

# THE RED TRAIL

BY GUSTAVE AINARD

**CHAPTER XII.**

On emerging from the Passo, the capataz went ahead, followed at a respectful distance by Martial the Tigreiro, who entered the Calle del Pajaro, and about the middle of the street saw the capataz's horse, held by an ill-looking fellow, who gazed curiously at him. Don Martial stopped before the door, dismounted, threw his bridle to the fellow, and, without saying a word to him, resolutely entered the house.

He then found himself in utter darkness, but after groping his way, pushed forward. After crossing the saguan, he entered a square yard with several doors; one of these doors was open, and a man was standing on the threshold. It was Carnero.

The tiger slayer went up to him; the other walked on. The capataz took him by the hand and whispered, "Come with me."

His guide led him through several rooms, took him up a flight of stairs, and opening a door conducted him into a room faintly lighted by a lamp.

"Now," said Carnero, after closing the door, from which the Tigreiro noticed that he removed the key, "sit down and let us talk, for we are in safety. I must give you a few words in explanation of the mysterious way in which I brought you here."

"I am listening to you," the Tigreiro answered.

"We are in the mansion of General Don Sebastian Guerrero," the capataz then remarked.

"What?" the Tigreiro exclaimed, with a start of uneasiness.

"Remember yourself, no one saw you enter, and your presence here is quite unknown, for the simple reason that I brought you in my private entrance."

"I do not understand you."

"And yet it is very easy to explain. For reasons too long to tell you, and which would interest you but slightly, during Don Sebastian's absence as Governor of Sonora I had a private passage made. Everybody save myself is ignorant of the existence of this communication, which," he added, with a glowing smile, "may at a given moment be of great utility. The room in which we now are forms part of the suite I occupy, in which the general has never yet set foot."

"But suppose you were to be sent for, through the general happening to want you?"

"Certainly, but I have foreseen that; it is my system never to leave anything to chance. Although it has never happened yet, no one can enter here without my being informed soon enough to get rid of any person who may be with me."

"That is capitally arranged, and I am happy to see that you are a man of prudence."

"Prudence is, as you know, senior, the mother of safety. Enough on that head, if you have no objection. A man, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, but to whom, as I have already had the honor of telling you, I am devoted body and soul, sent you to me to obtain the information you require, and which he supposed me able to give."

"Senior," the Tigreiro answered, "I thank you heartily, for you know as well as I do what perils are connected with the carrying out of these plans."

"What you are saying is true, but it will be better, I fancy, for the present, for me to assume to be ignorant of them."

"Yes, yes, my position is so precarious, the struggle I am engaged in is so wild, that, although I am supported by sincere friends, I must be prudent. Tell me, then, what you know as to the fate of the unfortunate Dona Anita de Torres. Is she really dead?"

"Do you know what happened in the cavern after your fall down the precipice?"

"Alas! no; my ignorance is complete." Carnero reflected for a moment.

"Listen, Don Martial; but I must tell you a long story. Are you ready to hear it?"

"Yes," the other answered, without hesitation, "for there are many things I am ignorant of, which I ought to know. So speak without further delay."

"At the time when the facts occurred I am about to tell you I was living at the Hacienda del Palmar. Hence I was only witness to a portion of the facts; the rest I know from hearsay. When the Comanches came, guided by the white man, Don Silva de Torres was lying mortally wounded, holding in his stiffened arms his daughter Anita, who had suddenly gone mad. Don Sebastian Guerrero was the only relation left to the hapless young lady, and hence she was taken to his hacienda."

"What?" Don Martial exclaimed in surprise. "Don Sebastian is a relation to Dona Anita?"

"Did you not know that?"

"I had not the slightest idea of it."

"Well, this is how the relationship exists: Don Sebastian married a niece of Don Silva's, so you see they were closely connected. Still, for reasons never thoroughly made known, a few years after the general's marriage a dispute broke out which led to a total suspension of intimacy between the families."

The Tigreiro shook his head. "Go on," he said. "How did the general receive her?"

"He was not at the hacienda at the time; but an express was sent off to him. The general came post haste, seemed greatly moved, gave orders for her to be kindly treated, appointed several women to wait on her, and returned to his post at Sonora."

"Summoned by the French invasion. I presume you are alluding to that?"

"Yes. Almost immediately after these events the general returned to the Palmar. He was no longer the same man. The horrible death of his daughter rendered him gloomier and harsher. For a whole week he remained shut up in his apartments; but, at last, one day he sent for me to inquire as to what had happened at the hacienda during his absence. I had but little to tell him. The general let me say all I had to say, and when

I ended, he, too, remained silent for some time. At length, raising his head, he looked at me for a moment angrily.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"I am waiting," I answered, "for the orders it may please your excellency to give me."

He looked at me for a few moments as if trying to read my very thoughts, and then laid his hand on my arm. "Carnero," he said to me, "you have been a long time in my service, but take care lest I should have to dismiss you. You do not like," he said, "servants who are too intelligent and too clear sighted; and now lead me to Dona Anita's apartments."

"I obeyed with hanging head; the general remained an hour with the young lady, and I never knew what was said between them. It is true that now and then I heard the general speaking loudly and angrily, and Dona Anita weeping, and apparently making some entreaty to him; but that was all. When the general came out he was very pale. The morning at daybreak we set out for Mexico, and Dona Anita followed us in a palanquin. As soon as we reached our journey's end Dona Anita was carried to the Convent of the Bernardines, where the good sisters received her with tears of sorrowful sympathy. The general, owing to the influence he enjoyed, easily succeeded in getting himself appointed guardian to the young lady and immediately assumed the management of her estates, which, as you doubtless are aware, are considerable."

"I know it," said the Tigreiro, with a sigh.

"All these matters settled the capataz continued: "The general returned to Sonora to arrange his affairs, and hand over the government to the person who started for his post some days previously. I will not tell what happened then, as you know it."

The Tigreiro raised his head. "Is that really all?" he asked.

"Yes," the capataz answered.

"On your honor?" Don Martial added, looking fixedly at him.

Carnero hesitated. "Well, no," he said at last.

**CHAPTER XIII.**

Don Martial watched the various movements of the capataz. Seeing at last that he did not seem inclined to make the confession he was so impatiently awaiting, he touched him slightly. Carnero started as if suddenly branded with a hot iron.

"What you have to reveal to me must be very terrible," the Tigreiro at length said in a low voice.

"So terrible, my friend," the capataz answered, "that though alone with you in this room I fear to tell you."

The Tigreiro shook his head sadly.

"Speak, my friend," he said in a gentle voice, "I have suffered such agony during the last few months that all the springs of my soul have been crushed by the fatal pressure of despair."

"Yes, you are a man carved in granite. I know that you have struggled triumphantly against bad fortune; but, believe me, Don Martial, there are sufferings a thousandfold more atrocious than death."

"The pity you testify for me is only weakness. I cannot die before I have accomplished the task to which I have devoted my wretched existence. I have sworn, at the peril of my life, to protect the girl who was betrothed to me."

"Carry out your oath, then, Don Martial, for the poor girl was never in greater peril than now."

"What do you mean? For heaven's sake explain yourself," the Tigreiro said passionately.

"I mean that Don Sebastian covets the wealth of his ward. I mean that remorselessly and shamelessly laying aside all human aspect, forgetting that the unfortunate girl the law has confided to him is human, he coldly intends to become her murderer."

"Go on, go on! what frightful scheme can this man have formed?"

"Oh," the capataz continued with savage irony; "the plan is simple, honest, and highly praised by some persons."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, know all, then: General Don Sebastian Guerrero intends to marry his ward."

"Marry his ward, he?" Don Martial exclaimed.

"Yes! You little know this man," the capataz repeated with a laugh, "with the implacable will, this wild beast with a human face, who pitilessly breaks every one who dares to resist him. He is resolved to marry his ward in order to strip her of her fortune, and he will do so, I tell you. We have now reached the point I have been aiming at so long. Now listen to me. I told you, I think, that on her arrival in Mexico Dona Anita was taken by Don Sebastian to the Convent of the Bernardines."

"Yes, I fancy I can remember you saying so."

"Good! Dona Anita was received with open arms by the good nuns. The young lady, on again finding herself among the companions of her childhood, treated with kind and intelligent care, gradually felt calmer, returning to her mind; her grief gave way to a gentle melancholy; her ideas, overthrown by a frightful catastrophe, regained their balance. In short, the madness which had spread its black wings over her brain was driven away by the soft caresses of the nuns."

"So, then," Don Martial exclaimed, "she has regained her reason?"

"I will not venture to assert that, for she is still insane in the opinion of everybody."

"But in that case—"

"In that case, as all the world believes it, it must be so until the contrary is proved."

"But how did you learn all these details?"

"In the most simple manner. My master, Don Sebastian, has sent me several times to the convent with messages, and chance decreed that I recognized in the Sister porter a relation of mine. The worthy woman, in her delight, and perhaps, too, to make up for the long silence she is compelled to maintain, tells me

whenever she sees me all that is said and done in the convent, and there is a good deal to learn from the conversation of a nun. She takes a great interest in me, and as I am fond of her, too, I listen to her with pleasure."

"Oh, go on! Go on!"

"Well, this time I have nearly finished. It appears, from what my relation tells me, that the nuns and the Mother Superior are utterly opposed to the general's plans of marriage."

"Oh, the holy women!" the Tigreiro exclaimed with simple joy.

"Are they not?" the capataz said with a laugh. "This is probably the reason why they keep so secret the return of their boarder to her senses, for they doubtless hope that, so long as the poor girl is mad, the general will not dare contract the union he is meditating. Unfortunately they do not know the man with whom they have to deal and the ferocious ambition that devours him; an ambition for the gratification of which he will recoil from no crime, however atrocious it may be."

"Alas!" the Tigreiro said, despairingly; "you see, my friend, that I am lost."

"Wait, wait, my good sir; your situation, perhaps, is not so desperate as you imagine it. Yesterday I went to the convent; the Mother Superior, to whom I had the honor of speaking, confided to me under the seal of secrecy—for she knows that, although I am a servant of Don Sebastian, I take a deep interest in Dona Anita, and would be glad to see her happy—that the young lady has expressed an intention to confess."

"Hence?" Don Martial quickly interrupted him.

"Well, the Mother Superior asked me to bring her a priest or monk in whom I had confidence."

"Ah!"

"You understand, my friend."

"Yes, yes!"

"And to take him to the convent?"

"And," Don Martial asked in a choking voice, "have you found this confessor?"

"I believe so," the capataz answered with a smile.

"At what time are you to take this confessor to the convent?"

"To-morrow."

"Very good, and I presume you have arranged a place to meet him?"

"I should think so; he is to meet me at the Parian."

"I am certain that he will be punctual."

"And so am I, and now, senior, do you consider that you have lost your time in listening to me?"

"On the contrary," Don Martial replied, as he offered him his hand with a smile, "I consider you a first-rate hand at telling a story."

They went out of the room. The Tigreiro mounted his horse and followed Piloto, while the capataz re-entered the house. After numberless turnings and windings, the rider and the footman at length entered a wide street.

"This is the Segunda Monterilla," said the peon, "and that gentleman," he added, pointing to a horseman who was coming toward them, "is the very Don Antonio you are looking for."

"You are sure of it?" the Tigreiro asked.

"I know him well."

"If that is the case, accept this pleasure, my friend, and go home, for I no longer need your services."

The peon retired. During the conversation the newcomer had halted in some alarm.

"Tis I, Don Antonio," the Tigreiro shouted to him. "Come on without fear—I am a friend."

"Oh, oh! It is very late to meet a friend in the street," Don Antonio answered, though he advanced without hesitation, after laying his hand upon his weapon to guard against a surprise.

"I am Martial, the Tigreiro."

"Oh, that is different; what do you want? A lodging, eh? I will have you led to my house by a servant, and there leave you till to-morrow, as I am in a hurry."

"Agreed; but allow me one word."

"Where is Don Valentine?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Excessively."

"Then come with me at once, for I am going to Valentine?"

(To be continued.)

**Maple Sugar a Delicacy.**

Maple sugar is in reality the same as cane or beet sugar, plus a small percentage of mineral substances and an indescribable aroma and delicacy of taste. So it has remained for man to counterfeit maple sugar and to attempt to add to sirups of ordinary sugars such flavors that the mind of the epicure breakfasting off buckwheat cakes reverts to the old sugar camp where he spent the early springtime of his boyhood days.

He has made many imitations; some of them he has even dared to register in the patent office as discoveries of the secret old Mother Nature told the maple tree, but none of them, though they may make good sirup, has made maple sirup except at the sugar orchard, of sap drawn through a spile, caught in a bucket and boiled down over fragrant wood fires—Leslie's Weekly.

**Project for a Greater Berlin.**

When the project for the consolidation of the suburbs of the city into a "Greater Berlin" has been carried out the Russian and German capital will be the second largest city in Europe and the third largest in the world. It will then have more than 3,000,000 inhabitants and will outrank Paris by about 250,000. At present it has about 2,250,000 inhabitants, 250,000 less than the French capital, and is the third city of Europe and the fourth in the world.

**Anomaly of Disease.**

"Doctor," said the patient, after the great specialist had sounded and scrutinized and cat-chised him, "what makes me so nervous?"

"You've lost your nerve," responded the specialist, demonstrating, however, by his size of his fee, that he retained his own—Philadelphia Ledger.

The China Times, published in Peking, is printed in seven different languages.



## FARM AND GARDEN

**A New Plum of Value.**

Fruit growers are again indebted to Luther Burbank of California for a new variety of plum, which is exceedingly promising. The illustration shows the variety at about one-quarter its natural size. Mr. Burbank says the variety, which he has named Miracle, is a hybrid seedling, with the French prune as one of its parents. The variety is practically seedless, the stone being a small kernel near the stem end of the fruit.

The Miracle is dark in color with the heavy blue bloom so familiar in the Damson class. The flesh is yellow with a purplish tinge and is sweet and juicy with the highest flavor. The variety has not yet been fully tested outside of California, but Mr. Burbank speaks favorably of its ability to stand the more



THE NEW PLUM.

rigorous climate to the North, and if it does, it will be a decided acquisition to the already long list of good sorts brought into being by Mr. Burbank.

## Boards vs. Earth as Flooring.

At the West Virginia Experiment Station a few years ago a test was made of board floors versus earth floors for laying hens. The test commenced Nov. 24, and continued during the winter for a full period of five months. It was rather expected that the board floor would prove superior to earth floor, but such was not the case. There were thirty-six hens of three breeds on each kind of floor, and the hens on the earth floor laid nearly 90 per cent more eggs than those on the board floor. It was found that the earth floor was warmer during cold weather, and this alone might cause the difference in results. The only sickness of any kind during the test was a case of roup in each lot.

## Alfalfa for Hogs.

Wherever alfalfa can be raised, the best, as well as the cheapest, pork and bacon can be produced, for alfalfa gives growth to the muscle, making the lean meat that is the best and sells the best. And while growing in the alfalfa fields the hogs get the exercise needed for healthy development. The alfalfa can be raised in very many portions of Texas and wherever it will grow it may be made a highly profitable crop and one that will get out of the swine industry its biggest possible results.

## Spreading Manure.

When manure is spread on the hard surface of the ground some of the soluble portions will be carried away by heavy rains. At the same time it is expensive to first plow the ground and then haul manure over it. An excellent plan is to spread the manure and then plow it with a one-horse plow, so as to keep the manure near the surface, and incorporated with the top soil.

## Hen Adopts Puppies.

A remarkable spectacle came to light recently at the residence of J. R. Hobson of Audubon, near Hazelton, Pa. It consists of a half dozen puppies being mantrized by a clucking hen. It appears that the mother of the dogs deserted her offspring, whereupon the hen, with true motherly instincts, took them under her protecting wing.

## Chickens for Market.

Chickens sell in the market at as high a figure, compared with beef and mutton, as ordinarily, if they are in good shape and condition. Fancy fowls for breeders command as high figures as herebefore, whenever first-class specimens change hands, and every one who can turn out a better trio or two next fall than can his neighbors will find a ready market for them at even the advanced prices.

## Peaches Without Fuzz.

A Maryland fruit grower has succeeded in raising a crop of peaches with skins as devoid of the annoying fuzz as is an apple. Next year he proposes to raise peaches with a skin that can be removed like that of an orange.

## Farm Notes.

One robin can pick more cherries than two boys, any day.

Good seeds must not only look good, but be well bred.

Agricultural laborers in Germany receive from 42 cents to \$1 a day and women from 30 cents to 60 cents.

In Denmark 70,000 farmers live on thirty to ninety acres and 100,000 farmers make a living on smaller farms.

If someone will invent a milk can that will not rust when given reasonable care, he and his can will be welcomed by the dairymen.

## Denatured alcohol is now selling at 37 cents per gallon by the barrel and at from 45 to 50 cents at retail.

The first consignment under the new law was from the distilleries of Peoria, Ill., and consisted of 8,000 barrels.

A horse that does not naturally carry a high head cannot be made to do so gracefully by high checking. The elevation of the head depends on the slope of shoulder, which when abrupt prevents the neck from being thrown back.

## Stomach Worms in Sheep.

The symptoms of infestation by stomach worms in sheep are briefly noted in a government bulletin. In preventing the infestation of lambs with stomach worms two general plans are usually applicable. The ewes may be kept in a bare lot from which the lambs may escape to non-infested pasture for grazing. The danger of infestation is thus reduced to a minimum. Again, whenever practicable, the danger of infestation from stomach worms is largely eliminated if the lambs come in the fall rather than in the spring.

Brief notes are given on the direct remedies for stomach worms, including coal-tar, cresote, bluestone and gasoline.

## A Bird Census.

A. O. Gross and H. A. Ray walked across Illinois last fall from the Indiana line to the Mississippi River, taking a bird census as they went. In a strip of country 150 feet wide and 192 miles long they found 4,800 birds of 93 different kinds. "Two-thirds of the birds counted were English sparrows, and about one-sixth of the remainder were blackbirds. The next most abundant species were meadow larks, cowbirds, crows, horned larks, and mourning doves, ranging in the order named from about 10 per cent to 6 per cent of the whole number of native birds seen."—Hartford Courant.

## A Point in Grafting.

The effect of the stock upon the scion is shown in a report recently sent out by the French Academy of Sciences. Two pear trees of the same variety, standing side by side, one grafted on a quince, bore fruit for a number of years. That from the pear stock was a golden yellow, with a rose blush on the side toward the sun. The latter also weighed a third more per specimen, was more dense in both fruit and juice, and was richer in both acid and sugar.

## For Smoking Meat.

A writer in the Dakota Farmer gives this account of his simple plan for smoking meat:

"After the meat has been in the brine about two weeks I take it out, put it in a tub of cold water one day and night, and it is then ready to smoke. Take a box about four feet high and two or three feet wide, and knock both



PLAN OF SMOKE HOLE.

ends out. Dig a hole about 2 1/2 feet deep and two feet square; then dig a trench the length of a stove pipe and eight inches deep. Dig a small hole at opposite end from the large hole, put in an old joint of stove pipe and cover over with dirt, then put box over the small hole and bank up with dirt. Put a tin over large hole; an old joint of pipe, uncoupled and flattened out, will do. Make a fire out of corn-cobs and you have a smoke box equal to any smoke house."

## Ground Clover.

An article of food is now being put on the market which is largely used by those who have tried it—ground clover. Clover hay is ground as fine as meal, and poultrymen add it to the rations of poultry with beneficial results. It is also excellent for young calves and pigs. The ground clover is first scalded with boiling water and thickened with corn meal or any other ground food that may be preferred.

## Timothy Hay.

Prof. Patterson of the Maryland Agricultural Station, who made tests to determine the digestibility of foods, is authority for the claim that timothy hay is less digestible by horses than by cattle. This will, no doubt, be a surprise to many, as it has heretofore been supposed that as a food for horses timothy hay was more suitable than any other. Timothy hay is seldom used for cattle, clover being fed to them in preference.

## The Poultry House.

In constructing a poultry house it is best to have it face to the southeast, as the sun will then send in its warmth as soon as it rises. The sun will warm the house until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the winter. If the house faces the south, as is usually the custom, the sun's rays will not enter before 9 or 10 o'clock, although the morning is the most important time for receiving benefit.

## Horse's Artificial Leg.

Professor Udriski, a Bucharest veterinary surgeon, has succeeded, after amputating a horse's leg at the fetlock joint, in fitting a leather artificial leg by means of which the animal is enabled to walk about and take exercise.

## STRIKERS FORM MOB

**Drive Wisconsin Telegraph Operator From His Key.**

## OFFICE IS SACKED AND CLOSED

**Western Union Office and Records at Arkansas City, Kan., Burned by Firebugs.**

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Attacked by a mob of striking telegraph operator, John Laux, a non-union operator in charge of the Postal company's office in Waukegan, Wis., was forced to leave his key yesterday and flee for his life. The office was closed last night.

When the strike order was issued Mr. Laux refused to walk out. He was visited Tuesday by a committee of strikers from Chicago and urged to join in the fight against the companies, but he refused. Yesterday a large crowd of strikers went to Waukegan and proceeded to the office. As it entered Mr. Laux escaped through a rear door and hid under a barn, where he remained for several hours while the strikers searched for him. Telegraph blanks and others papers were torn up and thrown around the office and the strikers completed the job by nailing a big sign across the door with the word "scab" printed on it in large letters. The Western Union office in Waukegan is closed, the operator having quit when the strike was ordered.

In spite of the efforts of the telegraph companies to discover the men who are tampering with the telegraph wires, more trouble was experienced last night than at any time since the strike began. There is practically no trouble in sending messages East from Chicago, but the service to the Pacific coast and to the Southwest is uncertain.

"If the telegraph companies get competent operators they would have less trouble with their wires," said Secretary Wesley Russell. "We know of a dozen cases where incompetent operators have burned out the wires."

At the offices of both telegraph companies the usual information was given that all business was being handled promptly.

Dispatches from Arkansas City, Kan., today stated that the Western Union office there was completely destroyed by fire. All the records, furniture and instruments were destroyed and the local authorities say the fire was of incendiary origin.

## LUKENS IS WITNESS.

**Subjects to Severe Examination in Glass Bribery Trial.**

San Francisco, Aug. 29.—State Senator Russell Lukens was a witness yesterday in the trial of Louis Glass for bribery and was subjected by Assistant District Attorney Heney to an examination which could not have been more severe had he been placed on the stand by the other side.

Senator Lukens was proceeded in the witness chair by Benjamin A. Pendleton and Eugene T. Thurston, Jr., who were members of the city council of Oakland in the fall of 1905 when the Home Telephone company was seeking a rival franchise in that city against the efforts of the Pacific States company to maintain its monopoly.

Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Thurston testified to hospitalities extended to them by Agent Halsey, of the old company, and by Lukens, who was in its employment as a lawyer, but no testimony was forthcoming of any improper offers being made to them. The prosecution will conclude today.

## Tunnels and Bridges Fail.

Tokio, Aug. 29.—Flood reports continue to be received. A number of railway tunnels have collapsed and many bridges have been damaged. Several days must elapse before traffic is restored to normal conditions. The route of Tokio's food supply is yet obstructed by water. The sanitary authorities of the central government are already busy with precautionary measures to prevent the outbreak of epidemics of cholera, dysentery and fever in the inundated districts which cover a very extensive area of Central Japan.

## Will He Trust Lawyer?

Georgetown, Ky., Aug. 29.—Caleb Powers, in commenting on the proposition made by Governor Beckham to furnish W. S. Taylor with a military escort to protect him if he comes here to testify in the Powers case, said: "If Taylor refuses to come to Kentucky will he agree to let any competent lawyer in the state, agreed upon by three non-partisan Democrats in the state not actively engaged in politics, try his case if appointed as special judge?"

## Cleveland is Very Ill.

New York, Aug. 29.—It is announced that Grover Cleveland has again been attacked by acute indigestion, and has consequently relinquished his idea of visiting his summer home in New Hampshire. Mrs. Cleveland has returned to Princeton from New Hampshire with their children.