

THE RED

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

TRAIL

CHAPTER XVI.

We will leave the Mother Superior for a little while and return to the two young ladies. So soon as the abess had withdrawn they drew closer together. Dona Helena taking the seat on the bench previously occupied by the abess.

"My dear Anita," she said, "let me profit by the few minutes we are left alone to impart to you the contents of a letter I received this morning. It is most important."

"What do you mean, my dear Helena? Does the letter to which you refer interest me?"

"I cannot positively explain to you, but it will be sufficient for you to know that my brothers are very intimate with a countryman of ours who takes the greatest interest in you."

"That is strange," said Dona Anita, pausing. "I never knew but one Frenchman, and I have told you the sad story which was the cause of all the misfortunes that overwhelmed me. Who can this gentleman be who takes so lively an interest in me—do you know him?"

"Very slightly," the young lady answered, with a blush, "but sufficiently to be able to assure you that he possesses a noble heart. He does not know you personally; but," she added, as she drew a letter from her bosom, "shall I read a passage in my brother's letter which refers to you and him?"

"Pray read it, my dear Helena."

"Listen, then," Valentine began, dear sister, to ask you to tell your friend that the confessor she asked for will come to the convent this very day. Dona Anita must arm herself with courage, for she will learn to-day some news possessing immense importance. This is underlined," the young lady added, pointing to the sentence with the tip of her rosy finger.

"That is strange," Dona Anita murmured. "Alas! what news can I learn?"

"Who knows?" said her young companion. "Before all, Dona Anita must be prudent; and however extraordinary what she hears may appear to her, she must be careful to conceal the effect produced by this revelation, for she must not forget that if she has devoted friends, she is closely watched by all-powerful enemies, and the slightest imprudence would hopelessly neutralize all efforts."

"The rest," the maiden added, with a smile, "only relates to myself."

At this moment the lay sister, who had already informed the Mother Superior of the arrival of Don Serapio de la Ronda, appeared.

"Senorita," she said, addressing Dona Helena, "our holy mother abess wishes to speak to you both, without delay. She is waiting for you in her private cell in the company of a holy Franciscan monk."

They followed the lay sister, who led them to the Mother Superior's cell, and discreetly withdrew on reaching the door.

"Come, my child," she said, as she held out her arms to Dona Anita; "come and thank heaven who has deigned to perform a miracle on your behalf."

The maiden stopped through involuntary emotion, and looked wildly around her. At a sign from the abess the monk rose, and throwing back his hood at the same time as he fell on his knees before the maiden, he said to her in a voice faltering with emotion:

"Anita, do you recognize me?"

At the sound of this voice, whose sympathetic notes made all the fibers of her heart vibrate, the maiden suddenly drew herself back, tottered and fell, as she frantically shrieked out:

"Martial! oh, Martial!"

A sob burst from her overcharged bosom, and she burst into tears. She was saved, since the immense joy she had so suddenly experienced had not killed her. The Tigero, as weak as the woman he loved, could only find tears to express all his feelings.

"Anita," he cried, "I have found you again at last; no human power shall separate us again."

"Never, never!" she murmured, as she let her head fall on the young man's shoulder. "Martial, my beloved Martial, protect me, save me!"

"Oh, yes, I will save you; angel of my life," he exclaimed, looking up defiantly. "Is that the promise you promised me?" the abess said, interposing. "Remember the perils of every description that surround you, and the implacable foes who have sworn your destruction; look up in your heart these feelings which, if revealed before one of the countless spies who watch you, would cause your death and that, perhaps, of the poor girl you love."

"Thank you, madam," the Tigero replied; "thank you for having reminded me of the part I must play for a few days longer. If I forget it for a few seconds, subdued by the passion that devours my heart, I will henceforth adhere to it carefully. Do not fear lest I should imperil the happiness that is preparing for me; no, I will restrain my feelings and let myself be guided by the counsel of the sincere friends to whom I owe the moments of ineffable happiness I am now enjoying."

"I now understand," Dona Anita exclaimed, "the mysterious hints given me. Alas! misfortune made me suspicious; so forgive me, holy mother."

"I forgive you, my poor child," the abess answered; "who could blame you?"

Dona Helena pressed her friend to her heart without saying a word.

"Oh, now our misfortunes are at an end, Anita," the Tigero exclaimed passionately; "we have friends who will not abandon us in the supreme struggle we are engaging in with our common enemy."

"Martial," the maiden replied, "I was weak because I was alone, but now that I know you live, are near me to support me, oh! if I were to fall dead at the feet of my persecutor, I would not be false to the oath I took to be yours alone. Believing you dead, I remained faithful to your memory; but now, if persecution assailed me, I should find the strength to endure it."

CHAPTER XVII.

General Guerrero was one of those powerful athletes who do not allow themselves to be overcome easily. His revolted pride restored his expiring courage; and since an implacable warfare was declared against him, he swore that he would fight to the end, whatever the consequences for him might be.

Moreover, two months had elapsed since his arrival in Mexico, and his enemy had not revealed his presence by one of those terrible blows which burst like a clap of thunder above his head.

The general gradually began supposing that the hunter had only wished to force him to abandon Sonora, and that, in despair of carrying out his plans advantageously in a city like Mexico, he was prudently keeping aloof, and if he had not completely renounced his vengeance, circumstances at any rate, independent of his will, compelled him to defer it.

The general so soon as he was settled in the capital of Mexico, organized a band of highly paid spies, who had orders to be constantly on watch, and inform him of Valentine's arrival.

Seven or eight days had elapsed. Gen. Guerrero, after a long conversation with Col. Don Jaime Lupo, Don Sirvon and two or three others of his most faithful partisans—a conversation in which the final arrangements were made for the pronunciamento which was to be attempted immediately—gave audience to two of his spies, who assured him that the person whose movements they were ordered to watch had not yet arrived in Mexico.

When the hour for going to the theater arrived, the general prepared to be present at an extraordinary performance, but at the moment when he was about to give orders for his carriage, the door of the room, in which he was sitting, opened, and a footman appeared on the threshold, with a respectful bow.

"What do you want?" the general asked.

"Excellency," the valet replied, "a caballero desires a few minutes' conversation with you."

"At this hour," the general said, looking at the clock, "impossible; anyone you know, Isidro?"

"No, excellency; he is a caballero whom I have not yet had the honor of seeing in the house."

"Hum," said the general, shaking his head thoughtfully, "is he a gentleman?"

"That I can assure your excellency; he told me he had a most important communication to make."

In the general's present position, as head of a conspiracy on the point of breaking out, no detail must be neglected, no communication despised, so, after reflecting a little, he continued:

"You ought to have told the gentleman that I could not receive him so late, and that he had better call again tomorrow."

"I told him so, excellency."

"And he insisted?"

"Several times, excellency."

"Well, do you know his name, at least?"

"When I asked the caballero for it, he said it was useless, as you would not know it."

"What a strange person," the general muttered to himself; "very good," he then added aloud, "lead the gentleman to the small mirror room, and I will be with him immediately."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The mirror room was an immense apartment, only separated from the covered gallery by two anterooms. It was furnished with princely luxury, and it was here that the general gave those banquets which are still talked about in the high Mexican circles.

This room, merely lighted by two lamps standing on a console, was at this moment plunged into a semi-obscurity, when compared with the other apartments in the mansion, which were full of lights.

A gentleman dressed in full black, and with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor carelessly knotted in a buttonhole of his coat, was leaning his elbows on the console where the lamps stood, and seemed so lost in thought that when the general entered the room the sound of his steps, half subdued by the petates, did not reach the visitor's ears and he did not turn to receive him. Don Sebastian, after closing the door behind him, walked toward his visitor, attempting to recognize him.

"Don Valentine!" he said.

"Myself, General," replied the visitor, with an almost imperceptible smile and a profound bow.

"Pray sit down. May I offer you any refreshments?"

"I will not abuse your patience, General," said Valentine. "I have merely come to propose a bargain."

"A bargain?" Don Sebastian exclaimed with surprise, "I do not understand you."

"Allow me, in the first place, to explain to you what our position to each other is."

"Go on, senior," the general remarked, with a smile.

"In two words, this is your position. In the first place, you wish to overthrow General R—, and have yourself proclaimed President."

"Ah, ah," said the general, with a forced laugh; "you must know, senior, that in our blessed country this ambition is constantly attributed to all officers. This accusation, therefore, is not very serious."

"It would not be so, if you limited yourself to mere wishes, possibly legitimate in the present state of the country, but, unfortunately, it is not so."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, general, that you are the head of a conspiracy; that this conspiracy, several times already a failure in Sonora, you have renewed in Mexico, under almost infallible conditions of success, and which, in my opinion, would succeed, had I not resolved on causing them to fail. I mean that, only a few days ago, your conspirators assembled in a velorio kept by a certain No Luascho.

Through the agency of Don Jaime Lupo, you divided among them two bags of gold, brought by you for them, and emptied in your presence. I mean that, after this distribution, the final arrangements were made, and the day was almost fixed for the pronunciamento. Am I deceived, general, or do you now see that I am well informed, and that my spies are quite equal to yours, who were not even able to inform you of my arrival at the ciudad, where I have been for more than a week and you have not known a word about it?"

"I will imitate your frankness, senior. Of what use would it be to dissimulate with an enemy so well informed?"

"Let us for the present," Valentine went on, still calmly and coldly, "leave this conspiracy, to which we will revert presently, and pass to a more interesting subject. I believe, Senior Don Sebastian, you have a ward of the name of Dona Anita de Torres?"

The general started, but remained silent.

"Now," continued Valentine, "in consequence of a frightful catastrophe, this young lady became insane. But that does not prevent you from insisting on marrying her, in contempt of all law, divine and human, for the simple reason that she is enormously rich. It is true that the young lady does not love you, and never did love you; it is also true that her father intended her for another, and that other you insist on declaring to be dead, although he is alive. Unfortunately, one of my intimate friends, of whom you probably never heard, Senior Don Serapio de la Ronda, has heard this affair alluded to. I will tell you confidentially that Don Serapio is greatly respected, and has very considerable power. Don Serapio, I know not why, takes an interest in Dona Anita, and has made up his mind, whether you like it or not, to marry her to the man she loves."

"The villain is dead," the general exclaimed, furiously.

"You know to the contrary," Senior Valentine answered, "but to remove any doubts you might still happen to have, I will give you the proof. Don Martial," he said aloud, "come in, pray, and tell Gen. Guerrero yourself that you are not dead."

"Oh!" the general muttered furiously, "this man is a demon."

At this moment the door opened and a new personage entered the room.

(To be continued.)

BACON AND EGGS A FAVORITE.

Food Expert, on Investigating, Also Finds Demand for Cheese.

"Tell me what a man eats," said Goethe, "and I will tell you what he is." This is true as well of nations.

Food plays such a prominent role in human life and is such a mighty factor in human existence that the views of G. G. Notter, an expert in matters of food, on the favorite dishes of New Yorkers are interesting, says the New York World. Mr. Notter is at present preparing a report for the government on the cheese industry in the United States and it is his opinion that the Americans, next to the French and the Swiss, will become the greatest cheese manufacturers and cheese eaters in the world.

"In a great cosmopolitan city like New York," said Mr. Notter, "every home has its own cuisine—American, French, German, Italian or Hungarian, as the case may be. But in no other city of the United States do foreigners become so quickly Americanized; and American ideas are quickly absorbed and assimilated in every home whatever the original nationality may be. The most favored dishes of New Yorkers I find are cereals, vegetables, ham, bacon, eggs, fruit and cheese. Poultry and game, while popular, cannot always be afforded by the masses, except occasionally on a Sunday or holiday, when chicken or turkey will appear on the table. If I were to pick out one favorite dish I would give the preference to bacon and eggs."

"In the big hotels and restaurants it is different, however. Nearly every hotel and restaurant has its specialty, which is the combined work of the chefs and stewards, who are always trying to find something different. I remember some time ago, when Mr. Von Arnim was the steward of the Waldorf-Astoria, he spoke to me about a dinner party that he had to prepare, and he did not have the least idea of where he was going to get all the specialties which Oscar Tschirky had put on the elaborate menu. It was in February, and among the dishes on the menu was Argentinian asparagus. Mr. Tschirky cabled to Paris for this vegetable and it was received in time for the banquet."

"Another dish which is becoming very popular is caviar, but fresh caviar is very expensive and only prominent hotels and restaurants will serve it at prices varying from \$1 to \$1.50 a portion."

"Cheese, especially creamy cheese, has become a most favorite food with the masses, because people have begun to recognize its nourishing qualities."

"Among the vegetables the potato is still king, and will no doubt remain so for a long time. Peas, string beans, turnips, rice and artichokes are also favorites, and endive, a Belgian vegetable much used as a salad, is also coming to the front. This vegetable was practically unknown here up to a few years ago."

Mr. Notter added that while Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna have some excellent restaurants, New York is the place to get a square meal, and, as for cooking and service, this city stands unsurpassed.

"Drawing the Line. Timkins—Then you do not favor a central form of government? Stinkins—I should say not. I married a telephone girl, you know."

Experience is the great barrier of speculation.—German.

RESTOCKING THE RANGES.

Serious Problem as Viewed by State Veterinarian of Washington.

During the past few weeks Dr. S. B. Nelson, state veterinarian of Washington has spent considerable time in Walla Walla, Columbia, Garfield and Asotin counties, examining many bands of sheep that are kept in these counties, as to their general health, with particular reference to "scab." Recently, in discussing things of interest he had observed in going from one sheep camp to another, Dr. Nelson came to the problem of "restocking the ranges," which is now so absorbing to stockmen.

"One of the serious problems now confronting the stockmen of this state is the question of restocking the ranges with the original bunch grass," he said. "Old settlers tell us that when they came here forty years ago, the bunch grass was from two to three feet tall, and very heavy. The miscellaneous grazing of the stock over the ranges has put them in their present bare, or semi-bare, condition. The reclaiming of these vast tracts of grazing land is a problem to which the agricultural departments of various institutions have given a great deal of attention."

"Some seven or eight years ago I rode over these same ranges and found the bunch grass practically all gone in many places. This condition could be observed for miles and miles as the ranges were ridden over. Recently I was very much astonished in passing through these same regions to find that thousands of acres had been fenced, while equally large tracts were not fenced, but were held as summer range by sheepmen who practically controlled them. I observed that these ranges, base several years ago, were, at the time of my visit, covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass, standing from eighteen to thirty inches high. In places the grass was so heavy that it could not be mowed for hay. I was also much surprised to see that in places that had been protected for a less number of years, the heavy bunches of grass were scattered, and between the big bunches, bunches from two to three years old were well started. It was very easy to pick out a bunch of two-year-old grass from among a number of the older bunches. In looking into this question I discovered how it was that these ranges had been restocked."

"The sheep are kept on these winter ranges from the time they come out of the mountains in the fall, during September and early October, until after lambing, and a short time the following spring. Early in the spring the sheep eat the young, tender bunch grass, but the sheep are well scattered (a good herder never always keeps his sheep scattered) the bunch grass as it gets older becomes tougher, and the sheep do not like it so well. By the latter part of April and early in May, the sheep prefer the many weeds, especially sunflowers, never touching bunch grass at all. Many, many times during my trips through these counties, I saw bands of from fifteen to twenty-five hundred sheep grazing in bunch grass from one foot to eighteen inches high and never touching it. They were picking out the little weeds in between the bunches of grass, and wherever there were areas of sunflowers, they would eat the flowers perfectly clean wherever they went."

"From the first to the fifteenth of June the sheep are taken into the mountains and kept until the latter part of September. Now when the sheep are brought back in September, the bunch grass has seeded, the seed being scattered over the ground. The fall rains seem to soften the bunch grass, making it tender so that the sheep eat it greedily. In this way, by eating the early shoots before the grass goes to seed, and then eating this mature, semi-cured grass after it has gone to seed, the seed is saved on the ground and resown, and the stand of bunch grass is continually increased."

"This has demonstrated to me very strongly, that if men owning large areas of grazing land expect to keep their ranges up to the present standard, or even increase the stand of bunch grass, that they must of necessity protect the bunch grass at least every other year, during its seeding time; that is, from the time the seed begins to form until the mature seeds are shattered on the ground. I am convinced that the problem of restocking the ranges may to a very large extent be solved by fencing the grazing lands, and, at intervals, resting them."

WRITES OF OREGON.

Sidelights on Beaver State by Professor of Cornell.

In his recent book on "How to Choose a Farm, With a Discussion of American Lands," Professor Thomas F. Hunt, of Cornell university, devotes several complimentary paragraphs to farming conditions of the Pacific Northwest and to the resources of Oregon in particular. Professor Hunt accompanies his descriptions with tables of statistics which throw several interesting sidelights on the conditions existing in the Beaver State.

"This region is characterized by its immense forest resources, its fishing industries, and the high production of wheat by dry farming in the eastern part of Washington and along the Columbia river in Oregon," writes Professor Hunt of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. "One-third of the area is covered by forests of immense commercial value, while at least one-fifth more is covered by trees of less importance. In Western Oregon and Washington are to be found millions of acres of the great forests, with coniferous trees of great height, and large diameters, of which the Douglas fir and the red cedar are perhaps the most important. It is not uncommon for five acres of land to cut a million feet of lumber."

"Wheat and hay constitute about one-third the value of all crops. While general farming is somewhat more developed than in the Rocky Mountain states, the grazing of livestock is still one of the principal industries. Certain areas in Oregon, Washington and California furnish ideal conditions of soil and climate for the production of hops. These three states produce two-thirds of the product of the United States."

"The Cascade mountains divide this region, climatically and agriculturally, into two parts. Between the Cascade mountains and the Coast range are fertile, well-watered valleys, already thickly populated. Upon the western coast, owing to the Japan current, the temperature is the most equable in North America. The climate is more like England than that of any other part of the United States."

"The soils are mostly of a volcanic origin and are unusually fertile and enduring. The prairies consist of an expanse of rolling hills. The layout of the farms and general aspect of the improvements are similar to those in the newer portions of the North Central states. The people are mostly native-born Americans from the older settled states. There is a general air of hopefulness and prosperity among them."

"There are still 30,000,000 acres of unappropriated and unreserved public lands ready for entry in this region. While some of this is forest land and some is arid, this region probably contains the best large body of public yet open for settlement in the United States."

Oregon, Washington and Idaho are credited with about 90,000 farms. The area in farms is about 25,000,000 acres, the improved area being about 9,000,000 acres for the three states. The average size of the farms is a trifle over 250 acres, and the average size of improved farms is nearly 100 acres. The state of Oregon alone has about 11,000,000 acres of land in farms and ranches, which is estimated to be worth about \$13 per acre.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HYBRIDS.

Pullman Station Develops New Varieties of Wheat.

The Washington State college experiment station at Pullman has brought a line of experiments with Little Club and White Track wheat to a point where definite statements concerning results can be given. These hybridization experiments were begun in 1899 by Professor E. E. Elliott. One long-headed variety which is now growing in the eighth generation produces more straw than any other hybrid heretofore grown on the station farm. Because of this and that it will withstand cold nearly as well as Jones' Five, the station staff believes it will be well adapted to the dry section included in the greater portion of the Big Bend country. A length of six inches and 100 grains to the head is not unusual in this variety.

Another hybrid is remarkable for the stiffness of the straw. On the farm a plot of Red Russian and Arcadian were cut to the ground by squirrels, while the hybrid variety was left unharmed. The stem grows too short to be suitable for dry land, but it is the most stable variety yet produced and in several instances produced 60 bushels per acre.

A long stem hybrid has the peculiarity of growing with surprising uniformity of height, and the staff says this wheat should be well adapted to threshing with a combined harvester. The evenness in length, and the fact that it shatters but little, makes it one of the most desirable hybrids brought out on the college farm.

EXCELLENT COAL PROSPECTS.

Much Interest Aroused in Deposits Around Ashland.

The recent work in developing the various coal prospects found in the vicinity of Ashland, Oregon, has met with so much success and has attracted such widespread attention that it promises to insure sufficient perseverance in work along this line to determine the real extent of the coal deposits which, beyond doubt, exist in this section. There is no question about the coal being found and the quality of it, but there are skeptics as to the extent of the deposits. The scarcity and high price of wood for fuel has prompted and encouraged the coal prospecting to a large extent, and the opening up of coal beds of ample extent would be a welcome solution of the fuel problem, which is a serious one and promises to be more serious before another winter is over. The inability to secure woodchoppers during the past year or two has greatly curtailed the wood output and has resulted in soaring prices.

Recently no less than two representatives of the Harriman railroad interests have been in Ashland looking up the developments of coal prospects in the immediate vicinity of Ashland, and have made a personal investigation to report to headquarters, which shows the general interest that is being felt in local developments.

Such Things Do Happen.

Mr. Watt-Manners—See that old man ahead of us? That's Osburn. He's worth a million; and just look at his umbrella!

Mrs. Watt-Manners—Oh, but you mustn't judge him by that, dear; it may not be his own, you know.—Town and Country.

Additional Particulars. Davy Crockett, in 'coon dialect, that he needn't shoot—'he'd come down."

"All right," said Mr. Crockett; "but let us keep this incident to ourselves. If ever the story gets out I know exactly what the President of the United States will say about it, and I don't want to go down to history as the first of the nature fakers."

But the story somehow leaked out.



Telephoning. Minnie Midget, on the floor, puts the dumb-bell to her ear; "All right, baby! I can hear; Give me Forty-Two-Four!"

"Mamma's house; halloo! halloo! Mamma lives at Rocking Chair. That you, mamma? Stay right there; I've a message all for you."

Mamma answers, far away, "With a big spool at her ear: 'All right, baby! I can hear; What would Midget like to say?'"

"Mamma, are you truly, true, Hearing every single thing—"



What I think, and say, and sing— As if I were close to you?"

"Yes, I hear, my little one, Every word's so plain and clear I might almost think you here, Speaking with no telephone!"

"Well, you please to tell the doctor Dolly has the stomach ache; Wants some peppermints to take, All the day I've sat and rocked her."

"And please, mamma, I love you! 'All right, baby, here is one Doctor sends by telephone, And a kiss for Midget, too.'"

"Thank you, mamma; now I'll try To get Seventy-One-Two-Nine— Aunt's house—to talk with mine; All through, mamma, dear! Good-by."

Taking Care of Goldfish.

Many boys and girls have goldfish as pets, and would like to know, perhaps, the best way to take care of them. They should be kept in a broad mouthed glass vessel—a vessel with straight sides is best—which should always be nearly full of water. A few shells and a small quantity of grass should be put into the vessel. Many persons are in the habit of dropping bread crumbs into the water for the fish to eat, but that is very bad for them, as the bread soon sours. Regularly prepared fish food may be had, which should be given to them every day or two. It is a good plan, too, to keep a piece of water-weed in the jar; it will grow floating on the water, and the fish like to nibble at it. The water should be changed at least twice a week, and it should be siphoned out, not poured. The best way to do this is to use a piece of rubber tubing, 18 inches long. Put one end into the water, and the other end in your mouth. After sucking the water partly up in the tubing, grasp the little tightly with your thumb and finger, take the end out of your mouth, and still holding it tightly, drop it into the vessel into which the water is to be drained, which should be lower than the fish-jar. The water will once begin to flow, and will continue to do so as long as the drain end of the tube is kept lower than the level in the jar.

Rock Oil, Not Coal Oil. There is a widespread belief that the oil generally known as coal oil was discovered within a comparatively short time. As a matter of fact, it has been known for centuries. The is a well, or spring, on the island of Zante that has been flowing for thousands of years. The Greek historian Herodotus, speaks of this well. He said, also, that the people of Zante have used the oil from time immemorial. The boys and girls should remember that coal oil is not the right name for it; it is really rock oil, its scientific name being petroleum (from the Greek petra, a rock, and the Latin oleum, oil). It is called coal oil because many people believe that it comes from coal down in the earth. Some of it does, but most of it comes from rocks that are much older than those in which coal is found. The best authorities say that it has been made by the decay of seaweeds and animals. The oil as it comes from earth is one of the most disgusting substances known, so far as appearance goes, but it is of the greatest possible service to man. Many of the things that are in daily use are produced from it, as well as valuable medicines and the most beautiful colors.

When a woman insists upon rights all a mere man has to stand from under.