

The Leavenworth Echo.

Entered at the Postoffice of Leavenworth, Wash., as Second Class Matter DEED H. MAYAR, Editor and Proprietor

Special Notice-- All resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, notices of entertainments where an admission fee is charged...

The Light and Water Proposition

A proposition made by the Snow Creek Water Company to the Town of Leavenworth, read at a regular meeting of the town council Tuesday evening...

The contract existing between the town and the Tumwater Light and Water Company, having yet some eighteen months to run, fixes the cost of the fire hydrants at \$55 each per year...

To the general public the cost of the light service is 13 cents per kilowatt for the first 60 kilowatts; over 60 and under 100, 9 cents per kilowatt...

The proposition submitted to the council by the Snow Creek Water Company at the meeting Tuesday night fixes the cost of fire hydrants at \$10 a year, or a reduction of \$25 on each hydrant...

As a taxpayer, interested at least to the amount of your taxes, it might be well for as many of you as can make it convenient to be on hand next Tuesday night.

recently conveyed to another company, like the Tumwater Light & Water Co., an auxiliary to the Lamb-Davis Lumber Co., lost money for its owners.

Eternal Vigilance the Price of Liberty

While the above caption may not be wholly applicable it will serve to point a moral, and perhaps adorn a tale.

Next Tuesday evening an adjourned meeting of the council will be held in the city hall at which it is understood the proposition of the Snow Creek Water Company will be considered...

As a taxpayer, interested at least to the amount of your taxes, it might be well for as many of you as can make it convenient to be on hand next Tuesday night.

OLD SETTLERS MEETING

The old settlers are called to meet in the Commercial Club rooms Saturday, May 13, 3 p. m. F. A. Losekamp.

Resolutions of Condolence

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to call from time into eternity, and from labor to reward, the soul of Mr. T. H. McGrew, father of O. H. McGrew, who is an honored member of the Improved Order of Red Men, Chickamin Tribe No. 97.

Therefore, be it resolved, First, That we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who is too wise to err and too good to do wrong.

Second, That we, as a Tribe, pledge Brother O. H. McGrew our sympathy in the death of his father, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and published in our home paper, the Leavenworth Echo--and in the Grangeville paper--and also a copy given to the family.

The following is a list of those who successfully passed the examination for the forest reserve in the Wenatchee national forest: R. J. Huston, J. S. Breder, W. G. Hellan, T. W. Greve, R. O. Massiker of North Yakima, and Paul Pederson of Malaga.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Orville Bethel went to Peshastin Thursday.

W. T. Graves came down from Merrig Thursday afternoon.

Forest Supervisor Sylvester and wife are at Wenatchee Lake this week.

Mrs. C. R. Rothen left Sunday for Vulcan, Wash. to spend a couple of weeks with relatives.

Art Johnson went to Wenatchee Thursday afternoon to attend the Eagles reception at that place.

The Palm poolroom is installing two more pool tables this week and making other improvements.

John Cochran, chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, was here this week.

Attorney Fred Reeves of Wenatchee was here Tuesday and attended the council meeting in the evening.

Wesley Conner, Oxford, Neb., uncle of the Hinman girl, is here on a visit the guest of G. W. Hathaway and wife.

Ira Edwards, who has been spending the winter in Sunny California, passed thru Thursday afternoon on his way to Wenatchee.

Frank Davis and Dode Brown, who have been conducting a livery business, dissolved partnership this week. In the future the business will be conducted by Mr. Davis.

Mr. Wright of the Wright & Day Orchard Company, owning a 200-acre ranch two miles east of town, said this week that his company was setting out this spring fifty odd acres in trees.

William James of Chivaukum was held up Saturday night by highwaymen and relieved of a watch and \$2 in coin. The holdup occurred as Mr. James was crossing the viaduct. In his vest pocket was a roll of bills amounting to \$100 which the highwayman missed.

The excavation for the Weigand building on the corner of Ninth and Front streets is almost completed. Work on the foundation will be commenced next week. Mr. Weigand's building is to be 50x110, two stories in height, with basement, and will be supplied with every modern convenience.

Kid Band Concert Tonight

The boys who compose our Kid band will give a concert tonight in the opera house, and they deserve the patronage of every man who believes keeping up the band is a good thing.

The boys meet in the city hall two nights every week for practice. They show improvement--indeed, will compare favorably with the best in the country. Prof. McDaniel has given unsparingly of his time in training the boys.

POST ROUTE ABANDONED

Hardship on Chumstick and Chewawa River Valley Patrons

George Siverly from Wenatchee lake was in town this week. He says application has been made for a postoffice at the head of the lake. Since the office at Telma has been abandoned, because no one would agree to act as postmaster, the residents of the lake region have been without mail facilities.

Previous to the discontinuance of the Telma route from Leavenworth residents in Chumstick and Chewawa river valley were served with mail twice a week by the carrier and enjoyed all the advantages of a rural route.

An application was made last summer for an office at Appleton, but the matter seems not to have been pursued to a conclusion. It is impossible to get a rural route in the section named on account of the thinly settled condition; but a postoffice at Appleton or some other point agreed on is possible, provided some one will consent to act as postmaster.

One of our subscribers aired his troubles in rhyme; but as he did not want his name printed, and it is against our rules to print poetry without the name of the author, it is omitted.

The Knight of the Silver Star

CHAPTER III.

W had not gone fifty yards when a score of men suddenly surrounded me. My companions, rushed upon me. The struggle was short and sharp. I was unable to make any kind of resistance and was dragged from my horse and my hands tied securely behind me.



PRINCESS DARIA.

dead, two of ours and four of these--my hearing terrible witness to the fact that the fight had been no child's play. It was my first experience of medieval warfare, but it was not destined to be my last.

"With luck we may get to heaven," O'Ryan whispered to me, "but I don't think we'll ever get to Yadosara. Prisoners of war get badly handled. We'd better get going with those poor devils ponder."

The rebel camp, which was set around a good sized town, called Meera, I learned later, lay between two spurs of the hills, and we came upon it suddenly. O'Ryan and I were taken into a barrack and five of our men and officers had been unceremoniously locked in a dungeon. We were in absolute darkness and for some moments stood quite still and were silent.

A flood of torchlight poured into the darkness through the open doorway and I rose to my feet, but the two soldiers who entered had not come for me. They stood O'Ryan, who after a few sheepish grins, stood up, very wide awake indeed.

"Wanted or soon?" he said. "One of the soldiers answered in the affirmative. "Good! Far better than long waiting," he said, and he shook hands with me.

The next moment he was gone. The door closed and was locked again and I was alone. Perhaps an hour elapsed before the door opened again. A soldier entered and placed on the floor some food and a flagon of wine. I thanked him, and he satuted me. He waited until I had eaten some of the food and drunk the wine, with what relish I leave to the imagination, and then requested me to follow him. Outside a small guard received me, and I was taken across the barrack yard, which was full of life and bustle, to a building on the opposite side.

It must have been about noon when a body of warriors more imposing than any I had yet seen marched into the yard. The officer came to me. "The princess holds council, and I am commanded to bring you before her," he said.

I inclined my head. My journey to the council hall was through the streets, and many people, chiefly women and old men, had gathered to see me pass. We turned into a courtyard surrounded on three sides by massive stone buildings and, marching straight across, halted for a moment before gates which opened into a great hall. At each end of the building was a huge round window, but the lighting was insufficient, and the place was gloomy. The floor was of stone flags, worn a good deal, and indeed the whole edifice looked old. I know little of architecture, but although the style was common in Drussenland I have seen nothing like it elsewhere. Seated in the center of the hall on a platform was a woman surrounded by knights who were clad in steel--a costly sight to look upon. It struck me such eyes as mine. Just below the platform on either side stood a dozen men in loose garments reaching from shoulder to heel tied at the wrist with a white

neck, the ends of which fell to the ground. Each wore a white skullcap. They were all elderly men, and their hair and beards had been allowed to grow at will. To say that the princess was the most beautiful woman my eyes had ever rested upon is hardly to describe her. The whole of Princess Daria's world allowed that she was the most beautiful of women, and the women of Drussenland are beautiful. Her warriors, from the highest knight to the humblest soldier, worshiped her and had sworn obedience to him who should win her for himself. My first impression was that she was fit to rule those who bowed before her. She looked queenly and their mistress. Seated in her chair of state, as I first saw her, she looked a princess; she looked what she was, the idol of her people, and she looked more, a woman a man could love.

Every eye was turned toward me as I advanced up the hall. Certainly never before had I been such a center of attraction. I saw O'Ryan standing at the foot of the platform between two soldiers, but as I approached he eluded their vigilance and, rushing toward me, fell on his knee and kissed my hand, whispering as he did so: "Admit everything. It's our only chance."

Evidently I had to play a part of some sort. There was silence for some moments as I stood at the foot of the platform. The princess leaned forward in her seat to study me closely, and I tried to look unconscious of the sensation I caused.

He in the white robe and the silver stilette was the first to speak.

"Is it true what this man has told concerning you?" he said, pointing to O'Ryan.

"Sometimes men lie. What has he told concerning me?" I said.

"That suddenly, while he watched in the night, you came from the mountains quickly by a path unknown, which no man has traveled."

"It is true."

"Know you sought of us in Drussenland?"

"I know that war stirs death among the hills."

"Nought else?"

"I know that Khrym looks down and is sorrowful, hiding his head with a cloud."

"The great Khrym shall be appeased tomorrow," he said. "Is it from Khrym you have come?"

He asked the question slowly.

"I have said that I came from the mountains. Has any man traversed the path I have traversed?"

"And you have come to help us?"

"To all good."

"Tell us your mission that we may know you."

"From the mountains have I come to help you against your enemies. Be strong, and your princess shall sit upon the throne in Yadosara. Be faithful, be valiant, and that which has been hidden for ages from your eyes shall once more sparkle in the sunlight in Drussenland."

My allusion to the treasure had an electrical effect upon my audience.



ADMIT EVERYTHING. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

The princess rose to her feet, and the steel rang mightily as every sword leaped from its scabbard. The knights bowed low, and shout after shout made the massive walls echo again.

Only one man seemed unmoved at my statement--he who stood at the right hand of the princess.

"Has the priest sure proof that the knight so long expected has come?"

"The priests shall study before they speak certainly, Count Vasca."

"Remember," said the count, irritated at the priest's quiet answer and pointing to O'Ryan, "on the word of a foreign dog we are trusting."

"Nay, count, on the word of the knight himself."

It was the princess who spoke. It was the first time I had heard her speak, and her voice thrilled me.

"The princess has judged," answered the count. "What, then, shall be done to this foreign dog, who, knowing that this was the promised knight, sought to carry him to our enemies in Yadosara?"

A glow of hatred followed these words, and I saw that it was likely to go hard with O'Ryan.

"Stay!" I cried, raising my arm for silence. "Those who fight in a cause, faithful to that cause, are worthy of honor. These foreign dogs, valiant

though they be, fight often in ignorance."

"To that man owes many a knight his overthrow," said the count.

"If he has been mighty in a wrong cause more mighty shall he be in a right one. He has told the truth of me and is therefore sacred to me and to my cause."

"Then I have not understood our laws," said Count Vasca in a voice which rang clear and loud through the hall. "Since the days when the mountains shut in our land no foreign dog has come to us, unless he be a true Drussenlander. Our enemies have called them in to slay us, but we who are true people hate them even with a more deadly hatred than those who, born in the land, bear arms against us in the pay of him who calls himself the king. Have not the priests, speaking as with the mouth of Khrym himself, commanded us to crush them as we would reptiles under our feet? Have the priests given us false counsel, or does this knight overstep his mission? Would Khrym speak in one way to the priests and after another manner to his messenger? Is it not strange, princess, that two commands concerning our enemies are given us?"

"Count Vasca speaks most truly," I said. "But man's judgment is bound by the things of today, and of the morrow he knows naught. Where man sees only an enemy today, Khrym may recognize one who shall tomorrow be his messenger. This foreign dog has been so marked out. Had it not been given to him to know me might he not have attacked me instead of welcoming me? If in his ignorance he wished to take me to those whom he served was he not faithfully fulfilling his duty as he understood it? The priests have well understood and have rightly spoken the law, but of this man they have not spoken."

"He is a foreign dog; it is enough," said the count, but no sound of approbation followed.

"I came from the mountains, and to the mountains I can return."

"The priests have not yet consulted," he said.

"Let them beware how they do so," I answered. "In their study lies the fate of Drussenland. This man is my armor bearer, my page and squire. Speak, princess. Judge betwixt Count Vasca and me. As your knight I claim this man, sacred to me and to my cause."

"Princess--"

"Pardon, count," she said, interrupting him. "Sir Knight, the man is yours."

"Study tonight," said the princess, turning to the priests. "Tomorrow after sunset shall we hold audience, and you shall declare if this is so long by you expected. Count, see this knight and his servant well attended, then come to me. I have a word for you in private."

For one moment the princess looked at me keenly and then turned. A door at the back of the platform was thrown open, and followed by a guard of soldiers, she disappeared.

Count Vasca came to me.

"I am commanded to see you fittingly entertained," he said, and he led the way through one of the side doors. O'Ryan and I following, a small guard behind us, whether to honor us or to see that we did not escape I do not know.

We passed down several long corridors and then mounted a flight of stairs.

"Rest here until tomorrow," said the count, ushering us into a spacious apartment. "I will see that you are served."

In a short time food was brought us and wine in flagons.

CHAPTER IV.

I COULD get nothing out of O'Ryan until he had done full justice to the food and wine.

"This is much better than sudden death," he said, setting down his empty flagon with an intense sigh of satisfaction.

"Tell me who I am supposed to be."

"A saint."

"I don't feel like one."

"You play that part to perfection."

"I feel more like a considerable sized liar."

"It was the only way out of it. Half measures were no good. How were you going to act up to promise I don't know. You may possibly get the princess to the capital, but how you're going to find a treasure which doesn't exist beats me."

"I told them to be patient," I said.

"You did, but I don't think patience is of much use to them."

"Count Vasca didn't believe a word I said."

"No. Still, he is not too well loved. The priests hate him because he does not love the priests, and many of the knights hate him because they believe the princess thinks too much of him."

"Loves him, do you mean?"

"Yes. He is a kinsman of hers and wishes to marry her. Most of the knights swallowed your story, and the princess--"

"What of her?"

"Well, she may believe it or she may not, but she's a woman and you're a big, good looking man. If the priests say you are the knight expected I don't think she'll raise any objection."

"Let me know just where I am, O'Ryan," I said after a pause. "What tale did you tell of me?"

"I began telling the truth, and when I saw how interested they were I varnished it a little. The legend about the treasure says that a great knight shall come to Drussenland and find it. The priests' questions first put it into my head. Your appearance had already impressed the soldiers, so I just cut in and swore that you were the knight everybody was expecting. It was a pretty bold move, seeing I had not