

THE RED

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

TRAIL

CHAPTER XXVI.

In any revolution, the insurgents have always an immense advantage over the government they are attacking, from the fact that, as they hold together, know their numbers and act in accordance with a long worked out plan, they are not only cognizant of what they want, but also whither they are proceeding. The government, on the other hand, however well informed it may be, and however well on its guard, is obliged to remain for a considerable length of time in an attitude of armed expectation, without knowing whence the danger that menaces it will come, or the strength of the rebellion it will have to combat.

On the other hand, again, as the secret of the discovery of the plot remains with a small band of confidential agents of the authorities, the latter do not know at first whom to trust, or whom to reckon on. They suspect everybody, even the very troops defending them, whom they fear to see turning against them at any moment, and overthrowing them. This is more especially the case in Mexico and all the old Spanish colonies, where the governmental system is essentially military, and is consequently only based on naturally unintelligent and venal troops, who are utterly deficient of patriotic feelings, and whom interest alone, that is to say, pay or promotion, can keep to their duty.

The President of the Republic had been informed of the designs of the general, as far as that was possible; he had known for more than a month that a vast plot was being formed; he even was aware of the probable day fixed for the pronouncement, but he did not know a syllable about the plans arranged by Don Sebastian and his adherents. As the plot was to burst out in Mexico, the President had filled the capital with troops, and called in those on whose fidelity he thought he could reckon with the greatest certainty.

But his preparations were necessarily restricted to this, and he had been constrained to wait till the revolution commenced.

It burst forth with the suddenness of a peal of thunder at twenty places simultaneously, at about the second hour of the tarde. The President, who was at once informed, and who had only come to the circus in order not to be invested in the government places, instantly took the measures he thought most efficacious.

The news, however, rapidly arrived, and became worse and worse, and the insurrection was assuming frightful proportions. The revolutionists at first tried to install themselves on the Plaza Mayor in order to seize the government palace, but being repulsed with loss, after a very serious contest, they ambuscaded themselves in Tacuba, Secunda, Montemilla and San Agustin streets, erected barricades and exchanged a sharp fire with the faithful troops.

The cannon roared in the square and the balls made large gaps in the ranks of the insurgents, who replied with yells of rage and increased firing.

Colonel Lupo had taken possession of two city gates, which he burned down, and through which fresh re-enforcements reached the insurgents, who now proclaimed themselves masters of one-third of the city. The foreign merchants, established in Mexico, had hoisted their national flags over their houses, in which they remained shut up and suffering great anxiety.

The President was still standing motionless in the center of the circus, frowning at each new message, or angrily striking the pommel of his saddle with his clenched fist. All at once a man glided secretly between his horse's legs and gently touched his boot. The general turned round quickly.

"Ah!" the general exclaimed, on recognizing him. "At last! Well, Curumilla?"

But the Indian, without answering, thrust a folded paper into his hand and disappeared as rapidly as he had come. The general eagerly scanned the letter, which only contained these words, written in French: "All is going on well. Charge vigorously."

The general's face grew brighter, he drew himself up haughtily, and brandishing his sword with a martial air, shouted in a voice heard by all: "Forward, Muchachos!"

Then, digging his spurs into his horse's sides, he galloped out of the circus, followed by the greater part of the troops, the remainder receiving orders to hold their present position until further warning.

"Now," said the President to the officers who pressed round him, "the game is won; within an hour the insurrection will be conquered."

In fact matters had greatly altered. This is what had occurred:

Valentine, as we said, had taken a house in Tacuba street, and another in the vicinity of the San Lazaro gate. During the night that preceded the pronouncement, 400 resolute soldiers, commanded by faithful officers, were introduced into the house in Tacuba street, where they remained so well hidden that no one suspected their presence. A similar number of troops were stowed away in the house at the San Lazaro gate.

Don Martial, at the head of a large body of men, slipped into the small house belonging to the capataz, and, being warned by the latter so soon as the general had gone off to attend the review, he passed into his mansion through the masked

door we know, and occupied it without striking a blow.

The Tigero straightway set a trap, in which several of the principal chiefs of the insurgents were caught and made prisoners.

These three points occupied, they waited. Colonel Lupo had attacked the San Lazaro gate so vigorously and unexpectedly, that it was impossible to prevent him burning it. A very obstinate fight at once began, and the colonel, after a brave resistance, had been at length compelled to retreat and fall back on the main body of the insurgents, who were masters, or nearly so, of the center of the city.

All at once the terraces in Tacuba street, looking on the Plaza Mayor, were covered with sharpshooters, who began a tremendous fire on the insurgents collected beneath them.

The artillerymen, who had hitherto fired at long range, now brought up their guns almost within pistol shot of the streets, and, in spite of the musketry fire of the insurgents, bravely posted their batteries and began hurling showers of canister among the defenders of the barricades.

Almost simultaneously the troops faithful to the government appeared in the rear of the rebels. The insurgents felt they were lost, for they were caught between three fires; still, they offered a courageous resistance, for, knowing that if they fell alive into the hands of the conqueror they would be mercilessly shot, they allowed themselves to be killed with an Indian stoicism, and did not yield an inch of ground.

The general was in a terrible rage; without a hat, his face blackened with gunpowder and his uniform torn in several places, he leapt his horse over the corpses, and dashed blindly into the thick of the government troops, followed by a small band of friends, who bravely let themselves be killed at his side.

The fight was positively degenerating into a massacre, the two parties, as unhappily always happens in civil wars, fought with the greater fury and obstinacy, because brothers were contending against brothers, and many of them, for whom politics were only a pretext, took advantage of the medley to satiate personal hatred and avenge old insults.

However, this could not go on for long thus, and it was necessary to get out of the situation at all risks. General Guerrero, unaware of the occupation of his house, resolved to fight his way thither, barricade himself, and obtain an honorable capitulation for himself and his comrades.

No sooner was the plan conceived than the execution was attempted. Don Sebastian collected round him all the fighting men left, and formed them into a small band—for the canister and bullets had made frightful ravages in the ranks of the insurgents—and placed himself at their head.

"Forward, forward!" he shouted, as he rushed at the enemy.

His men followed him with yells of fury. The collision was terrible, the fight fearful; for four or five minutes a funeral silence brooded over this confused mass of combatants, who attacked each other so savagely.

At length the President's troops fell back slightly, the insurgents took advantage of it to redouble their efforts, which were already superhuman, and reached the general's house. The doors were broken open in an instant, and all rushed pell-mell into the court yard. They were saved, since they had at last reached the shelter where they hoped to defend themselves.

At this moment a frightful thing happened; the gallery commanding the court yard and the stairs were entirely occupied by soldiers, and so soon as the insurgents appeared the muskets were pointed down at them, a tornado of fire passed over them like the blast of death, and in a second a mass of corpses covered the ground.

The insurgents, terrified by this sudden attack, which they were so far from anticipating, hurriedly fell back, instinctively seeking an outlet by which to escape. The tumult then became terrible, and the massacre assumed the proportions of an organized butchery. Driven back into the court yard by the troops who pursued them, and met there by those who had attacked them and now charged at the bayonet point, these wretched men, rendered senseless by terror, did not dream any longer of employing their weapons, but falling on their knees before their executioners, and clasping their trembling hands, they implored the mercy of the troops, who, intoxicated by the smell of blood, and affected by the horrible murder fever which seizes upon even the coolest man on the battle field, killed them like oxen in the shambles, and plunged their sabres and bayonets into their bodies with grins of delight and ferocious laughter, and felt a horrible pleasure in seeing their victims writhe with heartbreaking cries in the last convulsions of death.

General Don Sebastian, though wounded, and who seemed to have been protected by a charm throughout this scene of carnage, defended himself like a lion against several soldiers, who tried in vain to transfuse him with their bayonets. Leaning against a column, he whirled his sabre round his head, evidently seeking death, but wishing to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Suddenly Valentine cleft his way

through the combatants, followed by Belmumeur, Black Elk and Curumilla, who were engaged in warding off the blows the soldiers incessantly made at him, and reached the general.

"Ah!" the latter said, on perceiving him, "here you are at last, then?"

And he dealt him a terrible blow, but Belmumeur parried it, and Valentine continued to advance.

"Withdraw," he said to the soldiers who surrounded the general, "this man belongs to me."

The soldiers, though they did not know the hunter, intimidated by the accent with which he uttered these words, and recognizing in him one of those rare men who can always impose on common natures, respectfully fell back without making the slightest objection.

The hunter threw his purse to them.

"You dare to defy the lion at bay," the general shouted, gnashing his teeth; "although attacked by dogs, he can still avenge his death."

"You will not die," the hunter said, coldly: "throw away the sabre, which is now useless."

"Ah, ah!" Don Sebastian said, with a grin of rage; "I am not to die? And why not, pray?"

"Because," he answered, in a cutting voice, "death would be a mercy to you, and you must be punished."

"Oh!" he shrieked, and, blinded by rage, he rushed madly at the hunter.

The latter, without falling back a step, contented himself with giving a signal. At the same moment a slip-knot fell on the general's shoulders, and he rolled on the ground with a yell of rage. Curumilla had lassoed him.

In vain did Don Sebastian attempt further resistance; after useless efforts he was reduced to utter impotence, and forced not only to confess he had been vanquished, but to yield himself to the mercy of his conquerors.

The massacre was ended, the insurrection had been drowned in blood. The few rebels who survived the carnage were made prisoners; the victors, in the first moment of enthusiasm, had shot several, and it required the most energetic interference on the part of the officers to check this rather too summary justice.

At this moment joyous shouts burst forth, and the President of the Republic entered the courtyard at the head of a large staff, glistening with embroidery.

"Ah, ah!" he said, as he took a contemptuous glance at the general; "so this is the man who wished to change the institutions of this country?"

Don Sebastian did not deign to reply; but he looked at the speaker with such an expression of implacable hatred that the President could not endure it, and was forced to turn his head away.

"Did this man surrender?" he asked one of his officers.

"No, coward," the general answered, with clenched teeth, "I will not surrender to hangmen."

"Take this man to prison with the others," the President continued, "an example must be made; but take care that they are not insulted by the people."

"Yes," the general muttered, "ever the same system."

"A full and entire pardon," the President continued, "will be granted to the unhappy men who were led astray and have recognized their crime."

"Clemency after the massacre, that is the usual way," the general said again.

The President passed without answering him, and left the courtyard. A few minutes later the prisoners were led away to prison, in spite of the efforts of the exasperated populace to massacre them on the road.

General Don Sebastian Guerrero was one of the first to appear before the tribunal. He disclaimed any defense. He was condemned to death and his estates confiscated.

(To be continued.)

Princess of Trinidad.

Those who share the prosperity of that eccentric Englishman known as Baron Hardin-Hickey and likewise as James I. of Trinidad should interest themselves, it is remarked, in the career of his only daughter, Reina Hardin Hickey, who lives in New York. The girl was named Reina when her father thought she would succeed him in reigning over the barren rock of Trinidad. She is an attractive young woman with a glorious soprano voice. She was trained in Paris and Italy, and why she has not attained fame and fortune in grand opera is what her friends cannot comprehend. They assert that women with voices of less power and sweetness are singing in the celebrated opera houses. Miss Hardin-Hickey enjoyed a brief popularity in Washington, but she fled from the prominence given to ragtime and other light kinds of melody. She is a disciple of the classic and is absolutely uncompromising in that respect.—Chicago Daily News.

A Difference.

"You seem like a pretty good salesman," said the merchant. "Why don't you come with us?"

"I will," replied the salesman of the rival house, "if you'll give me what I want."

"Oh, I couldn't do that; but I'll give you what you expect."—Philadelphia Press.

Would Profit by It.

Vicar—I am so glad your dear daughter is better. I was greatly pleased to see her in church this morning, and shortened the services on purpose for her.

Mother of Dear Daughter—Thank you, Vicar, I shall hope to bring her every Sunday now!—Punch.



Typhoid Fever.

Typhoid fever is a preventable disease; so absolutely preventable, indeed, that it is no exaggeration to say that somebody is to blame for every case that occurs, although, so devious are the ways by which the germ travels from its source to its destination, it is often very difficult to place the blame where it belongs. It is, broadly speaking, a country disease; that is, the first cases in an epidemic in a city are almost always attributable to a contamination of the milk supply, or of the water supply at its origin or along its course in the country. After the disease has got well under way it may be spread broadcast by other means—flies, for example.

In certain parts of the country it usually prevails more or less all the time in the form of isolated cases, but in cities it often breaks out in epidemic form. Apart from the water or milk contamination, typhoid fever is not infrequently carried to the city on salads and vegetables that are eaten raw.

The disease begins in from one to two weeks after the infecting material has been taken into the stomach. The first symptoms are indefinite—headache, loss of appetite, sometimes slight chills, and a general listlessness and loss of strength. These symptoms increase in severity for a week, accompanied by steadily rising fever, higher in the evening than in the morning. Diarrhoea is frequent; the headache is often exceedingly acute.

As the disease progresses the physical forces are greatly depressed. The tongue and mouth are dry, there is excessive thirst, and there may be delirium. In very severe cases the patient lies on his back, low in the bed, muttering indistinctly and plucking aimlessly at the bed clothes.

In favorable cases improvement comes in the third or fourth week. The fever declines, the tongue becomes moist, the patient takes an interest in his surroundings, and as convalescence is established, begins to clamor for food.

In no disease is careful nursing so important as in typhoid fever. Indeed, in many cases it may be said the patient owes his life more to the nurse than to the doctor, although with equal truth it may be said that in no disease is the constant watchfulness of the physician more needed.

But the duties of the nurse are not confined to caring for the patient. She has the grave responsibility upon her of protecting others from contagion. The poison is thrown off in the discharges from the bowels and bladder, and these should be kept for at least two hours in a vessel containing an equal amount of some powerful disinfectant before being thrown away. They should never be thrown on the ground in any place where the rain would wash them into a stream or well or cistern. They had better be thrown into a hole in which is put at the same time a quantity of copperas or unslaked lime.—Youth's Companion.

HOW PRICES OF NECESSARIES HAVE ADVANCED.

	1906	1907
PRATER HOUSE	23¢	28¢
PER POLINA		
ROUND STEAK	14¢	19¢
PER POUND		
MILK	6¢	8¢
PER QUART		
CREAM	7¢	8½¢
PER HALF PINT		
CANNED COCOES	4 1/2¢	6 1/2¢
PER CAN		
WATERMELON	30¢	50¢
EACH		
PIES	20¢	30¢
EACH		
PEARS	20¢	35¢
PER BASKET		
GRAPES	35¢	45¢
PER BASKET		

—Chicago Examiner.

Lots and Lots.

"Do you believe that nature could make a man of a monkey?" "Sure; there are lots of girls who can make a monkey of a man."—Houston Post.

That air castle which a girl builds during her courtship is almost sure to collapse shortly after she faces the parson with the man of her choice.

MANSION BUILT OF CONCRETE.

John D. Spreckels' Home to Stand on Bluff of Bay of San Diego.

One of the most artistic residences in southern California will be owned by John D. Spreckels, when the building at Coronado, designed by Harrison Albright, is completed, says the Seattle Times.

The style is the Renaissance of the present Parisian school. In color, it is to be a light cream, with inlays of Alpa green marble falence. These, with a plentiful use of potted cedars and bay and olive trees as accessory decorations, will complete the color scheme.

A commodious garage with ample quarters for help is also to be built, on lines in harmony with the house, on the lower end of the grounds. Between the two, the most extensive Italian garden in the west is to be laid out and when completed the ensemble will be an ever pleasing source of delight.

The house stands on a bluff, overlooking the Bay of San Diego, and will have an unobstructed view of the ocean on one side, and the mountains on the other. Deep, shady porches on all sides of the house have been made a feature of the design because of this unsurpassed view.

The interior scheme calls for a simple finish, as Mr. Spreckels is building a home and not a show place. To the left of the main hall is the large living room, with a large fireplace and an inglenook; opposite is the dining room, paneled in oak and with a beamed ceiling and a fine large fireplace. A large porch off the dining room, with a butler's pantry adjoining, offers an inviting chance to enjoy meals out of doors. A good-sized den, connected directly with the rear porch, and overlooking the Italian garden, is a feature of the lower floor also.

A wide staircase leads to the second story. Every chamber has a bath, and every chamber opens upon an outside porch.

GRAND DUKE FREDERICK DEAD.

The Grand Duke Frederick of Baden died recently of intestinal inflammation. Frederick Wilhelm Ludwig of Baden was born at Karlsruhe Sept. 9, 1826. He succeeded his father to the



Grand Duke Frederic

regency of the province of Baden April 24, 1852, in place of his brother. On Sept. 5, 1856, he took the title of grand duke. In Berlin, Sept. 20, 1859, he married Princess Louise of Prussia, and they have two children—a son, the Grand Duke Frederick, who was born in Karlsruhe, July 9, 1857, and who married the Princess Hilda of Nassau, and a daughter, Princess Victoria of Baden, who was married to Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden Sept. 20, 1881. She was born at Karlsruhe Aug. 7, 1862. The grand duke was the holder of many honorary titles from the universities of Heidelberg and Oxford.

Pardonable.

A prominent novelist spoke recently at a Boston club about the wonders of modern invention. He said:

"There was an old fisherman rowing in his boat, one day, when an automobile canoe sprung a leak near him and immediately sank."

"To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, puffing an old clay pipe."

"However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat one spluttered, angrily:

"'Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?'"

"The old man took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at them in astonishment."

"'Blessed if I didn't think ye wuz one o' them new-fangled submariners,' he said."—Harper's Weekly.

The Reason.

"I wonder why our hired girl is always singing?"

"Just for spite, I think; she overheard me say I liked music."—Houston Post.

The farmer is the most independent person on earth—when his wife is away from home.