I let you drink half when I booked the map out of the mission Sunday school?"

Modern Society.

A Related Apology.

Mrs. Talbot, in a fit of pique, was talking in a sleep last night. Her husband, Henry—"Pardon me for interrupting you."—Smart Set.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"He married beneath him—an impossible proposition." "No, I don't think so." "Ah, I see. A misalliance, eh?" "No, a Miss Smith, I believe."—Cleveland Leader.

Asked for Instructions.

Caller—"Nellie, is your mother in?" "Nellie—" "Nellie, is she out shopping?" "Nellie—" "When will she return, Nellie?" "Nellie—" "Nellie—" "Nellie, what shall I say now?"—Harper's Bazar.

OR LINEN  
Do the best  
ing a PURE  
OAP like  
"ISE"  
all such ma-  
sweet with  
harshness.  
name.  
SOAP

CARSON  
HIS BROTHER.

John Men Who Had  
Each Other for  
Years

March 22—Rev. J. F. Man Catholic parish, B. passed through return from Buffalo, though a paragraph in he met a long lost had not heard of him

for such a long time Carson (U. S. A.), gstown, O. Lieut. of Mr. and Mrs. St. John, N. B., and he left that city to in the United States army, United States army, to the west, where in is he was wounded, was retired, and with Youngstown, O. Re- became more trou- last resort he was gency Hospital at wishing to see the of his family, it sert a paragraph to Boston Herald. This couple of weeks ago Rev. Father Carson B., and hence the dent, Carson is re- a precarious con- entertained for his

OLD IN ONE DAY  
OMO Ointment Tablets  
if it fails twice: B.W.  
on each box. 25c.

ell Hill.  
HILL, March 22—  
on, No. 51, S. T.,  
of the oldest temper-  
the province, will  
mountain on Tues-  
27th.  
Mountville has pur-  
adjoining his own  
ging to the heirs of  
Wilber.

er returned today  
of Ganong Bros., St.  
in & Lindsay Co.,  
ord Woolen Mills,  
in the village this  
ed this morning at  
Obed Calkins, who  
a lingering illness  
stomach. The de-  
as Mr. Calkins' sec-  
erly Miss Joanna  
the late W. A. West

22—Claims aggre-  
-ained were paid  
the wreck of a Bos-  
rod and relatives of  
Lincoln, last No-  
persons were kill-  
is in the wreck at  
owed shortly after  
\$15,000 has been

brated  
Cocoa.  
S'S  
food, with all  
allities intact.  
Cocoa main-  
em in robust  
oles it to resist  
eroid cold.

Nutritional  
omical.

matter, my ma?  
I gutter be Pres-  
up, I'd set my  
prize fighter. Boo

All my possessions are before you.  
The clothes I stand up in, \$5 in English  
money and half a pocketful of the coin  
of the country, which the delicacy of

of the country, which the delicacy of