

# Jane Cable

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON,

Author of "Society of Graustark," Etc.

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(CHAPTER XIX—Continued)

"You stop his infernal tongue!" shouted Cable, leaping down the steps, his eyes blazing. James Bansemmer laughed as he braced himself for the shock. They did not come together, for Graydon threw his big frame in the path of the assailant. For an instant there was a frightful uproar. Rigby and the servant rushed to the young man's assistance. The women were screaming with terror, the men were shouting, and there was a violent struggle which played havoc in the hallway.

"Call the police!" shouted Rigby. "You infernal traitor!" hissed James Bansemmer. "You claim to be Graydon's friend, and yet you are the one who has led the plot to ruin me."

"What does it all mean?" cried Graydon, holding the sneaking Cable tightly. There was a moment of intense silence, except for the heavy breathing of the men. Graydon was staring wide-eyed at his father. He saw the cruel, sardonic smile spread over his face and shuddered.

"I've simply come to take you out of the clutches of these people. I've waited to see if that scheming woman up there would tell you of her own accord. She hasn't told you, so I will. You cannot marry that girl, for your laughing Jane Cable was picked up on a doorstep, cast off by the woman who bore her!"

The crash had come. The heartless accuser stood like a tragic player in the center of his stage, pouring out his poison without a touch of pity for the stricken girl who, after the first thrill of indignation and horror, had shrunk back into her mother's arms, bewildered.

"Call the police, if you like," laughed Bansemmer, at the end of his tirade. "It isn't a criminal offense to tell the truth. It will sound just as well in court, Mr. Rigby."

"Jane, Jane," Mrs. Cable was murmuring. "I might have saved you all this, but I couldn't—I couldn't pay the price."

"You snare," groaned Cable, weak and hoarse with rage. "Jane, he has lied! There is not a word of truth in what he says. I swear it to you."

"Ho, ho, by heaven, she hasn't told you, after all!" cried Bansemmer. "You still think she is yours!"

"Father," exclaimed Graydon, standing straight before the other. David Cable had dropped limply into a chair, his hand to his heart. "I won't stand by and hear you any longer. Take back what you've said about her or I'll forget that you are my father and—"

"Graydon!" exclaimed Bansemmer, falling back, his expression changing like a flash. The smile of triumph left his face, and his lip twitched. "You forget I am doing this for your sake. My God, boy, you don't understand. Don't turn from me, to them. They have—"

"That's enough, father. Don't say another word! You've talked like a



The girl sank limp and helpless in Graydon's arms.

madman. See! Look what you've done! Oh, Jane!" he caught sight of the girl on the landing and rushed up to her.

"It's true, Graydon; is it true?" she wailed, beating her hands upon his arm.

"No, it can't be true! He's gone mad, dearie."

"Is it true, mother? Tell me, tell me!"

Frances Cable's white lips moved stiffly, but no sound came forth. Her eyes spoke the truth, however. The girl sank limp and helpless in Graydon's arms and knew no more. At the foot of the steps Rigby was pointing his trembling fingers at James Bansemmer.

"You'll pay for this tomorrow!" he was saying. "Your day is come! You cutt! You blackguard!"

"Graydon!" called the father. "Come. You go home. Come, boy!"

"Not now—not now," answered the son hoarsely. "I'll—I'll try to come home tonight, father. I'm not sure that I can. My place is here—with her."

his eyes. He had not expected the gall. Until the break of day he sat in his bill room waiting for the rasp of his son's night key, but Graydon did not come home.



## CHAPTER XX.

GRAYDON sat with his chin in his hands, dull stricken, crushed. He had heard the story of his father's baseness from Frances Cable, and he had been told the true story of Jane. From Rigby he learned of the vile transactions in which his father had dealt. At first he could scarcely believe his own ears, but in the end he saw that but half the truth could be told.

It was past midnight when he left David Cable's—not to go to his own home, but to that of Elias Droom. He knew now that the newspaper would devote columns to the "sensational high life," he knew that Jane would suffer agonies untold, but he would not blame his father for that; he knew that arrest and disgrace hung over the tall gray man who had shown his true and amazing side at last; he knew that shame and humiliation were to be his own share in the division. Down somewhere in his aching heart he nourished the hope that Elias Droom could ease the path of these wretched disclosures.

As he traversed the dark streets across town he was vaguely wondering whether Jane's eyes would ever lose the pained, hopeless expression he had last seen in them. He wondered whether she would retract her avowal that she could not be his wife with the shame upon her; he rejoiced in her fearless, lifeless promise to hold him in no fault for what had happened.

Distressed and miserable, he spent the remainder of the night in Elias Droom's squalid rooms, sitting before the little stove which his host replenished from time to time during the weary hours.

Droom answered his questions with a direct tenderness that surprised even himself. He kept much to himself, however, and advised the young man to reserve judgment until after he had heard his father's side of the story.

"I've been loyal to James Bansemmer, Graydon, and I'll still be loyal to him. He's not done right by other people, but he has tried to do right by you."

"If he wanted to do right by me, why did he not tell me of Jane's misfortune?" exclaimed the young man bitterly.

"Because he really wanted you to marry her. Anybody can see she is without a flaw. That's the truth, Graydon. Your father was wrong in his desire to make capital of it in connection with Mrs. Cable. I told him so. I don't believe he knew just what he was doing; he was so used to success, you see. Can't you go to sleep, boy? You need it."

"God, no!"

"I'd advise you to go home and talk it over with your father."

"Tomorrow will be time enough—after the newspapers are out. I can't bear to think of the disgrace. Harbert has been interviewed, they say. He's told everything."

"Talk to your father tonight, my boy. There may be—may be warrants tomorrow."

The young man dropped his head on his arm and burst into tears. Old Droom puffed vigorously at his pipe, his eyes shifting and uncomfortable. Twice he attempted to speak and could not. In both instances he arose and poked the fire. At last the young man's choking sobs grew less violent. Droom cleared his throat with raucous emphasis, took his snaky gaze from the print on the wall representing "Dawn" and spoke:

"You wouldn't think it to look at me now, or any other time for that matter, but I loved a woman once—a long time ago. She never knew it. I didn't expect her to love me. How could I? Don't cry, Graydon. You're not like me. The girl you love loves you. Cheer up. If I were you I'd go ahead and make her my wife. She's good enough, I'll swear!"

"She says she can't marry me. Good heavens! What do you not know what a blow it was to her. It almost killed her. And my own father! Oh, it was terrible!"

Elias Droom did not tell him—nor had he ever told any one but himself—that the woman he loved was the boy's mother. He loved her before and after she married James Bansemmer. He never had faith in his love and reverence for her.

Graydon waited in his rooms until

the old man returned with the morning papers. As Droom placed them on the table beside him he grinned cheerfully.

"Big headlines, eh? But these are not a circumstance to what they will be. These articles deal only with the great mystery concerning the birth of one of the 'most beautiful and popular young women in Chicago.' Wait—wait until the Bansemmer smash comes to reinforce the story! Fine reading, eh?"

"Don't, Elias, for heaven's sake, don't!" cried the young man. "Hate you no soft spot in your heart? I believe you enjoy all this. Look! Look what it says about her! The whole shameful story of that scene last night! There was a reporter there when it happened."

Together they read the papers. Their comments varied. The young man writhed and groaned under the revelations that were going to the public. The old clerk chuckled and philosophized.

Every one of these papers prophesied other and more sensational developments before the day was over. It promised to be war to the knife between David Cable, president of the Pacific, Lakes and Atlantic, and the man Bansemmer. In each interview with Cable he was quoted as saying emphatically that the adoption of Jane had been made with his knowledge and consent. The supposed daughter was the only one to whom the startling revelations were a surprise. There also was mention of the fact that the young woman had immediately broken her engagement with James Bansemmer's son. There were pictures of the leading characters in the drama.

"I can't stay in Chicago after all this," exclaimed Graydon, springing to his feet, his hands clenched in despair. "To be pointed out and talked about! To be pitied and scorned! To see the degradation of my own father! I'll go anywhere, just so it is away from Chicago."

Droom forgot his desire to scoff. His sardonic smile faded into a ludicrously pathetic look of dismay. He begged the young man to think twice before he did anything "foolish." "In any event," he implored, "let me get you some breakfast, or at least a cup of coffee."

In the end he helped Graydon into his coat and gilded off down Wells street with him. It was 7 o'clock, and every corner newsstand glowered back at them with black frowns as they looked at the piles of papers. Two rough looking men walking ahead of them were discussing the sensation. A saloon keeper shouted to them, "It don't always happen over on de west side, does it?"

Graydon went to the office of Clegg, Groll & Davidson early and arranged his affairs, so that they could be taken up at once by another, and then, avoiding his fellow workers as much as possible, presented himself to Mr. Clegg at 10 o'clock. Without hesitation he announced his intention to give up his place in the office. All argument put forth by his old friend and employer went for naught. The cause of his action was not discussed, but it was understood.

"If you ever want to come back to us, Graydon, we will welcome you with open arms. It isn't as bad as you think."

"You don't understand, Mr. Clegg," was all that Graydon could say.

Then he hurried off to face his father.

James Bansemmer, haggard from loss of sleep and from fury over the alienation of his son, together with the fear of what the day might bring, was pacing the floor of his private office. Droom had eased his mind but little in regard to his son. When he heard Graydon's voice in the outer room his face brightened, and he took several quick steps toward the door. He checked himself suddenly with the remembrance that his son had turned against him the night before, and his face hardened.

Graydon found him standing stern and unfriendly before the steam radiator in the darkest corner of the room, his hands behind his back. The young man plumped down heavily in his father's desk chair.

"Why didn't you come home last night?" demanded the other.

"I hated the thought of it," he answered dejectedly.

"You've listened to their side of the story. You're a splendid son, you are!" sneered the father.

"There is nothing base and unprincipled in their side of the story. They have never harmed her. But you? Why, father, you've blighted her life forever. They were going to be together in a day or so, and they could have made it easy for her. Not like this! Why, in heaven's name, did you strike her like that? She's—she's the talk of the town. She's ostracized, that's what she is, and she's the best girl that ever lived!"

"Oh, you think they would have told her, eh? No! They would have let her marry—"

"Oh, and what was your position? Why were you so considerate up to last night? If you knew, why did you let me go on so blindly? The truth is, father, if you must have it, you have acted like a scoundrel."

James Bansemmer glared at his son, with murder in his eyes.

"I wouldn't have believed the other things they say of you if I hadn't tried to break down my faith. I heard this with my own ears. It was too contemptible to forget in a lifetime. I did not come here to discuss it with you. The thing is done. I came here to tell you that I am going to leave Chicago. You won't go, so I will." Bansemmer still glared at him, but there was amusement mingling with rage in his eyes. "I can't look a son in the face. I am ashamed to meet the Cable. Good Lord, I'm afraid even to think of

Jane."

"I suppose you would marry her, like a fool, even now," muttered the father.

"Marry her? Of course I would. I love her more than ever. I'd give my life for her; I'd give my soul to ease the pain you have thrust upon her. But it's over between us. Don't let our affairs worry you. She has ended it. I don't blame her. How could she marry your son? I have hoped that I might not be your son, after all."

Bansemmer leaned bravely against the radiator, gasping for breath. Then he staggered to the couch and dropped upon it, moaning.

"Graydon, Graydon! Don't say that! Don't! I'll make everything right. I'll try to undo it all! My boy, you are the only thing on earth I love. I've been heartless to all the rest of the world, but I love you. Don't turn against me. The son stood looking at him in dull wonder. His heart was touched. He had not thought that this stern man could weep; he began to see the misery that was breaking him.

"Dad, don't do that," he said, starting toward him. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you."

Bansemmer leaped to his feet, his mood changing like a flash.

"I don't want your pity. I want your love and loyalty. I didn't mean to be weak. Will you leave Chicago with me? I must go. We'll go at once—anywhere, only together. We can escape if we start now. Come!"

"I won't go that way!" exclaimed Graydon. "Not like a criminal!"

"No? You won't? There was no answer. Then there's nothing more to say. Go! Leave me alone. I had prayed that you might not have been like this. Go! I have important business to attend to at once." He cast his gaze toward the drawer in which the pistol lay. "I don't expect to see you again. Take this message to the Cables. Say that I am the only living soul who knows the names of that girl's father and mother. God alone can drag them from me!"

Graydon was silent, stunned, bewildered. His father was trembling before him, and he opened his lips to utter the question that meant so much if the answer came.

"Don't ask me!" cried Bansemmer. "You would be the last I'd tell."

"I don't believe you know!" cried Graydon.

"Ah, you think I'll tell you?" triumphantly.

"I don't want to know." He sat down, his moody gaze upon his father. Neither spoke for many minutes. Neither had the courage. James Bansemmer finally started up with a quick look at the door. Droom was speaking to some one in the outer office.

"Go now," he said harshly. "I want to be alone."

"Father, are you—are you afraid of these charges?" His father laughed shortly and extended his hand to the young man.

"Don't worry about me. They can't do anything to me. You may leave Chicago. I'll stay! Goodbye, Graydon!"

"Goodbye, dad!"

They shook hands without flinching, and the young man left the room. On the threshold the father called after him:

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I don't know."

Droom was talking to a youth who held a notebook in his hand and who appeared frightened and embarrassed. Graydon shook hands with the old man. Droom followed him into the hall.

"If you ever need a friend, Graydon," he said in a low voice, "call on me. I'm not in jail, I'll help you."

Half an hour later Graydon rang the Cable's doorbell.

"Miss Jane is not seeing any one today, sir," said the servant.

"Say that I must see her," protested the young man. "I'm going away tonight."

Cable's devotion to her was beautiful. He could not have been more tender had she been his own daughter instead of his wife's imposter.

Jane was ill in Pasadena for many weeks. Her depressed condition made her recovery doubtful. It was plain to two persons, at least, that she did not care whether she lived or died. The physicians were puzzled, but no explanation was offered by the Cables. It was not until certain Chilean seafarers generously spread the news that the cause of her breakdown became apparent to the good doctors. Before many days the girl who sat wan and distraught on the flower shaded piazza was an object of curiosity to fashionable Pasadena. Soon as she was strong enough to endure the trip the hunted trio forsook Pasadena and fled northward.

San Francisco afforded relief in privacy. Jane's spirits began to revive. There had not been nor was there ever to be any mention of that terrible night and its revelations. What she may have felt and suffered in secret could only be conjectured by those who loved her. Bansemmer's name was never uttered. His fate remained unknown to her. The faraway, unhappy look in her eyes proved to them that Graydon was never out of her thoughts.

David Cable was in Chicago when Mrs. Cable received word from her sister, once Kate Coleman, that she soon would reach San Francisco with her husband, bound for the Philippines. Kate was the wife of a West Pointer who had achieved the rank of colonel in the volunteers by virtue of political necessity. His regiment had been ordered to the islands, and she was accompanying him with their daughter, a girl of sixteen.

Colonel Harbin had seen pleasant service at the eastern posts, where his wife had attained a certain kind of social distinction in the army fast set. She was not especially enamored of the prospect ahead of her in the Philippines. But the new colonel was a strict disciplinarian on and off the field. He expected to be a brigadier general if fortune and favoritism supported him long enough. Mrs. Harbin could never be anything more than a private in the ranks, so far as his estimation of distinction was concerned. His daughter, Ethel, had, by means of no uncertain favoritism, advanced a few points ahead of her mother and might have ranked as sergeant in the family corps.

Mrs. Harbin played cards, drank highballs, flirted with the younger officers, got talked about with pleasing emphasis and was as happy as any subordinate could be. They had not even thought of such a thing as divorce, and the whole army wondered and expressed disgust. The army's appetite for scandal is surpassed only by its bravery in war. It is even hinted that the latter is welcomed as a loophole for the former. War brings peace.

The arrival of the Harbins and a staff of gray young cadets fresh from the banks of the Hudson put new life into the recluses. The regiment was to remain at the Presidio for several weeks before sailing. One of the lieutenants was a Chicago boy and an acquaintance of Graydon Bansemmer. It was from him that Jane learned that her sweetheart was a soldier in the service, doubtless now in Luzon.

A week before the sailing of Colonel Harbin's transport Jane suddenly announced that she had but one desire on earth, and that was to go to Manila with her aunt. She did not present her plea with the usual claim that she wanted to be of service to her country. She was not asking to go out as a heroine of the ordinary type. Instead she simply announced that she wanted to go as a temporary member of Colonel Harbin's family, to endure their hardships and to enjoy their enthusiasms. Mrs. Cable recognized the true motive, however.

Her pleadings were in vain. The Harbins had lucklessly urged Jane to join them. Telegrams flew back and forth across the continent, and David Cable came on to present his feeble objections.

When the great transport sailed away, Jane Cable was one of her passengers, the ward of the regiment.

"It's just for a little while, dad," she said wistfully at the dock; "a few months. I'll think of you every minute I'm away."

The blood of the man in the service was calling to her. The ocean was between them. The longing to be near him, to tread the same soil, had conquered in the eternal battle of love. After all, no matter how the end was attained, she was a creature of life, brought into the world to love and to be loved. She put the past behind her and began to build a new future—a future in which the glorification of Graydon Bansemmer was the foundation. She hoped that makes all human averages was at the work of reconstruction; youth was the builder, the months of destruction had not left a hopeless ruin as the heritage of dead impulses.

The world grew brighter as the ship forged westward. Each day sent warmer blood into her veins and a deeper light into her eyes. The new life was not inspired by the longing to be his wife, but to see him again and to comfort him. She would be no man's wife.

At last one hot, soft morning in early July the great transport slipped past Corregidor and turned its bow across Manila bay. At Cavite, toward the anchorage which ended the long voyage, the city of Manila lay stretched out before them—Manila, the new American capital.

The troops were marched off to quarters, and the Harbins, with Jane Cable, retired at once to the Oriente, where they were to live prior to taking a house in Ermita or San Miguel.

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The campaign was not being pushed vigorously at this time. It was the rainy season. Desultory fighting was going on between the troops and the insurgents. There were numerous scouting and exploring expeditions into the enemy's country.

A week elapsed before Jane could find the opportunity to make inquiries concerning the whereabouts of Graydon Bansemmer. Her thoughts had been of nothing else; her eagerness had been tempered by the diffidence of the overzealous. She and pretty Ethel Harbin had made life endurable for the gray young officers who came over on the ship. The pretty wives of certain captains and lieutenants had all scope for their blandishments at close range. Flirtations were hard to manage in space so small. The two girls were therefore in a state of siege most of the time. The abject following fell away perceptibly when the broader field of action on shore gave their married sisters a chance to maneuver with some degree of security. A faithful few remained in train, however. Ethel Harbin, like the ingenue in the play, had each finger clumsily but tightly wrapped with a breathing uniform of blue. It must be admitted in shame, however, that she changed the bandages often and without conscience or ceremony.

Jane's admirers were in love with her. She was not the sort to inspire

responsions, was leading his wife into the danger fields, leaving American pursuers lost every which his crafty brain could devise.

Captain Groce, with a company of infantry, was following his company doggedly into the fastnesses of the north. Village after village was snatched by the white troops, and few hours after the wily Plan evacuated. Amigos laughed in deceptive sleeves at the American's misdirected them with impudent eight cases out of ten the enemy's arms underneath his garment of the ship and slew in the dark, when opportunity arose. Graydon Bansemmer was one of this dougily, expert party which blazed the way to the hills. Close behind came the stronger forces, with some of the horse, and the hospital corps, in the hunt of death for Aguinaldo's Pilar.

Shortly after daybreak on a slim, black figure crouched among the trees and gave the signal to the challenging army. The newspaper man picked up his rifle and traveled all night over a hard route, and he was more than well off for the rest of the day. He brought news that Plan were off to the east and the north, entrenched and prepared to fall on the Americans when they came blindly into the trap laid for them. The newspaper man picked up his rifle and traveled all night over a hard route, and he was more than well off for the rest of the day. He brought news that Plan were off to the east and the north, entrenched and prepared to fall on the Americans when they came blindly into the trap laid for them. The newspaper man picked up his rifle and traveled all night over a hard route, and he was more than well off for the rest of the day. He brought news that Plan were off to the east and the north, entrenched and prepared to fall on the Americans when they came blindly into the trap laid for them.

Perhaps her most devoted admirer was Lieutenant Bray. Good looking and coming from an excellent southern family, he was a great favorite with all. Jane liked him better than any of the rest. She would have liked him still better had he been able to resist a tendency to boast of the stock from which he had sprung. The knowledge of her disadvantages in life, the contrast between their respective positions, all tended to emphasize the irony

of fate, and she often found herself wondering how this sprig of true aristocracy would conduct himself if he discovered that, after all, she was only a foundling.

It was Lieutenant Bray who made inquiries at general headquarters and found, after considerable trouble, that Graydon Bansemmer's company was in the north, subject to the requirements of Young, chief of scouts.

Irksome were the lazy summer months for Jane. She tired of the attentions of men; she sickened with longing and anxiety. Day after day she prayed that the troops in the north might be relieved. She watched for the order that would call for their return from the wet lands above. Sickness was prevalent among the fighting corps; the wet season had undermined the health of many. Constant news came down to Manila of the minor engagements, and she looked at every report for news of Graydon. Colonel Harbin occasionally had private advices from the north. She heard of Graydon's bravery more than once and glowed with pride. Down in her tired, anxious heart she was wondering if it were possible for her to go to the front in any capacity.

At last with October came the waning of the rainy season. November brought active fighting. A general movement of the troops was directed against Aguinaldo. In his prime as a leader he controlled the north, and his capture was imperative. Lawton and Young began operations on the right. McArthur on the center, with Wheaton pushing forward on the extreme left. The insurgents fell back from Tulaac. There were many big fights at San Jacinto and other places now famous in history.

The Red Cross society held forth at Malolos, reaching gradually into the country north. Sick and wounded men came into the hospitals daily and in larger numbers than one would have supposed. The villages, or barrios, all along the line of advance saw their convents turned into hospitals. As fast as possible the nurses were hurried up to them. Men and women in this noble service did heroic, faithful work both for the white and the brown men who went down. From the field hospitals the men were taken to the convents and treated until they were able to be moved to Manila.

Further north at Agulindo and the Philippines Wheaton was ordered to cut off his retreat; Young was killed; Cunniff took charge of the scouts who scoured the country. Parties of ten to fifteen picked men fell out in advance of the main body, seeking to develop the enemy and his defenses. These brave fellows hunted the hidden fire of ambush, exposed them-

elves to all the treacheries of the fare and afterward were accused with a kind word from the general. They were the men who scoured the scouting parties that Graydon Bansemmer ventured for into the enemy country early in November.

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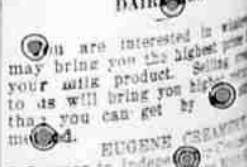
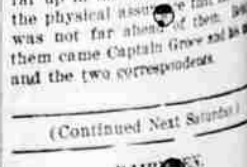
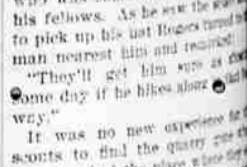
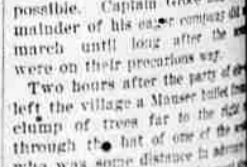
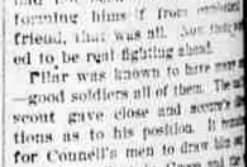
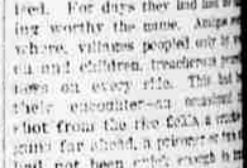
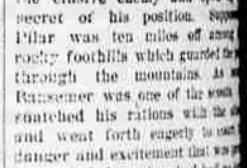
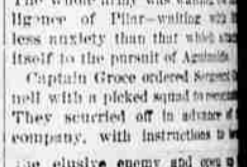
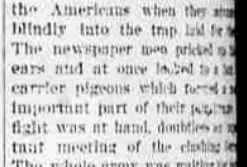
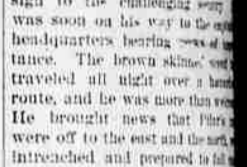
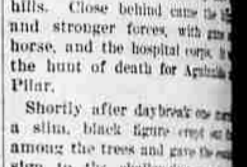
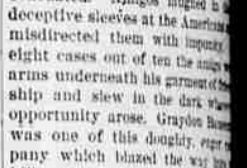
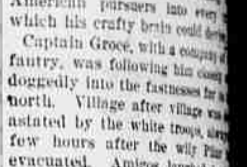
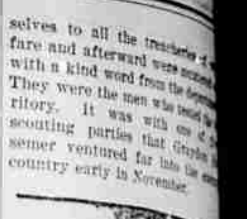
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## CHAPTER XXII.

REGORIO DEL PILAR, the picturesque leader, whose name much has been written in praise by the respondents, was leading his wife into the danger fields, leaving American pursuers lost every which his crafty brain could