## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* **White Hand**

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana,

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XV (Continued.) "Why, really, gratismen," wild Simon, after he had picked the paped up, "one old think there was something surprise. It is strong coursely. And you, sir," added, toward to the marquis, "I hould not suppose that you would wate

burself give me permission or seek other for my nate." "I did not?" ground the all man. "O, noter gave it."

You told me distinctly that I might wit Lauren for her hand, and that if she consented you should hid her follow her

this was select you had friely and me down with quantities after I I refused to leaven to you on the sul-t. But my child never freely gave bet over to this. Since could not have done
O. Sorem, yet have forced her to
"You have "Har the page man's emicron were the precent, and his known fulled him. A newsent more by then he brough his head and burst in a feats. He solided as Grouph his make

eart would break.
"He, he, he'you slidn't want me for a minimaw, then," the e-mining uttered. sing in law, then," the e-amirel uttored, in a coarse time, "for," he wided, tiening

You will be careful loss you may your tempte in my presence," spake thousand, in a leasted time, the very breathing of which told that there was a simplering volcane near at hand.
"How has monocored" the fallow replied.

byon haped to stick your Engers into the old man's gold paid, etc. I mideratant

add man's gold pade, elect I midipatual the consum of your coming how every well. But rest assured you won't hamile the money thorough the designitor's pockets." "Hosh, Simon Lations I am more has more deeply from I won hear, so be careful that you move my no more. It is crossign that you have a risched this all man's heart and nevertained has the cup." "Hosh of their are a contrain exhalter, Magazine St. Denis, You have not bed married.

price, shift I suppose it you had married the daughter, trouble have been all right. But you're a little behind the couch this

time. However, if you remain here but, enough, you shall see the built."
"Villain" garged the margine, in a fractic tone. "O would you had killed me ere you had done this thing."
"But, montions, what do you mean? If

the girl chose to marry me, what can you object?" She did not choose to to do. O, she

never consented to wed with such as you of her own free will."
"Such as me," bissed Lodeds. "And so "Such as use" hissest Loiseia. "And so you would apare me may elt? You have found a new flame in your dotage have you? Monsieur St. Dens. I give you jay of the friend you have gained. But I can't give you up the wefe. You did it well, but I'm afraid you'll have to work some other way for a living now, unless indeed, monsieur le userqu'a may take pity enough out you to give you a few crowns just to find you in hereaf and sait rowns just to first you in bread and salt until 200 can get your eyes upon some

This was spoken in a course, smeering manner, and during its delivers Lobots had kept his eye fixed upon the youth

with a look of findish excitation,
tionpart St. Denis could not have move
ed more quickly. Not in all the language
of all the world could words have been
found more insulting. With me bound
he was by the destard's wide, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow u

ing.
 O. St. Julien, I could not help it! For-

Gospart, I do not blame you?" For some moments Labous lay upon the floor like one dead, and the youth was beginning to fear that the blow might have been fatal, when the villain moved feet. He gaved a moment upon his one my with a deadly look, and then, as he noticed that the blood was trickling down his face upon the floor, he turned towards

Goopart St. Denis, thou short answer

And thus speaking, the villain left the

CHAPTER XVI.

That evening Brion St. Julien and Gen part conversed long and cornestly togeth er. For some time the youth had enter-tained the thought of proceeding at once to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to well awhile, at least until he had one more interview with Loboin.

That Labola was the cause of her be ing abducted I have no longer any doubt," said the marquis, after some remarks had been made upon the subject.
"How can there be a doubt?" returned

Gospart. "Itla story of the rescue of the poor girl is too improbable for belief, unless he had some understanding with

the Indians," But do you not think that he found he says?" Imprired the marquis

entmestly. "Of course I do. He found her as h

says; but, of course, the found her as he says; but, of course, the Indians under-stood that he was to meet them there. He took her there, and he must have used some terrible power to make her marry him."

Denis went to his chamber, and went to his bes; but he could not sleep. He lay with his hands clasped over his brow, and ever and anon deep, painful grouns would break from his lips. His grief was deeper than he could tell, even

n his wildest prayers, and his hopes were all gone. The thing had come upon him with a doubly croshing force, for it had found his sont already bowed down be neath the weight of fear. He could have known that Louise had died, for then he might have wept awhile, and then calm ly knelt down and prayed. But now ever that sad and melancholy boon was denied him. Like the frantic mother who stands and sees the eagle perched upon the cliff with her shricking infant, stood the youth with respect to his beloved at length, when the first hours af

fer midnight had come, Goopart sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains were for awhile only the phantoms of

aleep.
While Goupart thus lay pondering upon
While Goupart thus lay pondering upon
Simon Labois ols terrible misfortune, Simon Labor was not alone. He was in the chamber usually occupied, and with him was a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man-Simon's special vant, and the only one in the v household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lobois had purchas-ed him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis' agent,

master. And, moreover, Bimon had paid ! him various sums of money to serve him.
"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some other conversation had passed, "have you

watched the affair between Groupart and the mercuits, as I hade you?" "Yes, music; me watch has well, an' include all. Me found to hade you tole me of in its floor obserits all masters the cary, an' me hab match 'our chery time And what have you round?"

Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Gouport taking his place.

And," aftered the negre, with a spark-ling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing complicate to the conjunction, "me's hear? \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* one oder ting herry sartin'. One time dey feured roung max c an integral nel-ber cum back, an sie max'r's gwine to gib Goupart all his whole fortin'. He'll

"Hid he say the whole, Peter?"
"He did sartin must. An ha's plan-ned to gib ion haff of it now. O, I tell fe, must Goupart got mitey big held. onto n'e mas'r's poner, an' on o de mas'r's inb, ton. Dey's togedder all de time. Yale goese ale mas'r don't s'pect

be II want you no more."

It was late in the morning when Simon Labels made his appearance. He had his breakfast served in his own room, nd for some time he had been engaged a bathing his face. He walked on to the string from, and he found the marquis and thougast there. "Monatour St. Denis," he said, in a low,

tone, "I would speak with you. In so instant the poing man furned and followed him. Labels led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and

his ever flashed and his thin lip tremtiled, has ever flashed and his thin lip tremtiled, has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Eve I leave this place, the stricken must must be past remembranes of his slame, or the striker must be not among the living? You understand?

died to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was ariling from a horeld would, and his sout was tortured by a fearful power, and before him sess the serpent who had done it al-who had forn Level children from a dot-ing purely semifered the hostics and size-ter and wash missing its life of a er, and made unhappy the life of a de-termines ghi. The young man's eyen til not flash the his runny's, but they borned with a deep, calm firs, such as stirr dispost and abomination add to

"I think I understand," was St. Dents'

swird exercise, and you were a profitent when I last saw you handle the blade. Will sun now choose that weapon?"

"Then get it and long me at once; Gonuport tirned away and went to his room. He took down his sword, and lurched the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he grand upon it. It had once been an unte's weapon the well-tried companion of Gen. St. Denis, a hold and true knight. t was of Spanish make, and never ad it falled in the hour of need. T cas another sword in the room-a lighteone a Damasous blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his a sword, and he would not use i to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink horn stood, and testing a eaf from his pocketbook, he hurriedly

Monsieur le Marquis-You are friend, and you know the few friends I have on earth If I fail to-day, you will have why, and I know you will not blame me. You will see Lonise. Tell or we shall most—".
The youth stopped and started up, and

als hand trembled. ils hand trembled.

"If I fall thus, shall we meet there?"
he nurmared to himself, "O, houven
will pardon the deed. It knows the deep

coversities the borning shame that dights this house."

Then he stooped once more and wrote:

"In that world where love knows no night.

This the youth fabled and directed to Reion St. Julien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek he hurried down to

the hall, and from themre to the garden, where he found Simon waiting for him. "Now rolling me," said Lobols; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house 10wards the barn, and thence out brough the postern to the fo nili beyond, where grew a thick clump of

in the property of the same time with the same time rawing his sword.
"In one moment," returned the youth the drawing his own weapon, but lower

ng its point upon the ground.

He was stopped short in his speech, for it that moment the mangula came rishing out from the court, and soon rea hed

he spot where they stood.
"Simon," he gasped, white with fear what means this? Put up your sword,"
"Brion St. Julien," quickly retorted the
and nephew, "stant back! You saw
that passed last night—did you not?"

nt that was the result of hot pus You tainted him most bitterly, 83 on; you insulted him most shamefully e knew not what he did. O, let th'

hing stop "Stop? You might as well try to stop under mights river from flowing to its mouth! You say I gave him prococution Did he not give me provocation?" "Yes-yes. It was all fully all eager.

ot, and haste. O, give over this thing! mon, I command you."
"Relon St. Julien, look upon this marl my face! Were the man who did that my own brother, he should stand before my sword. So now stand back. There

shall be a death to wipe this out. If I fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the atonoment is complete."
"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupart, at this point. "let the conflict go on. Life to me now is not worth the price I would ev for it by refusal. Let it go on. "Rut-my child-my son, if you are

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon-"me, who of right belongs here Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis? ath furned an imploring look up

n the marquis, and as the old man fell "Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to in-terrupt us. Simon Lobels, you may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you know, where Louis St. Julieu is," "How?" hissed Simon. "Would re

cap more insult upon me?"
"I sak but a simple question." "Ay-and that question means a foul uspicion. I know nothing of him.

Then come on! And on the next instant the swords vere crossed

Simon Lobols had been accounted on of the best sword players in Marne, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of victory; but at the third pass he was undeceived. He turned pale in a mo-ment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly

and for the moment he was astonlahed. But then he remembered how Blmon used tremble at the whiz of a pistol butt and he wordered no more. Almost did he pity the poor wratch. Straight, pow-erful and tail he stood, with his broad chest expanded, white before him fairly cowered the diminutive form of the vi-

Ab. Blinon, Pre-tanglet the sword art since you left me in France! Take care Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more still, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villate believed that thousant means to kill blue it be-could. That belief begot a feeling of de-epole, and that has taunt fixed him. Like movement to the right, thousant brought a donument stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his aning unlat's award, or strike it from his grosp and thus end the conflict without blood-shed. But Simon had thrust his arm further forward than Gospart had calro lated, and the blow fell upon the sword hand, the guard receiving part of the force, thus causing a slanting stroke, With a quick err of pain, Simon dropped

Year-yes! But that was a cowardly

No-no. Lobols. I meant not to strike you then. I only meant to knock your swort down. But you know you have been at my mercy three.

old have done the same. cried the margule; "you know

etter then that, Simon But the wounded man made no further tar. consisting look. The old man examined it, and found that a had gash was cut from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, on the back of the hand, but none of the some were harmed. Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the blow, the hand would have been severed ound cut nearly in twain! And thus ended the duel. Goupart was

exprised at the ener victory he had wen, hile Simon was surprised at the incredi-te skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful-deeply hankful-for the result, so far as me 1 (To be continued.)

## UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

Little Children Who Were Careful Not

to Hurt an Uncle's Feelings.
was a big, burly, good-natured onductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much intercet us they got on the train. There were two handsome, round faced, rosycheeked boys, and three sunny-haired pretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, vidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently enger conversation was carried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb alphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on litto with approval. Naturally kindhearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his wn noisy crowd of youngsters at home, and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a ball day jaunt, for they all had satchels and were a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asy fum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them, and nodding to them as he passed through the car; they reurned his greeting in kind, being ch ful little souls, and he began to look focused with regret to the time of part-

from her satchel, and distributed crack ers in even shares. The conductor, in they display. passing, smiled and nodded as usual as the little girl held out the paper bag

"Do have some," she said. He started back in sheer amazement "What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk,

hen-all of you?" "Of course!" they cried in cherus. The conductor sank into the sear bric-a-brac, but betrays a total lack of across the aisle. "I thought you were decorative knowledge.

deaf and dumb?" he gasped. "Oh, how funny!" cried one of the

incle Jack, poor fellow. He was born Ledger. Bare walls, velvet carpets, that way. We wouldn't talk while he swept till the pile is almost brushed was with us; it might burt his feel- away; old armchairs, a reading lamp, ings, you know. Hello! here's our sta- an untidy heap of books-but not a Come on, girls?" and the five trace of real beauty anywhere. tion. handkerchiefs from the platform as the in its cleanliness and comfort, but cantrain moved on .- St. Nicholas,

Willie's Perplexity.

was more convinced of the uselessness pense. pupils to write a sentence in which the any "suite," with its five pleces, special word should appear,

der sentence was:

they go in swimming."

Not Allke.

my dear. It is grossly unscientific, His Wife-What phrase-"As much allke as two peas?"

The Professor-Yes. Examined under the microscope, two peas will pre- gorgeous gilt frames could make it. sent startling differences,-Puck. Surmounted difficulties not only



The novel method of propelling but sons, proposed by Dr. T. D. Croke of the firtish Accommissed Institute, is or instruction of that of fishes. These animals propol themselves in a wing the by the ose of tall and head, a \* rob of the tall from side to side, foreing the cornered rat, he set to now with all the buly forward, and the head countries on the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look a direct course. Two propellers, one sharp but it was only for a few no neigh adds, would be placed near means. Himon made a point blank thrist the rear end of the navigable balloon, from a left guard, and with a quick with a rudder at the forward end. Althe body forward, and the head cour with a rudder at the forward end. Alternate motion of the propellers would give progress in a wavy line with least resistance than would be ancountered in a direct line, and the rudder would prevent turning aside.

Both in France and Germany wagons nd omnibuses run by electric trolleywires are now in at least two places, at Konlystein, Germany, and between Foursinebley and Samols, France. The his weapon and started back.

"Don't strike me now" he cried.

"Four out," replied Gospart. "I never leg-cars mainly in the absence of rails strike a defenseless man. But are you carrying the wheels of the vehicles. pavement or a country road, and can turn out to a lateral distance of about ten feet in order to pass other vehicles. In the Prench system the wagons are towed along by a self-propelled motor It was your own fault that you did not trolley upon the wires slongside the take advantage of it. I should have kill road. In the German system trains of you had I been able, and I think you composed of several cars, or wagons, can be used, the steering being effected with the front wheels of the leading

ply. His hand pained him now, and he did it, out towards the marquis with a house and other animals, says Dr. Walter Kidd, of the Zoological Society London, may be called the animal pedometers, because they register the locumotive scittities of the animals on whose bodies they are found. The heat examples and the greatest number of wholly aff, for the stout from guard was These hairy whork and crests are found on the domestic borse. A notable in stance is the graceful feathering that extends glong the bollow of the finnk, dividing the trunk of the animal from the hind quarters. There are also crests and wherls on the horse's chest and other parts of its body. A study of the action of the underlying muscles explains the origin of these peculiarities in the lay of the bair, and furnishes the justification for calling them pedometers, although the analogy is, of course mere superficial.

At the tidal-power station of Ploumanach, on the northern coast of France, the difference of the tide level is about twenty feet. The storage reservoir is a natural pend of four acres having the form of a triangle, with the base toward the shore, and in the embankment separating this from the sea are automatic gates, which open when the level of the sen rises higher than the water in the pond, and are closed by the weight of the water in the pond when the tide rec.des. The two water wheels of the station drive dynamos, which, sided by storage butteries, are used for electric lighting. A prominent British engineer, James winburns, foresees the fallure of this and all other plans for using the tides as a source of electric power, on account of the great expense of working turbines on variable pressures or any kind of storage.

IDEAS IN HOME DECORATION.

omfort and Good Taste More Desir-

able than Style and Enterprise. Women are naturally decorators. Let home which has been the pride and inspiness of a woman lose her, and pass entirely into the hands of men, and the change which follows is strik-

But instinctive as the talent seems to be, it suffers from lack of training. In At length, at one of the rural sta-tions, the gentleman kissed the young doubtless, are magnificent, and are ones hurriedly all round, and got off filled with curpets and draperies that They leaned out of the win-cost a fortune, with chairs and lounges dows and waved enthusiastic farewells that are upholstered in gorgeous stuffs as the car moved on; then the biggest and built of expensive woods, yet the of the lake towns, and two gentlemen, flery arms of Lord Clairmount de Mon-"little girl" took a brown-paper bag lasting impression of such pariors is one of whom was L. C. Hanna, brother that of being crushed by the luxury

ty arranged at that. Cases of curlos langings from every part of the world, cooks, vases, carvings, china and copper, all collected with little idea of araying their individual beauties to or may express its owner's passion for

In a third style of parlor you will find say checked boys. "Why, that was farthest limits, says the Philadelphia rooped noisily out, and waved their desire to make it beautiful is expressed himself as certain that the decision not rise to the higher level of having made a study of color and arrangement

for the furniture already there. When Willie came home last night he | There is no need for any show of ex-Graceful chairs, pretty tables of schools than he ever was before, can be had even in wicker work, and says the Buffalo Express. Asked the these are infinitely more artistic than nature of his latest trouble, he ex-plained that "postpone" had been one pared for a funeral bler, or the ponderof the words in the spelling lesson of our setter, upholstered in maryelous the day. The teached had directed the "velours," or than the gilt or mahogaltke hideous in shape and material.

Along with others, Willie announced Bare floors covered with Perstan rugs did not know the meaning of of soft colors settle the carpet question the word, and so could not use it in a much better than any other style of sentence. The teacher explained that it adorument, and when the purse is too eant "deluy" or "put off," and, en- slender for the real eastern rug a dozen ouraged the youngsters to try. Wil- substitutes can be used which almost le's thoughts were on pleasanter answer the purpose. The best of these things than school, and his made to or- is found among the reversible English art squares. They make no attempt to "Boys postpone their clothes when copy Persian carpets, but have a style

No room is complete without pictures, and in these days reproductions from The Professor-Don't use that phrase, the world's masterpieces are within the reach of all. If well selected "black and whites" are framed, quietly and plainly, the home decoration is far more successful than bad oil paintings

Drapertes should hang in long. broken folds and not be tortured into stiff curves by bands and cords; espeteach, but hearten us in our future cially is this true of the lace curtains

which hang against the window paper It is the fashion of the hour to loon them into all sorts of shapes, but the trained taste demands that they should hing straight and be like a richly wrought film between the outside and

the inside world. Chins, glass and all the todek knacks of decoration are dangerously cheap, and the more shows the article the less illiely it is to be beautiful. For the women who cannot trust herself not to buy beday what she will wish to get rid of next week there is one advic-"Do not buy anything of this sort till you have thought over it for a year.

Tough Costomers.

The most important rule to be ob-served by the man who bunts wild hogs in Southern Colorado is to be near a tree, otherwise his first hunt may be his last. A Northern man who went after these Southwestern hope was inclined to laugh at the warnings of his Yuma Indian guides, but his ex perience, as reported in the Washing on Post, proves that the animals fair ly ache to give the hunter all the spor he wants.

When the hunters came upon drove, Tite, one of the Yuma guides told the sportsman to get his rifle ready and take his stand near a thick sprending tree with some low-hanging imis. He and Paul, the second in dian, stepped off to the sides, each standing beside a sapling. Then they sent the dogs into the underbrush and awaited developments.

Presently the dogs broke out of the underbrush and made away, as if they had important business at the othe nd of the county. Closely behind the dogs came a big boar, form dripping from his great tusks, and covered with the blood of a slaughtered dog. Tite fired, hitting him squarely in the head; but the boar only grunted with rage and wheeled.

The guide dropped his gun and wung up his sapling without delay. The boar came on full tilt, and struck the little tree fair with his forehead The blow nearly shook the guide off. After two or three attempts to but down the tree, the boar began work about three feet from its foot, digging up the ground until he struck a root, then blying it with his razor-like teeth The hunter then thought it time to take a hand. With his rifle over his shoulder be scrambled up into his tree and getting a good wight at the boar, he fired, but did not bring the animal down. It took seven shots to do that

After the big boar had been disposed of Tite and the hunfer thought of Paul. He was concealed by intervening underbrush, but they could beahis rifle popping. Then the rifle-shots suddenly stopped, and they beard only snarls and grunts. When they go where they had a clear view they saw

an exciting spectacle. All the drove except the big boar had broken through the brush near where Paul was standing. He promptly "shinned" his sapling, and there he was beseiged, some of the bogs butting the tree, others vigorously undermin-ing it. He had made good use of his riffe, but he had started out with only half a dozen cartridges, and there were more hogs than cartridges. If he had been alone he certainly would have ost his life, for the hogs would either have brought down the tree or waited till hunger and exhaustion had forced him to loose his grip. Once out of the tree, he would have been torn to pieces in a twinkling.

Tite and the sportsman climbed two trees where they had a clear range, and opened fire. They had plenty of mmunition and, of course, there co be but one issue. But not one of the hogs-there were plueteen-ran away Every one was killed while raging and foaming and fighting at the foot of one of the trees in which the men their cartridge belts they found it had taken fifty builets to dispose of the drove. Yet all three men were ficcounted good shots.

Pat's Plea.

The victory is not necessarily to the wordy. Some three years ago there whispered levely Lady Sorrentinia de of Senator Hanna, undertook to persuide the men to return to work. They bissed Clairmount, the beir to Cakdale mise-with all except the engineers, patch. says the New York Evening Post.

mutually agreed upon as arbitrator. make a harmonious whole. Such a par- should argue before him the question fully, like a frightened doe at the edge of an increase in wages. Mr. Hanna of the forest, represented the employers, while an engineer, Pat Ryan, spoke for his fel-Mr. Hanna made a long, clabthe "solid confort" idea stretched to its orate argument, covering all the points he expected his opponent to raise.

When he finished Pat got up.
"Misther Ref'ree," said he, "th' byes
wants th' raise!" Then he sat down. A few hours later Mr. Hanna was elling of this, and had just expressed would be in the employers' favor, when the telephone bell rang. The referee was at the other end. He informed the employers that he had reached a decision in favor of the men's demand for more wages.

Killing Off the Game Birds.

nation of wild animals, passed a law regulating the traffic and it all. What a preservation! \* \* \* Her shipment of birds and game, but the womanhood triumphed. immense selzures by government officers show that the statute is extensive-

It is now held by persons who have given special attention to the subject of the paince.
that the only sufficient remedy is to "It ees me hoosban'," the woman prohibit the sale of all game. It has murmured, frigid with terror. een ascertained by the Audubon Sofif een years song and insectivorous as white as moonburs are. birds in Missouri have decreased 62 per cent and game birds over 80 per huskily, remembering his military traincent. Last year one seizure in New York included 50,000 game birds and 15,000 song birds. In Chicago 32,000 same birds were selard and a whole car lean of quali was captured in Indian terror. Territory. Game and song birds are going fast and the proposition to stop

How would you like to be as generally despised as a rat?



SUNDAY in Mexico is the day of enjoyment if not of rost. All times stores are open until 1 p. m., and trade is even greater than on week days, for it is the great shopping day of the lower classes.

The streets are filled with people, rich and poor, old and young, well-iressed and in rags. He e is a ranchero magnificent in his gold embroidred hat and tight-fitting "Charro" soit walking side by side with the poor seen whose raiment consists of a cotion shirt, blue leans and "guaraches," r sandals, with a red "serape" or blanket thrown over his shoulders. Here the indy of fashion in silks and satins elbows her less fortunate dster in cutton walst and skirt-barefooted, but always with the inevitable

All morning bands have been playing through the streets advertising La gran Corrida de Toros" or bull fight, which will take place in the "Plaza de Toros," at 2:30 p. m. The three Revertes, greatest of bull-fighters, are named as the "matadores," Are they not well worth seeing?

Ask any clitten of the Republic of Mexico, We purchase tickets at \$5 a head and pass in. The built ring is arranged as were the amphitheaters of olden times; in the center the ring, then a barrier, inside of which and running around the ring is a passage about 3 feet 6 inches wide, with little gates at intervals, so that in case the bull jumps the burrier he may again reach the ring; then another fence, and tier upon tier of seats, and finally, at the top, the boxes holding ten

persons, with the judges' box in the center. The bugle blows, and the gate of the bull pen is thrown open. The bull appears in the middle of the ring, his back ornamented and his rage increased by a dart which has been placed in his shoulders as he passed the gate. Swiftly he makes a tour of the ring, driving all except the "pleadores" ver the fence. Soon one seemingly more venturesome than the rest runs forward and figures his red 'capa" in the bull's face, and is immediately chased over the barriers. Most of this is done for effect.

The "matador" then takes a hand in the game and stands in front of the buil, allowing him to charge the "capa," and nimbly stepping out of

the way when he does so. The "picadores" spur their ponies forward, and apparently for the first time the bull notices them. He charges flercely; the "picador" is unable to repel the attack with his long pike, and in an instant the "picador" and orse are down, the former underneath, and the borse dying from a wound in the heart from which the blood spuris, or rather gushes. Another "picador" rides forward and is upset. His horse picks himself up, and runs madly across the ring info the fence on the other side and drops. He is soon removed. Another "pleudor" has his horse builty gashed on the shoulder, and then the "picadores" leave the ring. The bull has charged

them three times, and their duty is performed. Then come the "banderfilleros," armed with sticks two feet long, in the end of which is a barb-pointed like a fish hook. The first stands facing the bull and waves his arms and stamps his foot dramatically to bid defiance. The bull locks surprised. The banderillo runs forward, and as the bull charges this new enemy places his "banderillas" in the bull's shoulders at the base of the neck, one on each side of the spinal column, and, skipping nimbly out of the way, runs for the barrier with the pain-

maddened bull after him. The second "banderillo" introduces a novelty. He places a pockethandkerchief on the ground, stands upon it, and as the bull charges, places his "banderillas" and sways his body out of the road just in time to escape the horns. Three pairs of "banderillas" must be placed, and then

the bugle sounds once more: "matador" takes the "espada" (sword) and the 'muleta," or scarlet cloth, and after asking and receiving the permission of the judge to kill,

The first "maindor" is Revorte Espanol. He waves the scarlet "muleta" sefore the bull, who blindly charges to find nothing-but as he turns, there again is the tantalizing piece of red before him. After several charges of this kind, he stops, puzzled and somewhat tired, and watches the "muleta" closely. Now is Reverte's time. He turns sideways, the sword poised on a level with the shoulder, glances along it to make sure of his aim and running at the bull, who also charges, he sends it home through the buil's

The buil sinks to his knees, and a small dagger is plunged into the spinal

column behind the horns. The King is dead, The band plays the "Victorious Torero," the people shout, and the body of the bull is hauled away to be put up and sold to the poor people. Then the victorious "torero" makes a circuit of the ring and receives the plaudits of the people. Hats are thrown down into the ring, and happy is he whose hat is thrown back by the hand of the manador. Money and cigars also fall thickly, all picked up by the attendant members of the "cuadrilla.

FROM A "PROBLEM" NOVEL

Ecene in the Conservatory-Torn Betwist Love and Duty. o was heard up n the onvx fi of the palace.

"Sh-h! me hoosban' ces camseng!" was a strike of ore-handlers in one Lake View, struggling weakly in the -"I love you! I love you!" burningly

Other parlors are museums—and bad- got on very well—chiefly by compro- millions, according to the Pittsburg Dis-His curly hair waved about his fair

Finally a merchant of the town was head like a shimmering halo wrought by old and young alike. of silken starbeams. The woman stood, trembling, beauti-

"Ting-tank, ting-tank, ting-tank!" remorselessly puried the little clock in

the conservatory-the timeplece of the flowerets. "Ah, Cleermint, Cleermint!" came the rich French whisper, "you know not

what you do. I in dangire am!" She thought of her drunken husband. who at this moment hight be leaving the ballroom-if, indeed, he were not dancing a minuet with that coarse Euglish girl, whom she hated. Every delicale fiber in the woman's body revolted at the thought of her husband paying attentions to that violet-eyed minx, while she-would she fice with this brautiful bay to his villa overlooking the Adriatic? A thousand temptations, The Audubon Society of Missouri a thousand wrongs, the endless and uncalls attention anew to the fact that happy vistas of her past shot through cold storage is bastening the extermi- her mind in the twinkling of a start. Congress has She had preserved her beauty through

> Release me, my fren'," she sa'd, with calm grandeur, rising to a full height. 'I vill your lectel seester be forever!' A step was heard upon the oynx floor

Lord Clairmount released her hastily. ciety of Missouri that within the past His face, which the woman saw, was "I fear no mortal man" he hissed,

ing even in that dire extremity. The step was heard once more

"Ah, he vill lash me, vit hees glove! the woman exclaimed in a paroxysm of

Lord Clairmount reached the window safely. "Mind you," he exclaimed, feeltheir sale entirely gains supporters fast.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

from no man, but absent myself thus from no man, but absent myself thus coolly lest the 'magazines of clever-nous' should hear of this?"

With these tremendous words he sprung through the window, taking the casement with him

The woman stood alone A step was heard upon the onyx floor of the palace.

TRY ROPE SKIPPING.

Novel Remedy for Many of the Ills that Annoy Women. Times have changed since then, and even the skipping rope has under gone progress. The rope has been pronoted, until now it is brought at all seasons of the year, and is used

now is the restoration of the skin, the

making of a pair of dimples, the

strengthening of the heart and the renewal of youthful charm. From this list it will be seen that the skipping rope is relied upon as a modern miracle worker. woman who tries it will agree that

t is such to the last inch. To manipulate the skipping rope properly a rope should be obtained of the kind which is fitted with handles. Thus one can have a support for the fingers to keep the rope from cutting into the hand. Then, too, the handles enable one to shorten the rope and

make highest skips at will The second requisite is that the air in which the skipping is performed shall be fresh.

Women go out into the air more than they once did, and when it comes to exercising they exercise directly in the open. Who does not remember the first gymnasiums, stuffy things, under ground usually. Fully heated, almost unventilated, breathing of the heaviness of stone, they have opened to the pupil, who was expected come in and get health and strength by exercising in the dark place.

The gymnasiums now are luxuriiry, they are at least well aired. one house, where there is a room called by courtesy the gymnasium, the sole apparatus consists of dumb-bells, a bow and arrow, a tin horn, a skipsing rope, a wand and a pair of flat frons.

But there are many little low windows, for the gymnasium is an attic floor, and one side of the room has a wide, low mirror. In this place the women of the family go beauty hunting every day, says the Indianapolis News. And the first move on entering the gymnasium is to open all the windows.

Ever notice what a scramble there is among merchants for a good clerk?