FAIR ONES PLANNING ESCAPE OF FAMOUS BRIGAND

Extraordinary Career of El Vivillo, the Terror of Andalusia for Eighteen Years, Who is now Lodged in a Prison in Cadiz Awaiting Trial--Squandered Fortune He had Inherited

By Jose Mondego.
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MADRID, April 25.—Few dime novels that have fired the imaginations of sensation-loving young Americans have dealt with so interesting and, at the same time, so fascinating a scoundrel as El Vivillo, the Andalusian bandit who was recently arrested in Buenos Ayres, Argentine. He now lies imprisoned, under very heavy guard, in the penal prison at Cadiz, but no one who knows anything about his career and his extraordinary capacity for wriggling out of difficulties expects that he will remain within the four walls of his jail very long. It is freely hinted in high circles here that the hearts of many fair and influential ladies of sunny Spain have been lost to the daring desperado and that their owners will move heaven and earth to secure his release.

Despite his life of crime and undoubted viciousness, Vivillo has been the favorite hero of the youth of this country for more than 18 years. The youngsters have followed his adventurous career, as set forth from time to time in the papers, with bated breath and sparkling eyes, and have, no doubt, one and all longed to, some day emulate the bold bandit and the band of precious scamps he so successfully captained.

First Term in Prison.

This is not El Vivillo's first term behind prison bars, but all attempts to keep him there long have proved unsuccessful heretofore. Either by the expenditure of money in large sums, the influence of those in high places, or his own genius as a jailbreaker, he has walked out apparently when he pleased.

Like most heroes, either of fiction or reality, he seems to have borne a charmed life. Of the reckless band of lawless characters he led during his 18 years as premier "knight of the road," El Vivillo, with one exception, is the only one still alive. All the others have fallen in skirmishes with that very excellent and sure-shooting body of mounted police—the Civil Guards. El Vivillo's sole fellow survivor of those strenuous times is Pajarito, his Lieutenant, who is now undergoing a sentence of 91 years penal servitude in Cordova prison. La Pajarito yields only to his chief in his record of rascality.

A halo of romance has grown up around El Vivillo and his band. According to the general opinion among the ignorant Spaniards of the countryside he is a sort of second Robin Hood, robbing the rich and assisting the poor. Some of the stories which are told of him and on which this view is based are undoubtedly true, but the great majority of them were, just as surely, woven out of thin air by imaginative writers attached to the press.

El Vivillo was born in the Andalusian town of Estepa, as long ago as 1865. As a very young boy he acquired a remarkable dexterity with the cards, and it was through the constant exercise of this talent that he earned the nickname by which he has always been known to the exclusion of his family "handle." El Vivillo, translated in English, means "Lively Little One," and from all accounts the future bandit was a very precocious youth. His parents appear to have been honest, simple folks and made a real effort to train him for a commercial career. He was sent to Cordova to serve an apprenticeship in a business house, but his employer soon bundled him back home again because of his unruly ways. Under the paternal roof he then remained until he reached the age of 23, when both his parents died and he inherited a small fortune.

Paints Home Town Red.

El Vivillo immediately started out to paint his home town red. His one idea seemed to be to get rid of his fortune in record time, and so successful was he that in two years he was penniless. At this embarrassing point in his career he fell violently in love with the girl who afterwards became his wife. She was a beautiful, dark-eyed lass named Dolores Gomes and had hosts of admirers. What she ever saw in El Vivillo to admire it is hard to say. Indeed, what the scores of women who afterwards lost their hearts to the bold rascal saw in him it is equally difficult to discover. He is today a burly, ruddy-complexioned man with distinctly vulgar and repulsive features, and it does not seem possible that he could ever have been attractive to feminine eyes. His manner is harsh and overbearing and he feels, and makes no bones about expressing, a supreme contempt for the softer passions of the heart.

With his fortune dissipated El Vivillo was in no condition to contemplate immediate marriage. He decided to remove the financial obstacle in the shortest, quickest and easiest way. After an unsuccessful attempt to turn his skill with the cards to advantage at the Municipal Casino of his home town, he threw in his lot with a band of smugglers. The future bandit's ingenuity and nimble wit soon made him a favorite with the majority of his fellow-contrabandists, but they also aroused the jealousy of one of the leaders, nicknamed Lobo (Wolf). The latter was renowned for his dexterity with the dagger, and he took an early opportunity of attempting to prove to the newcomer that his fame in that respect was well deserved. One evening, when the members of the band were celebrating an especially successful day's work in a cafe in Estepa, a quarrel broke out between El Vivillo and Lobo over a game of cards. At the latter's suggestion it was decided to determine the merits of the dispute with the knife, so the two men adjourned to the street, where there was more room and a larger audience.

Draw Their Daggers.

Heated with wine, the combatants drew their long daggers, wrapped their coats around their free arms and set to. A large crowd gathered and cheered the fighters. Much to his surprise, Lobo discovered that his opponent knew a trick or two about the use of the knife that he himself had failed to learn, and to the astonishment of the spectators, after a particularly lively melee, El Vivillo ran his through the heart with a well-directed thrust. Before he had an opportunity to get out of town El Vivillo was arrested and thrown into prison. But that mysterious personage, the influential friend, came to his assistance and he was shortly at large again.

Instead of reforming him, this experience only seemed to strengthen El Vivillo in his career of lawlessness. Soon after his release he took to the countryside as a bandit. Rapidly there grew up around him one of the most famous bands of brigands that have ever infested this country. Among the adventurous characters who eventually acknowledged him as leader and bowed to his superior bravery and daring were Soniche, Chorizo, Pernales, Nino Gloria, Barrioneuvo and Pajarito, all of whom had long records as successful highwaymen before El Vivillo ever thought of the profession.

From this point in his life it is difficult to trace El Vivillo's progress clearly. Various crimes attributed to him were undoubtedly committed by other men of inferior caliber. On the other hand he was able to escape the punishment for many outrages, which there is no doubt trat he committed, by establishing remarkably clever alibis. On one occasion, for instance, he held up the diligence on its way to the village of Villamartin. After safely hiding his spoils, the bandit, by means of a relay of horses which had been provided in advance, galloped to a favorite retreat 40 miles away. There a posse of the civil guards found him half an hour later, sunk in a drunken slumber. He was arrested and tried for the crime, but his alibi proved too much for the officers of the law to combat and he was triumphantly acquitted.

Among the outrages definitely fastened upon El Vivillo are the sacking of a mansion at Torredonjimino, when he secured more than $20,000; the seizure of an Andalusian millionaire on the high road to Anteguera, when the bandit shot three servants who attempted to defend their employer's property; and another highway robbery between Cahra and Priego, on which occasion the bandit was captured and placed in prison at the latter town, escaping, as usual, after two days' confinement.

EL VIVILLO.

EL VIVILLO'S HOUSE IN ESTEPAN

Another Exploit.

Another exploit of El Vivillo occurred between Setenil and Villamartin. A wealthy landowner named Don Pedro Guzman was traveling toward the latter town, accompanied by his steward, when they were held up by El Vivillo's band on horseback and forced to dismount. They were ordered to throw their guns on the ground, and the bandits made a search of their persons, relieving the master of $8,000 Spanish reals in bank notes and $60 in cash—money which was destined for the purchase of livestock at the annual fair at Villamartin.

Master and man were then seated upon the ground at a spot hidden from the road, with their elbows tied together. There they remained in their uncomfortable posture from 10 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, during which time the brigands had "bagged" seven other travelers, also going to the Villamartin fair and all carrying considerable sums of money. The bandits then rode away, leaving their disconsolate victims to untie themselves as best they could.

In Estepa, his native town, El Vivillo has been several times imprisoned, usually for horse-stealing, but he invariably managed to escape in some extraordinary manner. Some four years ago his wife was suspected of maintaining secret correspondence with him. She was imprisoned and remained under lock and key for 18 months. It was subsequently proved that during all this time El Vivillo, although a fugitive from justice, had managed to visit her in jail whenever he pleased. An investigation was made, but it has never been discovered how he arranged it.

When El Vivillo went into hiding he employed an ingenious stratagem to put his pursuers off the scent. He would address letters to various well-known people of Andalusia, and, inclosing them to Algiers or Tangier, would cause them to be sent to their destination—bearing, of course, French stamps and postoffice marks. This ruse effectually convinced inquisitive police officers that El Vivillo was really out of the country.

Many anecdotes are told of the famous bandit. There is one that illustrates his kindness to the poor. Entering a farmhouse not far from Setenil one day with the intention of robbing the inmates, he found the family in great distress. Times had been very hard with them. Cattle had strayed or been lost or stolen; the excessively dry season had almost ruined the crops and vines, and for some time they had been behind-hand with the rent. Now they were finally threatened with expulsion on the following morning if the amount due the landlord, some $50, was not forthcoming. Greatly attached to their home, and absolutely without the hope of raising even a peseta toward the sum required, the farmer and his family were sitting around the open fireplace in dumb despair. Careful of the duties of hospitality, however, they offered the stranger bread and a skin of rough red wine to satisfy his appetite. El Vivillo, on discovering the cause of their unhappiness, declared that he, the next morning, would bring them the sum of money they so much stood in need of. Jumping into the saddle, he rode to the landlord's house, and, placing a pistol to the man's head, forced him to hand over $50—neither more nor less. Riding safely away he returned to the poor farmer and thrusting the money into the astonished man's hand went off chuckling over the knowledge that the landlord's rent would be punctually paid with his own money.

Daring Raids.

Perhaps the most daring of El Vivillo's exploits, however, was his robbing of his old enemies, the civil guards themselves, single-handed. He learned that a pair of them on a certain day were going to bring a large sum in specie to Sevilla. Riding out into the country he entered the posada where the two officers were about to commence their midday meal. He got into conversation with them and they finally invited him to share their repast. El Vivillo proved himself a delightful table companion and the two officers of the law were congratulating themselves upon meeting such a good fellow. Their awakening was a rude one, therefore, when the bandit pulled out a brace of revolvers and said: "I am El Vivillo; please hand over the money in those two bags." The guards were helpless and had the mortification of seeing their dinner guest ride away in safety with his booty.

The bandit once escaped what appeared to be certain capture by remarkable coolness and presence of mind. While he was seated with some friends in a house in Setenil playing the national card game, "tute," over wine and cigarettes, one of his numerous proteges ran into the room with the alarming news that the civil guard were approaching the house bent upon his capture. His companions at once offered all kinds of advice to him; he must drop out of a rear window; he must climb out upon the roof and lie quietly hidden there, and so on. El Vivillo, however, begged them to be quite at easp and continue their interrupted game as if nothing were about to happen. Descending the staircase he opened the front door and came face to face with a patrol of the civil guard. They inquired whether he had seen El Vivillo. In an even, grim voice he replied that he had; that he had even been playing cards with him, but that, half an hour before, the bandit had ridden off to a neighboring village. The officers dashed off in hot haste in the direction indicated, but needless to say did not succeed in capturing El Vivillo on that occasion.

The brigand's family is composed of five children—two sons and three daughters. One of the former is married and resides in Estepa. The three girls, Dolores, Carmen and Consuelo, are noted beauties, with the voluptuous figure, dark hair, eyes and complexion that have made Andalusian women famous. They all speak French correctly, an unusual accomplishment in the children of a Spanish brigand. In their small but comfortably furnished house in Estepa is that luxury, a piano, which the second daughter plays with exceptional ability.

Expelled by Police.

Expelled by the police to Gibraltar last November, the children took steamer to Buenos Ayres and so unwittingly caused the Spanish authorities to suspect that El Vivillo, who was badly wanted, was in hiding there. Information was sent to the Spanish legation in the Argentine capital, and a few days after the arrival of his family El Vivillo was prosaically arrested at a ranch tenanted by him at the village of Ensenada, near La Plata.

That misplaced admiration of, and sympathy for, those accused of crime is not confined to the fair sex of the United States, is proved by the treatment El Vivillo has received since his arrest. While he was in jail at Buenos Ayres he received hundreds of letters of commiseration from women containing offers of assistance and money. It is said that he laid by a tidy sum by charging $5 apiece for his autographs, which were in great demand among the Spanish senoritas of the South American city.

On the day of El Vivillo's arrest a German presented himself at the home of the president of the Argentine republic and asked to be allowed to visit the Spanish bandit. His request was denied and later he approached a subordinate official to the prison. The official, believing the over-anxious German to be a confederate of the brigand, reported the offer to his superiors, with the result that the subject of the kaiser was placed under arrest. An investigation was subsequently made and it was discovered that the suspected man was nothing worse than a newly married and very wealthy tourist on his honeymoon, who was very anxious to see what a real live Andalusian bandit was like.

APRIL SHOWERS--A Good Short Story for May

He hesitated for a moment before he closed the door, as if he considered whether he should do as he felt like and slam it to—let her know that the was angry, or just close it gently. But his common sense conquered; he closed the door without undue noise, and now he stood in the street. Involuntarily he began to examine closely the house he had just left, not because it was an especially pretty house, but he had for several months spent every spare hour there. The flowering plants behind the white curtains had bade him welcome every evening when he came riding into town from his estate outside in the country. Then he had greeted somebody behind the curtains with his whip, and two laughing blue eyes had returned his greeting. How perfectly happy he had felt during these last months.

Evening after evening was spent in the same cozy, quiet, homelike way. Uncle William was sitting in his easy chair with his velvet skullcap and his long German pipe, reading the evening paper. Aunt Hanna was knitting in a corner of the sofa, straight as a candle. Uncle and aunt had four children, as much alike as drops of water, all four had pug noses, were blonde, blue-eyed, easy to laugh and slender as the pipes of an organ, but none of the long boys was as pretty as the coldest cousin, Frances. It was then no wonder that Cousin Karl courted her assiduously, and she accepted gracefully. She allowed him to light the alcohol lamp under the samowar, thanked him with smiling lips and eyes for the flowers he brought from his own garden, and laughed at his stories almost as heartily as he did himself. And that means quite a little.

About three weeks ago he had chosen some new wall paper samples, and shown them to Cousin Frances. There was one especially he liked; it was light with narrow blue stripes and small bouquets of roses scattered all over it.

"Would you like to have a room papered with this?" he had asked. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Very beautiful, indeed!" Although she had answered only the last question, she blushed and laughed. Why did she blush if she did not understand what he meant? For several days he walked around as if in dreams and did not know what to do. But at last he made up his mind. Today, the same day when he was trembling with anger and stood outside the house, it was Frances' birthday—she was just 18.

In the morning he came riding into town with a bouquet so large that everybody stopped to look at him and smiled. Frances had thanked him for it, as usual, showed him the presents she had received and invited him to call again in the evening, when they were to have a dance.

Cousin Karl came and when he looked at his own sunburned, honest face in the looking-glass in the hall he almost thought himself handsome. He had a rosebud in his button hole and inside the bud an honest, brave heart. Frances wore her most beautiful gown of white voile with narrow blue stripes—it almost looked like his wall paper—and in her blond braids she had put some beautiful pink carnations which he felt quite sure were among the flowers he had brought her in the morning.

Everybody was there when she came and Frances had been congratulated by all the young people, but Cousin Karl saw immediately that she was out of humor.

"Good evening, Karl," she said, and pouted; "you are half an hour late and we might have started dancing long ago if we hadn't had to wait for you."

Karl was a good-natured young fellow, but at times it must be admitted, somewhat hot-headed and not to say what he felt like saying, he simply bowed and retired to the next room. After that Frances behaved as if he didn't exist, and it didn't make it better that she sat down at the table with another young man though she had promised Karl to sit with him.

But Karl took revenge.

When the dancing was to begin he stumbled, gave a cry of pain and fell into a chair. Everybody rushed up to him with the exception of Frances, who stood at a table in the other end of the room calmly smelling some roses. He said that he had sprained his ankle; that it was impossible for him to dance, and that he would have to be satisfied to look on. Hhe spent the whole evening sitting in a chair by the window thinking about everything, and the result of this was that he found no one to blame but himself. Frances was right, he had been late and it was her birthday.

When Aunt Hanna shortly afterwards gave the signal for going home Karl stood up and asked Francis if she wouldn't dance just one dance for him, the pain in the foot was almost gone, but Francis who had never believed in the sprained ankle looked at him angrily and said: "I'm very sorry, Karl, just this moment I too sprained my ankle, so it is absolutely impossible for me to dance."

Karl bit his lips and said nothing.

After a short while everybody went home with the exception of Karl who was allowed to stay as a relation of the family. When all the guests had gone, Frances went to the window and Karl whose heart was full of love and regret, knew nothing better than to ask her father for her hand at that very moment. Thank God that part of it was over now. He looked toward Frances who stood straight and motionless as if the matter didn't concern her at all. At last Uncle William put away his pipe, took the hands of the young girl and turned her around.

"Well, child," he said, "this is for you to decide. What is it to be, yes or no."

"No," she replied quick as a flash. Turned around and began to tap a march on the window pane.

"Uncle, just let me speak with her alone for one moment and I believe I can win her."

Uncle and aunt left the room and Karl walked over to Frances.

"Frances, dear," he began, "don't act like a child. I know I have given you reason to feel angry, but don't you think I am just as sorry as you are that we should misunderstand each other. Now, be a good girl, Frances." He tried to take her hand, but she wouldn't let him.

"Now, listen, Frances, this is really foolish; just think and remember that if you refuse me now I shall never ask for you, and you know that I couldn't do it."

When she didn't answer, and only shook her head, he called her parents, who came immediately.

"Uncle, will you please speak to Frances, for she will not listen to me?"

"Frances," Uncle William said, rather harshly. "Don't act like a fool, child; you must either tell him the reason why you act like a stubborn kid or give your hand."

"No; I will not—I will not," she sobbed. "First, he comes here an hour late and then he behaves as no gentleman should ever behave and refuses to dance. He has spoiled my birthday entirely. First, he called me silly and childish and then he comes and wants to marry me. You expect me to say yes right away. I'm not going to do it. I tell you I'm never going to marry at all."

"Well, Frances," Karl said, dryly, "we shall speak no more about it. I have made a mistake and I have been a fool. All I can do now is to beg your pardon because I have spoiled your birthday. Good night, uncle. Good night, aunt."

He bowed stiffly and rushed out of the room. All this had happened when we find him furious outside the door.

After a sleepless night, Cousin Karl had come to the conclusion that a few weeks at the resort of Schrobeck, a favorite place for old ladies, would be the only thing to heal his wounded heart. To tell the truth, he was not a little afraid of meeting there an old aunt, who usually spent this time of the season at Schrobeck, but he found comfort in the thought that she might not be there, or might not notice him if she were there, and so he started toward the railroad station wearing a light gray suit and carrying a grip embroidered with roses and violets.

He went into the waiting-room, where he sat down with his back toward the door so that he could see anybody that came in in a large mirror opposite. Only one of the many who came into the waiting-room attracted his attention and this was a little, very little young girl with brown hair. She wore a hat trimmed with beautiful red cherries and she looked like good humor personified and kept on eating pepper cakes.

"Really, she's quite pretty," Karl thought, but at the same moment he was terrified to see in the glass two figures, the appearance of whom aroused in him a strong desire to hide himself underneath the table.

A long, lanky boy of 14, blond, blue eyes with a pug nose and carrying a grip and a number of bundles, came into the waiting-room, followed by a young girl with dark blonde hair and a large picture hat which tried to distract the attention from eyes red from crying. Who could it be but Frances and her oldest brother.

Frances didn't see anybody though she stared into the air but Fritz seemed to see everybody in the room and as soon as he discovered Karl he nodded at him in the glass, placed his finger, which by the way was rather dirty, on his lips as a signal which Karl immediately understood. Fritz was a very smart boy and when Karl pointed first to the platform outside, then to himself and then to Fritz he immediately understood that Cousin Karl wanted to talk to him alone, so he suggested to his sister that she sit down in a corner and cry a little, while he went out to find a good seat in the train. Frances made no objections, but sat down in a corner, took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes so that she didn't see a young man in a gray suit carrying an embroidered grip sneak out on the platform.

"Where are you going," he shouted and shook Fritz' hand.

"We're going to Schrobeck," Fritz replied with a smile.

"You going to Schrobeck," Karl repeated, I was afraid so but why do you go there of all places?"

"Because Aunt Amelie is there—but I'm not going, because school isn't over yet.

"I too, am going to Schrobeck," Karl exclaimed with a deep sigh, "but how in the world did Frances get the idea to go away?"

"I don't know," Fritz said, and smiled once more, "but all night thorugh there was the most awful racket at home. Frances cried and father called her a fool, who didn't know her own mind, and ordered her to get out of the house this morning and take a trip to Schrobeck to see if Aunt Amelie couldn't make something out of her, then father gave me a letter that I should give you when I came back from school but—now that you are going to Schrobeck I think that I'll keep it myself."

"You better not," Karl shouted and looked so angry that Fritz, who was very easily scared, immediately turned over the letter. When Karl had read it he smiled and put it into his pocket.

"Say, Fritz," he said, "there is no special compartment for ladies in this train, but there is a compartment for non-smokers, and you are to reserve a seat for Frances in that compartment. I will put my things in the one corner, but I won't go there until the moment the train starts. Do you understand."

Fritz was quite sure he understood and went into the waiting-room to get his sister. The bell rang and Frances sat down opposite the embroidered grip to look at her brother as long as possible. Fritz stood outside.

"Excuse me, sir," said a cheerful voice behind him, and a little lady with cherries on her hat entered the compartment and sat down in the third corner. The second bell rang and the whistle blew. Fritz, who made a rather long face when he perceived the lady with the cherries was forced to leave his place on the step and the conductor was just about to lock the door when a young gentleman in gray came rushing out of the waiting-room and jumped into the compartment for non-smokers just as the train started moving, while Karl, who knew what was coming, tipped his hat to Frances. She stared at him with wide open eyes as if he were a ghost. The little lady with the cherries had looked surprised from the one to the other and shook her head, but Karl made himself at home, placed his embroidered grip in the rack, his hat next to it and began to look at the little lady, who was still eating. He was trying to find an opportunity to sit next to her and begin a conversation just to let Frances feel that he didn't care.

To understand the sudden change in Cousin Karl's feelings we only need to look at a few sentences in a letter from Uncle William. He wrote that Frances immediately after Karl had left had felt very sorry and angry with herself, but that it was against her feeling of dignity to let him know how she felt.

To make it easier for her during the first days, Uncle William had decided to send her down to her aunt for a week or so and he was quite sure that if Karl would propose at the end of that time he would not be refused.

It didn't take long before an opportunity came to exchange seats. The young lady with the cherries had stood up and tried to open the window, and when she did not succeed Karl jumped to his feet and said: "Permit me to open the window for you ma'am." When he had done this he sat down opposite the young lady and started a conversation with the unusually intelligent remark: "It isn't quite as hot as it has been."

The young lady who was happy not to have to spend several hours in silence, replied in kind, with equal wit: "I was just thinking of that."

Then there was a short pause and then she kindly offered him a taste of her pepper cakes.

"I suppose you as a gentleman don't care for cakes," she remarked.

"Oh, when they're offered by a beautiful young lady," Karl replied with a smile and the little lady beamed.

Frances sat motionless and stared out of her window. This was really too much that Karl less than 24 hours after the catastrophe could be feeling fine and even court a young lady in her presence. But she dared not say anything.

In the meantime the other two were soon chatting as if they had known one another for years, the young girl laughed heartily, but Karl had found a plan to annoy Frances still more. He asked the young lady if she objected to smoking, and she replied that she had not the least objection if the other young lady did not object.

Karl struck a match and looked at Frances.

"I'm very sorry," she said coldly, "but tobacco smoke always gives me a headache."

"Well, I'm sure you never told me that before," Karl burst out, but he bit his lip when he saw the surprised expression in the other young lady's face while Frances got busy looking at the scenery outside.

The lady with the cherry hat could stand it no longer, she leaned toward Karl and whispered: "Is that your wife?"

Karl shoot his head.

"Your sweetheart?"

Karl nodded strenuously.

"Did you have a scrap?"

Again Karl nodded.

Just then the train stopped and the conductor called out the name of a station.

The young lady hurriedly gathered her bundles and cakes, and with a whispered "pleasant journey," she tumbled into the arms of a whole family who were waiting for her outside. The train again started and Karl remained seated at his window. Suddenly he heard somebody whisper his name and turned around.

"Karl, don't you want to light your cigar?"

"You are very kind," he said curtly, and immediately afterwards he began to fill the compartment with smoke. Several moments passed in silence until the sound of suppressed sobbing made him look toward the other corner, where Frances was sitting, hiding her face in her handkercnief.

At the sight of this his heart melted and he was at her side at once.

"Now, tell me, Frances, dear, why do you make it so hard for both of us? If you had been sensible yesterday and said yes, we might have been sitting happily and contented in your parlor today, and we might have gone out to look at the blue wall paper which you selected yourself." She smiled through tears, and shook her head.

"You did behave like a child," Karl continued, "and here we are now sitting in a railroad train going to a place where we don't care to go at all. How will it be when we get to Schrobeck and you keep up being foolish?" z z

"But, Karl," she said, laughing and sobbing at the same time, "you know I want you, don't you?"

"Well," Karl said when she had got her emotions somewhat under control, "now I will, confess that I have already told somebody that you were my sweetheart."

"Told whom?" Frances asked in surprise.

"I told it to the young lady with the cakes." Karl replied calmly. "What should she have believed if I hadn't?"

"Schrobeck?" The door opened and the couple looked at one another, but Karl knew just what to do.

"When does the next train for Lnyby leave here?" he asked the conductor.

"In half an hour."

"Well, Frances," he said, gaily, "in half an hour we can go right back to your parents."

"But what are we to do during that half hour?"

"Anything you say, with the exception of going to Aunt Amelie."

"We'll take a cup of coffee in the restaurant." Frances suggested.

"Good for you," Karl cried, "of course we will take a cup of coffee here."

Half an hour later the two young people were traveling in the opposite direction, but they no longer sat in opposite corners.

Struggle With a Tiger.

From the Indian Daily Telegraph.

Two brothers, Khuda Bakhs and Shaikh Abdul Ghani of Moradabad, were dispatched recently to Rampur on an errand, and while entering a grove at Khadpura a tiger sprang upon Khuda Bakhs, who, being an athlete, warded off the blow aimed at him with his right hand and caught one of the paws with the other and maintained his hold, though the tiger was mauling the other hand.

Abdul Ghani now rushed up with a stout stick, which he forced down the tiger's throat, making it release his brother's hand, when Khuda Bakhs seized another paw with his wounded hand, forcing both the paws back. He wrestled with the tiger, keeping it down by sheer force, while Abdul Gnani belabored it with his lathi and killed it.

The tiger was carried by the brothers to his highness the nawab of Rampur, "who kept the skin as a memento and sent Khuda Bakhs to the state dispensary for treatment."

THEIR EXITS--By John Anderson Jayne

"THEY have their exits and their entrances, and one in his time plays many parts." So said wise old Will Shakespeare, who had studied life from every conceivable angle. The fact that he puts "their exits" first in his sentence shows what a keen observer of life he was. A man may come upon these scene of action quietly, unobtrusively, but rarely does he make his exit in that way.

Watch two men on the street as they say "good-by," one to the other. It doesn't take them long to greet each other, especially when they have not seen each other for years. In a little while they tell the principal events that have occurred since they last met. Then they desire to make their exit. Each of them realizes that the exit should be the climax of their conversation. Each struggles to say the word or mouth the quirp that shall leave the remembrance of the meeting garbed in an apotheosis of glory. Unconsciously they are fearful of the anti-climax. They hem, haw, look wise, seek in vain for the right word and finally leave each other, half way regretting that they have met.

To know when to quit and when to get out of a conversation is one of the fine arts in life. How many men keep a hostess standing in the door while mumbling idle words that bear their eloquent testimony to the fact that the man does not know how to make his exit.

But the women! Heaven bless them! Ah, they are the ones who know how to make the effectual exit. Watch my lady of the kitchen as she archly gives "Big Tom," the policeman, good-by. She leaves a vacant spot in the heart, a made desire in the life that makes "Tom" wild to follow after her. But she smiles archly and "Tom" knows that he is left, and not badly at that. His head swims, his eyes dilate and his pulse jumps to 100 beats per minute. She has made her exit and left a void in "Tom's" heart that cannot be filled.

See a splendid tragedy queen. She may make her entrance quietly, unobtrusively. She may come in with a crowd, a simple Juliet, but when she leaves her Romeo, then it is a different matter. There is no slipping away quietly. She realizes the value of the exit and works up to it accordingly.

"Dannie" boy goes out to call upon his "Eliza Lou." All through the evening, when papa and mamma are near, she may be demure, sympathetic, friendly. Only that and nothing more. But the time comes for "Dannie" to say "good night." It is his trial, but her opportunity. How much she can put into the final handshake. What heart-love is wrapt up in the last, long, lingering look. Coy little miss that she is, she has learned and knows and practices the effectual exit.

Most men are not above thinking relative to the final exits from the stage of life. Perhaps few would say with Charles Lamb, "that he would like to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun." But all would like to make an exit commensurate with the degree of success they have won. "To die with the boots on" was the wish of many a rough-and-ready desperado of the early western civilization. "To husband out life's taper at the close and keep the flame from wasting by repose," tells how Goldsmith longed to keep his faculties to the last. While the old Spartan, who said to Diagoras, after he and his grandsons had won the Olympic games, "Die, die now, Diagoras, for thou canst not be a god," expressed the universal wish of man to make his final exit in a blaze of glory.

Your exit!

Do not worry about it!

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies." Know this, that if you live truly you will make a good exit, no matter how, when or where the time shall come for it to be made. Your exit may be like the sun at evening going down in the clouds of most gorgeous hue, or it may be a silent fading of the light away and the shadows softly stealing over the earth; but, howsoever it may come, if you have run "rejoicing as a strong man coming from his chamber rejoicing to run a race," you will be remembered, not so much in your victorious exit, as the way you ran your race.

AMERICA REMOULDS *The* OLD WORLD--By Prof. DeEmil Reich

IT IS amazing, indeed to see the profound change coming over Europeans in America.

The restless, fidgety, over-sensitive and impractical Irishman of Europe becomes within a few years a hard-headed, practical persistent worker and leader of men. Even his voice, so beautiful in Ireland, undergoes a change.

The dreamy, heavy, taciturn and melancholy Swiss becomes bright, talkative, inventive and agile in the United States.

The physiognomy of people changes completely. The eyes become much more glistening and lively, the mouth is pulled up and has more animation, the cheeks thin out and lose their heaviness.

The change that is made in European women coming to America is, if possible, even greater.

I do not mean to sit here in judgment, ethical or aesthetical on the Americanized woman from Europe. I only mean to state that she is, if an Austrian by origin, as different from an Austrian woman as from a Chinese woman; and the same holds good for a German or Swedish woman, much less so far a French woman.

They are totally altered, not to say revolutionized. This has in many ways endowed them with an energy and resourcefulness that has long since done away with evils still encumbering their less energetic European sister.

The category of "foreigner" does not, however, comprise such people only as actually move from one place to another, from one county or country to another. Beneficial as such a change will almost invariably be to the person concerned, it is yet evident that, for a variety of reasons, many an individual is not in a position to effect such a bodily, or, if one may say so, geographical change.

Persons prevented from becoming "foreigners" proper might yet with great advantage become relative foreigners without leaving their country or even county at all.

There are indeed in every country groups of men and women, whom psychologically, we must needs call "foreigners, if relative ones.

These relative foreigners are persons, who, for one reason or another, detach themself from the generality of people. Such a separation, not to say alienation, takes place in the case of the numerous sects in England and America.

By embracing religious and ethical ideals that differ more or less from those of the community, they differentiate themselves both religiously and socially and become foreigners, if only relative ones.