

A CHAPARRAL PRINCE.

He Came A-riding to Release a Little Maid From Bondage.

By O. HENRY. Copyright, 1907, by the McClure company. Nine o'clock at last, and the drugging toil of the day was ended.



THE CANDLE WAS BURNING LOW. was eleven years old, thin and ill nourished. Her back and limbs were sore and aching.

Lena's home was in Texas, away up among the little mountains on the Pedernales river, in a little town called Fredericksburg.

The stump of candle was burning low, so Lena hastily bit the wood from around the lead of her pencil and began. This is the letter she wrote:

Dearest Mamma—I want so much to see you and Gretel and Claus and Heinrich and little Adolf. I am so tired. I want to see you. Today I was slapped by Mrs. Maloney and had no supper.

Waverly Gas Engine Oils. Absolutely free from carbon. Light in color. Flows evenly, leaves no deposit.

were the chief interest and joy of his existence. Next came the emperor of Germany and Lena Hildesmuller. "Tell me," said Fritz when he was ready to start, "contains the sack a letter to Frau Hildesmuller from the little Lena at the quarries?"

"Yes," said old man Ballinger, "that's a letter for Mrs. Hildesmuller or some such name. Tommy Ryan brought it over when he came. Her little gal works over there, you say?"

"In the hotel," shouted Fritz as he gathered up the lines; "eleven years old and not bigger as a frankfurter! The close fist of a Peter Hildesmuller!"

"Donnerwetter!" shouted Fritz with all his tremendous voice. "Wasst list! Release your hands from those mules. Ve vas der United States mail!"

"Hurry up, Dutch!" drawled a melancholy voice. "Don't you know when you're in a sickup? Reverse your mules and climb out of the cart."

It is due to the breadth of Hondo Bill's demerit and the largeness of his achievements to state that the holding up of the Fredericksburg mail was not perpetrated by way of an exploit.

"Say, cap," he said, addressing Hondo Bill, "there's liable to be good pickings in these mail sacks. I've done some boss tradin' with these Dutchmen around Fredericksburg, and I know the style of the varmint.

"Ach, no, no, no—dot is German!" said Fritz. "It is no more as a little girl writing a letter to her mamma—no poor little girl, sick and working hard away from home.

"What the devil do you take us for, old Pretzels?" said Hondo, with sudden and surprising severity. "You ain't presumin' to insinuate that we gents ain't possessed of sufficient politeness to take an interest in the miss' health, are you? Now, you go on, and you read that scratchin' out loud and in plain United States language to this here company of educated society."

Hondo twirled his six shooter by its trigger guard and stood towering above the little German, who at once began to read the letter, translating the simple words into English.

Hondo Bill parleyed aside briefly with his hand, and then they seized Fritz and conveyed him off the road to one side. Here they bound him fast to a tree with a couple of lariats. His team they tied to another tree near by.

"We ain't going to hurt you bad," said Hondo reassuringly. "T'won't hurt you to be tied up for awhile." For more than two hours Fritz sat against his tree, tightly but not painfully bound.

"Hit it out for home, Dutch," said Hondo Bill's voice commandingly. The little mules sprang ahead, glad to be moving again.

According to schedule time, he should have reached Fredericksburg at daylight. As it was, he drove down the long street of the town at 11 o'clock a. m.

"Woman," he roared at his wife, "why did you let that child go away? It is your fault if she comes home to us no more!"

Every one knew that it was Peter Hildesmuller's fault, so they paid no attention to his words. A moment afterwards a strange, faint voice was heard to call "Mamma!"

"Gott in himmel!" he shouted. "How did you get in that wagon? We ain't going crazy as well as to be murdered and hanged by robbers this day?"

"You brought her to us, Fritz," cried Frau Hildesmuller. "How can we ever thank you enough?" "Tell mamma how you came in Fritz's wagon," said Frau Hildesmuller.



wakened me up, and I peeped down the stair. And then the prince came up and wrapped me in the bedclothes and carried me out. He was so tall and strong and fine. His face was as rough as a scrubbing brush, and he talked soft and kind and smelled of schnapps.

SWISS JAIL LIFE EASY; CONVICTS WON'T ESCAPE.

Board and Room in Prison, Work and Leaf Outside.

Prison life in Switzerland is a luxury instead of a punishment. The comic opera jail at Thorburg, where the inmates did as they pleased, has only recently been suppressed by the Bern authorities.

A correspondent of a Lausanne paper states that he was passing through Sarnen when he saw a number of men dressed in dark blue clothes with white stripes walking about the village smoking and joking.

They are unaccompanied by warders, and there is nothing to prevent their escaping, but they are far too comfortable to think of relinquishing their quarters.

Two or three convicts "escaped" some weeks ago, but they eventually returned to the prison in a half-famished condition.

CHIMNEY SWEEP A SCHOLAR.

England Also Discovers Canalboatman Who Loves Mythology. Some London papers commented with more or less facetiousness upon the report from New York that a barber was studying for a degree at Harvard.

Walter Hunt, a chimney sweep, has taken a course of university extension lectures, which he passed with honors. Before he became a chimney sweep he was a sailor.

Tennyson Disturbed. This story is told in Robert H. Sherard's book "My Friends the French." A granddaughter of Wordsworth being full of admiration for the young poet who was to succeed her grand father in laureate honors, was undertaken to see Mr. Tennyson by Mrs. Taylor, the wife of another poet of some distinction.

Currency in China. Writing from the interior of China, a traveler says: "Currency is primitive to a degree. Lump silver only is used and copper 'cash.'"

The Man and the Parrot. Exasperated Purchaser—Didn't you guarantee that this parrot would repeat every word he heard? Bird Dealer—Certainly I did. "But he doesn't repeat a single word."

CHICHESTER SPILLS. DIAMOND BRAND. Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS.

Proposed Amendments To Penn'a Constitution

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THE COMMONWEALTH BY THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION.

Number One. A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Number Two. A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Number Three. A JOINT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Number Four. A JOINT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Number Five. A JOINT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Number Six. A JOINT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Number Seven. A JOINT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Number Eight. A JOINT RESOLUTION Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

TO ALL CREDITORS, LEGATEES AND OTHER PERSONS INTERESTED—Notice is hereby given that the following named persons died on the date affixed to their names. The accounts of their administration to the estate of those persons, deceased, and Guardian Accounts, etc., whose names are hereinafter mentioned, in the office of the Register for the Probate of Wills and granting of Letters of Administration, in and for the County of Montour, and that the same will be presented to the Orphan's Court in said county, for confirmation and allowance on Monday, the 10th day of October, A. D., 1910, at the meeting of the Court in the afternoon.

Sept. 17, First and Final account of Jonathan P. Bare, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Caroline Fry, late of Mahoning Township, Montour County, deceased.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the State Highway Department in the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pa., until two o'clock in the afternoon of October 19, 1910, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled, for the construction of 1,800 feet of road, extending from the end of present macadam road to a point near Foust street, in Danville Borough in the County of Montour under the Act of Assembly approved May 1st, 1905.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg Pa. Each bid must be made upon a blank furnished by the State Highway Department (which blanks will be supplied upon request) and enclosed in a sealed envelope endorsed: "Proposals for reconstruction of road in Danville Borough, Montour County."

OLD TIME LONDON. The Days When Men in the Pillory Were Pelted With Eggs. London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 600,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sights and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drams were in an appalling condition. The innumerable churchyards were so full of coffins that they often projected through the turf. Bear and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the carts round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—London Saturday Review.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARKS DESIGNS. PATENTS. A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH. Ely's Cream Balm.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS USE OLD DAVIS HOME. Bath and Collect Oysters and Crabs Near New Orleans. The veterans of the Confederate army are housed in the home which was once the house of Jefferson Davis, on the Gulf of Mexico, not far from New Orleans, where they can see the blue expanse of water, bathe to their hearts' content and in spare moments collect oysters or catch crabs from the piers in front.

FIBER PREVENTS DROWNING. Lighter Than Swansdown, but Two Pounds Float a Man. One of the most important life saving discoveries ever made has just been tested on the Thames at London. A vegetable fiber has been found lighter in color than flax and lighter in weight than swansdown, and less than two pounds of it will buoy any man or woman from drowning.

What Did It Mean? A notice board in a Scottish kirk once bore, it is said, the following amazing sentence: "This church is licensed for the solemnization of marriages." Listen to others, but do not blindly depend on them.