CHAPTER V.

The sun rose; its beams played on the trembling yellow leaves of the trees, and tinged them with a thousand shades of gold and purple. The birds, cozily nestled in the bushes, struck up their matin carol; the awakening of nature was as splendid and imposing as it is in all mountainous countries.

The leader of the caravan left his tent and gave orders to strike the camp. The tent was at once folded up, the mules were loaded, and, so soon as the horses were saddled, the party started without waiting for the morning meal, for they generally breakfasted at the 11 o'clock

The caravan advanced along the road from Santa Fe to the United States, at a speed unusual under such circum-

When he left the camp, the chief of the caravan spurred his horse and joined the Indian, who was marching alone in front, examining the bushes and apparent ly performing all the duties of an experienced guide. Curumilla, though he heard the hurried paces of the Mexican's horse, did not turn round, but continued trotting along on his sorry mule.

"Indian," said the caravan chief in Spanish, "I wish to speak with you on an Important subject; be good enough to put off your usual silence for a while and answer like an honest man. You engaged with me at Santa Fe to lead me, for the sum of four ounces, safely to the frontiers of Upper Mexico. Since you have been in my service I must allow that I have only had reason to praise your prudence; but we are at this mo-ment in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, that is to say, we have reached the most dangerous part of our journey. Two days ago you lifted the trail of Crow Indians, very formidable enemies of caravans, and I want to consult with you as to the means to employ to foil the snares in which these Indians will try to catch us."

The Indian felt in a bag of striped calico thrown over his shoulder, and produced a greasy paper, which he opened and offered the Mexican.

"What is this?" the latter asked. "Oh, yes, certainly; your engagement. Well, what has this to do with the question I asked you?"

Curumilla, still impassive, laid his fingers on the paper, at the last paragraph of the engagement.

"Well, what then?" the Mexican exclaimed ill-humoredly. "It is said there, It is true, that I must trust entirely to you, and leave you at liberty to act as you please for the common welfare. What proves to me that you are acting for our common welfare, and that you are not a

At this word traitor, so distinctly uttered by the Mexican, Curumilia gave a tiger glance at the speaker, while his hole body was agitated by a convulsive remor; he uttered two or three incomrehensible guttural exclamations, and re the Mexican could suspect his intenns he was selzed round the waist, lifted rom the saddle, and hurled on the round, where he lay stunned. Curulla leaped from his mule, drew from belt four gold ounces, hurled them at precipice that bordered the road, disap-peared.

The situation was becoming most critfor the chief of the caravan; he and himself abandoned without a guide, in unknown regions, doubtless watched by hidden foes, and exposed at any moment to an attack,

The march was continued; no suspiclous sign was discovered; and the Mexwere justified in believing that, with the exception of the time they would impelled to lose, the flight of the Indian would entail no disagreeable con-

Singularly enough, Carnero seemed rather pleased than annoyed at the disappearance of the guide. Far from comaining or deploring the delay in the continuance of the journey he laughed at what had happened and made an infinitude of more or less witty jests about which considerably annoyed his maswhose joy was merely on the surface, and who, in his beart, cursed the mishap which kept them in the mountains and exposed them to the insults of the plun-

"Pray, what do you find so agreeable what has happened that you are or affect to be so merry, No Carnero?" he at length asked.

"Forgive me, mi amo," the capataz anwered; "but you know the proverb, What can't be cured must be endured.' "Hum!" said the master.

"And besides," the capataz added, as he stooped down, "however bad our position may be, is it not better to pretend

consider it good?" A little before 11 a. m. the caravan reached the terrace, and it was with a feeling of joy, which they did not at-

tempt to conceal, that the peons recogmized the strength of the position. "We shall stop here for the present." the Mexican said. "Unload the mules, and light the fires. Immediately after

breakfast we will begin entrenching ourselves. The peons obeyed with the speed of

men who have made a long journey and are beginning to feel hungry; the fires were lighted in an instant, and a few moments later the peons vigorously attacked their maize tortillas, their tocina and their cecina-those indispensable elements of every Mexican meal. When the hunger of his men was appeased the

"Now," be said, "to work."

CHAPTER VI.

The position which the lender of the caravan fancied he had been the first to discover, and where he had made up his mind to halt, was admirably selected to establish an intrenched camp. The imnense voladero hovering at a prodigious beight above the precipices, and guarded on the right and left by enormous masses of rock, offered such conditions of secur- armed and guarded, he saw, by the light | the money.

eal importance. It was, hence, with well promising ardor that they rose on receiving their chief's command and prepared under his directions to dig the trench which was ntended to protect them from a surprise. This trench was to be bordered y a line of tall stakes, running across the open space between the rocks, which gave the sole access to the terrace.

ty that the peons regained all their merry

arelessness, and regarded the mysterious light of the guide as an accident of no

At the moment when the leader proded with several peons armed with picks and spades toward the entrance, with the robable intention of marking the exact pot where the trench was to be dug, the spataz approached, and said with a repectful bow:

"Mi amo, I have an important commuleation to make to you.

His master turned and looked at him ith ill-concealed distrust. "An important communication to make o me?" he repeated.

"What is it? Speak, but be brief." "I have discovered a grotto." "What?" his master exclaimed, in sur-

"Yes, excellency."

"Where?"
"There," he said, stretching out his rm; "behind that mass of rocks." A suspicious look flashed from behind

is master's eyelashes. "Well, we will enter it together. Fetch ome torches of ocote wood, and show as the way. By the by, do not forget to oring weapons, for we know not what

nen or beasts we may find in caverns ous opening on a high road." The Mexican selected six of his peons n whose courage he thought he could ely, ordered them to take their muskets. nd, bidding the others keep a good watch, out not begin anything until he returned, he made a signal to the capataz that he was ready to follow him. Carnero had followed the arrangements made by his master with an evil eye, but probably did not deem it prudent to risk any remark. for he silently bowed his head, and walk-

ed toward the pile of rocks that masked the entrance of the grotto. These granite blocks, piled one on top of the other, did not appear, however to have been brought there by accident, but, on the contrary, they appeared to have elonged in some early and remote age to clumsy but substantial edifice.

"It would not be prudent," said the chief, "to venture without precautions nto this cavern. Prepare your arms, muchachos, and keep your eyes open; at the slightest suspicious sound, or the smallest object that appears, fire. Capataz, ight the torches.'

The latter obeyed without a word; the eader of the caravan assured himself at glance that his orders had been properly carried out; then taking his pistols from his belt, he cocked them, took one in each hand, and said to Carnero:

"Take the lead. It is only just that you should do the honors of this place which you so unexpectedly discovered. Forward, you others, and be on your

The eight men went into the cavern at the heels of the capataz, who raised the torches above his head, doubtless in order to cast a greater light.

They thus reached a rather large hall, into which several passages opened. All at once the leader stopped and listened. "Listen," he said to the capataz, "do

on not hear something?" The latter bent his body slightly forward and remained motionless for some seconds.

"I do," he said, drawing himself up, it sounds like distant thunder.' "Is it not? or, perhaps, the rolling of

ubterranean waters." "I can swear that you are right. It ould be a piece of luck for us to find water in the cave, for it would add greatly to our security, as we should not be liged to lead our horses, perhaps, a long

distance to drink." "I will assure myself at once of the ruth. The noise proceeds from that passage, so let us follow it. As for our en, they can wait here; we have nothing o fear now, for if the pirates or the Indians are ambushed to surprise us, they rould not have waited so long before doing so, and hence the assistance of our peons is unnecessary.

The capataz shook his head doubtfully. "Hum," he said, "the Indians are very clever. I believe it would be more prudent to let the peons accompany us.

'Nonsense," said his master, "it is unecessary; we are two resolute and wellarmed men; we have nothing to fear, I tell you."

They then entered the passage. It was very narrow, and ran downward a steep incline. The further they proceeded the more distinct the sound of water became; it was evident that at a very short disance from the spot where they were, perhaps but a few steps, there ran one of hose subterranean streams so frequently

found in natural caverns. All at once, without being warned by the slightest sound, the leader of the caravan felt himself selzed round the waist, his torch snatched roughly from his hand, and extinguished against a rock, and himself thrown down and securely bound, before he was able to attempt the slightest resistance, so sudden and well calculated had the attack been. Carnero had been thrown down at the same time as his

master, and bound. "Cowards, demons!" the Mexican yelled, "show yourselves, at least, so that I

may know with whom I have to deal." "Silence! Gen. Don Sebastian Guer rero, resign yourself to your fate, for you have fallen into the power of men who will not liberate you.

Gen. Guerrero made a movement of impotent rage, but he was silent; he perselved that the originators of the snare of which he was a victim were implaca-

ble enemies. When his conquerors had borne him to the hall, where his peons were dis-

of the torch that faintly Illumined the hall, that among the men who surrounded him few wore the Mexican costume, it was true, and they had their faces hidden by a piece of black crape, forming a species of mask, and so well fastened ound their necks, that it was entirely mpossible to recognize them.

What do these men want with me?" he muttered, as he let his head fall on

"Patience!" said the man who had already spoken, "you will soon know."

CHAPTER VII.

There was a short delay, during which he conquerors appeared to be consulting ogether in a low voice; while doing so, Indian chief, who was no other than the Jester, entered the hall. The general and the capataz were then again picked up by the redskins, and at a sign from of the masked men, transported on to the voladero.

One hundred and fifty to two hundred Indians, mostly armed with guns, and, ranged in good order round the terrace, the center of which remained free, faced the cavern, having among them the dis- freedom of mind, learn that you have armed Mexicans, the baggage, horses and mules.

The tent still stood in the middle of what was to have been the encampment; but the curtain was raised, and a horseman was standing in front of it, as if to at liberty to continue your journey, with defend the entrance.
At the moment when the party emerged

from the cave and appeared on the terrace, the horsemen drawn up at the en-trance of the defile opened out to the right and left, leaving a passage for a small troop of men dressed in hunter's garb, and whom it was easy to recognize as white men; two ladies, mounted on ambling mules, were in the midst of them.

This troops of strangers was composed of eight persons altogether, leading with them two baggage mules. As the men were disarmed, and walked on foot amid some fifty Indian horsemen, they had, in all probability, been surprised by a partyof redskins.

The two ladies, one of whom was of a certain age, while the other appeared scarce 18, and who might be supposed closely related, through the resemblance of their features, were treated with an exquisite politeness they were far from expecting by the Indians, and conducted to the tent. The curtain was then lowered, to conceal them from the glances of the Indians.

The newcomers, at a signal from their onductors, ranged themselves with the ther prisoners; they were powerful men whom the Indians had probably not given a chance to defend; otherwise they look-ed as if they would sooner be killed than

Two masked men took their seats on the granite blocks, and the Indians who carried the general laid him on the ground in front of this species of tribunal. person who seemed to be the president of his sinister assembly gave a sign, the prisoner's bonds at once fell off, and he found himself once more able to move his limbs. The general drew himself up, crossed

his hands on his chest, threw his body back haughtlly, raised his head and looked at his judges with a glance of withering contempt. "What do you want with me, bandits?"

he said; "enough of this; these insolent maneuvers will not alarm me." "Silence!" the president said coldly 'it is not your place to speak thus."

Then he remarked to the Jester, who was standing a few paces from him: "Bring up the other prisoners, old and

new; everybody must hear what is going The Jester gave a signal to the warriors; some of them dismounted, approached the prisoners and, after loosen-ing the cord that bound the capataz, they

led him, as well as the peons and prisoners of the second caravan, in front of the tribunal. Then, at a signal from the Jester, the horsemen closed up round (To be continued.)

Dehorning a Rhinoceros. A rhinoceros which lived in the London zoo was troubled by its horn, which grew down in front of its mouth, so that only with difficulty could it eat or drink. To save its life the keeper de- nora.' cided on amputation. The horn of a rhinoceros is not a horn at all, but an as they instinctively recoiled in horror. accumulation of hair and skin which has hardened and become cemented together by some gummy substance. The owner of this one had a very touchy temper and was not easily approached. Its keeper, however, decided to try what he could do. For some days it required all his skill to persuade the beast to come to the front of the cage and put its horn through. Then for some days he stroked the horn, much to the animal's disgust at first, although later it seemed to like it. When it found he meant no harm it let him take the horn in his left hand and then with the right imitate the motion of a saw across it. When this had been done some time and the rhinoceros no longer minded it, a piece of wood was when even this no longer worried the animal, a real saw was brought in and the horn cut off without the slightest you should remain unknown. remonstrance from the owner of it.

Hardest of All Metals.

Tantalum has been hammered into sheets, which are extremely hard. Sir olutions per minute. This whirling force was continued ceaselessly for three days and nights, when it was found that only a small depression 25 without inquiry and refused to explain to mm, deep had been drilled, and it was you the motives of their conduct. a moot point which had suffered the more damage-the diamond or the tan- you, then, that I owe my recall?" talum."

As Usual.

Friend-You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand, How did it turn out? Business Man (wearlly)-Great success. He's teaching me now,-Chicago Journal.

It is only a waste of time to look at the ashes after you have burned bowed beneath the blow that had fallen

THE RED 3

CWAPTER VIL-(Continued.)

The president looked round the assembly, rose in the midst of a profound silence, stretched out his arm toward the general, who stood cold and passionless before him, and, after darting at him a withering glance through the holes made in the crape that concealed his face, he said, in a grave, stern and impressive volce

"Caballeros, remember the words you are about to hear. In the first place, in order to reassure you and restore your not fallen into the hands of Indians thirsting for your blood, or of pirates who intend to plunder you first and assas-sinate you afterward. When you have acted as impartial witnesses you will be out the forfeiture of a single article. The men scated on my right and left, although masked, are brave and honest hunters. The day may perhaps arrive when you will know them; but reasons, whose importance you will speedily recognize, compel them to remain unknown for the pres-

One of the travelers belonging to the second caravan stepped forward; he was a young man, with elegant and noble features, tall and well built.

"Caballero," he answered, in a dis-tinct voice, "I thank you, in the name of my companions, for the reassuring words you have spoken. I know how implacable are the laws of the desert; but per mit me to ask you one question.

"Speak, caballero." "Is it an act of vengeance or justice you are about to carry out?" "Neither, senor."

"Enough of this," the general said haughtily; "and if you are, as you assert, an honorable man, show me your face." "No, Don Sebastian," said the president, "for in that case the game would

not be even between us." The general attempted to smile, but in spite of himself the smile died away on his lips. The president looked round with flashing eyes and began speaking again in a sharp, cutting voice.

"Now, listen, senores," he said, "and judge this man impartially; but do not judge him according to prairie law, but in your hearts. Gen. Don Sebastian Guerero, who is standing so bold and upright before you at this moment, is one of the greatest noblemen of Mexico. His fortune is immense, almost incalculable. This men, by the mere strength of his will, and the implacable egotism that forms the basis of his character, has always succeeded in everything he has undertaken. Coldly ambitious, he has cov ered with corpses the bloody road he has followed to attain his proposed object, and he has done so without hesitation or remorse; he has looked on with a smiling face, when his dearest friends and nearest relations fell by his side; for him nothing which men respect exists. He had a daughter, who was the perfection of women, and he coldly lacerated her heart; he finally drove her to suicide, and the blood of the poor girl spurted on his forehead while he was triumphantly witnessing the legal murder of the man she loved, and whose death he resolved on because he refused to palter with his honor. This human-faced tiger, this monster with the mocking skeptical face, you see, senores, has only one thought, one object, one desire-to attain the highest rank, even if, to effect it, he were compelled to clamber over the panting corpses of his nearest relations and friends; and if he can not carve out an independent kingdom in this collapsing republic, which is called Mexico, he wishes to seize, at least, or the supreme magistracy, and be elected president. This man is Gen. Don Sebastian Guerrero, military governor of So-

"Oh!" the audience said involuntarily,

this man is the ex-governor of Sonora," the hunter who had already spoken said, in disgust, "he is a wild beast, whom his ferocity has placed yond the pale of society, and it is the duty of honest men to destroy him.'

"He must die! he must die!" the new

CHAPTER VIII.

"Nonsense," said the general, shrug-ging his shoulders with a contemptuous "I know now who you are; your hatred of me has unconscously discov ered you. Remove that veil which is no onger of any use. You are the French hunter whom I have constantly met in my path to impede my projects, or overthrow my plans."
"Add," the hunter interrupted, "and

whom you will ever meet. Brothers," he held in the right hand, and at last, added, turning to his assistants, "my mask alone must fall; retain yours, for it is important for my plans of vengeance that

The four men bowed their assent and the hunter threw away the crape that covered his features. "Valentine Guillois!" the general ex-

claimed; "I was sure of it." "Listen then," the hunter coldly William Crookes, F. R. S., states that 'tinued; "when my unhappy friend fell at "a hole had to be bored through a plate Guaymas, in my paroxysm of grief I of this metal and a diamond drill was allow that I intended to kill you; but reused, revolving at the date of 5,000 rev. flection soon came, and I saw that it would be better to let you live. Thanks to me, one week after the Mexican govern-

ment, not satisfied with disavowing your

conduct, deprived you of your command

"Ah, ah," the general said, "it was to

"Yes, general, to me alone.

"I am delighted to hear it." "You remained, then, in Sonora, without power or influence, hated and despised by all, and marked on your forehead with that indelible brand which was imorinted on Cain, the first murderer; but fexico is a blessed country, where ambitious men like yourself can easily fish to troubled waters, when, like yourself, they are not restrained by any of those bonds of honor. But you could not remain long

nora and proceed to Mexico, where, thanks to your colossal fortune and the influence it would necessarily give you, you could carry on your ambitious projects. Your preparations were soon made -listen attentively, general, for I assure you that I have reached the most interesting part of my narrative.
"As you fancied, for certain reasons

which it is unnecessary to remind you of, that your enemies might try to lay come ambush for you, you thought it necessary to take the following precautions, the inutility of some of which I resume that you have recognized. While, or the purpose of deceiving your enemies, you started in disguise, and only accomanied by a few men, for California, in rder to return to Mexico across the Rocky mountains; while you gave quesioners the fullest details of the road you ntended to follow, with your men-your real object was different. The man in whom you placed your confidence, Don sidro Vargas, who had known you when a child, and whom you had converted into your tool, took the shortest, and, onsequently, most direct route for the apital, having with him not only twelve nules loaded with gold and silver, the fruit of your plunder during the period your command, but a more precious article still, the body of your unhappy daughter, which you had embalmed, and which the captain had orders to inter with your ancestors at your Hacienda del Palmar. Your object in acting thus was not only to divert attention from your ll-gotten riches, but also to attract your nemies after yourself. Unfortunately, I am an old hunter so difficult to deceive that my comrades gave me long ago the glorious title of the Trail-hunter, and hence, I alone was not deceived."

"Still your presence here gives a strik-ing denial to the assertion," the general interrupted.

"You think so, senor. That proves you are not thoroughly acquainted with me out patience, I hope that you will, ere long, appreciate me better. Again, you have not reflected on the time that has elapsed since your departure from Her-

"What do you mean?" the general asked, with a sudden start of apprehension. "I mean that before attacking you, I resolved to settle matters first with the captain."

"Ah !" "Well, general, it is my painful duty to inform you that four days after he left Pitic, our brave friend Don Isidro fell nto an ambuscade resembling the one into which you fell to-day, with this exception-

'What exception?" the general asked, with greater interest than he would have liked to display.

"My men were so imprudent," the nunter continued, "as to leave the captain the means of defending himself. The result was that he died, bravely fighting to save the gold you had intrusted to him, and the coffin containing your daughter's corpse.'

'Well, and I presume you plundered the caravan, and carried off the gold and silver?" he asked, contemptuously.

"So, most probably, you would have acted under the circumstances, Don Hebastian," the hunter answered, "but I thought it my duty to act differently What could you expect? I, a coarse, un-educated hunter, do not know how to plunder, for I did not learn it when I had This is what I did; so soon as the captain and the peons he commanded were killed-for the poor devils, I must do them the justice to say, offered a desperate resistance -I myself, you understand, friend, I my self conveyed the money to your Hacienda del Palmar, where it now remains in safe-

The general breathed again, and smiled "Instead of blaming you senor," he said, "I, on the contrary, owe you thanks for this chivalrous conduct.'

"Do not be in such a hurry to thank ne," the hunter answered; "I have not told you all. Captain Don Isidro Vargas not only escorted the money, but there was also a coffin. Well, general, why do you not ask me what has become of that

An electric shock ran through the audience on hearing the ironical question so coldly asked by the hunter.
"What!" Don Sebastian exclaimed.

"The assassin can have no claim to the ody of his victim, and you are morally your daughter's murderer, I have robbed ou of this body, which must rest by the side of him for whom she died."

There was a moment's silence. The general's face, hitherto pale, assumed greenish hue. At length he yelled in a

coarse and hissing voice: "It is not true; you have not done this. You cannot have dared to rob a father of his child's body."

"I have done it, I tell you," the hunter said coldly. "I have taken possession of the body of your victim, and now you enderstand me; never shall you know where this poor body rests. But this is on! the beginning of my vengeance. What wish to kill in you is the soul and not the body; and now begone, and remember that you will find me in your path everywhere and ever."

"One last word," the general exclaimed, affected by the deepest despair, "restore me my daughter's body; she was the only human creature I ever loved.

The hunter regarded him for a moment with an undefinable expression, and then in a harsh and coldly mocking voice,

Then, turning away, he re-entered the grotto, followed by his assistants. Don Sebastian, who was the more over

whelmed by the last blow because it was unexpected, stood for a moment like a man struck by lightning. At last a heart rending sob burst from his bosom, two burning tears sprang from his eyes and he rolled like a corpse on the ground

In the meanwhile the Jester had ordered the peons to saddle the horses and load the mules. The general was placed by two servants on a horse, without apon you and so you resolved to leave So- pearing to notice what was done to him,

and a few moments later the caravan left

he fort of the Chichimeques. When the Mexicans had disappeared to he windings of the road Valentine emergd from the grotto, and walked courteous

y up to the hunters. "Forgive me," he said, "not the delay, but the involuntary alarm I caused you: but I was compelled to act as I did. You are going to Mexico, where I shall soon

e myself, and it is possible that I may equire your testimony some day."

"A testimony which will not be refused," the first hunter gracefully answer-

"What !" the hunter exclaimed in amazement, "are you French?"

"Yes, and all my companions. We have come from San Francisco, where, thanks to Providence, we amassed a forune, which we hope to double in the Mexican capital. My name is Antoine Rallier, and these are my brothers, Edward and Augustus; the two ladies who ccompany us are my mother and sister." The hunter pressed the hand his coun-

tryman offered him. "Then," he said, "I will not let you go alone! These mountains are infested by dangerous bandits, but with my pro-

tection you can pass anywhere." "I heartily accept the offer; but why lo you not come with us to Mexico?"

'That is impossible for the present." Two hours later the Fort of the Chihimeques had returned to its usual soliwhite men and Indians had abandoned it forever.

CHAPTER IX.

We will now leap over about two months, and invite the reader to accompany us to the heart of Mexico, to the capital. Half-past nine was striking by the cathedral clock at the moment when, a dull sound resembling the rustling of reeds shaken by the wind was audible on the gigantic highway joining the city to mainland. This sound soon become more distinct, and changed into the trampling of horses, which was deadened by the damp air and the ground, softened by a lengthened rain. A black mess emerged from the fog, and two horsemen wrapped in thick cloaks stood out distinctly in the moonlight.

These horsemen seemed to have made a ong journey. They at last reached a low roofed house through whose dirty panes doubtful light issued, which showed that the inhabitants were still awake.

The horsemen stopped before this house, which was an inn, and without dismounting one of them gave the door two or three kicks and called the host in loud, sharp voice. The latter was in no hurry to answer, and would have probably left the strangers for some time in the cold if the man who had kicked, probably tired of waiting, had not thought of an expeditious means of obtaining an answer.

"Ah!" he shouted, as he drew a pistol from his holster and cocked it, "since this dog is resolved not to open, I will send a bullet through his window.

This menace had scarce been uttered ere the door opened as if by enchantment and the landlord appeared on the threshold.

"Believe me, senor, that if I had known what a distinguished caballero did me the nonor of stopping before my humble dwelling, I should have hastened to open," he said.

"A truce to such impertinent remarks, and open the door."

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A glance was sufficient for the travelers to understand the place to which accident had led them, still they did not display any of the disgust with which the ight of this cut-throat den inspired them. They seated themselves as comfortably as they could at a table, and the one who had hitherto addressed mine host went ont

"Look here, we are dying of hunger, patron: could you not serve us up a morsel of food?"

"Hum!" said the host, with an embarrassed air "it is very late caballero. and I don't believe I have even a maize

tortilla left in the whole house."
"Nonsense," the traveler replied, "I know all about it, so let us deal frankly with each other; give me some supper, for I am hungry, and we will not squab ble about the price."

"Even if you paid me a plastre for every tortilla, excellency, I really could not supply you with two," the landlord replied, with increased constraint. (To be continued.)

Senator's 'ife an Architect.

Mrs. Berri Chapman Hansbrough, wife of the senior Senator from North Dakota, is original among the social leaders of the National Capital in that she is a clever architect, and were she not blessed with plenty of the needful gold, she might be reaping laurels in that honored branch. Mrs. Hansbrough designed the handsome home in which she and the Senator pass the winter. As a remarkably well-made gown calls forth the query, "Who is your modiste?" so all of Mrs. Hansbrough's visiters look around admiringly and ask, "Who was your architect?" She could have received a score of orders had she wished to enter competition with the experts. Her dining-room, a sunny apartment with a southwestern exposure, is a symphony of browns and reds, with illuminated leather walls, a ceiling painted in oil by the fair hands of the owner, and the grandest of old Flemish carved oak buffet, tables, and chairs. Mrs. Hansbrough was an artist before she was married to the statesman, but she has recently taken a course of architectural design in a famous New York Institute.-New York Press.

Shopping. There is nothing finer for the temper than a new hat, no balm for burt feelings like a fresh gewgaw. Ordering new frocks takes a woman out of herself. Cut a woman off her shopping, and the result may be disastrous.-London World,

What the Stork Learned.

The Owl-Twins, eh? Ain't you afraid they'll displease your patrons? The Stork-Certainly not Cupid says he often hears 'em telling each other that two can live as cheaply as one.-Puck.

Jure' (94