

THE RED TRAIL

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER XIX. CHAPTER XX.

The newcomer walked gracefully up to Don Sebastian, still holding his hat in his right hand, bowed to him with exquisite grace, and thrusting his hand into his side, he said with an accent of cutting sarcasm, in a harsh, metallic voice:

"Do you recognize me, Don Sebastian, and do you believe I am really alive?"

At the same moment Belhumeur's knowing face could be seen peering through the doorway. With his eyes obstinately fixed on the General, he seemed to be impatiently expecting an answer, which the latter evidently hesitated to give.

"Who are you, senor?" said the General, "and by what right do you question me?"

"Well played," said Valentine. "Caballero, you are a rude adversary."

"Do you think so?" Don Sebastian asked, with a hoarse laugh.

"Certainly," the hunter continued, "and I am delighted to bear my testimony to the fact; hence you had better yield at once, for you are in a dilemma from which you cannot escape."

There was a silence lasting some minutes. At length the general seemed to make up his mind, for he turned to Belhumeur, who was still listening, and bowed to him with ironical politeness.

"Why stand half hidden by that door?" he said to him. "Pray enter, caballero."

The Canadian at once entered, and after giving the general a respectful bow he leaned over the back of Valentine's chair. The latter eagerly followed all the incidents of the strange scene that was being played before him, and in which he appeared to be a disinterested spectator rather than an actor.

"I am waiting," the general said, as he fell back in his chair with an air of weariness.

"We will bring matters to an end," Valentine said, drawing himself up with an air of resolution. "General, you will at once leave Mexico and give up Dona Anita, to whom you will not only restore her liberty, but also the right of giving her hand and fortune to whomsoever she pleases. You will sell your estates and retire to the United States, promising on oath never to return. On my side, I pledge myself to restore to you your daughter's body."

"Have you anything more to add?" the general coolly asked.

"Nothing; but take care, senor. I, too, have taken an oath, and from what I told you you must have seen how far I have detected your secrets. Accept or refuse, but come to a decision, for this is the last time we shall meet face to face under the like conditions. The game we are playing is a terrible one, and must end in the death of one of us, and I shall show you no pity, as, doubtless, you will show me none. Reflect seriously before answering yes or no, and I give you half an hour to decide."

The general rang the bell and the footman came in.

"Order the carriage," he said to him.

"Then," Valentine said as he rose, "it is war to the death between us."

"War to the death! be it so."

"We shall only meet once again, General," the hunter remarked; "and that will be on the eve of your death, when you are in Capilla."

"I accept the meeting, and will bow uncomplainingly before you if you are powerful enough to obtain that result; but, believe me, I am not there yet."

"You are nearer your fall than you perhaps suppose."

"That is possible; but enough of this. Light these gentlemen down," he said to the servant, who at this moment entered the room.

When the general entered his box at the theater, which was in the first circle, and almost facing the stage, the house presented a truly fair-like appearance. The president's box was occupied by the first magistrate of the republic and some of his aide-camps. Several times Don Sebastian fancied that the president's eyes were fixed on him with a strange expression, after which he bent over and whispered some remarks to the gentleman who accompanied him. Perhaps this was not real, and the general's pricked conscience suggested to him suspicious far from the thoughts of those against whom he had so many reasons to be on his guard; but real or not, these suspicions tortured his heart and proved to him the necessity of coming to an end at all risks.

The performance went on; the curtain had just fallen after the last act, and the general, devoured by anxiety, and persuaded that he had remained long enough in the theater to testify his presence, was preparing to retire, when the door of his box opened, and Col. Lupo walked in.

"Ah, is it you, colonel?" Don Sebastian said to him as he offered him his hand.

"Pray do not let me stop you, general, I have only a few words to say to you."

"Our business?"

"Goes on famously."

"No suspicion?"

"Not the shadow."

The general breathed like a man from whose chest a crushing weight had been removed.

"Can I be of any service to you?" he said, absently.

"For the present, I have only come for your sake."

"How so?"

"Well, I was accosted to-day by a leper, a villain of the worst sort, who says he wishes to avenge himself on a certain Frenchman, whom he declares you know, and he desires to place himself under your protection, in the event of the blade of his navaja accidentally slipping into his enemy's body."

"Did this worthy gentleman tell you his name, my dear colonel?"

"Yes; but I believe that it would be better to mention it in the open air, rather than in this place."

They left the theater and proceeded toward the Portales de Mercaderes, which were entirely deserted at this advanced hour of the night.

CHAPTER XXI.

The house taken for Valentine by M. Rallier was, as we have already stated, situated in the Calle de Tacuba, only a few yards from the mansion belonging to General Don Sebastian Guerrero.

The hunter, therefore, would only have had a few steps to go to reach home after leaving the general. But suspecting that the latter might have given orders to have his carriage followed, he ordered his coachman to drive to the Alameda.

As the night was far advanced, the promenaders had abandoned the shady walks of the Alameda, which was now completely deserted. This doubtless was what the hunter desired, for, on reaching about the center of the drive, he ordered the coachman to stop, and got out with his companions.

Valentine, like all men accustomed to desert life, had an instinctive distrust of stone walls, behind which, in his fancy, a spy was continually listening. Hence, when he had an important affair to discuss, or a serious matter to communicate to his friends, he preferred going to the Alameda, or somewhere in the environs of Mexico, where after posing Curcumilla as sentry, he believed that he could safely confide his closest secrets to the friends he conveyed to the strange open-air council. On reaching a thick clump of trees the hunter stopped.

"We shall be comfortable here," he said.

"The trees have eyes, and the leaves ears," Belhumeur answered sardonically.

"Yes," Valentine remarked with a smile, "if you do not take the precaution to frighten away spies;" at the same moment he imitated the soft cadenced hiss of the coral snake.

A similar hiss was heard from the center of the clump and seemed like an echo.

"That is the chief's signal," the Canadian said. "He has been watching for us there for nearly an hour. Do you now believe that we are in safety?"

"Certainly; when Curcumilla watches over us we have no surprise to apprehend."

"Let us talk then," said Don Martial.

"One moment," Valentine remarked, "we must first hear the report of a friend."

"Whom are you alluding to?"

"You shall see," Valentine answered, and clapped his hands thrice softly.

Immediately a slight sound and a gentle rustling of leaves was heard in a neighboring thicket, and a man emerged, about four paces from the hunters. It was Curumo, the capataz.

"Good evening, senores," he said, with a polite bow. "I have been awaiting your coming for nearly an hour."

"We were detained longer than we expected by General Guerrero."

"Do you come from him?"

"Did I not tell you I would call on him?"

"Yes; but I hardly thought that you would have the temerity to venture into the lion's den."

"Nonsense," Valentine said with a disdainful smile, "the lion, as you call him, I assure you, was remarkably tame; he drew his claw, completely and received us with the most exquisite politeness."

"In that case take care," the capataz replied, with a shake of the head; "if he received you in that way, he is, be assured, preparing a terrible plot."

"I am of the same opinion; the question is, whether we shall allow him time to act."

"He is very clever, my dear Valentine," the capataz continued, "and seems to possess an intuition of evil. In spite of the oath I took to you when, on your entreaty, I consented to remain in his service, there are days when, although I possess a thorough knowledge of his character, he terrifies me, and I feel on the point of giving up the rude task which, through devotion to you, I have imposed on myself."

"Courage, my friend; persevere but a few days longer, and, believe me, we shall all be avenged."

"May heaven grant it!" the capataz said with a sigh; "but I confess that I dare not believe it, even though it is you who assure me of the fact."

(To be continued.)

Kissing Days at Hungersford.

Yesterday was "kissing day" at Hungersford, a quiet community on the western borders of Berkshire, renowned for its trout fishery and its faithful adherence to the ancient customs of Hocktide, which have been observed since the days of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who granted the rights and privileges to the commoners.

At daybreak the town crier, arrayed in new livery, took his stand on the town hall balcony and blew his lusty blasts on the historic horn, which is the symbol of Hungersfordian liberty. Then the "tuttlers" went forth bearing staves garlanded with flowers and made a perambulation of the town, kissing every lady whom they met and demanding a penny from every male householder.

The sum thus obtained served to purchase oranges for scrambling among the crowd of children who followed in their footsteps. The ladies took the kissing in good part and the males paid up smilingly.

Meanwhile the Hocktide jury was transacting more serious business in the town hall, electing a constable, who is both a coroner and a mayor; also appointing keepers of the keys of the common cooper, halff, portwre and other ancient officers whose duties are rather obscure.—London Evening Standard.

Knew Neither Nurse Nor Baby.

"What a bright little thing!" exclaimed the society woman, patronizingly cooing at a baby out for an airing in the park. "Whose little one is this?"

"Yours, ma'am," replied the nurse.

"I'm the new nurse that ken yistherdy."—New York Press.

That's What Hurt.

"I don't like that there Mrs. Swellman at all," said Mrs. Nuritch.

"Well, you ain't got to take no notice of her," replied Mr. Nuritch.

"But the trouble is she don't take no notice of me."—Philadelphia Press.

In 1806 two cats inherited \$20,000 each from B. F. Dille, an eccentric millionaire.

JOHN D'S BIG SHARE

Rockefeller Has 247,690 Shares of Standard Oil.

VALUE HAS DECREASED GREATLY

Big Oil Combine Has Made Profits of Over Eight Hundred Millions Since 1882.

New York, Sept. 21.—Records of the stockholders of the Standard Oil company of New Jersey, laid bare yesterday at the hearing of the government's suit for the dissolution of the alleged oil combine, disclosed the fact that John D. Rockefeller owns 247,690 shares, or nearly five times as much stock, as any other individual shareholder, and that he and his associates who signed the trust agreement in 1882 still control a majority of the stock. Measured by the present market price of \$440 a share, the holdings of Mr. Rockefeller in the Standard Oil company have a value of \$109,000,000. The stockholders' record of August 17, 1907, shows that the University of Chicago is the owner of 5,000 shares of Standard Oil stock.

The depreciation in the price of the stock within the past 10 years, about the time the agitation began, has been more than \$400 a share. Since legal proceedings against the Standard Oil company were instituted, the stock has steadily declined, until it is now around \$440. This represents a loss of over \$100,000,000 on the holdings of John D. Rockefeller.

The shrinkage in the market value of the stock cost the University of Chicago about \$2,000,000.

Accountants for the government are still engaged on the records of the liquidating trustees and ledgers obtained from the Standard Oil company, and, while the examination has not been fully completed, it is said that the books show that from 1882 to the present time the oil combine has earned between \$800,000,000 and \$900,000,000. It is expected that next week the exact figures will be produced in court.

PRESERVE THE FOREST.

Country Will Look to Northwest for Supply Before Long.

"The Northwest section, comprising Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, will witness the fullest development of its lumber industry within the next ten years," said Professor E. O. Siecke, head of the newly established school of forestry at the Washington State college, in a recent conversation. "Just now, about one-fourth of the merchantable timber of the United States is in Washington and Oregon. The 'Lake State region,' including Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, is lumbered and logged; so is the Southern belt, including northern Alabama and Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, the western parts of West Virginia and Virginia; the eastern part of Texas, Arkansas, and the southern part of Missouri. In a very few years, more than at present, the people of the United States will be looking to the Pacific Northwest for much of their lumber."

"What we must do is to learn to handle our forests with regard to the



PROFESSOR E. O. SIECKE
Head of the Newly Established School of Forestry at the Washington State College

future crop; that is, cutting to a diameter limit, and not leaving the land to revert back to the state for taxes, as has been the policy of many of the lumber companies in the lake region. The high prices for lumber will make it possible to leave trees having a diameter of from twelve to twenty-four inches for the future crop. Then these developing tracts of forest land should be well cared for. Fires should be kept out, and laws should be rigorously enforced preventing the cutting down of the trees until they have grown to the right size. All this means, of course, a great need for skilled foresters, and considerable expense, but it will be to perpetuate the rich forests of the Pacific Northwest, and every dollar of such expenditure will return to the people doubled and trebled."

CRANBERRIES IN OREGON.

New Venture Proving a Success in Tillamook County.

"Cranberries raised in Oregon" is the new slogan for the commercial bodies to cry out to the world at large now that the fields of Tillamook county are producing large quantities of the berries that round out the Thanksgiving dinner. B. O. Snuffer, of Tillamook, recently exhibited a box of berries in Portland which were picked from the marsh in Tillamook county. Mr. Snuffer, in telling about the new industry, said:

"The vines from which these berries were picked have not been touched for eight years except to pick the berries. Because the berries require so little care and attention, the profits are very large. Not an acre from the patch these berries came from has ever produced less than 925 bushels and with care would yield 800 bushels. The berries sell for \$3 a bushel. W. C. King picked 1,000 bushels an acre from a tract he owned."

"I commenced the culture of cranberries in the spring of 1893, and find that the vines are well adapted to this climate. They grow vigorously and where the bogs are properly prepared they are enormously productive. While picking my crop one year I measured off some ground and picked them carefully, and found that they produced at the rate of 1,000 bushels to the acre. Allowing \$1 per bushel as net profit, I do not know of an agricultural product that will compare with it, and placing figures at a minimum."

"It costs about \$200 to prepare the ground and plant the vines, including the cost of the plants. The bog must be so situated that it can be drained off by means of ditches to the depth of at least 15 inches, and one must also have control of plenty of water for irrigation and flooding purposes. Although I have seen some marshes that were a success without any water supply, I do not consider it safe, in view of the large outlay."

"A bog once set in the proper shape will last indefinitely. The first cost, although quite large, cuts little figure in the long run."

"I find that the cranberries grown here are of a darker color than those grown in the East; those here are much superior in flavor, and also weigh more to the bushel. The size of the berry is about the same."

"According to my experience, the McFarland cranberry is the best variety for the Pacific coast. It is the largest and most prolific, a splendid keeper, and by all odds the best seller. In the East this sort is considered a poor keeper, but it appears to be better adapted to this climate, and grows to perfection here."

"I have had good success with the Cherry and Bell variety. They yield well and sell well, and are of good color. Their flavor is excellent by none, and they are of good size, though not as large as the McFarland berry."

"The picking season is usually one of pleasure, for several reasons, to both picker and proprietor. The weather is generally fine—September and October—when men, women and children come for an outing in the cranberry fields. They come with a camping outfit, prepared to enjoy the pleasures of outdoor life, the health giving ocean breezes and a rest from the city and home toil."

"In picking, lines are stretched across a plot of ground three feet apart and each picker works between the lines, the vines making a carpet upon which to work. They hang on uprights about six inches high and are truly beautiful to look upon. The berries are a bright red color, and, in many cases three and four deep, touching each other, completely hide the vines and ground beneath."

"The pickers are given a six-quart measure, and are required to pick the berries clean as they go. When the measure is full it is emptied into a bushel box, and when the box is full they are given a check which is good for 75 cents. Yard men are in attendance to oversee the pickers and carry away the boxes. My best pickers picked about three bushels per day. With a scoop a picker can gather 20 bushels a day."

"In the East the vines are often infested with insect pests, and if the growers have not control of the water the whole crop is in danger. I understand the pests have been imported here at different times in shipping in plants, but they soon disappear, as they cannot live in this climate."

"There is money in the cranberry business and the many bogs of Tillamook county are waiting for men of means and energy to develop them."

ORLANDO RICH IN ORE.

Strike is Made 287 Feet From the Portal of Tunnel.

D. M. Adams, mining engineer, who has been investigating recent strikes at the Orlando mine, in Northern Idaho, has submitted his report to the board of directors. Mr. Adams expresses himself as well pleased with the appearance of the mines. He says in part:

"The lead was encountered 287 feet from the portal of the tunnel, and was crossed 10 feet on the dip of the lead, which varies from 12 inches to two feet in width. The tunnel at the intersection of the lead is about four feet wide, and in cross cutting the lead more than a ton of high grade shipping ore was taken out. This ore will average 60 per cent antimony, and as antimony ore is worth \$2 per unit, the ore is therefore worth \$120 per ton, on the cars at Burke, Idaho. This is the main lead we have been driving for for more than 12 months. The strike shows that we have a well defined, strong and persistent lead, carrying a high percentage of first class shipping ore, proved for more than 200 feet in depth and for about 100 feet on the strike of the same."

"The tunnel is no 302 feet under cover."

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL COLOR.

Why red should have been selected as the national color becomes intelligible when we look at the cross of St. George.

Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote of how "their own sea hath velted those red cross powers," was merely anticipating the phrase of to-day. But Oliver Cromwell, when for the first time he put the English soldier in a red coat, probably did as much as St. George to monopolize red as the national color. The aggressive color has, however, many meanings and has lent itself to many uses. In the days of the Romans when it flared on the head of a slave it stood for freedom; in the days of the French revolution it stood for freedom backed by blows, while in the streets of the city to-day the red cross stands for succor. So far back as the reign of Henry II, there was a red book of the exchequer, a record of the names of all who held lands "per baroniam," and at this moment persons of consequence in the service of the state had their names entered in a red book.—London Chronicle.

UNDISCOVERED CRIME.

"Can you point out to a man who at the age of thirty has not committed at one time in his life a crime that would have sent him to the penitentiary?"

"I do not believe that there is a man living, excluding, for the looks of the thing, the clergy, who has not done something to bring him here had he received his just deserts. It is not always a great crime that sends a man to the penitentiary. There are men in here for stealing chickens or clover seed or nothing at all. It is easy to get behind the walls. There are many men on the outside who should be in here. I am personally acquainted with a few myself. But the difference between these people and myself is that I have been caught and they have not."—Columbus Dispatch.

IT BLOW.

When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day that was so windy that the crows had to walk home.

"Still, that wind was nothing to ours we encountered in the bay of Biscay," we encountered the lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day that was so windy that the crows had to walk home.

DATE FOR PETTIBONE TRIAL.

Boise, Sept. 21.—By agreement of attorneys and the court, the trial of George A. Pettibone is fixed for October 4. Judge Hawley expects to withdraw from the Borch case in order to give all his time to preparation for the Pettibone trial. Pettibone is charged with complicity in the murder of governor Steunenberg.

LARGE FLEET IS GATHERING.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—The growing fleet of warships in the bay was added to today by the arrival from Bremerton navy yard of the armored cruiser Charleston. The cruiser proceeded at once to Mare Island, where she joined the cruisers Albany, Cincinnati, Raleigh and a number of torpedo boat destroyers. In all probability all of the vessels will remain at the navy yard until the coming of the cruiser squadron from Honolulu.

JAPANESE ARE POURING IN.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 21.—The steamer Indiana arrived at quarantine with 275 Japanese destined for Vancouver, and remained at quarantine until some time last evening in order to reach Vancouver about 3 o'clock this morning. The Japanese had heard of riots in Vancouver, and were anxious to land here. The Shinano Maru also brought 312 Japanese, 193 being for Victoria and Vancouver and 119 for Seattle. According to advices by the Shinano Maru, cholera is epidemic in many parts of Japan.

NEGANNÉE, MICH., SEPT. 21.—By a cage plunging 760 feet down the shaft of the Jones & Laughlin iron mine, 11 men were killed and seven fatally injured. The cage with its human freight was being lowered on its first trip of the day, when the brake suddenly failed to hold. Two other men sprang to the assistance of the one at the brake, but their efforts did not avail and the wire cable continued to unree from the drum like thread from a spindle.

NEGANNÉE, MICH., SEPT. 21.—By a cage plunging 760 feet down the shaft of the Jones & Laughlin iron mine, 11 men were killed and seven fatally injured. The cage with its human freight was being lowered on its first trip of the day, when the brake suddenly failed to hold. Two other men sprang to the assistance of the one at the brake, but their efforts did not avail and the wire cable continued to unree from the drum like thread from a spindle.

NEGANNÉE, MICH., SEPT. 21.—By a cage plunging 760 feet down the shaft of the Jones & Laughlin iron mine, 11 men were killed and seven fatally injured. The cage with its human freight was being lowered on its first trip of the day, when the brake suddenly failed to hold. Two other men sprang to the assistance of the one at the brake, but their efforts did not avail and the wire cable continued to unree from the drum like thread from a spindle.

NEGANNÉE, MICH., SEPT. 21.—By a cage plunging 760 feet down the shaft of the Jones & Laughlin iron mine, 11 men were killed and seven fatally injured. The cage with its human freight was being lowered on its first trip of the day, when the brake suddenly failed to hold. Two other men sprang to the assistance of the one at the brake, but their efforts did not avail and the wire cable continued to unree from the drum like thread from a spindle.