

The Man Who Would Be King

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didn't neither. The king lost his head, so he did, all along o' one of those cunning rope bridges. Kindly let me have the paper cutter, sir. It tilted this way. They marched him across that snow to a rope bridge over a ravine with a river at the bottom. You may have seen such. They prodded him behind like an ox. "D— your eyes!" says the king. "D'you suppose I can't die like a gentleman?" He turns to Peachey—Peachey that was crying like a child. "I've brought you to this, Peachey," says he. "Brought you out of your happy life to be killed in Kafiristan, where you was late commander in chief of the emperor's forces. Say you forgive me, Peachey." "I do," says Peachey. "Shake han's, Peachey," says he. "I'm going now. Out he goes, looking neither right nor left, and when he was plumb in the middle of those dizzy dancing ropes, "Cut, you beggars!" he shouts. And they cut, and old Dan fell turning round and round and round, 20,000 miles, for he took half an hour to fall till he struck the water, and I could see his body caught on a rock with the gold crown close beside.

"But do you know what they did to Peachey between two pine trees? They crucified him, sir, as Peachey's hand will show. They used wooden pegs for his hands and his feet; and he didn't die. He hung there and screamed, and they took him down next day and said it was a miracle that he wasn't dead. They took him down—poor old Peachey, that hadn't done them any harm—that hadn't done them any—"

He rocked to and fro and wept bitterly, wiping his eyes with the back of his scarred hands and moaning like a child for some ten minutes.

"They was cruel enough to feed him up in the temple, because they said he was more of god than old Daniel that was a man. Then they turned him out on the snow and told him to go home, and Peachey came home in about a year, begging along the roads quite safe, for Daniel Dravot he walked before and said: 'Come along, Peachey, it's a big thing we're doing.' The mountains they danced at night, and the mountains they tried to fall on Peachey's head, but Dan he held up his hand, and Peachey came along, bent double. He never let go of Dan's hand, and he never let go of Dan's head. They gave it to him as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and, though the crown was pure gold and Peachey was starving, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Right Worshipful Brother Dravot. Look at him now!"

He tumbled in the mass of rags around his bent waist, brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread and shook therefrom on to my table the dried, withered head of Daniel Dravot! The morning sun that had long been palling the lamps struck the red beard and blind, sunken eyes; struck, too, a heavy circlet of gold studded with raw turquoises, that Carnehan placed tenderly on the battered temples.

"You behold now," said Carnehan, "the emperor in his habit as he lived—the king of Kafiristan with his crown upon his head. Poor old Daniel, that was a monarch once!"

I shuddered, for, in spite of defacements manifold, I recognized the head of the man of Marwar Junction. Carnehan rose to go. I attempted to stop him. He was not fit to walk abroad. "Let me take away the whisky and give me a little money," he gasped. "I was a king once. I'll go to the deputy commissioner and ask to sit in the poorhouse till I get my health. No, thank you, I can't wait till you get a carriage for me. I've urgent private affairs—in the south."

He shambled out of the office and departed in the direction of the deputy commissioner's house. That day at noon I had occasion to go down the blinding hot mall, and I saw a crooked man crawling along the white dust of the roadside, his hat in his hand, quivering dolorously after the fashion of street singers at home. There was not a soul in sight and he was out of all possible gunshot of the houses. And he sang through his nose, turning his head from right to left—

"The son of man goes forth to war,
A golden crown to gain,
His blood red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?"

I wanted to hear no more, but put the poor wretch into my carriage and drove him off to the nearest missionary for eventual transfer to the asylum. He repeated the hymn twice while he was with me, whom he did not in the least recognize, and I left him singing it to the missionary.

Two days later I inquired after his welfare of the superintendent of the asylum.

"He was admitted suffering from sunstroke. He died early yesterday morning," said the superintendent. "Is it true that he was half an hour bareheaded in the sun at midday?"

"Yes," said I, "but do you happen to know if he had anything upon him by any chance when he died?"

"Not to my knowledge," said the superintendent.

And there the matter rests.

The end

Control of Peach Leaf Curl by Bordeaux Mixture

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Mar. —. Peach leaf curl may be controlled by spraying at the right time of year. Bordeaux mixture (6-6-50) is the best spray to use, but if scale or peach twig miner is present, commercial lime-sulfur (1-12) is recommended.

The right time of year for application is while the buds are swelling but before any of the tender green leaf tips begin to emerge. It is better to spray early than even a few days late. About the last of February or the first of March will be about right in the Willamette Valley.

The spray must be applied so as to cover all the buds thoroughly. This will require an outfit giving good pressure. A good nozzle is necessary and a great deal of care must be observed. If the job is well done, however, and at the right time, the leaf will be eradicated. Failure will probably come if the recommendations regarding time and method of application given above are not rigidly adhered to.

Formulae for making up the sprays mentioned will be found in the Oregon Agricultural College Bulletin on "How and When to Spray the Orchard," which will be sent free on application to the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

Jeweler Locates

F. E. Beckwith, commonly known as the "Sandy Jeweler", visited Estacada the early part of this week, with a view to locating here permanently. For the time being and until he can arrange his business in Sandy, Mr. Beckwith will be in Estacada every Wednesday. He has made arrangements with R. G. Marchbank to locate his repair shop in the adjoining store and anyone needing watch repairing or other work, can leave same at the Marchbank store.

Saturday afternoon and evening

FAMILY

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"Perils of Pauline"
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Pathe Weekly News

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Oregon Journal, Daily and Sun.	7.50	" " 8.50
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Oregon City Courier, Weekly	1.40	" " 2.50
Oregon City Enterprise, Weekly	1.50	" " 2.50

These combinations may apply on renewals also.

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