

The Marriage of Ray Rodriguez

BY MARTIN J. PRITCHARD

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THE pale gleams of the western autumn sun flung a radiance like a fine golden dust over the magnificence of the drawing room in the Park lane house of Lopez Rodriguez. Uninterrupted, as in high summer, by the leafy trees and by the brilliant striped awnings that during the season had made 150 Park lane so colorful an object in the London landscape, the feeble beams now danced at their will across the limbs of marble nymphs and the chased sides of great silver tazas and played a merry hide and seek among the sprightly Chelsea figures, the quaint ivories and precious prettiness that nowadays are considered evidences of taste and style on the part of a wealthy man.

But the great rooms baffled the slender shafts of tremulous light, and at the farther end from the light shrouded windows nothing but the pale reflections flung from the surface of a high screen of old gilt Spanish leather redeemed the surroundings from absolute gloom.

From among luminous shadows came voices. The one was very low and soft, with a slight suggestion of foreign inflection in its notes that roused memories of scented southern airs and burning southern suns. It was evidently the voice of a pretty and a young woman and of one who was more accustomed to appeal than to command. She was pleading now with the plaintive persistence of weak obstinacy.

"Lionel, do be reasonable! Do remember your promise to me. You know—you always vowed that I never would be bound by anything—I never would have listened to you at all if I had thought you had been going to hold me seriously to what you call an engagement. Of course we've always been very fond of one another—all cousins are, I suppose—but you yourself have often said that you were not certain my father would hear of our being married. You must remember that. I do perfectly. And now, just at this time you talk about redeeming my promise and of speaking to my father. You must not think of such things. You must be reasonable."

"It's all very well for you to talk about reason, Ray. I've always counted on getting Uncle Lopez's consent one day or another. You know that I adore you, and I always thought you cared for me."

Lionel Symons' voice was curiously like his cousin's in intonation and in the slightly rolled r, but there the resemblance ended, for the thickness of speech and singular twang which so mark the speech of his race was strongly marked with him.

"Cared for you? O Lionel, you know I did—you know I do!" There was a little break in the gentle foreign tones, a slight flutter of small white hands in the dusk, and then, as though the windows of the great gilt leather screen opened, the misty face of Lionel Rodriguez moved into the room, crossing with a slow step to where the sun rays were seeking luxurious death amid a pile of silken pillows strewn along a divan.

Sinking among them, she wrung her hands again in the gentle, lymphatic way that was so characteristic of all her graceful movements.

"But what am I to do? Father will never allow it, and I cannot go against his wish."

"That means you dare not," said Lionel Symons, who had followed her from the dimness beyond and now looked down on her as she crouched among the cushions.

"Dear, don't say that!" cried the girl rather piteously. "I've never really gone against father in my life, and I could not do it now, even for your sake."

The young man bent over his cousin, a dozen emotions flitting across his face. He was a handsome specimen of his race. The German blood which had come to him through his father had not materially distorted the finely cut features and the aristocratic of the tribes, the Spanish Jews. Save, indeed, for his speech and for a certain indefinable flashiness of dress and manner, he might have passed for the most orthodox of Christians. In fact, as his great friend, Hon. Billy Scarsdale, had so frequently and elegantly expressed it, "it was his blooming name that gave the show away."

Just now, however, Mr. Lionel Symons scarcely looked the least bit faint when he wished to appear. Battered affections, disappointed hopes and shattered ambitions are scarcely becoming, and the endurance of all three condescended and hardened his whole face.

"Even for my sake," he echoed bitterly. "I fancy I'm of very small account in your scheme of life, my dear cousin Rachel."

"No, no; it's nothing to do with me. It is father—his ambitions, his schemes."

Lopez Rodriguez, the great financier, she was a prize well worth the winning.

Two years ago Lionel Symons had made up his mind on this point and, profliting by the intimacy of relationship, had made good his claims with his charming cousin, trusting to luck and time to intervene with his Uncle Lopez, of whom, in common with many other more worthy folk, he stood in himself that, discarding caution, the chiefest attribute of his people, he entered into a course of riotous living and reckless expenditure, which, according to Billy Scarsdale, speedily qualified him "to join the broke brigade, by Jove!"

To that interesting body of smart and ruined young men Lionel Symons had for some months belonged; but though he found himself in very good company, it was a position which neither his tastes nor temperament cared about, and every instinct of the man and the Jew cried aloud for the speedy amelioration of a position which each month grew more unbearable. With a view to that end he had therefore at last endeavored to bring his cousin to a definite admission of her engagement to him and to an arrangement for an immediate marriage.

Miss Rachel Rodriguez's evident desire to get out of the compact which had been made for her at least in her green and salad days gave Mr. Lionel Symons as much surprise as annoyance. He had been and was still certain that his fair cousin loved him with all the strength of her rather yielding nature, and he had depended on this love to give her strength to go through the necessary hard quarter of an hour with Lopez Rodriguez, which interview he had with cowardice mentally relegated to Ray to carry through.

Now, however, she seemed soaverse from mentioning the matter to her father that he felt instinctively he must face the situation and his uncle himself and urge his own suit.

At the best of times there had been but little love lost between the proud old Spanish Jew, Lopez Rodriguez, and the son of his sister, who had disgraced herself and her family by marrying with a Hamburg merchant of doubtful origin and a name that had developed only by evolution. Since Lionel's earliest youth the old man had looked for more frequently found characteristics of the low born huckster over-riding the instincts of the aristocrat of his dispersed nation, and he had only admitted any degree of intimacy between Ray and his nephew because he imagined that his carefully brought up daughter shared his opinions and would as soon think of permitting a lackey to make love to her as her cousin.

Lionel, who was no fool in a matter which so nearly concerned his own settlement in life, had a very shrewd suspicion that his uncle would permit a marriage between himself and Ray

and until today had relied solely on her influence with her father to arrange the affair. But now Ray was falling him, and worse than that, credent gone and sundry bills were falling due; also, to do him justice, he had some appreciation of his cousin's beautiful eyes. Small wonder, therefore, as she faced him in the fading light, half proud, half timid and wholly desirable, that his heart went out to her with his hands, and he cried out as he drew her to him:

"Ray, my darling, I won't give you up! No one shall marry you but myself!"

And Ray, with her golden head pillowed on his shoulder and her pretty red mouth close to his, murmured meekly between his ardent kisses: "Lionel, do be more reasonable. You know the thing is impossible."

"The thing is impossible?"

"The words rang with persistent iteration in Lionel Symons' ears as an hour later he awaited his uncle Lopez in the great library down stairs. A pair of silver lamps shaded with soft green shed an eerie luminosity over the round table of carved oak and the quaint high backed chair that stood over it. The apartment was lined from floor to ceiling with large bookcases filled with brightly polished brass wires that twinkled and glittered where the gentle radiance caught them. Just above the dark oak bookcases gleamed the pale presentations of the great ones of the earth. With their massive brows and firm, set lips, from which in the long ago all the wisdom of the world flowed, they seemed to contemplate with pity and with scorn the young, over-pressed man who fidgeted and fumed beneath their inscrutable gaze and wished the interview well over."

"The flat had gone forth, and as a rejected suitor and a ruined man Lionel Symons stood before Lopez Rodriguez. Aristocratic among the aristocrats of his people, the Spanish Jew sat implacable and unmoved in his big carved chair, the back of which served in the subdued light as a frame from which the splendid head stood out with startling clearness. Only in the sharply cut nose and the finely arched eyebrows was there any likeness to his daughter, but where her skin was lily fair his was drawn and yellow as old parchment, while his eyes were densely black and hard as steel. The lower part of his face was covered by a grizzled beard cut in the formal fashion of Velasquez's time. The crisp hair almost hid the stern mouth, though it scarcely veiled the sardonic smile to which his nephew's evident discomfort gave rise.

"I am to understand, then, sir, that you forbid your daughter's marriage," were Lionel's first words when he had a little recovered from the cold douche of definite refusal.

"My daughter's marriage with you I certainly forbid, though I should prefer such a step with a more desirable suitor."

"Really, I hardly know what to make of your insinuations," began Lionel, with a lingering swag.

HE WENT TOO FAR.

What the Sweet Girl Did, Could and Could Not Accept.

Who shall fathom the heart of a woman? If he had not been so young, he would not have tried to.

But the ingenuousness of youth was upon him.

There was no uncertainty about his action as he put his arm around her waist and, drawing her to him, kissed her fervently—kissed her with that acquired ease, that sureness of touch, that lack of embarrassment, that comes from a perfect understanding.

And she did not even blush.

"Dearest," he said, "I have just been thinking that we have known each other a whole week."

"It seems, oh, so much longer than that," she replied.

"Doesn't it? Isn't it wonderful how much feeling, how much love, can be compressed into such a short time? I like to dwell upon it."

"Yes," he went on. "The first evening we met as I looked into your eyes I felt that I loved you, and yet I did not dare that night to do anything more than press your hand as we parted."

"But afterward you were—"

"Yes; the next evening, with that sort of confidence that came to me I know not why, I went further. I held your hand in mine, I drew closer, and then I suddenly left you, not daring to frighten you with the sudden intensity of my love."

"And then the next night?"

"Ah, then it was that my arm unconsciously and as it were inevitably ranged around your waist, and inspired by your sweet acquiescence, I kissed you. Since then I have loved you more and more until now I feel I must show you some real substantial token of my love."

He drew from his pocket a small package. He handed it to her triumphantly. She opened it rapidly. It was a diamond pin.

"There was a silence. Then she handed it back to him slowly, reluctantly.

"What?" he cried. "Are you not going to accept it?"

She shook her head.

"I cannot," she replied. "Don't you know that it wouldn't be proper for me to accept anything more than flowers or candy from a man I have known only a week?"—Tom Masson in Brander Magazine.

THE ORDER LITERALLY.

A suburban golf club has a Japanese steward named Oeka. He is an excellent cook and his neatness and good taste are beyond question, but he has a very slight knowledge of English, and this sometimes causes him to make ludicrous mistakes. A young woman gave a tea at the clubhouse and sent for Oeka a few days ahead of time, so that all the details of her party might be perfected. She arranged for everything and at the end said: "Now Oeka, at the tea we must have apple pie order."

"Yes, madam, apple pie," Oeka returned. "All right, Me understand. Apple pie," Oeka repeated with an obstinate smile. "Apple pie order," the other corrected again, and Oeka took his leave. He served at the tea along with the dainty little sandwiches and cake twenty huge pieces of apple pie.—Philadelphia Record.

CHILDREN IN THE EYE.

PERSONS traveling by railway are subject to continued annoyance from the flying cinders. On getting into the eyes they are not only painful for the moment, but are often the cause of long suffering that ends in a total loss of sight. A very simple and effective cure is within the reach of every one and would prevent much suffering and expense were it generally known. It is simply one or two grains of flaxseed. These may be placed in the eye without injury or pain to that delicate organ, and shortly they begin to swell and dissolve a glutinous substance that covers the ball of the eye, enveloping it and irritating it. As the membrane is thus prevented, and the annoyance may soon be washed out. A dozen of these grains stowed away in the vest pocket may prove in an emergency worth their number in gold.

Future Vengeance.

"You'll be sorry for this some day," howled the son and heir as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the maternal knee.

"I'll be sorry? When?"

"When I get to be a man."

"You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong and I am old and feeble, will you, Johnny?"

"No, sir," blubbered Johnny, rubbing himself, "but I'll spank your grandchildren till they can't rest!"—New York Times.

Owls In Asia Minor.

Perhaps Asia Minor is richer in crude and interesting fancies than any other country. When children hear an owl hooting from the eypress groves, they say, "Good news for us; good messages for you." If they catch an owl they hold it up by the beak and chant, "Palm Sunday owl, how does your mother dance?" The meaning of the rite is lost, but the habit lingers.

Unreasonable.

"Why did she leave him?"

"Oh, he was so unreasonable. She wanted to frame her divorce decrees and hang them in the library, but he insisted that they were not artistic and wouldn't have them there."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A simple device of hemp was used in China 1,700 years ago as an anesthetic in surgical operations, according to a Chinese manuscript in a Paris library.

The old grist mill at Port Jefferson, N. Y., which was built before the Revolution by Richard Mott and is said to be the oldest structure on the island, is being torn down because it is unsafe. The building was erected in 1771.

McBrier—Did you ever see a horse jump four feet over a fence?

McSwatt—O've seen 'em jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had four feet.—Indianapolis News.

A message travels over an ocean cable at about 700 miles a second.

FRENCH THRIFT.

Examples Found in the Parks and Open Squares of Paris.

There is no better place to study French frugality than in the parks and open squares of Paris. Go to one of the second-hand fairs held on the outer boulevards. What in other countries would be cast aside as useless is here exposed for sale, having been carefully sorted over by ragpickers, whose sole support is the rubbish which you see broken china, bits of glass, pieces of stone, old nails, old coats and pants, old shoes, old combs and brushes. Does a woman need a cup? Has she broken a saucer? For 2 cents she can replace them. Is her lock broken, her key lost? Behold a thousand from which to choose. The poor students may find their books, mothers their children's shoes, says Donohoe's Magazine.

Each house in Paris is provided by the city with a large box. Into this the servants throw all that is not needed by the family, whether of food or raiment. Every morning the chiffonniers or ragpickers are privileged to search through these boxes before the contents are carted by the city to distant fields, where the refuse is employed in fertilizing the soil. From the homes of the wealthy the poor receive many articles of real value. Fifty thousand ragpickers, say the statistics, realize \$10,000 daily from their pickings.

English of Long Ago.

The king's English has changed as kings have come and gone, says the St. James Gazette. Here is a passage from the record of a crowning of long ago: "The Cardinal, as Archebishoppe of Cantuarbe, showing the king to the people at the lily parties of the said parliament, shall say in this wise, 'Sirs, I here present Henry, true and rightful, and undoubted inheritor by the laws of God and man to the coronne and rollall dignite of England, with all things therunto annexed and apperteyning, electe, chosen and required by all three estates of the same land to tak upon him the said coronne and rollall dignite, whereupon ye shall understand that this date is prefixed and appointed by all the peers of this land for the consecration, evnccion and coronacion of the said most excellent Prince Henry; will ye, sirs, at this tyme give your willes and assentes to the same consecration, evnccion and coronacion? Whereupon the people shall saie, with a greite voice, 'Ye, Ye. So be hit, King Henry! King Henry!'"

Chinese Duplicity.

A south sea islander said of his race, "As soon as we open our mouths a lie is born." The Chinese acknowledge without shame the same of themselves. It may be true among western nations that "the affairs of life hinge upon confidence," but in the east, and especially in China, they hinge upon suspicion. There are few Chinese who attach any importance to keeping an engagement. Most of them are like the man who, being accused of having broken his promise, replied that it was of no consequence, as he could make another just as good. The Chinese say that one should never refuse a request in an abrupt manner; on the contrary, he should grant it in form, although with no intention to do so in substance. "Put him off till tomorrow and then until another tomorrow. Thus you comfort his heart," they say.

Value of Juan Fernandez.

The island of Juan Fernandez, lying 600 miles west of Valparaiso, made famous by the story of "Robinson Crusoe," promises soon to develop industrial interests, according to a report from E. E. Mansfield, United States consul at Valparaiso. The island belongs to Chile, and the government is arranging to make it a part of one of the provinces and establish a local city government. The island is about fifteen miles long and eight miles wide. There is a good harbor on one side, where large ships can anchor with safety. A large cannery factory has been established on Juan Fernandez, and the fishing industries are attracting the attention of capitalists. There are quantities of lobsters, crabs and excellent food fishes in the waters, besides fur seals. There is plenty of fresh water on the island. Land can be acquired by settlers without cost. Fruit and vegetables grow wild and are easily cultivated.

A Rejected Gift.

The chief eunuch of the harem belonging to a son of the late Abdul Aziz and cousin of the present sultan recently presented his majesty with a slave. The sultan, however, was convinced that he was dangerous and sent with an evil purpose and so refused the gift and exiled the donor. The prince was furious and went to the sultan to demand his servant back, as he had been with him for twenty years. The sultan replied that he had had him so long it was quite time he changed. The prince got more excited and was talking very freely when he suddenly found he was alone in the room. It turned out that the sultan, who had been apparently leaning against the wall, had vanished through an invisible door which is there in case of emergencies. The prince went home and has not been allowed to come out since.—London Daily Telegraph.

Korea's Brass Band.

Korea is coming on her feet, organizing a brass band. As a rule the modern band is not popular among the orientals, the Chinese having none and the Japanese giving it but slight encouragement. A Japanese regiment marches on parade to the monotonous foot-toot of two bugles, eschewing even the drum as an accompaniment. During the war in 1894-95 there was but one band connected with an army corps, and that one was attached to headquarters, where it played music that few of its hearers understood or really wanted to like. For musical inspiration on the march the troops relied on their own voices, a sergeant starting up a strident wail and the men coming in on the chorus.

Reversing the Usual Order.

The uncommon occurrence is reported from Australia of a woman being ordered by a magistrate to support her husband. The man, it seems, was an old age pensioner in receipt of 4 shillings a week, and, as his spouse owned some land, she was made to contribute another 6 shillings a week toward his maintenance.

Get a True Focus.

A habit of looking at things from a distorted angle, of focusing the vision on things that depress and suggest unhappiness and misery, is a destroyer of happiness and success. A man who goes about with a funeral face, thinking "hard times," fearing "full seasons," disaster, panic and failure wherever his interests center, is never a happy man, rarely a successful one. Pessimism is a destructive force in men's lives, just as optimism is a constructive agency.—Success.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Italians Who Do Not Speak Italian.

A very odd circumstance in a country so old as Italy is that there is in the peninsula about 262,000 Italians, representing 52,208 families in seventy-eight different communes, who do not speak Italian. In new countries like, for instance, Canada and the United States this would cause no surprise, but in Italy it is considered so strange that the statement has been contradicted. The idiom which they use may be divided roughly into five—French, German, Slavonic, Albanian, Greek and Catalanian. The French dialect is spoken in ninety-seven communes by more than 80,000 people in and near the Aosta valley. This language tends more to increase than to decrease and is used officially in the schools, churches and public offices. German is spoken in parts of Piedmont and Venetia, in the former by 5,700 persons, representing 1,138 families, and in the latter by 5,700 in 1,170 families. This dialect is fast decreasing and will before long have completely disappeared. Slav is spoken in Friuli, on the eastern confines of the peninsula, by 24,700 persons and in the Abruzzi by 5,300 in 1,047 families—that is, 30,000 persons altogether. In the center of Italy 21,564 families composed of about 90,000 persons speak Albanian, which seems to be on the increase. In the south Greek is the language of 21,200 individuals, while Catalanian is limited to one city and its environs in Sardinia and to 7,063 people.

The "Angel Flight" Line.

Probably the shortest paying street railway in the world and certainly one where more rides can be obtained for a dollar than anywhere else in America is the "Angel Flight" in Los Angeles, Cal., says the Scientific American. Formerly the pretty residence portion of the city, Olive heights could only be reached by a long detour or climbing up a great number of very steep steps. One of Los Angeles' citizens conceived the idea that a railway up the steep incline could be made to pay, and within a few weeks he had his road in operation. The road is 350 feet in length between terminal points and rises 100 feet in this distance. It is built on the three rail automatic turn-out system. The two cars, Olivet and Sinal, are attached to the ends of a double cable which is wound over a drum operated by a ten horsepower electric motor at the top of the hill. As one car goes up the other descends, the two cars counterbalancing each other and thus effecting a great saving of power. Entering the lower station, the first thing we notice is the "bill of fare"—one ride, 5 cents; three rides, 10 cents; ten rides, 25 cents; a hundred rides, \$1.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three feeding years has increased so much that the cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel opening in the skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little creatures, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove fatally fatal. The solution is Sweetman's Teething Food, which has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

284 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen: I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles, due to improper dentition. A large percent of infantile illness, including the majority of slow teething, your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising success with it. Scores of cases this diet, given with their regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distemper, which several of the most eminent authorities, for example, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too highly recommended to the attention of the mothers of the young. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sir: I have just tried your teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, and that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby became healthy and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every doctor's office.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely through the first three years of life, a period of the most dangerous period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby, who waits for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthily, and the mother will not be troubled. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and usually causes no trouble, except for six weeks, sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Inland Trust Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Water in which limonette has been placed should be changed often, since it quickly becomes foul.

The best use to make of old bones is to break them up and bury them near the roots of fruit trees and grapevines.

By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under trees a most beautiful verdure will be obtained.

It is not a good plan to fill an old orchard with young trees. The soil is too much exhausted by the growth of the former occupants.

Geraniums bloom most satisfactorily when grown in comparatively small pots and soil which is termed rich, but not rank with excessive manure.

Stir, spade, rake and pulverize soil thoroughly before planting or sowing. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated if you desire fine blossoms.

Geraniums that have been used for summer bloomers will not flower again until the late spring months. Plants for winter blooming should be grown especially for this purpose.

Care of Puppies.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

BOOK, NEWS, WRITING AND PAPERS

Straw and Binders' Board...

A PIONEER MERCHANT

Bright's Disease and Diabetics Are Positively Curable.

Adolph Weske, the well-known pioneer of 230 Green Street, San Francisco, one of the founders of the California Cracker Company, here viewed December 11, 1901.

Q—Will you permit us to refer to you as one of those cured of diabetes by the Fulton Compound?

A—You may. It ought to be known. I have told a great many about it myself.

Q—You found it hard to convince them?

A—Only those cured can believe easily. You will have great difficulty in making people believe it.

Q—Had physicians diagnosed your case as diabetes?

A—Several. The kidneys were also affected. I had to sleep with my back to my bed to sustain me so I could rest.

Q—How long before you began to improve?

A—It took about six weeks. I must have been several weeks.

Q—How long before you were fully restored?

A—About a year.

Q—Do you recall any you told about it?

A—This was a Mrs. De. I found out that the country. Her trouble was Bright's Disease. She, too, recovered.

Q—Any other?

A—A lady friend in Windsor, Sonoma County, was swollen with dropsy. She got cured of Bright's Disease and Diabetics. The second dozen completely cured her. I think you of the curability of Bright's Disease and Diabetics.

Q—Had you thought those who will take these Compounds for a sufficient length of time?

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetics are incurable. But if you can positively recover under the Fulton Compound (Common Form of Kidney Complaint and Rheumatism offer but short resistance). Price, \$1 for Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. Write for circulars to 123 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, 50th commodity. Free trials made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.