THE BOY WHO MUST GROPE

HALF-TRUE TALE OF THE SON OF A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE

BY JAMES L. FORD, AUTHOR OF "THE LITERARY SHOP," ETC.

IT IS Lucille, the French maid, who half opens the door in response to the timid knock, and there is a note of something like pity in her voice as she says: "It is only 'L'Aiglon,' madame. I may let him in, may I not?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," says the woman who is sitting up in bed with a cup of chocolate in her hand, "but he must keep very quiet, for I really cannot be bothered this morning. And Lucille, take this tray away and send word downsteirs that if the chef ever sends up such a cup of slops to my room again he'll be discharged."

Lucille removes the tray and the door closes behind a frail boy of 12, who somehow reminds us of Paul Dombey, though he bears a certain resemblance to the florid-faced woman in the gorgeous silk dressing gown, who sits up propped against the great pillows in the splendid canopied bed.

It is a superb bedroom in one of the finest houses on Fifth avenue, opposite Central Park, and containing a bay window which gives a view of at least a mile of New York's great thoroughfare of fashion. The house itself was only finished last year, and it would be difficult to name a single modern contrivance in the way of self-acting elevators, electric calls and devices that it does not possess. The domestic staff includes a housekeeper, a butler, half a dozen men in crimson and gold livery, innumerable housemaids, a chef and three assistants in the kitchen, and a coachman and half a dozen grooms and helpers in the stable, to say nothing of madame's secretary and the personal attendants of each member of the family. Two detectives are on duty in or near the house every hour of the 24.

The woman sitting up in bed is the mistress of the house, and the wife of the man who is known throughout the length and breadth of America as the "Napoleon of the coal fields," the owner of the largest bituminous deposits of the Western Hemisphere, the consolidator of the coal interests of the entire country, and the employer of nearly 50,000 men, whose wages range from the half dollar a day paid to the small boys employed in the mines to the quarter of a million salary earned by his general manager.

The small boy, with the frail physique, prematurely old face and serious eyes, who stands looking out through the bay window, is the only son and principal heir to his father's fortune, already one of the largest in a country famed for its enormous private fortunes and likely to become within another decade the greatest accumulation of wealth held by any private individual in the world.

The boy acquired the nickname of "L'Aiglon" when the Rostand play was at the height of its popularity—probably because he was the only son of a modern Napoleon—and it has clung to him ever since.

"L'Aiglon's" picture was printed in one of the New York newspapers last Sunday under the heading "The Most Fortunate Boy in the World," together with an article which described at length the splendor of his father's house in town, the luxury of his "camp" in the heart of his Adirondack holding of 20,000 acres, the cost of his mother's wardrobe, and the number of horses and servants maintained by the family.

The boy saw the picture and read fully half of the article before he put it aside. He is accustomed to seeing his picture in the public prints, and has long since ceased to wonder why so many people stare at him in the streets and in the few public places to which he goes.

It would be interesting to know whether he regards himself as the most fortunate boy in the world. I doubt if he does. Indeed, there is something in the sadness of those deep eyes and wistful little mouth that leads me to suspect that something of the real knowledge of life has come to him already; that he has learned that of all the boys in the great city in which he lives he is the least fortunate, the most deserving of all human sympathy and pity.

Meanwhile, his mother and Miss Gresham, her secretary, are opening the morning's mail, and in a few moments will be in the very heart of their day's work. Miss Gresham is a gentlewoman of decayed fortune, who receives a large salary for her services as secretary and companion to madame. In this dual capacity she has made herself invaluable by reason of her thorough familiarity with the names of all the persons who are at all prominent in the society of the metropolis; her great capability for work, and the possession of a rare degree of tact and judgment.

"This is really too provoking," exclaims madame, as she throws down a letter. "This is the third refusal I've already had for next Sunday's dinner. Now, what am I going to do? It does seem absurd that when I take the trouble to get a lot of terrapin and canvas-backs and champagne, and everything that comes high and is hard to get, I have to actually go down on my knees begging people to come and eat them. Well, get out the list and see if there is any one we can depend on. I want two men and one woman."

"Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor," suggests Miss Gresham, glancing at the morocco-bound visiting list.

"See if you can't go a little higher than that," says madame. "You see, I have got Lord Windermere to spring on them as a surprise, and I don't want him to go too cheap."

"Well, there's Mrs. David Johnson—"

"That woman? Why she's been saying every nasty thing she could think of about me all Winter long."

"That's the reason I suggested her."

"Well, ask her and her husband, too, if he's presentable."

"She's unattached at present. Divorced last Spring," says Mrs. Gresham, dryly, as she makes out the card of invitation.

"Divorced! is her husband on my list. We haven't asked him for Sunday, have we?"

"He couldn't come if you did, for he's in state's prison. That's what gave his wife her divorce. Now, what do you say to Tom and Dick Burdick? We need two more men and they never refuse."

"Well, invite them, but don't let them sit anywhere near Lord Windermere. I want him to meet only the best people at my table."

For a few moments nothing is heard but the sound of rustling paper as madame and her secretary tear open the letters and glance at the contents. The letters, most of which can be distinguished at sight by reason of the thin, greasy paper of which professional beggars seem to have the exclusive monopoly, are thrown aside. The bills are turned over to Miss Gresham, who keeps the family accounts and only those relating to social life receive serious consideration. Another refusal, and this time an annoying one, for it menaces the bridge party scheduled for tonight.

"Laid up with the influenza! I don't believe it!" snaps the woman in bed. Somebody's invited her at the very last moment to fill up and she's thrown me over. Ten to one we will see her name in the papers tomorrow in some dinner list. Now, give me that list again. There's Mrs. Jack Rae, call her up on the telephone and ask her. Tell her we haven't got her answer to the card we sent her Monday morning, and ask her if we can depend on her."

And while the secretary is at the telephone, Josephine, the 14-year-old daughter, comes in with peevish, discontented face, fresh from her morning ride through the park.

"Mamma!" she exclaims angrily, "Papa's awful mean. I asked him for a new Persian lamb coat this morning, and he says I must make the old one do. Why, I wore it all last Winter, and it's a fright. You must tell him when he comes in tonight that I've got to have it. If he doesn't give it to me, I'm likely to be hysterical again, and you know what Dr. Peabody said. I should think he'd be ashamed to let his daughter go out on the street, looking as I do!"

"Why, Josephine," says L'Aiglon, coming out from behind the curtained window, "how can you say such things as that about papa? You know perfectly well that you've had $1000 more than your allowance already this year."

"I haven't either, and it's none of your business," snarls the young girl, beginning to whimper.

"Oh, yes, you have, too."

"Lucille," says the mother, sternly, "take that boy out of the room this minute." And as the child is led away smarting under the injustice to his father as well as to himself, Josephine throws herself on the sofa in a fit of violent weeping. Utterly untrained and undisciplined, unaccustomed to the denial of anything which she has set her heart on, her father's curt refusal to indulge her has worked upon her feelings all the morning so that she is now in a condition bordering on hysteria. Her mother is terribly frightened. "Josephine, my darling," she cries. "You must control yourself. I will speak to your father the moment he comes in and you shall have it, I promise you that."

"But I want it now," screams the girl.

"You shall have it this very afternoon, if you will only stop crying," pleads the mother. "Miss Gresham will go with you the minute luncheon is through, and (in a low voice to her secretary), we can charge it to the housekeeping account."

"There's an article in the paper this morning about papa," snarls Josephine, from the sofa. "It calls him a thief and says he oppresses all the poor people. I'm glad of it. It serves him right. If he is nasty and mean to his own daughter, how can anyone expect him to be nice to a lot of poor people?"

"Hush!" exclaims her mother. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Lucille, I wish you would go and tell Burton that not one of those outrageous newspapers must be allowed in the house. Remember, Josephine, you have got your lessons to take before luncheon," and the young girl is sent off to the parlor, where expensive teachers are waiting to apply a thin veneer of French and music over the hollow, peevish depths of her native ignorance.

Meantime the father of the family, the Napoleon to whose mercantile genius is due all the luxury which surrounds the establishment, has gone down town to transact a little important business. But he is to be back soon after 12, for he always allows himself a half holiday on Saturday, and then he and L'Aiglon are to have luncheon together, not in the big state dining-room, in which the florists are already busy with preparations for the night's dinner, but in Napoleon's own private sitting-room. This little luncheon is a regular weekly event in the domestic calendar of both father and son, and it would be hard to say which of the two looks forward to it more eagerly. On these occasions it is L'Aiglon himself who arranges the meal, choosing with the aid of the chef the dishes that he thinks will suit his father's rather homely tastes, and setting up and printing with his own type and hand press the bill of fare.

It is this work which engages him now, and after being thrust from his mother's room, and while he toils with ink-stained fingers, his father is seated at his mahogany desk in his own luxuriously furnished office, where, carefully guarded from all intrusion, he administers the affairs of his kingdom. Today he has already affixed his signature to a contract which will yield him a profit of $2,600,000, and has sent word that he cannot see the so-called "labor leader" who, having organized a great strike for the purpose of getting his picture in the newspapers, has come uninvited to New York, and to the Napoleon's office, for the purpose of telling him how to settle it. He has been waiting in an ante-room all the morning, encompassed around by reporters and photographers, to whom he has been talking boastfully about his power over the miners and the number of men he can call out at a moment's notice.

On receipt of the Napoleon's curt and contemptuous message his jaw drops, his boastful talk ceases and he hurriedly leaves the office with a terrible suspicion growing in his mind that his own short career as a labor leader is likely to come to a sudden and inglorious end. He has scarcely left the building before the Napoleon emerges through another door, steps quickly into a waiting coupe, whose footman on the box is in reality an armed guard, and is driven rapidly up town.

L'Aiglon spies him far down the avenue, and is on the steps to welcome him with a smile of eager delight that goes straight to the heart of the great man of affairs. The coupe drives away, the hall door closes behind them, and the father with the boy trudging along behind him, mounts the broad staircase to his own rooms on the second floor.

There is a rag carpet on the floor of the Napoleon's sitting-room and paper adorned with gaudy parrots on the wall. Logs are burning in the open fireplace, whose wooden mantle was taken from the "best room" in the New England farmhouse where the great man first saw the light. An old-fashioned cherry wood desk with a slanting top stands by the window and a mahogany table, with slender, fluted legs, is spread for the meal.

The father throws himself into the great easy chair before the hearth, closes his eyes and goes back in memory to the time when his years were as few as those of the boy who is sitting on the footstool beside him with his slender white hand resting in his. A reincarnation in intensely modern form of the old-time border baron, he wonders now with the same tenderness, the same perturbing fears and high hopes with which another and a greater Napoleon must have wondered nearly a hundred years ago, whether his boy will prove strong enough to bear the awful inheritance of wealth, power, envy, hate and adulation that is to be his life portion.

No man in all the world knows better than this coal baron what might happen were the great forces, whose gathering his keen eyes have long since noted, to sweep down into that borderland which lies between labor and capital. He would give anything to know how to prepare his little son for this and the other dangers and tempests that are certain to assail him from the moment when the thorny crowd of newly-wrested wealth is fixed upon his brow. But this boy is almost the first of his kind in the modern world; the first heir to an inheritance of a billion dollars. There is no precedent by which he can be guided in bringing him up. If he were the heir to a royal crown or an English Dukedom, the task would be comparatively simple, as the education of young nobles and Princes is a business which has been carried on in Europe—not always with marked success, it is true—but for a thousand years or more. But with L'Aiglon it is different.

If the two could only sail away together for a long trip to foreign lands—but no; this Napoleon of the mercantile world must work on until he drops. He dare not let go of his business for a single day, for fear of jeopardizing the interests of the enormous system which was the creation of his brain, the work of his whole lifetime, and which he now holds in the very hollow of his hand.

Yet life holds no sweeter delight for this great man than to catch a glimpse of L'Aiglon's small, eager face pressed against the window pane, watching for his father's carriage with its sedate coachman and armed footman to draw up to the curb.

"Luncheon is served, sir."

"Come, papa," cries L'Aiglon, jumping to his feet, "we've got just what you like today; I told Jules myself how to make it—translated it into French for him out of that old cook-book. Look on the card, papa, and see if you don't like it."

"Buckwheat cakes, maple syrup and fried sausage; there's nothing I like better in the world, and I'm hungry, too."

A knock on the door and the secretary, with a face ominous of disturbing news, enters with a telephone message. A telegraph boy is ringing the front door bell and another is coming across the street. A hansom rattles up to the curb and the high-salaried manager of the great coal system leaps to the pavement and hurries up the steps.

The war is on at last. The labor leader will have his picture in all the great newspapers in the land tomorrow, for the miners, inflamed by his message from the Napoleon's office, have thrown down their picks and are swarming up out of the shafts to sweep down across the border. It is to be a fight to the death.

"Very well," says the Napoleon quietly. "If Swinton calls give him some lunch and tell him I will be in within an hour. Don't let anybody disturb me until then. Now, my boy"—the door closes upon the secretary—"let's see if that Frenchman downstairs knows how to cook the things I used to eat when I was your age and lived in a part of the world where French chefs with white caps on their heads were as scarce as hens' teeth."

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JOSE MARIE GALLOAGOS Y SALIZAR

WOLFVILLE STORY

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS (DAN QUIN)

"WHICH I shore feels that idle this evenin', it's worse'n scand'lous—it's reedic'lous." The Old Cattleman cast himself back in the deep arm chair and yawned. "Pardon these yere demonstrations of weariness, son," he observed; "they ain't aimed at you none. That's the fact though; this amazin' sensation of shiftlessness is beginnin' to gnaw at me a heap. Talk of 'a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' same as that poem person you quotes from t'other day; that vessel's earnestly employed compared to me. All I ever does these times is set on the tavern stoop, tell you-all tales, cuss out my black boy Tom, an' drink some. Thar's no moral purpose to sech c'reers."

The old fellow had lured me to his apartments on an argument that penny ante in moderation would redound to the coolness of his nerves and serve towards a promotion of his personal peace.

"An' I wants you to onderstand," he had said, imitating much violence of manner, "that when as my guest you embarks with me in penny ante, you've got to conform to my rooles. Shore! I've got rooles; an' every gent who draws kyards at a board of mine has done got to bow humbly tharunto. An' these yere is my rooles: I've a partic-lar canteen of whisky that's made doorin' the days of Gen'ral Jackson; the shore enough old Hermitage. My first roole is to confer on every gent a hooker of this priceless drink as we-all sets down to play. My second roole is that after the first drink, no gent gets another onless he loses to me. That's straight; he can have common every-day red-eye by the dipper or by the jug, but if he hankers to quil himse'f about more Hermitage, he's got to lose to me."

My talkative friend after a half hour of penny ante grew tired and threw down the cards. It was then he broke into the above arraignment of himself.

"You've witnessed a vast deal of poker playing in your day," I said. The remark was purely experimental. I wanted him to talk.

"Which I concedes as much!" he retorted. "An' alloodin' to poker, the first time I sees the father of my black boy Tom, that colored man is all tangled up in a game. No, he ain't playin' none himse'f; he's bein' played for. Which that darkey's role is the same as the bone in the dog fight. He's bein' struggled over plumb strenuous, while passively impartial himse'f. You don't savey? This yere is in the old days when your trooborn Southern gent p'rades his foe at ten paces, drinks peach an' honey, an' plays poker two-call-five in niggers. It's doorin' that proud epock when I'm on the Grand Turk from St. Looey to Noo Orleans. Thar's a passel of planters engages theinse'fs at poker in the smooking-room. I comes bulgin' in an' bein' some a-thirst, -turns to a likely seemin' black boy who's loiterin' oneasily behind the cha'rs of the kyard playin' planters. I'm figgerin' I'll send him to the barkeep for a cobbler.

"'You boy!' I says, p'intin' at him with my finger, for a lazy nigger requires a heap of identification that a-way if he allows you're goin' to put him to work. 'You boy!' I says, 'do you-all belong with this yere boat?'

"'No sah,' he replies, a heap p'lite an' deprecatory, 'no sah, I don't belong with no boat.'

"'Whoever does you appertain to then?' I asks.

"'Why, sir,' he says, bowin' an' scrapin', 'I jes' don't rightly know, sah. D' title to me it looks like, sah, is mighty ambiguous. Fust, I b'longs to Marse Stallins over thar; an' then I'm d' property of Marse Peters who obtains me with a spade flush, sah. Jest at present I'm a element, sah, in dis yere jackpot; an' d' problem of whose I is will sort o' be in d' air, sah, from now ontil d' hand's been done played out.'

"The aplomb wherewith he lays bar' the oncertainties of his ownership makes a pleasant impression on me. I looks him over, makes up my mind, gets into the speculation then ragin', an' by fourth drink time that evenin'. I rakes in dat colored boy on a five-full. An' I shore retains him. Yes, son; he's the father of my black Tom. Which, ondoubted, is the reason why that owdacious Tom takes them liberties with me."

"Do you believe in slavery?" I asked.

"No," he retorted; "its a bad game plumb through, slavery is. It ain't so bad for the blacks as it is for the whites. It's too late to talk slavery now; it's what Colonel Sterett calls in that Coyote paper of his a 'dead issue.' But layin' aside the moral question, thar's no money in slavery; never is. Why? Because, it's cheaper to hire folks than own 'em.

"Speakin' of slavery, I'm in Washington when Mister Lincoln promulgates his Freedom proclamation; she's shore a jo-darter of a play. No, I don't stay long inWashin'ton; I goes on business. I'm never thar since for I sort o' gets a notion ag'in the town.

"Which my aversion is doo mainly to the thoughtless an' ill-advised way in which a party named Herbert handles me personal. At this yere epock, I'm plumb wild an' cimarron an' I'm afraid of them giant hotels. To get me inside you has to blindfold me an' back me in. You shure can't lead nor drive, nor even salt me along if the destination is one of them comprehensive hotel wickeyups.

"'Herbert,' I says, bein' he's the only gent in town I knows—'Herbert,' I says, 'I don't want to go to none of these yere 10-story edifices. Which I'll lose myse'f if I does. An' before I submits to sech perils,' I says, 'I'll take my blankets an' camp down on yon green'; an' I p'ints to one of the jim-crow grass patches about the size of a table cloth, an' whiah is regyarded East as a park.

"'You-all can't camp thar none,' says Herbert; 'the constables'll put you in the calaboose. You come with me,' he goes on. "I'll do you a partic'lar favor. I'll nacherally take you-all to my own proper boardin'-house.'

"It's night when me an' Herbert gets thar, but for all it's dark, I sees it's a block on one of these business streets. Herbert says the three upper stories is the boardin'-house; the ground floor bein' something else. So we trails up a narrer break-your-neck pa'r of sta'rs, an' I pays a month in advance an' wins out the r'ar room on the second floor.

"It's a mighty gloomy cell, that room is, with dark walls an' trimmin's, an' a locoed, rannikaboo kyarpet on the floor with red worsted blossoms as big as cabbages an' apples as big as punkins.

"Son, my sperits begins to flag an' droop the moment I'm alone. Neither can I sleep none. Thar's a ancient musty aroma like the odor of eternity that a-way; an' then a passel of people gets into the room onderneath, an' I hears the murmur of their voices. This last, however, ain't so bad, as I allows mighty likely it's a game of short kyards an' it sounds homelike an' seems comp'ny. I resolves I'll investigate it some in the mornin'.

"I'm out at sun-up. After lookin' myse'f up a drink, I goes down to see whatever for a center of trade that storeroom beneath me is. What do you-all reckon now she's like? It's one of these yere coffin shops. An' to the r'ar, onder where I sleeps, is a morgue. Pendin' departed bein' planted, that's where he passes his hours. That talkin' I hears is when they brings in a new remainder. I collects a p'inter or two from the loogoobrious outcast in charge, an' he gives it out cold thar's from one to three corpses camped around onder me all the time. Which the thought gives me the fantods!

"Still, I'm 'shamed to weaken; an' me payin' for a month ahead at that! I figgers that by joodicious drinkin' mebby I sticks her through.

"But I don't; what you-all would call the horrors of the sityocation begins to accoomulate. Herbert comes caperin' in the second evenin' an' is settin' 'round smokin' my seegyars an' absorbin' my nosepaint. He's a thoughtless sharp, is Herbert, an' no more fine sensibilities than belongs with a razor-back hawg. Of a sudden he breaks loose an' tells me about a party who commits soolcide in my room.

"'His name's Wells,' says this yere indoorated Herbert, 'an' as I shoves open the door that time, I finds him hangin' to the chandelier, dead as doornails. I cuts him down an' spreads him out on the kyarpet. Now I brings incident to mind, his head rests on that thar flower.' An' Herbert genially p'ints to a particular cabbage, right by the side of my bunk.

"That settles it; I don't pause to bandy no words, but ups an' pulls my freight. I ain't sooperstitious, as I already assures you some score of times. An' I might have withstood the dead folks onderneath. But I draws the line at soolcides in my room. When a gent's that locoed while alive that he kills himse'f, thar ain't no tellin' what he'll do when dead. Which he might take a notion to resiscitate himse'f a whole lot; an' then the next news you gets he's back thar ha'ntin' 'round.

"I marks Herbert off my visitin' list. Not alone does he feloniously take me to that spook reservation, but he keeps low company to a degree which no self-respectin' gent can tolerate. Thar's a band of Mexicans at Washin'ton, makin' a front for their outfit; an' I learns that he goes up thar to a big feed an' is thick as hold-ups with the entire tribe. I takes my p'sition on Herbert at once. No greasers goes with me! An' I hints to Herbert that his acquaintance is no longer to be desired.

"'Don't presoome to speak to me no more,' I says, wavin' him off a lot. 'Which if you does, I'll shore pull a bowie an' split you into half apples.' After that we ceases even to bow.

"Doc Peets is the only gent I ever encounters who sees good in Mexicans. Peets allows they has merits. 'They're generous an' they're friendly,' says Peets; which, for that matter, so is dogs. Peets ups an' oncovers a adventure he has in Vegas which he declars sheds a ray on Mexicans.

"'Gents,' says Peets, 'this happens when I makes my Southwestern deboo; I'm so new to the range the check of that railway sharp still blazes in my hat. You-all hears from Dave how guileless he is when he rambles into that dance hall riot over in Tucson. Gents, at that milk-tooth period, Dave's double-steeped in the vats of bitter experience along of me. I'm as soft as corn in the silk; my intellects ain't tasselled out none. Shore! I'd be called foolish even in the East. I ain't no antiquity now, but my horns has sprouted a heap since then. At that time I'm the most recent thing on earth.

"'Bein' I'm in Vegas some 10 days with nothin' speshul on my boyish mind, I lapses into a debauch. An' because I'm young an' ardent, my licker makes me plumb excursive. I feels like another Balboa an' goes explorin' 'round, exasperatin' the natives. As I looks back I says freely that when I don't get a knife in my side that time it's proof absolcote that satan overlooks a bet.

"'One evenin' I'm playin' billiards with the barkeep in a deadfall on the plaza. It's fifth drink time followin' midnight an' thar's no company save a Mexican who's lookin' on. This Castilian regyards my errors—the same bein' frequent—as the most humorous racket since the downfall of Santa Anna.

"'Incensed at this yere Greaser's illtimed merriments, I bats him in the visage with the butt of the cue. An' I'm some successful. He stops grinnin' an' goes back'ards on the floor. It's then I pounces on him as sanguine as cinnamon b'arn.

"'But the barkeep, who gets conscience stricken, cut in on the baile an' sep'rates our interests. Tharupon my victim wipes the blood from his face, assoomes airs of dignity, an' walks off.

"'"That Greaser's a p'liceman!" says the barkeep, sort o' onder his breath.

"'"As I hears his big six-shooter hit the floor, it strikes me, most likely, he's some kind of a dog-soldier. But it's little sech roominations weighs on me. I quils calmly up on a poker table an' goes to sleep.

"'"It's mebby 8 o'clock when I'm gently shook. I opens my eyes an' thar's that offishul whom I rebookes. He's absatn'ly p'lite, an' explains that I'm onder arrest.

"'"I sets up on the poker table, yawns, bats my eyes, an' calls for nosepaint. The ha'r of the dog is prodooced an' my captor so far onbends as to libate with me. I enquires in tones of sarcasm why he don't round me up when I chunks him with the cue. He says he defers the pageant until sun-up so as to avoid clappin' me in the callaboose. Now the play is simple; we sa'nters over to Baca, the Alcado, an' I has jestice meted out. No gent, says the p'liceman, can object to that.

"'"Which this forebearance so works on me, we has two more drinks. Then I performs my toilette an' we're ready.

"'"This Alcado is one of the two or three sports in Vegas with whom I'm on speakin' terms; seein' that a relative of his an' me is classmates in the same bonesettin' seminary. Baca's teepee is jest across the Plaza, an' that jurist is at his post ready to turn for us as we trails in. My captor does the talkin'; does it in Spanish, the same at that evenin' in me as loocid a tongue as Choctaw.

"'"As Baca listens I can see his wrath begin to saddle up. Then he breaks loose an' shore burns the ground about that Constable. Which the exhaustive way wherein Baca skins him multiplies my respects fourfold for the Spanish language.

"'"Baca grabs his pen an' begins to get action in a big book, giarin' meanwhiles at the culprit who looks some ashen. I takes a cascoal squint over Baca's shoulder. He's writin' a charge ag'inst "Jose Marie Galleagos y Salizar," the same bein' my oppressor.

"'"Whatever be you-all allowin' to do?" I asks, breakin' ground in the debate.

"'"Which I'm goin' to charge this scoundrel with assaultin' you a whole lot. An' you can gamble I'll give him the limit." Then Baca onloads more epithets on the officer who shore shakes in his moccasins.

"'"But I charges to the rescoo. I insists on callin' the affair a draw. Baca, final, is made to consent, though he's mighty reluctant; as it is, he eases his feelin's with a last outburst of Andaloosian profanity that shrivels the dog-soldier up complete. Then Baca tells him to "Vamos!"

"'"Later my Greaser bushwhacks me an' onloads his gratitood like a torrent. I'm seekin' inspiration at the time, so I takes Salizar along an' restores his nerve. Which I never sees a person more profoosely thankful. I begins to reckon that mebby in ways to me onknown I saves his life.

"'"Deorin' the brief balance of my stay in Vegas, Salizar performs as a guardian angel. I'm havin' a hectic time; an' I argues since that Salizar shore enlists a passel of scouts in my destinies. Time an' ag'in he shows up in most mysterious fashion at the croocial moment an' bears me off to safety. Fact! My fair-ha'red skelp would be dryin' in a Mexican doby if it ain't for the sleepless tenderness of Salizar. Dogs couldn't have been more faithful to my heels.

"'"The day dawns when I breaks camp an' leaves Vegas to the r'ar, an' by goin' ondoubted is a load off the mind of Salizar an' mebby Baca's. I sees Salizar at the bridge over the jim-crow river that waters Vegas when I tells him. Tears stand in his eyes as if Vegas, that a-way, is on the brink of actoual loss. As he shakes my hand he explains in broken English that he aims to leave me a keepsake an' that I'll find it that evenin' in Kelly's licker-room, the same bein' close by the bridge. It's thar waitin' for me—this present; she's a Navaho blanket, red as a sunset an' worth a dozen ponies. I've got that blanket yet. Thar you be,' concloods Peets, as he signals to Black Jack; 'that's why when I thinks of Baca an' the reedic'lous Salizar, I ain't none shore but Mexicans is capable of virchoos.'"—(Copywright, 1902.)

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

(Continued from Page Twenty-nine.)

two hours beforehand will, probably, only increase its value.

Some English dietician, holding forth on the causes of American dyspepsia, touched upon this very point when he said that as a nation we allowed ourselves to get too hungry and tired before we ate, and then, ate too much. The exhausted stomach is, of course, unable to take care of the food that is given it.

A number of investigations of school children have gone to confirm this opinion, and to show that they actually need to eat between meals. At 11 in the morning and at 3 in the afternoon, their respiration is more rapid and not so deep, their pulse more languid, and every physiological test shows that the child is at a lower ebb of vitality and needs rest and food. The most advanced schools, therefore, have arranged for a recess at these periods, and, in some cases, even provided a glass of milk or a bowl of soup or fruit, to be eaten during the recreation time. The record shows that children thus nourished, do so much better work in the following period that the loss of time is more than atoned for.

Let then, the conscientious mother who reads this, go into her kitchen and make some fudges or some butter scotch, with a clear conscience and a rejoicing heart, and hand out slices of bread-and-butter-and sugar, or some fruit, when the child comes home from school. If she will also wrap up a sandwich or give him an apple to take to school with him in the morning she will not only give the greateful child a good deal of pleasure, but will get a good deal of fun out of it herself.

OTHER RECIPES.

Molasses Candy (Old Fashioned).

One cup Magnolia molasses, one-half cup sugar, one-fourth cup vinegar, butter size of a walnut. Boil until it will harden in water. Before removing from the fire, stir in one-fourth teaspoonful soda, which has been dissolved in hot water. Pour into buttered plates, and pull as soon as cool enough.

Fudge.

One cup white sugar, one cup brown sugar, one cup cream or milk, two tablespoonfuls grated chocolate, butter size of a walnut. Boil until it molds when tried in water. Remove from fire and stir until quite stiff. Pour into buttered plates and when cool cut in squares.

Scrambled Eggs, French Style.

Eggs scrambled according to the French process are liked by some in preference to the American style and are best prepared in the chafing dish. An authority gives the following directions: Beat four eggs without separating until the yolks and whites are thoroughly mixed. Add four tablespoonfuls of cream, four tablespoonfuls of stock, about four drops of onion juice and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Turn the eggs into the blazer of the chafing-dish, and stir constantly with a fork as they begin to thicken; add a half-teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and serve when they are thick, but whipped into small particles by the fork, and before they get in the least hard or dry.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE.		
FOR SAN FRANCISCO. SS. Columbia— April 7, 17, 27. SS. Geo. W. Elder— April 2, 12, 22.	From Ainsworth Dock. 8:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.
FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with str. for Ilwaco and North Beach, str. Hassalo, Ash-street Dock.	8:00 P. M. Daily ex. Sunday. Sat. 10 P. M.	5:00 P. M. Daily, ex. Sun.
FOR CORVALLIS and way points, steamer Ruth, Ash-street Dock. (Water permitting.)	6:45 A. M. Mon., Wed., Fri.	6:00 P. M. Tues., Thurs., Sat.
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*8:30 A. M.		*7:00 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger ..	*10:10 A. M.
*7:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger.	*3:50 P. M.
‖4:30 P. M.	Sheridan passenger.	‖8:25 A. M.

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