

# THE CHRONICLES OF DON Q.

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NO. VII.

A KING OF FINANCE.



of money spending tour-  
ing, which flourished here  
sons under the skillful  
countryman, Mr. Pat  
fied to British refer-  
ence.

TO CURE FOR PILES  
Dr. F. J. M. Drugg  
ing return money if FAZO  
cure in 6 to 14 days. See

## THE DEAN PARTRIDGE.

DN, N. B. April 28—  
the late Dean Partridge  
was very largely at  
observed were most  
remains were conveyed  
at ten o'clock this  
Cathedral. Previous to  
service conducted by  
reet was held at the  
nber of the clergy were  
in the family accompan-  
the church. Here  
partaken of, the fam-  
being the only ones who  
the service the casket  
up to 2 o'clock large  
church and grounds. The  
remains. The funeral  
shortly after two with  
led. It was a most im-  
pressive ceremony, the  
being favorites of the  
the conclusion of the  
session formed and pro-  
where Internat  
Lordship the Bishop  
Street conducted the  
church and grounds. The  
Archdeacon, Messrs  
Canons Richardson,  
awham and Dean Rev.  
About twenty of the  
scent sections of the  
present and preceded  
chief mourners includ-  
sons-in-law of the de-  
des represented in the  
the Masons, Sons of  
stry of Christ church,  
es were very fine and  
TED 3 MONTHS.  
with a severe cough  
months, and though  
of medicines they  
any good. A friend  
of Dr. Chase's Syrup  
Turpentine, and I was  
by two bottles.—  
in, Cape Cove, Gaspe



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Time went on for a long period in the mountains as serenely as of old. The executive had deprived Madrid of his appointment, but otherwise the matter of dealing with Don Q. fell once more into abeyance.

Thus the usual series of captives continued to appear in the Boca Lobo, but although most of them were satisfactory from a financial point of view, it chanced that not one presented any qualities of interest in the eyes of Don Q., until certain Mr. George McCorkadale—whose fame was emblazoned in the bourses of the two hemispheres—blundered into the wide-cast net of the robber chief.

Though a naturalized Englishman, he had been born and bred in Cuba. He early crossed to Brazil for larger facilities of trade; later New York and London knew him well. There was, in fact, nothing Scottish about him but his name and his extraordinary business instinct. He was one of the few who, starting well equipped in life with a large banking account and an excellent share in a profitable business, have refused to sink back upon the couch of ease offered to them by circumstances. Born rich, at 20 he was hard at work, and at 35—the age at which he visited Spain—he had contrived to roll the ball of his fortunes through so much of the mud of the world's wealth that he had become one of the money kings of the day.

Already inclined to fleshiness, and already inclined to fleshiness, and over-swarthy, he yet possessed a pronounced degree of the type of good looks characteristic of the Spanish colonies. It was commonly reported that he had never met his match at a bargain or a prophetic forecast of the weather changes of the financial world. But his most salient quality was said to be the capaciousness of his maw. Those who knew him best declared that, if he had gathered all the wealth of the universe into his pocket, with the exception of a single dollar note he would know no rest until he had somehow acquired that last dollar also. Under those conditions of life he had contrived to share of his preponderant good greed, he could be conceived a gambler. In fact, he was a gambler, but with accurate knowledge, power and pull on his side—a peer to his generation of the most modern kind.

Such was the man who in an interval, in a lull in his electric career, chose to go motoring in Spain. He told his two friends that he was feeling the strain of his business, and then slipped quietly away to join his yacht at Vigo. As a matter of fact, he was in the position of a hunter who has set a snare and waits out of sight for his quarry to fall into it. He had engineered with skill and consummate completeness a corner in that human necessity, corn. Never before had he held so strong a hand in the destinies of the world. To be absent while he engineered such speculations worked out to their appointed issue was a part of his scheme. He foresaw a possible amount of embarrassment when those most concerned saw his net closing over them. He resolved to go away for a holiday and leave time to play his hand for him. So, having forced even time to his own uses, he disappeared to await the moment when he must return for his final coup and victory.

At the parades in the village, one night a spoken name roused him from his brooding. "The talk had veered about to a subject that under the sierra possessed a perennial interest—the doings past or possible of Don Q."

"I have heard many stories of this fellow," McCorkadale joined in, with the half-contemptuous manner peculiar to him. "Tell me his last exploit."

"The innkeeper, a thin, dark, wiry mountainer, glanced furtively round at the men gathered in the room and shook his head.

"The Cuban smiled unpleasantly. "You have the nerves," patron, he said. "You look as if you know

round in a rough waltz. He fancied he heard a growl from the spectators but the dance hurried to an end and a black-browed man at once came up to tell him that the cazador had already departed to locate the quarry for his excellency's pleasure.

In the forenoon of the next day Wilson from his couch by the wall watched McCorkadale ride away toward the mountains with Robledo and one or two in from the footway. The innkeeper turned in from the doorway.

"George McCorkadale, most entirely at your service," the gentleman that name was saying as he swept his hat in an elaborate bow across his feet "McCorkadale," Don Q. repeated slowly, gazing at the swarthy face opposite, "and an Englishman."

Yet that turn of the wrist was surely the Spanish tongue. He illustrated the supple movement of his hand, the rocky terrace outside his dwelling in front of him stood the recently-caught captive, smiling and jaunty, in these peculiarly varying degrees to a marked degree from the generality of individuals who occupied that position.

"The bear hunt had resolved itself into a trap for the hunter. When McCorkadale arrived at the patch of level ground shut in by steep cliffs and feathered with brushwood—which he was assured was excellent ground for pig—the man closed in about him. He grasped at the rifle slung behind his saddle, but his captors were too quick for him.

"His first feeling was a murderous flare of rage. But Robledo and his companions knew how to handle lions and men, and as the mule was led upwards through patches of pine and pinesap, along tracks hardly to be detected, toward the jagged, echoing ravines, the Cuban cooled down to a more reasonable view of the situation. For an idea germinated in his mind that a temporary seclusion in the glen of the brigand might very well answer his purpose for which he had left England. He proposed to have as good a time as possible, and though, when he left the languorous woods behind and climbed further and further into the shadows of bare hillsides, the desolation and intangible menace of the landscape communicated itself to his thoughts, he shook it off, and with a cheerfulness he judged that personage would find unusual.

"Though English born, senior, I had the privilege to be brought up in your country," he supplemented the speech by another extravagant bow. "The chief's eyelids flickered. There was a suspicion of mockery in the man's courtesies.

"I have just been an exile from the world," he remarked with apparent irrelevance, "and there are many types of Englishmen."

McCorkadale looked sharply at him. The words might have conveyed an insult had the tone been less suave.

"Shall we touch on the subject of business?" went on Don Q. urbanely. "The matter of your ransom, for example, senior."

"Certainly. But pray let me assure you I am not a rich man. My wife's pity!"

"It is indeed a pity," as I had thought of saying fifty thousand—"

"Casetas?" interjected the prisoner airily.

"The senior is mistaken. I was about to say dollars; but, since he has the bad taste to bargain, we will say pounds—fifty thousand English pounds meaning."

"You joke, surely? It is the ransom of a millionaire!" exclaimed McCorkadale.

Don Q. bent his head with a polite gesture of assent. Precise you do not understand that I am a man whom sordid considerations easily pain and offend. We will not return to it for a week. The pettiness of the matter disgusts me, as I have said; but I stand on a grand scale—that is another affair. I have looked forward for some time with discussing the subject with you so eminent an authority as yourself."

McCorkadale turned the dark red of a swarthy man.

"In spite of your exile you seem to gather some news up here," he remarked, dropping his debonaire manner.

"I flatter myself that it is so," agreed Don Q. with much amiability. "I count myself fortunate in meeting you. At one time or another members of various professions have honored me here in the mountains—sportsmen, doctors, politicians and so on; but never before a millionaire. They came to me in various ways—by rail, by cable, by boat, and on horseback. But you, senior, outdid them all by rushing headlong into my domain in an automobile."

The chief smiled, as though paying his companion a compliment.

"Ah, the scoundrel!" said McCorkadale reminiscently. Then, resuming his flippant manner: "You've got the better of me this trip. Well, I must communicate with my secretary. This ransom will take some time to collect,"—adding to himself, "But may I be skinned if ever you finger a penny of it!"

It was the evening of the second day. Don Q. sat on a rock, his feet within the cave over cigarettes and coffee. The conversation, touching on many points, lingered long on present-day financial methods. McCorkadale had explained the nature of "trusts" and "corners." He had galledly admitted that such combinations stifled legitimate trade, that companies to absorb any special line could be engineered with the effect of starving small traders out of their lawful share of business. A description of the corner in corn was given, though its promoter modestly omitted to mention his interest in the operation.

Don Q. listened with attention, more satisfactorily than his children down there in the valley. Suppose we name \$100,000 as the sum to be placed in my hands by next Sunday. If you will have the goodness to write your instructions now the mo-

ney may come in time for the 21st. You will pardon me, senior."

"Well, it is uncommonly inconvenient," McCorkadale objected.

"That would you? My children must be satisfied. They do not comprehend the operations of high finance."

"Think again Don Q. Surely there is no need to lift so much capital as the original sum stand."

"Pray do not force me to repeat once again of a transaction between us. If you desire to bargain we can postpone the matter for another writing—watermark for your letter."

The chief passed into the cave, leaving McCorkadale upon the terrace.

At first the Cuban frowned at the opposite cliff, but pleasant thoughts quickly followed, and suddenly he threw back his head and laughed aloud—a ringing peal of laughter that awoke the echoes.

Only one man in the valley below ventured to look up, and his mouth opened wide in an answering grin.

Don Q. had approached from behind with his usual noiseless step. He stealthily conferred with the chief.

"The joyous spirits of my guests please our amiable Brancolo. It is good. We laugh each in our turn, we of the sierra," he said.

From the outset McCorkadale had tried to get into touch with Don Q.'s men, but failed until he happened upon Brancolo, the upshot of their two meetings was a very neat plot to rid them of Don Q. and to acquire his treasure.

Brancolo was half Italian, half Spanish—a powerful, hairy fellow with a sleek, smiling face. He had not been long in the sierra, and nothing short of necessity would have driven him there, for he was accustomed to a city life of easy idleness.

At the plot matured Brancolo persuaded a couple of intimates to join. The night for the attempt was fixed, and no suspicion seemed to have visited the chief. The Cuban was allowed to wander at will about the valley—even to linger in the dark shadows of the cave. A faint rasping noise nightly in the cave had so far eluded Don Q.'s usually vigilant ear, a faint, hissing sound, the sound of the brigand's best days were over.

On the appointed evening, after a friendly dinner and smoke enjoyed in the company of the chief, McCorkadale withdrew to the particular recess in which he slept behind a cunningly contrived door. The accustomed routine was gone through. The chief followed him to turn down the bolt. It fell with its well known click, and the Cuban in the darkness beyond it listened with a satisfied grin.

That night a change had taken place in the weather. The wind squalls of rain drove across the valley, and when, a couple of hours after midnight, Brancolo met one of the brigands leading to the mountain mist filled the valley.

"What? Are you alone? Is it Pedro, Brancolo? Where, then, is Pedro, Brancolo?"

"He's not here tonight. The Old One sent him to Cantalera this evening," was the reply.

"What matters? There are still three of us."

Brancolo began to feel his way up the mountain slope, his companion ahead of him. Weird noises of nighttime in the sierra seemed all about them, and they were scarcely sorry when they reached the opening of the cave. A red light fell from its well known crack, and the Cuban in the darkness beyond it listened with a satisfied grin.

From where the men stood one wall of the cave was dimly visible, but the fire and large area of the floor were hidden by a range of rock that screened the entrance.

McCorkadale, for his part, lay long awake upon his bed of dry fern and grass, listening to the movements of the brigand. By and by he began to soft pacing to and fro, a nightly habit of Don Q.'s, which always immediately preceded his going to rest. But on this night it seemed to the Cuban that he continued his walking much later than usual.

At length all was still except the moaning of the wind and the occasional sharp patter of a shower on the rocks outside.

By feeling the hands of his watch he knew that the hour was come. He crept from his bed. With infinite precaution he drew in the wire that unlocked the bolt, and he began to then noiselessly pushed the door open and slipped out, stealing up the short passage to the main cave, and looked in. The fire had sunk to a heap of glowing ashes, but a light enough to show Don Q. huddled in his cloak on a stool by the hearth.

McCorkadale stopped, breathless, with a curse in his heart, but plucked up spirit as he noticed the still, brooding, birdlike attitude that surely betokened sleep.

Perhaps, after all, luck was on his side. Don Q., for once, was caught napping, his head hunched between his shoulders. Instead of the danger of hunting him out of some hidden lair, how much easier now to—

He moved forward again until he came within the sight of the mouth of the cave. Instantly two figures detached themselves from the gloom outside.

The moment had arrived. McCorkadale sprang swiftly behind Don Q., and fired three shots into his body. The brigand brayed once, and falling forward, settled limply, face downwards, on the rocky floor.

McCorkadale stood tense, one foot advanced, waiting to see a movement. But there was none—the black draperies lay still. Yet the terror of the dead was upon him, for he started at the sound of a sigh behind him. He glanced back. At his shoulder stood Brancolo, livid over the ragged tufts of his beard, his starting eyes fixed upon the chief's body.

McCorkadale pulled himself together. "See, he is down at last! Did I

not tell you? Where is his charmed life? Come, let us search for his hoard; there is no time to lose."

He ran forward, Brancolo at his elbow. There was a strange grinding noise, a strange shriek. He heard Brancolo grout out an oath as he pitched headlong into the glowing embers. The Cuban whirled round on his heels, and met a ray of light from the darkness of the cave. He could not see, but he fired wildly, and clucking the pistol, rushed in upon the man with the lantern. The light was snuffed off, and, against the wall, he dashed heavily.

He did not need to hear the familiar sibilant chuckle. Don Q.'s counterstroke was plain enough now. For awhile he lay half-stunned, then a little burst of flame—Brancolo's beard ablaze in the hot ashes—showed him the brigand standing over him. The Cuban dragged himself into a sitting posture, with his back against the wall. He was utterly confounded and awed, his early spirit of courage evaporated.

The chief opened the lantern, and looked him over, breaking into intermittent chuckles of harsh laughter.

"Mr. McCorkadale," he began, using the English form with a derisive inflection, "the song was not so far-fetched after all. You came into the sierra to scratch the parrot's head, and found the vulture at the Cuban tried to turn his face against the pitiless light with a shudder.

"Corpus of a scullion! Am I grown sick, and dead, and blind? I pursued the brigand. 'Yet four to one against me! The chances were all on your side, fool!'

"No, for you have the luck of the dro betrayed us. I did not see him."

"I assure you, you misjudged him—and, permit me to add, me also. He cheated a few details—reluctantly, believe me; but they did not appear appreciably to the knowledge I had already of your little scheme. Pah! Animal, get up and pull this carrion out of the fire."

McCorkadale, in spite of his name came of a hybrid race that knows when it is beaten. He obeyed.

He bent over Brancolo. The man had been stabbed in the back. One hand still clutched at the cloak of the dummy figure with which Don Q. deceived them.

Under the chief's directions, McCorkadale worked frantically till he tossed the dead body into the valley below.

"Now, our good Brancolo—our chief friend. We must not forget," said Don Q. in his softest tones, as he turned his lantern on a

shapless, horrible something, that lay by the opening of the cave. "You do not ask a question. Shall I tell you? He lingered so long fearing to cross my threshold that the door sills caught and crushed him."

McCorkadale's shaking lips were blue.

"And Pedro?" he gasped.

Don Q. shrugged his shoulders. "What do I know? I consider my fortune. Indeed, senior, I consider myself indebted to you—he lit a cigarette as he spoke—"for you have rid myself of some of the least desirable of my children."

By the time McCorkadale returned to the world the corner in corn had become past history. People spoke of it as an extraordinary coup manager. Later, when they met with its promoter, they began to believe in the legend of overstrained nerves he had so glibly circulated before he visited Spain. Brancolo, rumor declared that the ruined millionaire had lavished enormous sums on religious institutions in that country, who best knew an addition which could not be made by any other means.

"Yet it happened to be true," and this was how it came about.

"I fear, senior, you do not feel towards me the gratitude which I deserve at your hands," Don Q. observed at the moment when the consummation of his captive came to an end. "I have saved you from committing a monstrous crime."

"Crime?" echoed McCorkadale bitterly.

"I know of what you are thinking of the night of our little adventure in the cave. Is it not so? You appear to forget that you would have killed me had I not had the good fortune to be beforehand with you."

"You have my ransom; let me go," cried the Cuban desperately.

"Pardon me, senior, it is of that I would speak with you. I cannot soil my hands by taking a ransom of money gained as yours has been."

McCorkadale turned and terrified look upon him. Fate had forced him to learn on those latter days some of the things he had of late taught to others.

"You have nothing to fear," resumed Don Q. "I am a man of honor. You have bought your freedom; and, though I cannot myself accept the price of it, I must fulfill my part of the bargain in giving you your liberty. I will deduct an amount for distribution among my children, and afterwards I venture to hope that by bestowing the remainder on hospitals and sisterhoods that aid the poor we may purge it from the curse it carries."

ily, "but it made me mad that they didn't tell the other side of it—that you are one of the best women. Did you give up everything for him? Where have you been for the past ten years? Nowhere. What have you done all that time, except take care of him? Nothin'. Ain't you suffered an' been patient? Didn't you give up the man you loved so you could spend all your time taking care of your father? Sarah, if I was going to name a regular saint on earth, I'd name you."

It was a long speech for Seth Carlton to make. He sat back in the chair, rather surprised at his own statement of his feelings. Sarah smiled feebly.

"Didn't it?" he persisted.

"Yes," she admitted slowly.

"Ah! hasn't it meant something all these years?"

She nodded her reply, for her eyes brimmed with tears and there was a lump in her throat.

"Talk about patience an' sufferin' an' patience on earth," he exclaimed. "Them folks ain't got eyes to see beyond their noses. That's what made me provoked."

He rose and stalked up and down the room. At last he paused before her.

"You've been a saintin' of it about long enough," he declared, "you've done your duty, more'n done it, an' I've waited for you for ten most unwanted years. Now, next Saturday you want you—"

"Not so soon as that, Seth," she begged.

"Next Saturday," he said inexorably. "An' we'll go on to Washington next a month, an' to New York, an' to Philadelphia. Your saintin' days are over. It's time for a while."

"I can't—not so soon," she protested.

"Did I say a word durin' them ten years?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Hadin't that ought to count for something?"

"Yes, I suppose it had, but Seth—"

He smiled almost grimly as he played his rump card.

Suddenly she began to weep without restraint. He watched her in silence. Intuitively he knew that these were not tears of sorrow. After a time he sat beside her on the sofa of his voice.

"Hush, oh hush!" she whispered. "They'll hear you out in the kitchen. Miss Jones and Miss Parsons are out these washin' dishes."

"Think I care if they do?" he said defiantly. "I ain't a mite ashamed of it. Are you?"

He lifted her eyes to his and smiled. It was a wonderful smile. Somehow the room seemed to lose much of its desolation, even as her face lost its many traces of years and patient suffering.

"I'll be ready Saturday," she said.

In parts of Australia where the average yearly rainfall is not more than ten inches a square mile of land will support only eight or nine sheep. In the Argentine Republic, South America, the same area, with thirty-four inches of rain, supports 2500 sheep.

## AN UNOFFICIAL SAINT.

The little parlor with its hair-cloth furniture, its gaudy rug carpet, its stuffed birds and its impossible chromes was a dismal place at the best; but now with the double row of chairs still ranged up to the sides of it, and the feeble light of an unshaded kerosene lamp emphasizing all its barren ugliness, it seemed a veritable desert of a room.

Sarah Biggle sat primly erect on the sofa, her black-bordered handkerchief crushed between her hands. She was vaguely resentful of this words of solitary dignity she was forced to maintain. She wanted to be out in the kitchen washing dishes. This sitting still with folded hands like a visitor in one's own house was not to her mind what she wanted. She realized that she was at least, it was expected of her, and Sarah was not one of those intrepid souls who can throw conventionality to the winds.

She heard the gate latch click and then the sound of heavy footsteps coming up the gravel walk. She leaned forward, listening intently. Any diversion would be welcome to her tense nerves. Frantically she front door opened softly and as softly closed. She was aware that some one had tiptoed clumsily into the room. She looked up to find a pair of good-natured eyes regarding her whimsically.

"Good evening, Seth," she said, without rising. "Won't you set down?"

Seth Carlton selected a straight-backed chair in the front row, jerked it forward and sat down awkwardly.

"I run over to see how you was gettin' on," he explained.

"Oh, nicely," she replied. "Everybody's been to good. And Seth, I want to thank you now."

"What for?" he demanded brusquely.

"For all you done," said she, "fixin' up the hedge an' lookin' after the horses to-day an' bein' one of the bearers." She paused a moment. "Don't you think everything passed off well?" she asked.

He nodded abstractedly. He appeared to be thinking deeply.

"Sarah," he said at length, looking at her with that penetration of gaze she always found rather disconcerting, "do you know I was sort of provoked to-day?"

"Provoked?" there was surprise and wonder and disbelief in her voice.

"Yes, provoked," he repeated flatly.

Her eyes questioned him, but she waited silently for him to go on.

"I was listenin' to what lots of them folks had to say to you to-day," he resumed slowly. "I heard 'em talkin' about his sufferin' an' his patience. I heard one of 'em say he was a regular saint on earth."

"Wasn't he?" Her tone was very calm, but there was a hint of challenge in it.

"I'd be the last one to deny it," said he, "but what made me provoked was that them folks only looked at one side of it. There wasn't none of 'em that spoke of your sufferin' or your patience."

She was silent. Her hands were nervously twisting and untwisting the black-bordered handkerchief. A spot of color came into her cheek.

"Mind, I know your father was one of the best men," he said sturd-