Touring With Lecturer Aguinaldo.

Being the Recital of Various Strange Happenings, by Mr. Winfield Hogaboom.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I am going to write a book." Such was the startling statement made by Aguinaldo on the morning of the day set for his lecture in Phoenix. We were all three together, in Major Lake's room. The Major was soon to leave for El Paso, and we had been talking over our future plans.

"Write a book!" I gasped. "What sort of a book could you write, Ag?"

"I shall write an historical novel, dealing with the time of Coxey and his army," he replied. "Those ways were full of romance and stirring incident, and into the delightful love story which I will build up out of that time I will weave the history of that great movement, bringing in, through it all, real characters, whose names are indelibly stamped upon the darkest pages of American history."

Amazement seems a mild term, even at this distant writing, for the feeling that came over me upon hearing these words. Major Lake's face, as I looked at it, betrayed the deep emotion that had seized upon him, also. We were both too much surprised to be able to utter one word.

"I have been a closer student of American history since my arrival in this country than many people are aware of, I think," resumed Aguinaldo, looking straight at me; "and I find, in that wonderful struggle for human liberty the material for a great story of American life. It is my intention to make it the great American novel, which I understand the people of this country have been waiting for for many years."

Major Lake was the first to recover his power of speech. I was trying to think of something to say, but had only partially succeeded, when he asked: "When will you begin this great work, Aguinaldo?"

Ready to Begin at Once.

"I shall begin it immediately," replied the warrior-statesman-author of the Phillippines. My publishers are anxious to have it ready in time to have a prominent place in their Fall announcements."

"But how can you contrive to have the manuscript ready so soon?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Why, that will be easy enough. I write very rapidly, and I shall devote all my spare time to it for several weeks."

"Would it not be better to write a book to be entitled, 'My Impressions of America' first, and wait until you have been over here several weeks before writing the great American novel?" I asked. "People will naturally be deeply interested in your impressions of America."

"I had thought of that," he replied, "but I am afraid it is too late now. People are not in the habit of waiting so long after coming to this country before publishing their impressions, and I am afraid that the public—by that I mean the discriminating public—and the critics, as well, would not favor the innovation. No, I have waited too long; the time for my impressions of America to appear has gone by. I must write the historical novel. My publishers tell me that is the real thing now—the only kind of a book that will sell. We are at present figuring on the number of copies to make the second edition. I had suggested to my publishers that it would be best, perhaps, to start with the second edition and make it the fiftieth thousand, but they have decided that it is quite necessary to have a first edition, for the sake of appearances, if nothing more. They say, however, that it will be just about as easy to start the second edition at one hundred thousand as fifty, for that matter."

"Auguinaldo," I began, with some trepidation, feeling that I was about to venture upon dangerous ground, "will it be possible for me to use the fact that you are about to publish this book in my articles to the papers? You may have noticed that authors in this country sometimes allow their names to be used in the papers?"

"O, yes, I have noticed that. I think it is real nice, too. I want to use my name, freely and unreservedly. It may help sell the book. I had thought of having a series of interviews with myself prepared for the Sunday papers, accompanied with illustrations of me in various attitudes.

Aggie "Up to Snuff."

"There could be one picture of me seated at my desk writing, and another of me seated at my desk not writing. Then there could also be one of me walking and one of me standing still. In the interview I could discuss contemporary literature and the literature of the last century and give a forecast of the tendency of the literature of the century just opening. I could also speak briefly of my literary methods, and tell a few anecdotes about myself that would make amusing reading, even if they should not be very instructive."

To say that I was overjoyed at hearing these words from Aguinaldo would feebly express my real feelings. And when I looked at the expressive face of Major Lake, I found that a great weight had been lifted from my mind, for, from his eye beamed also the light of hope and joy.

Soon after this conversation took place, Aguinaldo excused himself to go and write a few chapters of the great novel, and Major Lake and I found ourselves alone.

As the door closed upon the form of the great warrior-statesman-author, our eyes met, and each knew, then, that the other knew.

"Where the deuce do you suppose he got it?" I asked, as the sound of Aguinaldo's retreating footsteps grew faint, and we knew that he had passed out of hearing.

"I'll be blowed if I know; it's a mystery. He must be pretty well soaked—you understand me—must have drank a whole tankful of it. Did you ever hear a man lie so before in all your life?"

"Never," I replied; "it's probably the world's record. I wouldn't be greatly surprised to hear that the Hassayampa River has gone dry."

"Nor I, either," said the Major. "But now I must away. My train leaves in less than an hour, and I have considerable business yet to attend to. Watch him closely, at first; there is no telling now—you understand me—what he may say. Don't let him go too far. He may try to make people believe that he has been offered the nomination in 1904, and that he is in the hands of his friends, but we must keep him out of politics at all hazards. The public must not lose confidence in him.

An Important Consideration.

"Besides, we will need the support of the people of all parties. Don't let him claim that there is a 'movement over in the archipelago looking to the annexation of the United States to the Philippines, either. We can profit by the example of Mr. Atkinson. Keep him down as much as possible—you understand me—and not injure our interests."

"I will do all that lies within my power, Major," I replied, modestly. We said farewell, then, and I left him. As I walked along, thinking over the events of the morning, the world seemed to suddenly grow brighter. The sunshine was brighter, the trees and the grass were greener, the flowers more beautiful, the air was balmier, and my clothes seemed to fit me better.

I wended my way to the newspaper offices, and with a light heart and a fountain pen tossed off a pleasing little story about Aguinaldo's plan for irrigating the arid regions of the Southwest, with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The house was filled to overflowing that night, and, as luck would have it, Aguinaldo was at his best. Sometimes the audience would fairly gasp at the startling nature of his statements, but there was no shooting, and nothing was thrown at him. So the entertainment was considered a great success by the people of Phoenix.

I had resolved to begin at once an investigation, to discover, if possible, how Aguinaldo had been induced to drink the Hassayampa water, but that night, just before I retired, something happened to drive the matter from my mind temporarily. A note reached me from Applegate, the detective, containing this startling statement:

"She was seen coming from Aguinaldo's apartments this morning. Am shadowing her. Say nothing.

"APPLEGATE, Detective."

CHAPTER XV.

By 2 o'clock of the next day our train had crossed the border of Arizona and was passing through the mountainous country in the western part of New Mexico. Along the precipitous sides of towering mountains, through high-walled canyons and dark tunnels, it crept along.

The mysterious lady was, as usual, one of our fellow passengers, and Applegate, the detective, was asleep in the smoking-car. I had watched closely for some sign of recognition to pass between the mysterious woman and Aguinaldo, but no such sign passed. As far as appearances went, the two might have been perfect strangers to each other. I was beginning to think that Applegate had been in the wrong about the visit of the woman to Aguinaldo in Phoenix, when an incident took place that upset all of my calculations.

The train was slowly winding down a long, narrow canyon. It was a wild desolate place, and something about it suggested danger. The passengers all experienced the feeling of danger, I am sure, for I even heard some of them openly discussing the probability of their being a train robbery or a wash-out, or something of a like dreadful nature. Some few of them had been so strongly impressed with the train robbery idea they they had concealed their valuables in various places under the seats, in the coal box, and elsewhere. The walls of the hanyon, on either side towering hundreds of feet above us, shut out the faint light that still remained of the fading day, so that it was now quite dark within the car.

Suddenly the train came to a full stop. Shouts were heard outside, and dark figures were seen running along beside the cars. In an instant, all was confusion inside our car. In another instant, all was still. Those who couldn't squeeze entirely underneath the seats squeezed as far under as they could, the majority preferring to leave their feet sticking out rather than their heads. Then followed a long period of absolute calm, though, at intervals, muffled voices outside the car could be heard—at least it seemed a long period—something like two weeks or so, though, of course, it couldn't have been that long.

The Silence Broken.

The door at one end of the car was finally opened, and a man entered. The car was very dark inside by this time. The man who had entered seemed to hesitate for an instant near the door. Then we heard him strike a match, and the next instant he had climbed up and lighted one of the lamps. I was fearful that the light might injure my eyes, so I quietly crawled a little further under the seat, without risking my eyesight in an attempt to learn who the intruder might be. However, in another minute he spoke:

"What the goldarnation alls all you people?" he said, in a gruff, coarse voice.

There was no reply. Instead, a silence so dense that it would doubtless have taken a nice polish ensued.

"Well, I'll be darned!" came the voice again. "What's got into all you people in here, anyway?"

Then ensued another long silence, broken finally by a weak, jerky voice, issuing from under a seat at the far end of the car, which said: "Ain't we being held up, mister?"

A loud, disagreeable laugh came from the owner of the gruff voice, and, then, the owner of the voice said: "Of all the blamed idiots I ever seen, you people is the blamedest. Naw, this ain't no hold-up; we just stoppped at Mammoth Tanks for water!"

Having felt all the while that there was really nothing to be afraid of, I had gone under the seat head first, merely to allay the fears of the other passengers. So I was one of the first to crawl out. I recognized the owner of the gruff voice at once. It was the rear brakeman. When I got my head out where I could look around, I made a startling discovery. Aguinaldo had been too slow, not quite comprehending what it was all about, anyway, to be able get under our seat with me, and so he had crawled under the seat occupied by the mysterious lady. They were both under that seat now, and Aguinaldo was holding her hand!

I pretended not to notice this, however, and as soon as possible, I found Applegate and told him of the circumstance.

"Well, sir," he said, "I thought of that. Now, isn't that strange? I had a good notion to come in and see for myself, if that wasn't just what would happen. But then, I thought that if it really was a hold-up, maybe I could be of more help by staying right here, where I was, and laying low fer 'em, than I could by mosey'in' all over the train. So I stayed right here. But that just shows you how a mind trained to a certain thing will nearly always strike things just right, doesn't it?"

In order to avoid argument, I told him that it did. But I was somewhat doubtful about it, nevertheless.

Normal Conditions Restored.

When I returned to our car again, Aguinaldo was back in the seat we occupied before the hold-up, and the mysterious lady was seated in her own seat, and was reading a magazine. The lights in the car were all lighted, and the passengers had all resumed their places and were cheerful as though nothing had happened.

It was far into the night when we reached El Paso, and rather late the following morning when we arose. The Mayor of El Paso had arranged an entertainment for Aguinaldo—something which he thought would be particularly pleasing to him. It was to be a special bull fight to take place that afternoon at Cuidad Juarez, which is just across the line in Old Mexico.

Major Lake had been in consultation with the Mayor, and everything had been arranged before our arrival. Immediately upon learning of the affair, I went to the newspaper office and arranged for the publication of an interview with Aguinaldo regarding his impressions of the bull fight, for the morning papers. Thanks to the Hassayampa water, I felt that Aguinaldo would not object to the interview, and that it would facilitate matters to give the papers the interview in advance. Then I hurried back to acquaint Aguinaldo with the nature of the treat in store for him.

"Is it not a very brutal exhibition?" he asked, when I had explained it to him as best I could.

"No," I replied; "not so brutal as an insurrection, or football, or the like."

"But is there not some way of conducting them so that the bull will not be subjected to the many indignities that are leaped upon him?"

"No, I fear not," I replied. "You see it is the national sport of Mexico, and the Mexican people delight in seeing the bull go chasing around the arena after a man who has grossly insulted him, but who is an expert at stepping sideways. The look of surprise and disappointment on the bull's face, when he finds that he has failed to puncture the toreador, pleases them greatly. It is only when the maddened bull takes a notion into his head that the kinetoscope people are not giving him a square deal, and goes over by the fence and sulks, that the people manifest any disapproval."

Aggie Is Doubtful.

"Well, we shall have an opportunity of seeing for ourselves," said Aguinaldo. "At present, I am inclined to think that the sport will not be to my liking."

Nothing more was said, and, shortly after lunch, we started across the river, on the long bridge to Juarez. At the custom-house we were stopped by a low-browed official who ostensibly wished to assure himself that we had nothing in the way of mining machinery, farm implements, manufactured fabrics or building materials subject to duty, concealed about our persons. But I am under the impression that this was not the sole object of his investigation. However, we carried nothing in the line of glassware, dutiable or otherwise, and so we were permitted to proceed upon our way.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER GIRL'S LATEST FAD

Apes Men in Wearing 'Panamas" and Colored Shoe Lacings.

Writes "Margery Daw," in her fashion gossip in the New York Press:

"White Panama hats in campaign shape are the Summer girl's morning and outing fad. Lighter, broader, more flexible than the sailor hat of many season's favor, they are nearly identical with the Summer hats of young men. By the width of their brims ye may know them—those men, and women, too, who wish to dress in the extreme of fashion.

"The college men have found in the Panama sombreros—for such in shape many of the hats amount to—exactly the measure of conspicuous dash which expresses their sartorial humor. The hat is put on and taken off quickly, and after a few wearings it assumes an individuality, dent or dents, which distinguish the article from every other man's hat. And if this were not enough of merit for a man's Summer hat, a new fashion encourages the use of colored ribbons for bands. Hitherto, hatbands of the colors of lingerie-runnings have been subscribed to with greater caution.

"One of the more surprising likings of the holiday season is the use of gay lacings for shoes of both men and women. Younger men who, one would suppose, would find the fad in fearful taste, have fallen in with it, and bits of flopping color at the ankles are common sights among youthful dandies.

Hues Should Harmonize.

The pier-glass, which became a final necessity when the walking skirt came back again, and a woman had to see her shoes to make sure that she was in trim, would be of equal service to the young man of this period. His shoestrings and hatband should be of the same color—it is not enough that both shall be relegated to the rainbow. The right sort of women are glad enough to have the men introduce some brightness into their sober attire, but mere gayety of coloring will not serve. The hues should harmonize or blend according to known color rules.

"The Beau Brummell with red strings in his Oxfords may tempt the public eye with a red hatband, and there will be no resulting optical scandal, as some one has called such an offense to the eye. A combination of red band and green strings for country wear is according to the possibilities. There may be no objections to holiday attire which expresses itself in the form of white strings in black shoes, worn with a pink or blue band on a white hat.

"Commencement week at Harvard and the races at New London brought forth the Panama hat and the gayly laced Oxford, in convincing quantity and variety. A gay youth and an equally sprightly maid among the sightseers were costumed in white duck. The stripling wore a white Panama sombrero, with a Yale blue band. His white duck shoes were laced with Yale blue. The maiden's straw sombrero was banded with Harvard crimson, and her white Oxfords were laced with the color. The pair did not escape attention. It was suggested by an onlooker that they were brother and sister. Their difference in 'varsity leanings argued badly for any tenderer tie.

Quite the Thing.

"Women wear the big soft straw hats for any morning purpose. Trimmed only with a band, or a band and a quill, perhaps, they are smarter than when they are swirled with dotted silk, white chiffon and bird's white breast. This year's name for a jaunty head covering for common use is the shirtwaist hat. Although Panama straw is the most modish of them all, yet stitched white duck and pique, with swathings of white China crape, has the sanction of fashionable wear. Certain white duck hats made by good hatters, which sell for 50 cents each, are not to be despised. With chiffon veils draped softly aroung them, they have an air of suitability in warmest weather.

"Fresh from the inner room of a milliner famous for novelties comes a flat hat, with crown less than two inches in height. It is stitched with black baby velvet. The wide brim has six applications of baby velvet and a 'bat' bow of two-inch black velvet at the back. There is an unstudied wreath of briar foliage around the crown. In a season of flat hats it does seem that flatness can go no farther than this.

"Yet another new morning hat for women, built precisely on the lines of those made for children, gives the impression of less height. It is from soft straw closely woven, with a black taffeta ribbon circling the crown and the ends hanging at the back, after the manner of those worn so prettily by little girls.

"The triumphal career of the bodice buttoned at the back has been furthered by the newer styles of making them, which are plain, except that the sleeves are enormous from elbow to wrist. Here they are gathered into a band of embroidery. No mode of making is in more aristocratic favor than the rounded neck, filled in with deftly folded white chiffon, and outlined with embroidery.

Objections Abandoned.

The original objections offered to bodices buttoned in the back are not heard now. No one knows why, unless it is that so charming a mode must be patronized, at no matter what cost in difficulty.

"It is impossible to wear the new flowing sleeve with coat sleeves of the ordinary variety. In consequence certain devotees have had an Eton or two cut off at the elbow. A flaring cuff sets off well such an abbreviated Eton sleeve.

"The river hat is a survival of the prettiest. Made from frilled silk muslin, and copied directly from the bonnets of the babies, the river or garden hat continues in high popularity after a dozen other millinery fancies have joined the ghosts of what was. True, there is a successful effort to give a touch of novelty to the introduction of a frill of good lace between the ruffles, where they naturally divide, two to stand up, two to fall and soften the face. A jabot of lace and muslin is arranged at the back of the hat, to rest on the hair when it is placed low. The colors chosen for these light, airy Summer afternoon trifles are almost invariably white, pink or blue.

In the way of bathing suits, perhaps the special novelty is red mohair, offered in confident quantities. Certain shops proclaim it to be as well worth buying and wearing as the colors which are better known for the purpose—blue and black. The red is a more pronounced hue than has been used in past seasons experimentally for bathing suits. Stitchings of bias taffeta—nearly always white—are appliqued as ornament in place of the time-worn white braid.

Dressy Bathing Suits.

"The cut of the new bathing suits shows them fitted with great care on dress lines. The skirts are cut to cling closely at the hips, and to flare at the knees as prettily as a Casino chorus girl's skirt ever flared.

"The sleeves are short, reaching only four or five inches from the shoulder, or coming to the elbow. In either case, silk mitts may be worn to protect the arms from sunburn. This is a bright, if a trifle expensive, idea.

"Must you have a sailor hat if you find that the sombrero does not appeal to you? Then choose one low in the crown, unusually broad in the brim. It is not a bit masculine-looking. But have you noticed that, except in shoes, women's dress lacks masculine characteristics this season?"

Analyzing His Affection.

The young lovers sat beside the waterfall. The rapids and the near-by whirlpool had a strange attraction for the romantic young girl. She had heard the story of the unhappy maiden and the young brave who had gone to their doom, clasped in each other's arms, to the slow music of the swan song. That seemed very beautiful to her.

"Jack," she said, "if you saw me struggling in the water near the edge of the falls would you jump in after me?"

"What would be the use, my dear, when I can't swim?" he answered.

"But at least we should perish together," she replied, bravely.

"Yes, there would be no doubt of that," he returned, shuddering at the sound of the cruel waters.

"But haven't you often said you would die for me?" she asked, piqued at his coldness.

"No, my dear," replied her practical lover. "If you'll remember, I've always told you that I had an undying love for you."—Smart Set.

Didn't Want to Be Forgiven.

"I'll admit that I opposed your marriage, my children," said Silas Fodder, "but now that you're hitched up, I'll forgive you."

The groom straightened up and put a No. 9 boot down hard on the floor.

"I don't see where you come in in this fergivin' bizness," he answered. "As you say, you done your level best to keep us from gittin' spliced, an' it seems that I ort to be the one to do the fergivin', which I ain't a goin' to do. Me an' Mandy's goin' to move over in Jasper township, an' if I ever ketch you aroun' the place I'll fill you full o' buckshot!"

And taking Mandy's lily white hand in his own large brown one, he strode across the threshold.—Indianapolis Sun.

Statue to a Chimpanzee.

The Municipal Council of the French town of Grenoble, says the New York Herald, has recently voted a large sum of money for the purpose of erecting a bronze statue of a famous chimpanzee named Charlemagne, who not long since died there. For nine years the chimpanzee, which was brought to Grenoble by an African explorer, had enjoyed the freedom of the town, being privileged to enter practically every house and to help himself to anything he fancied in fruit and vegetable shops.

The chief reason of the town's great regard for the chimpanzee was that about five years ago he rescued a child from drowning in a well. Charlemagne had seen everything, and for him to swing himself over the top of the well was the work of a moment. Descending by the rope used for the buckets he grasped the child and quickly carried her back to her friends, climbing up by the same rope by which he had descended.

Charlemagne increased his popularity by spending hours in the children's hospital of the town, playing in the different wards and amusing the children, who were all very fond of him. In such respect was this chimpanzee held that when he died the inhabitants of the town followed his remains to the grave.

And Pater Subsided.

It was late, and getting later.

However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor.

Meantime the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could, and then resolved on heroic measures.

"Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No sir," replied the funny man in the Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

THE VERY PLACE.

"I don't know what to do this Summer; I have nothing to wear."
"The seashore will suit you exactly."

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