

PELTED QUEEN AND HER AUTO WITH MUD

PARIS, Nov. 24.—Queen Marguerite of Italy, who has just completed an automobile tour of several thousand miles through France, Holland, Germany and Switzerland, complains bitterly of the hostility of the people in the latter country towards automobilists. She was repeatedly held up, obstructed and even pelted with stones and with mud by people who were unaware of her identity, and who saw in her only one of the abhorred foreign motorists. Many Americans touring in Switzerland in motors have met with similar experiences in the Helvetic republic.

In Holland, too, the queen, or rather her automobile met with so much ill will on the part of the public that in spite of her strict incognito the Dutch authorities insisted upon furnishing her with an escort of four gendarmes who followed in another motor being unwilling otherwise to assume the responsibility for her safety.

MINISTERS AFTER THEATERS

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Nov. 24.—The second Sunday with the lid on found no violators of the saloon law. Tonight Protestant ministers talked against Sunday theaters, open this season for the first time in Terre Haute. The police board will not close them and bitterly rebuke the ministers for demanding it, when the ministers have not commended saloon closing.

SHOT BY HER SON

LOCKHART, TEX., Nov. 24.—Mrs. J. V. Wiseman, of Laverne, Tex., who is in Lockhart visiting her sister Mrs. John Saunders, was shot and fatally wounded at 8 o'clock this morning by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of her six-year-old son who was playing with the weapon.

AVENGES HIS DAUGHTER'S DEATH

WHARTON, TEX., Nov. 24.—T. J. Hollop, a cripple, came in today and surrendered, stating that he had shot and mortally wounded Andy Hart, his son-in-law, at East Bernard. Recently Hart and his wife were arrested and taken to Houston on charge of causing the death, through a criminal operation, of the young sister of Mrs. Hart. Mrs. Hart died while the charges were pending. On habeas corpus Hart was released on the murder charge, but was indicted for immoral relations with the dead girl. He was released on bail and returned to East Bernard.

NEW ORLEANS TRADE RUSH FOLLOWS QUARANTINE LIFT

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 24.—With the opening of all avenues of trade the past week and the lifting of practically the last quarantine barriers, the trade that has poured through this city has been unprecedented. Millions of business has been transacted in ten days. Railroad and steam boats have found themselves literally swamped by the rush of trade springing up after the yellow fever depression. Million dollar deals, one after another, have taken place.

OPERATE ON HARVARD CAPTAIN

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—Daniel J. Herley, captain of the Harvard football team, has a blood clot on his brain. Dr. Nichols, who is in charge of the athletes at Harvard, says an operation on the brain will be necessary.

BIG BOWLING CONTEST

SEATTLE, Nov. 24.—Final arrangements have been completed for the big telegraph bowling match to be played next Saturday night. Seven of the larger cities in the territory from Denver to the coast will compete in the big event. San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Butte, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma will have their best aggregation of ten pin artists at work on that night.

No doubt there are people who consider marriage a joke, but think of the rude awakening when the preacher says, "two dollars, please."

SIR HENRY MORGAN

PUCCAN

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Author of "The Southerners," "For Love of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc., Etc.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapter
Sir Henry Morgan, former pirate, having purchased immunity and knighthood from the king of England, has reformed and has become vice governor of Jamaica. He is despatched and, knowing the officers sent to arrest him, determines to become again a freebooter.

CHAPTER II.

CLOSE under the towering walls of the old Spanish fort, now for a quarter of a century dominated by the English flag, as if seeking protection from its frowning battlements with their tiers of old fashioned guns, stood the Blue Anchor tavern. It had been a famous resort for the bold spirits of the evil sort who had made Port Royal the base of their operations in many a desperate sea venture in piracy in the two decades that had just passed. But times had changed, even if men had not changed in them.

The buccaneer had been banished from the Caribbean, whereupon, with a circumspect prudence, he had extended his operations into the south seas, where he was farther from civilization, consequently harder to get at and naturally more difficult to control. Since the sack of Panama, twenty-five years ago, his fortunes had been rapidly declining. One of the principal agents in promoting his downfall had been the most famous rover of them all. After robbing his companions of most of their legitimate proportion of the spoils of Panama Sir Henry had bought his knighthood at the hands of the vena! Charles, paying for it in treasure, into the origin of which, with his usual careless insouciance, his easy going majesty had not inquired any too carefully. And the old pirate had settled down, if not to live cleanly at least to keep within the strict letter of the law. There was thereafter nothing he abhorred so thoroughly as buccaneering and the buccaneer—ostensibly, that is.

Like many a reformed rake, this gentle child of the devil, when the opportunity came to him with the position of vice governor, endeavored to show the sincerity of his reformation by his zealous persecution. He banished without mercy such of his old companions in crime as fell into his clutches. They had already vowed vengeance upon him, these sometime brethren of the coast, for his betrayal of their confidence at Panama. They had further resented his honor of knighthood, his cloak of respectability, his assumption of gentility, and now that he banished and punished right and left without mercy their anger and animosity were raised to the point of fury, and many of them swore deeply with bitter oaths that if they ever caught him defenseless they would make him pay dearly in torture and torment for these various offenses. He knew them well enough to realize their feelings toward him, and, blind fate affording him the opportunity of the upper hand, he made them rue more bitterly than ever their wild threats against him.

He had, moreover, so conducted himself in his official position that everybody—good, bad and indifferent—on the island hated him. Why he had not been assassinated long since was a mystery. But he was a dangerous man to attack. Absolutely fearless, prompt, decisive, resourceful and with the powers and privileges of the office he held besides, he had so far escaped all the dangers and difficulties of his situation. Charles had constantly befriended him and had refused to give ear either to the reiterated pleas of the islanders for his removal or to the emphatic representations of the Spanish court, which in bitter recollection of what he had done—and no more cruel or more successful pirate had ever swept the Caribbean and ravaged the Spanish main—were persistently urged upon his notice. But with the accession of James the situation was immediately altered. The new monarch had at once acceded to the demand of the Spanish ambassador, presented anew at this opportune time, and a new gov-

ernor of Jamaica was dispatched over the sea with orders to arrest Morgan and send him to England. Hawxherst, who in common with all the officers of the insular army hated the blood-stained villain whom fortune had placed over them, had solicited Lord Carlisle to allow him to execute the order, with what success we have seen.

The news of the long wished for downfall of the tyrant had been spread abroad and formed the one topic of conversation in Port Royal and the vicinity that day. Now the work of the day was over, and, as usual, the Blue Anchor tavern was crowded with men from the frigate and other shipping in the harbor, mingling with others from the purlieus of the town. Fumes of rum and spirits pervaded the tobacco

smoked barroom, which served as the main parlor of the inn. It was yet early in the evening, but the crowd, inflamed with liquor, was already in uproarious mood. Over in a corner a young Englishman was singing in a rich, deep voice a new song by a famous poet of London town:

"Let us sing and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice.

With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!

The changeable world to our joy is unjust.

All treasure's uncertain.

Then down with your dust;

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings and pence.

For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

"We'll sport and be free with Frank, Betty and Dolly,

Have lobsters and oysters to cure melancholy;

Fish dinners will make a man spring like a flea.

Dance Venus, love's lady,

Was born of the sea;

With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense.

For we shall be past it a hundred years hence."

It was a popular song evidently, for the whole assembly joined in the chorus:

"In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings and pence.

For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence."

They roared it out in the deep bass voices of the sea, marking the time by hammering in unison upon the oaken tables with their pewter mugs and flagons. The sentiment seemed to suit the company, if the zest with which they sang be any criterion. Care was taken to insure a sufficient pause, too, after the chorus between each of the two verses, to permit the drinking—after all the essential part of the evening's entertainment—to be performed without hindrance.

To Be Continued

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