

MEXICAN MARRIAGE

by Margaret Carruthers.



INDIANS SELLING ILLSMELLING FOODSTUFFS.

THE last piece of baggage had been lifted into the hold of the Esperanza and the signals to draw in the gangplank and move off had been given when the couple with Winfield Shipman (retired banker) his son and daughter dashed up to the pier. They were barely in time and as the big boat moved slowly away from her dock Master Irving Shipman called to the boatman still standing on the pier, gazing after this strange trio as if in a final farewell.

Winfield Shipman's business methods had been hard and mercenary and that there was a kinder side to his nature not one but his children believed. To them he had been father and mother, giving them everything great wealth could give, and his hard, cold, gray eyes only lighted with tenderness when he thought of them or their future.

And it was for their sake he was taking this trip which his physicians had advised. Master Irving had been hastily summoned from the military academy to join his father and sister on this trip and had not had time to change his uniform for the less conspicuous citizen's garb.

He was a tall, slender youth of about 16 or 17 years, whose bearing clearly indicated his military training and whose enthusiasm betrayed his delight at his good in getting a mid-winter vacation.

But it was Mildred Shipman who attracted most attention. She was very fair, almost pale with large, sad, brown eyes, and masses of rich brown hair done in the latest fashion. Her mouth was sensitive and a faint sadness lurked in the corners disappearing only when she smiled, displaying rows of beautiful teeth.

But she did not smile as much as a girl of 20 should. Her mother had died when she was 12 and now her father's illness had taken a serious turn, threatening to leave her alone save for her brother.

She hated travel and she wondered what kind of a place Mexico was. The first few days out she kept to her stateroom, taking her meals there with her father, who was unable to be about. After Havana they were galeswept across the Gulf of Mexico to a "northern" and had to ride anchor for three days until lighters could get out to take off the passengers for that port.

From Progreso to Vera Cruz the weather was delightful and Mildred spent a great deal of time on deck.

At night the moon and phosphorescent waves of the gulf stream seemed in a conspiracy to light up the surface of the waters as a sort of playground for the flying fishes. When they proceeded by rail to the City of Mexico, the ride through the mountains was as beautiful, Mildred thought, as the Alps.

First they passed through long groves of banana trees, then acres and acres of henequen (the Mexican millionaire gets her native pulque and whose fiber equals hemp in the manufacture of rope).

At the stations where they stopped the train was instantly surrounded by Indians selling beautiful camels and ill-smelling foodstuffs, some begging, some serenading. They arrived late and tired and the next morning Mildred and her brother went to the breakfast-room alone, their father not having stood the trip so well.

It was late and there was but one left for dinner, a frank-faced, handsome young man, wearing a fowing black tie the same as artists wear. He was the new engineer for the Read-Miller Construction company of Pittsburg, who were erecting electric trolley plants in the city and its suburbs.

He had been there only a week, but had made many friends by his manly conduct of the company's affairs that he had found in very bad condition on his arrival, and had restored harmony among the workmen who had been threatening to strike.

He was the late and had ordered a hasty repast, and when the newcomers entered he forgot it and all else save who they were. He wondered what so lovely a creature could be doing there, for frankly Roy Kendall did not like Mexico, and wondered at any one coming there on pleasure bent.

He did not understand the language and he despised their life and customs.

All the way out to the works he kept wondering who she was and how he had learned to overcome great obstacles in his chosen profession, but he admitted to himself this one seemed almost unsurmountable.

But he resolved to meet her some way and he was not to be turned from a purpose once he had made up his mind. The little party spent the first few days visiting the lagoons, the cathedral, Chapultepec, the thieves market and even Placubuyo, the Mexican Monte Carlo, where the games were in progress.

The doctor had said he noted a slight improvement in her father's condition and Mildred had resigned herself to a long stay there hoping he might be permanently cured. Meanwhile Roy Kendall was not idle. He had made friends with Master Irving, who in turn had taken him to his father to obtain his permission to allow him to visit the new buildings in course of construction for the city's new power supply.

Winfield Shipman liked the honest blue eyes and frank, easy manner of Roy Kendall and had given consent for his daughter to go also. She had been greatly interested, as he showed her the great traveling cranes and asked many amusing if not silly little questions as he took her to inspect the huge dynamos that supplied

light to the ancient city of the Zolteo and Aztec. At least she was interested he mused as he rode to the hotel that night and when he arrived there and received a note from Mildred's father asking him to dine with them that evening he was in his seventh heaven.

He was never more particular about his grooming than that night and when he had finished he surveyed himself in the mirror with evident satisfaction. He found them waiting for him and could not help notice how radiantly happy Mildred was. He fancied her face lighted up when he entered and the sadness that sometimes lurked around the sweet mouth seemed to disappear in his presence. He felt a new, strange happiness when near her and knew that at last he was in love.

Mildred and Roy Kendall now saw a great deal of each other. They rode together to the beautiful Paseo to historical old castle Chapultepec where Maximilian brought the lovely Charlotte a bride. One day they walked in the Alameda listening to the music or wandered through the flower mart. They both thought they had never seen a more beautiful place than Mexico.

But the slight improvement in Winfield Shipman's health proved only a temporary one and when he was unable to be about Mildred spent her time in care of him leaving Roy to the society of his brother. Between Mildred and her father there was a great unselfish devotion but she loved Roy Kendall and she missed the

little pilgrimages that grew less frequent each week.

Her father was growing worse each day and realized the end was near. To this crusty, old man the world had been a place to make and hoard money and "if I did the office afford, there was anything else of importance to be considered as death."

But the thought of leaving Mildred alone made these declining days more wretched and he wondered what would become of her. Then he thought of Roy Kendall. He knew he was in love with Mildred and he was sure she cared for him. Mildred would be safe and happy in his care.

He had liked him from the first and the feeling had grown with the acquaintance and he felt that Mildred should be safe and happy in his care. He told Mildred she might drive out to the works and tell Mr. Kendall he wished to see him as soon as he reached the hotel that evening.

Roy sat in his rudely constructed office before a table littered with blue prints, but his mind was not on the drawings. He was thinking of Mildred and wondering whether he should go to her father and tell him or whether he should speak to her first.

He wondered if she might not think him cruel and selfish to mention his love while her father was so ill. He promised himself to see her that night and know her answer.

Just then she peeped in at the door and asked gaily, "May I come in, Roy?" "Well, I should say so," he answered, jumping to his feet and tendering the one chair the office afforded.

"How did you get away this afternoon?" She told him of her father's wish to see him and began arranging the confused heap of drawings, all the while scolding him for the untidy condition of his desk.

He thought he had never seen her more beautiful although the pale face showed the confinement her father's illness had forced upon her. She needs air and sunshine he mused as he sat on the arm of her chair. He felt her tremble just a little, but she did not attempt to move.

"Mildred, you must know I love you, dear. I felt I ought to wait until your father was better to tell you this, but I know you must have understood all along. May I say what is in my heart now? Will you marry me?"

When they reached the hotel they found the doctor there and all in confusion. One look and the doctor knew her father had no more service. He whispered to Mildred and Roy Kendall. They knelt beside the bed and the gray eyes wandered from one to the other and then all still and Winfield Shipman was gone.

Many untrue and conflicting stories have been told about Pomeroy—of his cruelty to dogs and cats in prison. The fact was that he had no access to dogs and cats never arose in the minds of credulous readers.

Several years ago he had one pet—a canary bird. But this he treated with tender care. Every morning he would clean its cage, give it water in which to bathe and food. It became so tame that he would let it fly through the grate doors, down the corridor into the sunlight beyond. He would wait its return eagerly, and by the light in his eye the little bird seemed to bring sunshine back with it.

One day it died. The prisoner wept more deeply than at any time during his confinement. Pomeroy has made attempts to escape. A number of times he was found boring at the cement between the stones with implements given him with which to labor. Even had he bored a way through the cell, escape would have been impossible. He would find himself in the main yard with other prisoners, where guards keep watch on walls 22 feet high.

His most desperate attempt at freedom was made in 1887, when he used illuminating gas to create an explosion. The cell was nearly destroyed, and Pomeroy was almost killed.

But of late years Jesse has become resigned to his fate—he dreams of the farm and green fields, but hope seems to have died. Should he ever be led among other men or freed, no doubt, his soul might utter such words as these: "It might be months, or years, or days, I kept no count, I took no note, I had no hope my eyes to raise, And clear them of their dreary mite; At last men came to set me free, I asked not why nor recked not where; It was as length the same to me, Fettered or fetterless to be, I learned to love despair."

Through the thick iron bars reaches an old wrinkled hand; in the faint darkness the little woman whispers chokingly to the aging man sitting by the flickering lamp. "Jesse!" "It is all she can say. The prisoner leaps to his feet, his

eyes light, and despairingly, with great anguish he cries: "Mother!"

His only friend—his mother! The only one who regards him with love—his mother! His most faithful, untiring champion before the governor's council—his mother!

Those meetings are more fraught with sorrow than joy, for to both of them comes the full realization of the hopelessness of this meeting.

Since he was 14, this man of 47 has met no other friend, heard no other human voice speak kindly to him. He has not even been permitted to go to the chapel, where he would meet other prisoners.

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GERMANY IS SUPREME IN THE AIR--Some Impressions of the Brussels Balloon Race

YOU must go to the fete of balloons; ach, you must go to the Parc du Cinquantenaire and see the balloons of all nations sail to heaven." Thus spoke the waiter in his best Sunday English on the best of all Sundays as I was taking dejeuner after high mass at Brussels cathedral.

And we did go to the Parc, where the aeronauts of Europe were crowding their conference by starting on a long distance race. A balloon race! I am just like the average Englishman—one balloon skyward is such a novelty that I make my neck ache at the aerial junction by studying the uncanny monster floating above in circumambient ether.

I calculate that these two last words would trouble my water—but nevertheless I owe him eternal gratitude for inspiring me with the idea to see "la fete des Ballons"—because, after all, balloon races are still rare, though the day is toward when we shall travel by airship for our summer vacation until a. M. telegram to cloudland recalls the vessel to earth.

As much as their fabric was yellow silk—"Jaune citron," the little Belgians called it. Really one never knows why we take so much fancy to yellow, but their topaz-like texture, and I determined to watch "Yellow Jack" as I christened the first of the pair.

When inflation had been fairly well completed, but before the balloons had been monastically distended with hydrogen, and as they mounted the aerial alps and glistened in the sun they looked like floating jewels and precious stones thrown by the gods on high from the Palace of Truth.

Patience was necessary before the first ascent, but at the last a balloon sailed majestically away, and its graceful departure, borne on a southeasterly breeze over the tops of the houses, and away in the direction of Paris, gave a celestial aspiration to all our noses—especially as there were concomitants.

Hundreds of balloons as large as a kite, and as richly red as a danger signal on a clear night, rose with the first balloon like a host of ministering angels. 'Twas a moving spectacle in the heavens.

the line they suggested that they were traveling along an aerial avenue for Paris.

Away Goes "Yellow Jack." Each balloon was labelled with the town of origin, was numbered, and carried the flag of the country it represented. To me as an Englishman—even although Great Britain could not send three balloons so as to enable them to compete as a nation—it was a source of delight to see the Hon. C. S. Rolls in his "Britannia" embark with dignified ease, in his car being Frank Butler, the founder of the Aero Club.

Then we saw Usell, the soaring Italian who last year sailed over the summit of Mont Blanc. But just when patience was becoming exhausted away went "Yellow Jack"—the great German balloon of Herr Erbslof—labelled "Pomeroy" of course, the Teutonic spelling of Pomeroy. This looked most peculiar. It was not of the customary pear shape, 'twas a great golden apple—Atlantis's fatal allurement magnified by a million and sent floating through the air with a message to tell us all not to be eternally grovelling on earth looking for money. This colored aerial cruiser from Cologne held me spell-bound, especially as it mounted towards the map and grasped it possible, the distance of an aerial flight from Brussels, across the whole of France, to Bayonne near to the Pyrenees and the land of Spain. That is a journey for the "mappers" who fly pigeons to trace for their friends on the plan of Europe.

Germany's Supremacy. The distance record for unsteerable balloons was 416 miles, established in the Gordon-Bennett cup. Six years ago two German professors rose in a balloon to a height of 10,800 metres. That has never been equalled. And now a German has captured the long distance record in aerial flotation. France is supposed to have the best warship for the air—and England is lagging in the rear.

A Swiss, M. de Beauchamp, ranked second in the Brussels race with 555 miles, while Professor Huntington, of England, was third with 552 miles, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, fourth with 530 miles. These distances are calculated by trigonometry—"a vol d'oiseau"—as a bird flies. The "Etoile Belge" gave an interesting interview on Thursday entitled "In the Blue," being a chat with M. Leon Gheude, one of the Belgian aeronauts, who traveled all through the night and came to grief at Angoulême through his guide-rope slipping itself round the trunk of an isolated tree when the balloon was going about 70 miles an hour, and dashed the vessel against some rocks, but they were saved from disaster by some soldiers who were out manœuvring.

Ballooning is the sport of brave men with scientific knowledge. M. Leon Gheude tells us the great traveling hours he was without sleep. He and his companions gulped 24 fresh eggs and drank five pints of coffee between them. When his balloon was 3,000 metres above earth his face was burned in the sun, while it was freezing in the wind, and they ate what was covered with hoar-frost.

A Syndicated Lady. From the Chicago Tribune. The Census Taker—"Your name, mum?" "I don't know." "Beg pardon, mum?" "I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this state. In several states it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three states it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name."

"I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighboring state, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband." "Then you're married at present?" "I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts, divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California; a bigamist in three other states and a single woman in eight others."

Hunger. From Judge's Library. "What would your majesty wish for breakfast?" asked the waiter of the cannibal king who is sojourning in this country. "What have you?" asked the cannibal king. "Almost anything—cereals, fruits, rolls, muffins."

"Do you think you could get me a few rags with a hungry twinkle in his eyes, looking out of the window at the plump newsboy who is crying his extras."

THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN A LIVING TOMB Continued from the First Page of This Section

walls. Passing down a long corridor, you come to a dormitory, where the men who labor by day sleep at night. At the eastern end is a door, and still another corridor, dank and damp and dark. Here are cells—small vaults—devoid of any furniture excepting a plank bed.

There are double doors, one of solid iron and the other of heavy grating. Near the top of the solid door is an opening about 15 inches square. This is the only place of ventilation in the cells. No sound is ever heard in this corridor, except the loud maniacal cries of unmanageable prisoners placed there for extraordinary punishment, or the soft tread of the keeper as he stealthily makes his way there to see that all is well with the lone prisoner in the farthest cell.

Here Jesse Pomeroy has spent his life. Here he has grown from child hood to manhood and then to middle life. His cell is in the rear corner of the wing, as far from human beings as anything could be. Sitting on his bed you will find him—tall, with thin, pale face and vacant eyes. He can see with only one. Then imagine the strain of reading 3,000 books by the yellowish light of the ill-smelling oil lamp, and raise chicken determination to gain knowledge, to keep a man awake at night over a book under such conditions.

Over one way a film has grown until it is now opaque. For years Pomeroy has practiced penmanship. His writing is so good that it resembles a Spencerian copper plate. Besides the 3,000 books in the prison library which he has read, he is given a part of Maine and raises chickens. Among authors of fiction, his favorites are Balzac and Dumas. From his chief recreation is reading modern magazines on outdoor life. Ironical, isn't it?

Whole days he will spend reading articles on gardening, the raising of poultry, and the management of farms. When he gets free—some time, he says—he will get a small farm in an isolated part of Maine and raise chickens. Among authors of fiction, his favorites are Balzac and Dumas. From his chief recreation is reading modern magazines on outdoor life. Ironical, isn't it? On bright days his keeper may take him into a small private brick courtyard, where he is allowed to exercise. Long confinement, however, has weakened and aged him, and his health is

said to be slowly day by day, falling. Jesse lives in the regular prison fare, meager enough, and eats without knife and fork. He bathes once a week. Once a week the governor's warden and the prison commissioners see him on their formal visits. During the day the watchman comes to his cell, of course, and he must speak to the warden and silent figure sitting in the cell does not invite conversation.

Once the following conversation took place between the warden and the prisoner, when public opinion had lost little of its bitterness toward the man: "Do you know, Jesse, that if you succeeded in getting on the streets the people would hang you to the nearest telegraph pole?" "Do you really think they would?" "Yes," was the reply. "I know that people think so bitterly of you that they would do this."

"Justice!" The word burns in letters of flame before the mind of the solitary man. Each year he writes an appeal to the governor, pleading for release, rhetorically, earnestly. In the tragedy which he is writing and in which he represents himself as a prey of the higher powers he will make an appeal to the world.

Day after day passes—he reads and writes and sometimes weeps, only of late his eyes seem to have grown dry for too much sorrow. By night he dreams—of that longed-for farm in Maine. Often, while reading, it is said, he addresses the characters of books as companions and friends. Indeed, they are the only ones he possesses—excepting one. Once each month a little old woman comes to Cherry Hill. She is bent with age, her step is feeble, her voice quavering and tremulous. Her hair is thin and gray. In her pale eyes can be read the tale of a great, fathomless sorrow.

She is formally received and escorted by the warden through the long corridors. As she nears the dark door in the eastern end she wipes her eyes. She struggles to suppress her sobs. She enters, and the warden withdraws, reverently. Through the thick iron bars reaches an old wrinkled hand; in the faint darkness the little woman whispers chokingly to the aging man sitting by the flickering lamp. "Jesse!" "It is all she can say. The prisoner leaps to his feet, his