

THE CHRONICLES OF DON Q.

By K. and HESKETH PRITCHARD.

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The Ears of The Governor.



A new governor had lately been appointed to the prison at Castellano. Don Hugo, was a roystering blade, handsome, noted for his good looks, and early successful in his career. In an ill-adviced 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. All this Don Q. read in his mountain eyrie with exceeding relish. It flattered his self-esteem. The speech was fully reported in the local journal, which we may call El Mundo, but the stinging lay waiting in the lead columns of the lower hills, according to their practice, had met with a lady—a very great lady she seemed—who far from objecting to the stinging manner, she carried prisoner into the sierra, instantly demanded to be taken into the presence of the warden chief. Don Q. lifted up his head. "Do not keep me any longer, I pray, Gaspar," he said in a sharp, sibilant voice. "What is this?" "Lord, a senora would speak with you," stammered the man. Don Q. paused. It must be confessed that lady something of a novelty. "Good. The senora's name?" "The lady would tell you that herself, lord."

"But," she ventured, "you promised to help me." "That will I do also." "Tell him I have a little museum up here in the mountains to which I desire a small addition." "Tell him further that when I come down to Castellano, I shall have with me two ears—my own; but then when I depart I shall have four ears, my own and his. Yes, senora, admit that single-handed, within fifteen days, I, Don Q., will come down from the mountains and crop the ears of the governor of the prison of Castellano." "But," she cried in horror, "you have deceived me. An earless husband!—how unmercifully!" "Nay, senora, he will be the more faithful, believe me." For the eighth time the governor of the prison of Castellano muttered an angry oath. Because, for the eighth time that evening, his excellency had found his hand straying nervously to his ears. The message of Don Q. had been faithfully brought down to him by his wife. In her presence, and indeed to himself during the hours of daylight, he would scoff at three, with a little absurd and empty vaporing of a wretched hill thief. He was a strong man, and he would star at a fool, and his hand would rise up to his ears. He cursed his imagination, he cursed Don Q., he cursed his wife, but in his heart of hearts he wished he had let sleeping dogs lie. He remembered a hundred tales of the fierce chief, each one of which made him shudder. For Don Q. was a man of a strange, warped sense of humor, and strangely one of his captives attached to his name but glowed with lurid manifestations of this quality. In the hands of the warden chief, he was a man of a strange, warped sense of humor, and strangely one of his captives attached to his name but glowed with lurid manifestations of this quality. In the hands of the warden chief, he was a man of a strange, warped sense of humor, and strangely one of his captives attached to his name but glowed with lurid manifestations of this quality.

ject which touches them nearly. The caballeros of the district no less than the citizens of the town appeared to find Don Q. a rather far from conducive to calmness. However, his reputation stood with the poor; the rich, whom he sent empty away, bore him with a certain respect. He was a man of a strange, warped sense of humor, and strangely one of his captives attached to his name but glowed with lurid manifestations of this quality. In the hands of the warden chief, he was a man of a strange, warped sense of humor, and strangely one of his captives attached to his name but glowed with lurid manifestations of this quality. In the hands of the warden chief, he was a man of a strange, warped sense of humor, and strangely one of his captives attached to his name but glowed with lurid manifestations of this quality.

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 this being rid of his hunting foe. He longed to hold with his own eyes the dead face of the man who had never let him get away, and they tell the vulture is unmistakable," he added. "Absolutely unmistakable," commented del Pino. "BECK." Don Hugo led the way from the room. "You say the body is in a cell, senor? Why put a dead body in a cell?" he asked laughing, as they went down the corridor. The captain of the civil guard smiled slightly. "From all that is said of Don Q., excellency, I thought it well to turn the key even on his corpse." The governor stopped as they passed a doorway leading upward. "My wife is on the roof—I will tell her." Del Pino restrained him. "Pardon, excellency, make sure of him first." They descended to the level of the ordinary cells, then lower to those more remote and secured dungeons reserved for the worst criminals. "No, no, excellency, allow me to show you the way. The cell is already lit," del Pino's voice was heard to say as the door shut behind them. A quarter of an hour passed, but the effervescence of excitement had not yet subsided in the assembly room, when the door opened and a figure stood upon the threshold. It was not that of the governor or del Pino. A sombrero and a cloak concealed the actual features, but the attitude and the huddled folds of the cloak bore the unmistakable outlines of a vulture's plumage. "Don Q.!" a shout of astonishment went up. "At your service, senora. Be silent. I pray you—a small, commanding hand rose from the cloak. "Be silent and remain seated. Remember, you have to deal with a man who is equally ready to die to-night 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. "Safe, senora. In a cell of his own prison, and with him is the body of a man who has never been known to neglect a precaution. Whose methods have brought discredit upon my profession, and whom I have at length punished as I understand the function properly appertaining to the

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— BY — NORA BRYANT

Mrs. Humphrey shelled the peas in silence, waiting for the outburst. She was a meek little woman accustomed to listening to her beautiful, tall daughter and obeying her behests unquestioningly. Alice possessed all the independence of spirit which her mother lacked. "Alice, Alice," said Alice, leaning violently on her bed and breaking it open, "you can't do it alone. I've got to do it alone." "Alice, Alice," said Mrs. Humphrey, "you shouldn't talk so of your father."

a tree that stood in the dooryard. As she looked her eyes lighted with a mischievous smile. Then she began her preparations for supper. In a short while she had laid out on the table covered dishes in her hands. These she placed on the top of the old stump which she had raised up to their shilling covers. She returned to the house to set the table. The hay wagon rattled into the yard. "Alice, Alice," said Mrs. Humphrey, "you shouldn't talk so of your father."