ENOUGH FOR SPEC-TACLES.

merchants have asked to impose a tax of \$200 travellers selling direct ner. The trouble with this kind is that those them but seldom look benoses. And their noses either .- Toronto Globe.

EVER COMES.

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DOMINGO

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THE CHRONICLES OF DON

BY K. and HASKELL PRITCHARD,

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HOW DON, Q. DEALT

No. II.

The British Government, having been put to some trouble in the marker of Gewli-Hay, immediately and imperious, in the same of the danger than the bore.

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Thrown upon his own resources and realizing that something must be done which it seemed the ordinary agencies of the law could not effect, he fell back upon the device of employing private enterprise.

It was upon this business that he journeyed to Malaga to meet a certain Don Luis del Monte, who appeared to him extrarodinarly qualified for the task to be performed. In Spain, as in other-countries there is always a sufficiency of broken gentlemen, ready to lend a hand to any well paid job. Luis del Montes was one of these.

At the time Don Felipe summoned him, he was living in aching poverty above a shop where they sold tobacco and stamps.

The governor entered into the business with a new zest. To pit Don Luis against Don Q. meant bloodshed and in fat Felipe Majada the instinct of the bullring awakened.

"Sit down," he said aloud; "I will explain the plan the plan

"What do you propose to pay the man who undertakes it?"

"One thousand pesetas."

Don Luis del Monte laughed and snapped his fingers in contempt.

Two thousand pesetas then."

Don Luis shook his head.

"Dollars," he said, parenthetically.

"Impossible! Would you ruin the country?"

"No, no, You forget I know better, my dear senor. I have already in my time explored her pockets myself! Two thousand dollars."

Teh question was not settled in a moment, but eventually Don Luis del Monte's debonnair inflexibility on the point prevailed.

"The price of my life," he said, "and a beggarly bad bargain."

"For the Government," amended Don Felipe. "Besides you will live to enjoy it in Malaga. How, then, do you propose to get to work?"

"I must be captured, and you will ar-

By CARROL SANGER

Pace's appearance bore the marks of

time his hand fell upon the phial of poison in his pocket, he never found the few minutes' grace to do the deed.

By night this failure began to work upon his nerves. Without, only the cold scent of the wind and the red-cored fires that burned below in the darkness of the glen; within, that terrible companion, whose bleared eyes never seemed to close.

But at length the chance came of litself when a robber, hoarse and diffident, appeared in the mouth of the cave, and Don Q. went out to him, leaving del Monte alone.

With a rapid movement he unstoppered the bottle and poured its contents liberally into the brigand's wine. Then he sank back with a great sigh. The tension was broken; Don. Q. was practically dead.

Presently Don Q. came back and resumed his seat opposite.

"Senor, hear me."

But rough fingers were clapped upon his mouth, and in a moment he was plnioned at the door of the cave, and in a moment he was plnioned at the door of the cave, and the darkness. The plcturesque ladrones, yellow handkerchiefs tied across their brows, were playing cards beside the fires. Behind them rose the rocky walls of the valley.

When Don Q. spoke again he delivered sentence in cold terms.

"I was at some trouble," he said, "te allow you time enough to poison my wine. You did so. And now it still wants five minutes to midnight, and at 7 and 9 in the morning two things are going to happen. They both concern you intimately. Can you guess? At 9 the priests of San Pedro, the little church you passed on your way here, will begin to sing masses for a soul. die. If you have not complete dthe operation by 9 o'clock, why you will, of athers are trying to do for you."

"I guess that can be arranged, too," laughed Pace. "And as soon as we can get an ambulance here to take care of poor Brace we'll go uptown for a celebration dinner."
"At a real restaurant?" demanded Bobby.
""At the best"."

Bobby.

"At the best," laughed Pace.

"Gee!" sighed Bobby. "I'm glad I saved you. I'm hungry. I only had a cream puff and a pretzel for lunch."

On the way up in the street car—the cabs had all gone uptown at that hour—Bobby sat between Carter and Mabel.

"Them books is good," he suggested. his mind harking back to the discussion of the afternoon. of the afternoor "I bet you let your boys read them." Bobby added.

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Paces appearance pore the marks of the storm.

"Carter," he said hurriedly, "you may let the clerks go, but I wish you would stay yourself. I shall be busy for some time and may need you. Miss Keeler please get your book."

With a sigh Mabel picked up her stenographic book and followed her employer into his private office. Carter dismissed the other clerks and returned quietly to his books. Bobby made himself comfortable and reached for his beloved litertaure. He must wait to copy the letters Mabel was taking down, but as how I ain't worth while."

Jessie shook her head. "I am from the East," she said. "I never in the hope that the school ma'am had not yet gone home.