

Dom ignacio, this night thy sou shall be required of thee." He is proctugal the starving flocks were side by well-fed shepherds. "All the fat one of the earth," said the pacintsit in an cleat israel, "shall eat and worship. Score or lean, haggard faces were all the fat one of the earth," said the pacintsit in an cleat israel, "shall eat and worship. Score or lean, haggard faces were all the fat one of the earth," said the pacintsit in an cleat israel, "shall eat and worship. Score or lean, haggard faces were all the guine flat in the parson of Don Ignacion through clouds of floating incense shouther the starting and the starting flat in the parson of Don Ignace. Affonse Sortine had knett devoutly foined loudly in the responses, crossed lists of floating incense shouther the starting and the starting floating in the responses, crossed lists of the starting and saints, decked in cheap robes and flassly initiation jew. Affonse Sortine had knett devoutly foined flustres of wirgin and saints, decked in cheap robes and flassly initiation jew. It is a starting and the starting floating in the sainty special and the starting in the sainty as the priest told the story of the rich men while floor. But now the text cashi his wandering mind. He listened envirously as the priest told the story of the rich men while floating the sainty as the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the sainty and the priest told the story of the rich men while the priest told the story of the rich men while the priest told the story of the rich men while the priest told the story of the rich men while the priest told the story of the

his tattered pocketook—his last com-and looked at the smug visage of Queen Maria with a sigh. While he hesitated, the door of the mayor's house, across the squars, opened. Affonso entered the cafe of the posthouse and took his seat in a shady corner on one side of the

the prace a few lean pigs were root-and half-starved poultry scurried or and thither after specks of corn-church, the long, rambling post-s, the priest's dwelling, the yellow The church, the long, rambling post-house, the priest's dwelling, the yellow walls of the Santa Clara convent, and a few open shops in which all the work, as in eastern countries, was carried on to full gaze of the passerby, formed the sides of the praca. Narrow, squalid lanes of small houses, painted in many colors—pale blues and creams, and pinks, and greens—ran into the square. Dirty, brown-skinned children played among the garbage with the pigs, who shared their mud-floored hovels. Wider roads, one running north, the other between plane trees, south to Miranda, entered the praca at either end. A wooden cart with clumsy wheels was being dragged slowly across the square by a yoke of bony ozen. In the background, high above the mayor's house, high above the mayor's house, high above the weather-beaten facade of the church itself, towered the gloomy Serra de Louiss, its rugged summits plercing the blue sky, clouds haif veiling the middle heights, the lower slopes covered with a carpet of dark evergreens.

Affonso Bordino watched the Juiz come across the praca for his midday

with a carpet of dark evergreens.

Affonso Bordino watched the Jula come across the praca for his midday glass and gossip. A long-bodied man, the mayor, with short legs waddling over from his house with a slow, ungainly gait, like some overgrown beetle staggering on short hind legs. Affonso marked his fat, long body with resentment. But he took off his hat and bowed low as the mayor entered.

"Well, Bordino," gasped the mayor, short breathed and pompous, as he passed to the cork-coated chair awalting him.

No offer of a drink from that quarter.

passed to the cork-coated chair awalting him.

No offer of a drink from that quarter. As the clock struck, Dom Ignacio and two of the mayor's cronies, the fidalgoes of Camara, came in talking and laughing. The landlord of the posthouse hastened to wait on these guests. Affonso sat alone in his corner, resting his chin on a lean, brown hand. He eyed the little group furtively, and stroked the gray stubble of his two-days beard with an ugly rasping sound. "Aguardiente," said Bordina gruffly, as the landlord came near him.

He sipped the spirit with a malicious eye on the gentlefolk drinking good wine in their corner. The sermon had stirred hitter memories of prosperous days: French drums and bugles, leading allen armies into Portugal, had brought poverty to Affonso, as to many others. Once he had looked forward to speaking to his ewn soul in some such fashion as the rich man in the parable. But two of his best mules had been taken by the enemy, without payment, in the early days of the struggle. Another had fallen down a precipics on the Serea de Louisa. Its bleached bones, among the stones of the valley, tannted him whenever he took the mountain road. Now two only were left, and little enough work for even these.

Rubbing his hand absently against the

Rubbing his hand absently against the asping beard, and taking the spirit in the spiri

the house of the Juis he flung himself from the saddle. He tore his hat off, burst in unannounced, found himself, almost breathless, in the room with the gilded mirror.

The mayor was alone. He glanced up hastliy from a bundle which he was fastening with a look of almost guilt, certainly of terror. A question was in his dull eyes.

the blue sky as he reflected. In the background of his thoughts glittered the gold-framed mirror in the great house on the Praca. His eyes brightened with greed and cunning.

Buddenly the clatter of hoofs reached his ears. He sat up on the edge of the bridge, below which a noisy stream ran over great boulders, between banks covered with fern and drooping trees. It was the mayor's son on his little Andalusian cob, riding at breakneck paceriding, thought Affonso (with anger, yet with the glow of a cheerful secret), to the spread table in his father's house. The muleteer remembered just in time that discovery would imperil his plans. He whipped his mules into the forest, and through the screen of leaves watched Manuel de Silva as he passed in a cloud of dust.

It was too early yet for Affonso to return to Camara, and his intention of going to Miranda was abandoned. He lay looking up at the sky as the sun marched down the heavens. It was quite warm. Later in the year the wall would have been a basking place for green and brown lizards; on summer journeys Affonso had often scared them out of their stiff sumber at this very place. He chuckled to himself as he thought out the details of his scheme. A long draught of wine, squeezed from one of the skins in his charge, gave him courage. Only one cigar was left in his pocket; he had been saving it for night, but now he stuck it between his teeth and flashed a light from flint and steel. It was an indication of his hopes.

At last, when the sky was red, he started up and mounted. He rode at a leisurely pace until he reached the avenue of plane trees. Then he dug the great iron spur linto the flanks of his mule, thrashed the other furiously with his whip and goaded the jaded beasts into a noisy gallop. If he killed them now what matter. Faster and faster they flew, terrified, urged on by blews and cries and the sharp biting of the spur. Little groups of peasants were in the road; women with baskets on their heads, men driving oxen, men and boys carrying wine skins. The ski

his chance.
Mr. Crittenden, who was busy at his deak when the boy entered finally

"They are coming!" gasped Afforso, his heart thumping with excitement and fear of failure. "The French are com-ing! I saw them in the road near Mi-

A TROOPER SET HIS HORSE AT MIM STRUKING

WITH HIS JABRE AS HE PASSED THE DIOW MISSED

randa!"

The mayor's short legs trembled under the weight of his long, fat body. He put one hand on the table for support. With dry lips he gasped out questions. Afonso answered, fearing exposure with every word. Perhaps he would stay at his post, hoping to make terms for Camara.

"There is no time to save anything!"

"There is no time to save anything!" child on his horse.

The sight of his wife and her mother, bareheaded, in the frightened, chattering the shrieked out his son's name. "They are here already. "Manuel!" He shrieked out his son's name. "They are here already. They are within a league."

They will be here before we have time to escape. Manuel! Do you hear?"

There is no time to save anything. I tell you," repeated Affonso, rushing out before Manuel could enter from an upper room. The people, through whom Bordino had forced his way, in the square had already spread the news. His spirits rose as he thought how easy his task had been, and how successful. Men,

"Yes, yes; the French are coming. I saw them near Miranda," he cried, mounting the trembling women on the tired mule. "I will stay to the last. I am not afraid."

in the newspapers.
Who came to his aid?

Young Jesse Acquitted.

grease, and then tore the silver sconce from its socket. As he did so a noise behind him startled him. He turned sharply: the blood from in his veins, and his hair rose as he saw a strange eyeing him. In panic terror he ed the scence at him with all his e. There was a shiver of breaking s. He had broken his own image in a curtained mirror—his own image, dis-guised in the garments of the mayor, Bordino leant by the bed, gasping. It

echoes. He dropped at last, in the cen-ter of the square, and lay quivering, but

Some men turned him over with their

Some men turned him over with their feet, and looked at the glazing eyes.

With shouts and laughter, like school boys from their same, the soldiers poured into the house, ransacking destroying, piling up great stacks of furniture for their bivounc fires.

As the flames leaped and fell, they showed a huddled figure, now in solled finery, now but a darker patch of shadow, in the center of the great square; a tiny rigure, very still, very lonely—not unpathetic.

## Jesse James, Outlaw's Son, Redeems Family

In MISSOURI a sturdy young man is redeeming a family name from scarlet disgrace.

Jesse James, a son of the noto-rious outlaw, is now a full-fledged law-

year.

A few days ago he passed a success ful examination before the Missour state board of examiners at an attor-

His father broke the law—under many extenuating circumstances, some still plead—but Jesse means to uphold the dignity of the law.

In the courts of Missouri, which were cheated by assassination of an opportunity to give his father a trial, young Jesse—perhaps he will always be called "young Jesse"—is enrolled as a lawyer along with the name of T. T. Crittenden, ex-governor of Missouri, under whose administration his father was killed by a former ally in outlawry.

Started as Office Boy.

The name of Jesse James is enrolled on this same record with that of T. T. Crittenden Jr., who gave Jesse a posi-tion as office boy when the lad was 12

Jesse James was handleapped as few boys are. His father had been an out-law. He was left an orphan at 6 years of age, without money, and with a bad name to live down. Soon after the bur-ial of his father, his mother went to

Kaneas City.

She made a living for herself and her two children by sewing. Jesse went to school until he was 12 years old. When he reached his twelfth year, the boy decided that he was old enough to work for his mother. One Sunday morning he read the following advertisement in the want columns of a newspanser:

Wanted-An office boy by T. T Crittenden Jr."

Perhaps the boy knew that this was the son of the man who had caused efforts to be made to capture his father. which resulted in his father's being as-sameinated; perhaps he did not. At any rate he answered the advertisement the next morning.

Secured His First Job. When he arrived at the Crittenden office he found that there were 20 other boys ahead of him. He did not turn away, but mingled with them to take his chance.

turned to the boys and looked them over carefully. Young Jesse was the smallest of them all and may have been the youngest.

He was a clean-cut, manly looking little fellow. He possessed a steady eye, a strong little nose, a firm chin, and his boyish mouth had a line of eloquence. The head was leonine, the nair straight and combed clean across his high forehead.

high forehead.

The little fellow's profile, his expression, his straight, wiry little body, all expressed energy, loyalty, keenness, ambition and pride. There were other fine boys in the lot of 21 from which the lawver had to pick, but he was taken with the littlest fellow.

He dismissed the others and called Jesse to his side. After a few words with the boy he hired him. Mr. Crittended testifies that the boy was faithful to every trust, quiet and well-behaved.

ful to every trust, quiet and well-behaved.

A few years later Jesse secured &
position in a packing-house as a clerk.
He wrote a book in defense of his
father. The book was published. It
had a big sale. Missourt people—
those who knew most of the days and
deeds and misdeeds of Jesse James—
sympathized with the boy's efforts to
give the real Jesse James to the public,
to show wherein much that is charged
against his father was the imagination
of 10-cent blood-and-thunder writers
who had never put foot on Missouri soil
or been farther west than Buffalo.

When Jesse became 21 years of age
he had \$700 in the bank. And the \$700
was in his good friend's bank.—Swinney's bank. Besides Jesse owned a littie cottage in which his mother and sister lived.

Charged With Train Robbery.

Charged With Train Robbery.

A little later, when Jesse had succeeded in taking all care from his mother's shoulders, of giving her peace and plenty in her old age, and in educating his sister, when he had attained an honored manhood and was receiving the compliments of all good citizens, a most dramatic train robbery was pulled off in Jackson county, near Kansas City. The men who had made it a point to loaf around Jesse's cigar stand were suspected by the officials and county officers, and several of them were arrested. Confessions and alleged confessions followed. Jesse was arrested on a charge of train robbery. His mother was proatrated.

Winning Fish Story.

The champion fish story of 1006 comes from Whitehaven, Pennsylvania. It is about a Lehigh valley conductor who hooked a carffan which he could not land. He was about to give up in deepair when another fisherman offsred to wade the stream and spear the fish. To his surprise the fisherman found his line enbring the bunghole of a beer keg. The keg was franged ashore and found to contain a four pound catfish, which had grown too large to pass through the bunghole. Now Maine!

Mis Age Against Miss.

Antoine Green of Lowell, Vermont, was rejected by the recruiting officers during the civil war because of his advanced age. Mr. Green is now 1037 years old, and in remarkably good health. He would not be taken as more than 55 years of age.

## WORLD'S GREAT SPRING.

a minute or two self-possession re-turned. The noise had been but the whirring of the little clock as it ran down. He bent and fastened the bun-

Wonderful Underground Lake complices, had held up one of George Gould's Missouri Pacific passenger trains and robbed the safe in the ex-press car of something near \$40,000. Immediately those who had been strong-est in the condemnation of his father pronounced him guilty without reading more than the headlines over the stories in the newspapers. Oregon County, Missouri. From the Southwest.

Month after month papers and mage sines publish glowing accounts of the beauty and grandeur of the lakes of Switzerland, the rivers of Germany or the glaciers of Greenland. Tourists and globe trotters have stood on the Alps, "gondolated" in Venice or climbed the fatterhorn, but how many American tourists know anything of their native land outside the old schoolbook won-ders of Niagara, Yellowstone and Yo-The ex-governor who had sought the arrest of his father for alleged crimes and crimes known, the ex-governor's son who had hired him as office boy and the banker friend. Jesse's trial came up. He was ably prosecuted. He was cleared absolutely of the charge of

innd outside the old schoolbook wonders of Niagara, Tellowstone and Yosemite?

In Oregon county, Missouri, and Fulton county, Arkansas, are grouped Grand Gulf, Mammoth Spring and Spring river, natural curiosities so wonderful, so beautiful and furnishing so many openings for investors that, were they hid in the forests of Africa, or within the shadow of the mountain peaks of southern Europe, artists would haunt them with their sketch books and poets would rave of their soul-inspiring beauty.

The Grand Gulf is the crowning wonder of the group. Two shallow streams about one fourth of a mile distant from each other, flowing in the same direction over an elevated plateau, suddenly drop into canyons 500 feet deep. These two canyons form a junction half a mile below, where they strike a mountain lying directly across their path. This mountain has been tunneled by the action of the water, and the natural bridge thus formed is no less a curiosity and almost equal in size to the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia. After passing through this mountain the united stream strikes another mountain and tunnels it for several hundred feet, and then spreads out into an immense underground lake, the area of which has never been ascertained. Many parties have enjoyed the tunnel and pionics have been held by torchlight on the margin of the lake, but still it remains a mystery. No light can exist long over the bosom of the lake and nothing can be heard save the far-away rumble of the waters as they rush on.

This underground lake is the recervoir which supplies Mammoth Spring, the largest spring in the world, with its \$0,000 cubic feet of water a minute. The most surprising feature in connection with this extraordinary natural curiosity is the fact that when these great canyons are filled with water, even to the arch of the natural bridge, hundreds of feet deep, the volume of water in Mammoth Spring cuvers is acres of train robbery.

A friend of Jesse, visiting Kansas City one day, asked a companion of the war days:

"Has this trial made the boy bitter?"

"It has made him stronger," was the renly. "Has this trial made the boy bitter?"

"It has made him stronger," was the reply.

The young man was much eaddened, not by the charge of train robbery against himself—he was clear of that, the public accepted the verdict of innocence and sympathized with himbut the fiflure of his old mother's health. Soon afterward she died. But she died knowing that her boy was an honest man, and that was a great relief to him.

In the recent class of 37 law graduates Jesse James stood first. His average in all branches was 91 per cent. Jesse is a self-made man. He is 21 years old. He is worth \$10,000. He is an attorney-at-law. He made every dollar of his money by honest, hard work. He is married. He has two children. He lives in his own house. He has never tasted whiskey. His friends are among the foremost men of Missouri.

ground 200 feet deep with crystal water. Spanned by an immense strel bridge, navigated by naphtha launches and flowing its 60.000 cubic feet of water a minute over a dam of solid masonry 170 feet long and 28 feet high, it presents an admirable picture.

It is too beautiful for an attempt at description, and the spring alone sup-plies waterpower equal to thousands of horsepower. It seems to hold its own plies waterpower equal to thousands of horsepower. It seems to hold its own more serene than the pyramids and as unchangeable as the decrees of fate. Nothing affects it. Its purity remains undimmed when showers of spring transform mountain streams into veritable sewers; cloudbursts that drown wide valleys and drouths that drive cattle to the distant lowiands neither add to nor take from its constant, nevery-varying flow, and the keenest blust of old winter that ever scaled the Ogarks and rushed as a conqueror down these sunny slopes has never yet been able to capture and imprison in its icy fetters a single wavelet on the placid bosom of this mighty spring.

Mammoth spring drives the machinery of the Mammoth Spring Roller Mills, the largest mill in all north Arkanass or south Missouri; the Mammoth Spring Electric Light company, while unnumbered volumes of water fall unharnessed into the valley below, creating Spring river, the linest power stream in America.

The Hudson may be grander, the St. Lawrence more romantic or the lordly Mississippi more majestic, but Spring river, for the brightness of its waters, the quiet beauty of its wooded banks, for its long, deep pools shaded by towering cliffs, for its rushing rapids and its hundred waterfalls can justly claim attractions unequaled by any stream in America or abroad.

The rains of springtime neither mar its beauty nor add to its volume; the droutns of midsummer drink not a drop of its waters, and winter, which chains, all neighboring streams with its icy fetters, imprisons not a curl of Spring river. The giant which saucily defied the

The giant which saucily defied the deluge, the drouth and the rude buffers of old winter is a submissive slave in the hands of progress, and is now meekly learning to turn the lathe and throw

the shuttle.

The joyous free song of its waters is marred by a false note with a metallic ring, and ere long these shady, grass-carpeted banks, where children play and the angier catches the unsuspecting bass, will be lined with mills and factories that operate without fear of a coal strike, and the song of the hirl and the melody of the waterfall will be replaced by the whir of the spindle and the sigh of the operatives.