

THE RED TRAIL

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)
"Have you learned any important news since our last interview?"
"Only one thing, but I think it is of the utmost gravity for you."
"Speak, my friend."
"What I have to tell you is short and gloomy, senores. The general, after a secret conversation with his man of business, ordered me to carry a letter to the convent of the Bernardines."
"To the convent?" Don Martial exclaimed.
"Silence," said Valentine. "Do you know the contents of this letter?"
"Dona Anita gave it me to read. The general informs the abbess that he is resolved to finish the matter; that whether his ward be mad or not, he means to marry her, and that at sunrise on the day after to-morrow, a priest sent by him will present himself at the convent to arrange the ceremony."
"What is to be done?" the Tigreiro exclaimed sadly.
"Silence," Valentine repeated. "Is that all, Carnero?"
"No; the general adds that he requests the abbess to prepare the young lady for this union, and that he will himself call at the convent to-morrow, in order to explain more fully his inexorable wishes."
"Very good, my friend. I thank you for this precious information; it is of the utmost importance that the general should be prevented from going to the convent before three o'clock."
"Do not be uneasy, my dear Valentine; the general shall not go to the convent before the hour you indicate."
"I count on your promise, my friend; and now good-by."
He offered him his hand, which the capataz pressed forcibly.
"My friends," Valentine then said, "we have now arrived at the moment for the final struggle which we have so long been preparing. We must not let ourselves be led away by hatred, but act like judges, not as men who are avenging themselves. Blood demands blood, it is true, according to the law of the desert, but remember, however culpable the man whom we have condemned may be, his death would be an indelible spot, a brand of infamy which would sully our honor."
"But this monster," the Tigreiro exclaimed, "is beyond the pale of humanity."
"He may re-enter it to repent."
"Are we priests then, to practice forgetfulness of insults?" Don Martial asked with a sardonic grin.
"No, my friend; there are men in the grand and sublime acceptance of the term; men who have often been faulty themselves, and who, rendered better by the life of struggling they have led, and the grief which has frequently bowed them beneath its iron yoke, inflict a chastisement, but despise vengeance, which they leave to weak and pusillanimous minds. Who of you, my friends, would dare to say that he has suffered more than I? To him alone will I concede the right of imposing his will on me, and what he bids me do I will do."
"Forgive me, my friend," the Tigreiro answered, "you are ever good, ever great. Heaven, in imposing on you a heavy task, endowed you at the same time with an energetic soul, and a heart which seems to expand in your bosom under the blast of adversity, instead of withering."
"Through my own sufferings, I can understand what yours are. I, too, often feel my heart bound with wrath and indignation; for, believe me, my friend, I have a constant struggle to wage against myself, not to let myself be led away to make a vengeance of what must only be a punishment. But enough on this head; time presses, and we must arrange our plans so as not to be foiled by our enemies. I went to-day to the Palace, where I had a secret conversation with the President of the Republic, whom, as you are aware, I have known for many years, and who honors me with a friendship of which I am far from believing myself worthy. At the end of our interview he handed me a paper, a species of blank signature, by the aid of which I can do what I think advisable for the success of our plans."
"Did you obtain such a paper?"
"I have it in my pocket. Now, listen to me. You will go at sunrise to-morrow to the house of Don Antonio Rallier; he will be informed of your coming, and you will follow his instructions."
"And you?"
"Do not be anxious about my movements, good friend, and only think of your own business, for, I repeat, the decisive moment is approaching. The day after to-morrow begins the feast of the anniversary of Mexican independence; that is to say, on that day we shall do battle with our enemy, and meet him face to face; and the combat will be a rude one, for this man has a will of iron, and a terrible energy. We shall be able to conquer him, but not to subdue him, and if we do not take care he will slip through our hands like a serpent; hence our personal affairs must be finished to-morrow. Though apparently absent, I shall be really near you, that is to say, I will help you with all my power. I trust that you have heard and understood me, my friend?"
"Yes, Don Valentine."
"And you will act as I recommend?"
"I promise it."
"Reflect that you are perhaps risking the loss of your future happiness."
"I will not forget your recommendation, I swear to you; I am risking too great a stake in this game, which must decide my future life, to let myself be induced to commit any act of violence."
"Good; I am happy to hear you speak thus; but have confidence, my friend, I feel certain that we shall succeed."
"May heaven hear you!"
"It always hears those who appeal to it with a pure heart and a lively faith. Hope, I tell you; and now, my dear Don Martial, permit me to say a few words to our worthy friend, Beihameur."
"I will withdraw."

"What for? have I any secrets from you? You can hear what I am going to say to him."
"You have nothing to say to me, Valentine," the hunter said, with a shake of his head, "nothing but what I know already; I have no other interest in what is about to take place beyond the deep friendship that attached me to the count and now to you. You think that the recollection I have preserved of our unhappy friend cannot be sufficiently engraved on my heart for me to risk my life at your side in avenging him; but you are mistaken, Valentine, that's all. I will not abandon you in the hour of combat; I will remain at your side even should you order me to leave you, I tell you that I swear, and have taken an oath to that effect, to make a shield of my body to protect you, if it should be necessary. Now, give me your hand, and suppose we say no more about it?"
Valentine remained silent for a moment; a scalding tear ran down his bronzed cheek, and he took the hand of the honest, simple-minded Canadian, and merely uttered the words:
"Thank you, I accept."
They then rose and returned to their carriage, after Valentine had warned his faithful bodyguard, Curumilla, by a signal that he could leave his hiding place, as the interview was over. A quarter of an hour later the three gentlemen reached the house in the Calle de Tacuba, where Curumilla was already awaiting them.

CHAPTER XXII.
On the morrow Mexico awoke to a holiday; nothing extraordinary, in a country where the year is a perpetual holiday. This time the affair was serious, for the inhabitants wished to celebrate in a proper manner the anniversary of the Proclamation of Independence, of which the day to which we allude was the eve.
At sunrise a formidable bando issued from the government palace, and went through all the streets and squares of the city, announcing with a mighty clamor of bugles and drums, that on the next day there would be a bull fight with "Jamaica" and "Monte Parnasso" for the leperos, high mass celebrated in all the churches, theaters thrown open gratis, a review of the garrison, and of all the troops quartered six miles round, and fireworks and illuminations at night, with open-air balls and fairs.
Don Martial, in order to throw out the spies doubtless posted round Valentine's house, had left his friend in the middle of the night, and gone to his lodgings, and a few minutes before day proceeded to the house of M. Rallier.
"You are welcome," the Frenchman said cordially, on perceiving Don Martial; "I was busy with our affair. My brother Edward is just off to our quinta, whither my mother and my brother Auguste proceeded two days ago, so that we might find all in order on our arrival."
Although the Tigreiro did not entirely understand what the banker said to him, he considered it unnecessary to show it, and hence bowed without answering.
"All is settled, then," M. Rallier continued, addressing his brother; "get everything ready, for we shall probably arrive before mid-day—that is to say, in time for lunch."
"Your country house is not far from the city?" the Tigreiro asked, for the sake of saying something.
"Hardly five miles; it is at St. Angel; but in an excellent position for defense, in event of attack. You are aware that St. Angel is built on the side of an extinct volcano, and surrounded by lava and spongy scoria, which renders an approach very difficult."
"I must confess my ignorance of the fact."
"In a country like this, where the government is bound to think of its own defense before troubling itself about individuals, it is well to take one's precaution, and be always perfectly on guard. And now be off, my dear Edward, your weapons are all right, and two resolute peons will accompany you; besides the sun is now rising, and you will have a pleasant ride; so good-by till we meet again."
During this conversation the peons had put the horses in a close carriage.
"Get in," said M. Rallier.
"What?" Don Martial replied, "are we going to drive?"
"Do you think I would venture to go to the convent on horseback?"
"But this carriage will betray you."
"I admit it; but no one will know whom it contains when the shutters are drawn up, which I shall be careful to do before leaving the house. Come, get in."
The Tigreiro placed himself by the Frenchman's side; the latter pulled up the shutters, and started at a gallop in a direction diametrically opposed to that which it should have followed, in order to reach the convent.
"Where are we going?" the Tigreiro asked presently.
"To the Convent of the Bernardines."
"I fancy we are not going the right road."
"That is possible, but, at any rate, it is the safest."
"I humbly confess that I cannot understand it at all."
M. Rallier began laughing.
"My good fellow," he replied, "you will understand at the right time, so be easy. You need only know that in acting as I am now doing I am carrying out to the letter the instructions of Valentine, my friend and yours."
"I have no repugnance to obey you, Senor Don Antonio," the Tigreiro answered. "The confidence our common friend places in you is a sure guarantee to me of your intentions. Hence dispose of me as you think proper, without fearing the slightest objection on my part."
"That is the way to talk," the banker said, with a laugh. "Now, to begin, my dear senor, you will do me the pleasure

of changing your dress, for the one you wear is slightly too worldly for the place to which we are going."
"Change my dress?" the Tigreiro exclaimed. "You ought to have told me so at your house."
"Unnecessary, my dear sir. I have all you require here."
"Here?"
"Well, you shall see," he said, as he took from one of the coach pockets a Franciscan's gown, while from the other he drew a pair of sandals and a cord. "Have you not worn this dress before?"
"I have."
"Well, you are going to put it on again, and for the following reasons: At the convent people believe (or pretend to believe, which comes to the same thing) that you are a Franciscan monk. For the sake, then, of the persons who are not in the secret, it is necessary that I should be accompanied by a monk, and more, that they may be able, if required, to take their oaths to the fact."
"I obey you. But will not your coachman be surprised at seeing a Franciscan emerge from the carriage into which he showed a caballero?"
"My coachman? Pardon me, but I do not think you looked at him."
"Indeed I did not. All these Indians are alike and equally hideous."
"That is true; however, look at him."
Don Martial bent forward and slightly lowered the shutter.
"Curumilla!" he cried, in amazement, as he drew back. "He, and so well disguised?"
"Do you now believe that he will be surprised?"
"I was wrong."
"No, but you did not take the trouble to reflect."
"Well, I will put on the gown, since I must. Still with your permission I will keep my weapons under it."
"Caspi! My permission! On the contrary, I order you to do so. But what are they?"
"You shall see. A machete, a knife, and a pair of pistols."
"That is first rate. If necessary, I shall be able to find you a rifle."
While talking thus, the Tigreiro had changed his dress.
"There," the Frenchman continued, "you are a perfect monk."
"No; I want something more, something which is even indispensable."
"What's that?"
"The hat."
"That's true."
"That part of my costume I hardly know how we shall obtain."
"Man of little faith!" the Frenchman said with a smile, "see, and be confounded."
While speaking thus he raised the front cushion, opened the box it covered and pulled out the hat of a monk of St. Francis, which he gave the Tigreiro.
"And now do you want anything else?"
"Indeed, no. Why, your carriage is a perfect locomotive shop."
The Frenchman opened the door, for the carriage had stopped in front of the Convent of the Bernardines. Two or three ill-looking fellows were prowling about; and, in spite of their affected indifference, it was easy to recognize them for spies. The Frenchman and his companion were not deceived. They got out with an indifference as well assumed as that of the spies, and approached the door slowly, which opened at their first knock, and closed again behind them with a speed that proved the slight confidence the sister porter placed in the individuals left outside.
"What do you desire, senores?" she asked, politely, after curtsying to the newcomers with a smile of recognition.
"My dear sister," the Frenchman answered, "be good enough to inform the holy mother abbess of our visit, and ask her to favor us with an interview for a few moments."
"It is still very early, brother," the nun answered, "and I do not know if holy mother can receive you at this moment."
"Merely mention my name to her, sister, and I feel convinced that she will make no difficulty about receiving us."
"I doubt it, brother, for, as I said before, it is very early. Still, I am willing to tell her, in order to prove to you my readiness to serve you."
"I feel deeply grateful to you for the kindness, sister."
(To be continued.)

Much Used Wedding Gift.
A Providence girl who has been married about six months had wedding cards a short time ago from an old school friend who had given her a wedding present which, of course, demanded one in return. Among her wedding presents the Providence girl had duplicates in the shape of two silver card trays, and in a spirit of economy she decided to give one of these to her friend. It was marked with her own initials, but it would be only a matter of a few minutes to have them removed and the proper monogram cut.
She took it to the jeweler and explained what was to be done. He picked up the tray, looked at it closely and smiled.
"Madame," said he, "it will be impossible. I have already changed the initials on this same tray five times and it has worn so thin that I can not do it again without cutting through the bottom."—Providence Journal.

Horses Increasing in Number.
During the last seven years the number of horses in the country has increased about 30 per cent, from 15,000,000 to 23,000,000 but value has increased about 112 per cent. The average price on the farm in 1900 is stated at \$44.50. In 1907 it is \$94.50—the highest price of which there is any official record.

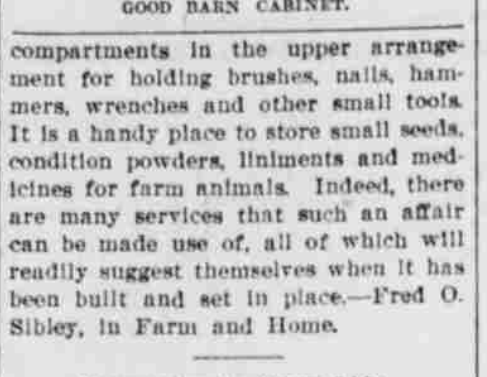
Convenient.
"So you have three pairs of glasses, professor?"
"Yes. One pair to read with, another for nearsightedness and a third pair to look for the other two with."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Like Attracting Like.
"Do you see any good reason why a doctor should not be also a poet?"
"Certainly not; isn't poetry a drug in the market?"—Baltimore American.



FARM AND GARDEN

A Barn Cabinet.
There is little excuse for any farmer not having a sufficiency of homemade devices which are handy to store various things and save labor. Especially is this so when they can be constructed out of dry goods or grocery boxes, and that is what may be said of the cabinet shown in the cut. It can be made any size desired, and if put together right will be practically mouse and rat-proof. The drawers are convenient in which to put robes, blankets and the like, and the shelves or



compartments in the upper arrangement for holding brushes, nails, hammers, wrenches and other small tools. It is a handy place to store small seeds, condition powders, liniments and medicines for farm animals. Indeed, there are many services that such an affair can be made use of, all of which will readily suggest themselves when it has been built and set in place.—Fred O. Sibley, in Farm and Home.

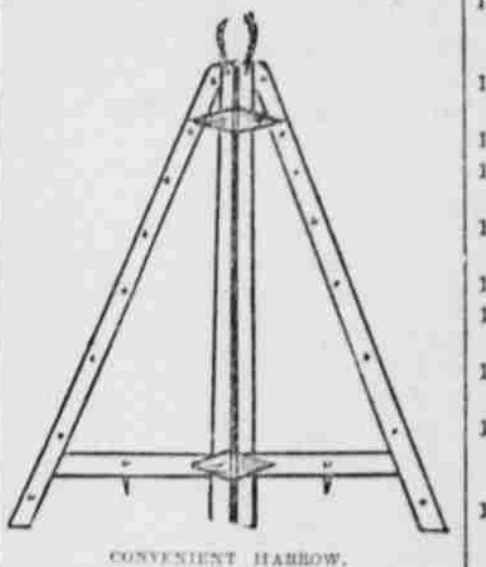
Recreation in Farm Life.
Some of our farmers wonder why their sons have a desire to quit the farm, preferring town or city life. The cause is with the farmer himself. With the boy on the farm it is perpetual toil in good weather, all through the busy season, and perpetual loneliness in bad weather and most of the winter season. The time when the farmer has leisure is at the very time when they can not get away from home on account of their isolation and bad roads. The boy hungers for company and his heart revolts against this unendurable loneliness, and, to free himself from it, walks miles through the mud to spend an hour at the country store. We are glad to note that in some sections of our country the young people of both sexes have broken through these barriers and established farmers' clubs and little societies of one sort or another.—Jackson Herald.

When to Pick Fruit.
Many growers do not know the proper time to pick fruit—that is, the stage of maturity that puts it on the market in good condition. Very often one sees fine large pears and peaches that are rotting when the packages are opened because the fruit has been allowed to get too ripe on the tree before picking. Sometimes when the early market is slack there is a demand for immature fruit for cooking purposes. The first early summer apples may be profitably picked when they get big enough for cooking. This will be when the seeds are still white and before the fruit shows signs of coloring. The market is always looking forward to the earliest apples. Dessert and winter apples should not be picked until well colored. Those that stay on the tree late are better flavored than those picked early. Winter apples will usually keep better if allowed to ripen in the cool weather of the fall. The ease with which some fruit separates from the twig by a nip sideways gives a good idea of maturity. Apples should not be separated from the twig by a straight pull, but by a twist upward or sidewise. Peaches are picked for market when they show the clear, bright colors. They should not be pinched to test maturity. The experienced picker has a way of rolling the flat of his hand over the ridge of a peach, and the feel means the same to him as grain in the sack does to the miller's hand.—W. N. Hutt.

Good Prices for Truck.
With close observation of your neighbors who are now engaged in the fruit and vegetable industry, you may easily see their checks received for fruit shipments are simply fabulous—like this: Net price peaches, \$3.36 per bushel; early apples, \$2.50 per bushel; blackberries, \$1.50 net per 24-quart case; red raspberries, \$3 per 24-pint case; green beans, \$2 per bushel. These prices have a Klondike sound for wealth. But they are true. Now why not you commence to provide yourself with a few acres of each if you have not already, and if you already have the varieties planted try and give them extra cultivation to produce extra quantity and quality.—Correspondence Harrisburg Chronicle.

Bookkeeping on the Farm.
Joseph R. Fulkerson, of Jerseyville, and his brother have a fine record in the practical management of the large Hazel Dell stock and grain farm, where many men are employed. Probably there is no other farm in Illinois where the cost of each field of grain and each bunch of cattle is figured out more exactly. When little or no profit appears in any operation, that line of work is either dropped or improved upon. The kind of work performed by each man is noted down for every day in the season and the exact kind and amount of work in any field is shown by the same account. The kind, amount and cost of food for each bunch of cattle is written down.—Winchester (Ill.) Times.

Cheap and Convenient.
This harrow is good for use among fruit trees or other obstructions. An "A" harrow divided in center by two



parallel pieces and joined together with two large strap hinges, with a short chain for hitching horse to, making a light, flexible harrow that can be raised from either side to pass obstruction and still leave half the teeth on the ground.

Plowing by Steam.
David McClary recently took his new steam plow down to the Brevoort farm, a short distance south of the city, and began plowing a patch of 500 acres of ground for Mr. Brevoort. Mr. McClary at first wanted to plow 200 acres of his own land in Illinois, but the manager of the machine refused to take the heavy thing across the bridge, the engine weighing thirteen tons. Mr. McClary, it is said, will get \$2 an acre for plowing the Brevoort land, and it is said that the machine will plow twenty-five acres in twelve hours, or fifty acres every day and night. At the present time Mr. McClary has his hands full, as it is said he now has \$1,800 worth of plowing ahead of him.—Vincennes (Ind.) Sun.

Where She Stands.
In passing the usefulness of the mule, a local Missouri paper declared that "Missouri sure stands by the mule." And it would be a very safe bet, predicting the chances on Missouri's well-known caution and perspicacity, that in standing by the mule she is careful to stand well up toward its head.—Browning's Magazine.

Busy British Bees.
The average weight of honey taken from an English hive annually is fifty pounds. This is double the average product from American bee hives. The record taken from any hive is 1,000 pounds, from a stock of Cyprina.



THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1138—Scots defeated at the battle of the Staward.
1285—Portuguese defeated the Spaniards at Aljubarrota.
1433—Death of John I. of Portugal.
1450—Hungary Janos, one of the great war captains of his age, died.
1553—John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in the Tower.
1628—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, assassinated by John Felton.
1642—Charles I. set up his standard at Nottingham.
1648—Prince of Conde victorious over Archduke Leopold at battle of Lens.
1672—Massacre of the Brothers De Witt at The Hague.
1710—Battle of Saragossa.
1750—Oswego taken by Montcalm.
1756—Leticia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, born at Ajaccio, Corsica.
1767—Earthquake on the island of Martinique killed 15,000 persons.
1776—Maryland adopted a State constitution.
1784—First mail coach in England left London for Bristol.
1793—Pondicherry taken by the English.
1808—British and Spanish forces defeated the French at battle of Bailena.
1809—French defeated the Spanish at battle of Almonacid.
1814—Washington, D. C., attacked and taken by the British.
1818—The Savannah, the first steamer across the Atlantic, was launched.
1833—Irish Church Temporalities Act passed.
1835—The Earl of Gosford sworn in as Governor of Canada.
1841—British expedition commenced to ascend the Niger river.
1844—Victory of the French over the Moors at Isly.
1846—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" first performed at Birmingham, England.
1847—Capture of Santa Fe by American and annexation of New Mexico to United States.
1848—The territory of Oregon organized.
1849—Surrender of Venice to the Austrians.
1851—America cup won by American yacht at Cowes, England.
1856—First petroleum well opened at Titusville, Pa.
1857—The new Louvre, Paris, inaugurated with great ceremony by Napoleon III.
1858—The Danubian principalities constituted.
1862—Garibaldi occupied Catania.
1864—Surrender of Fort Morgan, Alabama.
1866—Treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia signed at Prague.
1873—Cholera appeared in Columbus, Ohio.
1875—Capt. Webb, on a second trip swam across the English channel.
1884—French force bombarded Foochow, China.
1891—Sixty-two persons killed by collapse of a building in Park place, New York.
1892—President Harrison issued a proclamation retaliatory upon Canada, establishing tolls on Sault Ste. Marie canal.
1893—Destructive storm along the Atlantic coast of North America.
1896—The rebellious Matabeles in South Africa submitted to the British.
1897—President Faure of France visited the czar at St. Petersburg.
1898—The United States and Canada joint high commission met at Quebec.
1899—Anti-government riots and bloodshed in Paris.
1900—Belief of Pekin by the Allies.
1900—Fatal race riots in Akron, Ohio.
1903—The Humbert family convicted of swindling in Paris.
1905—Russian squadron withdrawn from Turkish waters.
1905—Lord Curzon resigned the viceroyship of India.
1906—Insurrectionary movements in Cuba began.
1906—President Roosevelt ordered a simplified form of spelling in the government printing office.

Odds and Ends.
Danish engineer discovers a process which beer is made from tablets.
Last year 31 large steel vessels were built for service on the great lakes.
Sweden is the most progressive country in Europe in use of the telephone.
Only 35 per cent of Spain's 20,000,000 population are able to read and write.
German steamer lines threaten to discontinue their mail service on Atlantic unless paid more.
William Abrams Martin, the soldier survivor of the twelve men who survived John Brown, is still living in Virginia. He has celebrated his seventy-fifth anniversary.
The value of the India rubber imported into the United States during the year in the crude form aggregated \$5,000,000. Brazil is the chief source of supply.
A Chinese merchant of Peking who was convicted of murder was sentenced to death by being deprived of sleep. Warders kept watch over him to keep him awake and on the tenth day he died.