

# THE RED TRAIL

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Without speaking, the sister made the visitor a sign to follow her, and led them to the parlor where we have already taken the reader, and where the abbess was waiting for them.

"I had the honor, madam," M. Rallier said, with a respectful bow, "to send you yesterday by one of my servants, a letter, in which I informed you of this morning's visit."

"Yes, caballero," she at once answered, "I duly received this letter, and your sister Helena is ready to go away with you, whenever you express the wish. Still permit me to make one request of you."

"Speak, madam, and if I can be of any service to you, believe me, that I shall eagerly seize the opportunity."

"I know not, caballero, how to explain myself, for what I have to say to you is really so strange that I fear lest it should call up a smile to your lips. Although Dona Helena has only been a few months in our convent, she has made herself so beloved by all her companions, through her charming character, that her departure is an occasion of mourning for all of us."

"You render me very happy and very proud by speaking thus of my sister, madam."

"This praise is only the expression of the strictest truth, caballero. We are all really most grieved to see her leave us thus. Still I should not have ventured thus to make myself the interpreter of our regrets were there not a very strong reason that renders it almost a duty to speak to you."

"I am listening, madam, though I can guess beforehand what you are going to say to me."

She looked at him in surprise. "You guess! Oh, it is impossible, señor," she exclaimed.

The Frenchman smiled.

"My sister Dona Helena, as is generally the case in convents, has chosen one of her companions, whom she loves more dearly than the others, and made her her intimate friend. Is such the case, madam?"

"How do you know it?"

He continued, with a smile:

"Now, this young lady, so beloved not only by Helena but by you, madam, and all your community, is a gentle, kind, loving girl, who, in consequence of a great misfortune, became insane, but whom your tender care has restored to reason. Still, you keep the latter fact a profound secret, before all from her guardian, who, not contented with having stripped her of her fortune, now insists on robbing her of her happiness by forcing her to marry him."

"Séñor, señor," the abbess exclaimed, as she rose from her seat, with an astonishment blended with terror, "who are you that you know so many things of which I believed the whole world ignorant?"

"Who am I, madam? the brother of Helena, that is to say, a man in whom you can place the most entire confidence."

"Go on, caballero."

"The guardian of Dona Anita, that is, to whom she has been entrusted, that he has suspicion, or for some other motive, wrote to you yesterday, ordering you to prepare her to marry him within twenty-four hours. Since the receipt of this fatal letter, Dona Anita has been plunged in the deepest despair, a despair further heightened by the sudden departure of my sister, the only friend in whose arms she can safely reveal her heart's secrets. Did you not receive a visit yesterday from Don Serapio de la Ronda?"

"Yes, that gentleman deigned to visit me a few moments before I received the fatal letter to which you have referred."

"Did not Don Serapio, on leaving you, say these words: 'Be kind enough to inform Dona Anita that a friend is watching over her; that this friend has already given her unequivocal proofs of the interest he takes in her happiness, and that, on the day when she again sees the Franciscan monk, to whom she confessed once before, all her misfortunes will be ended?'"

"Yes, Don Serapio did utter those words."

"Well, madam, I am sent to you, not only by him, but by another person, who is no less than the President of the Republic, not only to take away my sister, but also to ask you to deliver up to me Dona Anita, who will accompany her."

"Heaven is my witness, señor, that I would be delighted to do what you ask of me. Unhappily, it is not in my power; Dona Anita was entrusted to me by her sole relation, who is at the same time her guardian, and though he is unworthy of that title, and my heart bleeds in refusing you, it is in him alone that I am bound to deliver her."

"This objection, madam, the justice of which I fully appreciate, has been foreseen by the persons whose representative I am. Hence they consulted on the means to remove the scruples by entirely releasing you from responsibility. Father, give this lady the paper, of which you are the bearer."

Without uttering a word, Don Martial took from his pocket the blank signature Valentine had entrusted to him, and handed it to the abbess filled up.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Madam," the Frenchman answered, "that paper is a blank signature of the President of the Republic, who orders you to deliver Dona Anita into my hands."

"I see it," she said, sorrowfully; "unfortunately this blank signature, which would everywhere else have the strength of the law, is powerless here. We only indirectly depend on the temporal power, but are completely subjected to the spiritual power, and we can only receive orders from it."

The Tigero took a side glance, full of despair, at his companion, whose face was still smiling.

"What would you require, madam," he continued, "in order to consent to give up this unhappy young lady to me?"

"Alas, señor, it is not I who refuse compliance. Heaven is my witness that

it is my greatest desire to see her escape from her persecutor."

"I am thoroughly convinced of that, madam; that is why, feeling persuaded of your good feeling towards your charge, I ask you to tell me what authority you require in order to give her up to me."

"I cannot, señor, allow Dona Anita to quit this convent without a perfectly regular order, signed by Monseigneur the Archbishop of Mexico, who alone has the right to command here, and whom I am compelled to obey."

"And if I had that order, madam, all your scruples would be removed?"

"Yes, all, señor."

"You would have no further difficulty in allowing Dona Anita to depart?"

"I would deliver her to you at once, señor."

"Since that is the case, madam, I will ask you to do so, for I have brought you that order."

"You have it?" she said, with undiminished delight.

"Here it is," he answered, as he took a paper from his pocketbook and handed it to her.

She opened it at once, and eagerly perused it.

"Oh, no," she continued, "Dona Anita is free, and I will—"

"One moment, madam," he interrupted her, "have you carefully read the order I had the honor of giving you?"

"Yes, sí."

"In that case be kind enough to allow the young ladies to put on secular clothing, and, as their departure must be kept secret, allow my carriage to enter the front courtyard."

"What must I say, though, to the young lady's guardian? I am going to see him to-day."

"Gain time; tell him that you may succeed in getting her to consent to the projected marriage, but, on the condition that it be deferred for eight and forty hours. In forty hours, madam, General Guerrero will not come to claim the hand of Dona Anita."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The abbess, who understood the importance of a speedy conclusion, left her visitors in the parlor, and, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, herself undertook to fetch the two young ladies, after giving a lay sister orders to call the carriage into the first courtyard.

The leave-taking was short, for there was no time to lose in vain compliments. The young ladies drew down their veils, and proceeded to the courtyard under guidance of the abbess. The carriage had been drawn as close as possible to the cloisters, and the court was entirely deserted, only the abbess, the sister porter, and a confidential nun witnessing the departure.

As the Frenchman opened the door of the carriage a piece of paper lying on the seat caught his eye. He seized it without being seen, and hid it in the hollow of his hand. After kissing the good abbess for the last time, the young ladies took the last look at Don Martial the front, as did M. Rallier, after previously whispering to the coachman, that is, to Curumilla, two Indian words, to which he replied by a sinister grin. Then, at a signal from the abbess, the convent gates were opened, and the carriage started at full speed, drawn by six powerful mules.

It was about noon on the morning of the fugitives—for we can give them no other name—galloped in silence for the first ten or fifteen minutes, when the Frenchman gently touched his companion's shoulder, and offered him the paper he had found in the carriage.

"Read," he said.

The paper only contained two words, hurriedly written in pencil:

"Take care."

"Oh, oh," the Tigero exclaimed, turning pale, "what does this mean?"

"It means that in spite of our precautions, or perhaps on account of them, for in these confounded affairs a man never knows how to act in order to deceive the persons he fears, we are discovered, and probably have spies at our heels."

"And what will become of the young ladies in the event of a dispute?"

"In the event of a fight, you mean, for there will be an obstinate one, I foretell. Well, we will defend them as well as we can."

"I know that; but suppose we are killed?"

"Ah! there is that chance; but I never think of that until after the event."

Dona Anita hid her head in her friend's bosom.

"Reassure yourself, señorita," the Frenchman said, "and, above all, be silent, for the sound of your voice might be recognized, and change into certainty what may still be only a suspicion. Besides, remember that if you have enemies you have also friends, since they took the precaution to warn us. Now, in all probability, this unknown offer of advice will not have stopped there but thought of the means to come to our assistance in the most effectual manner."

General Don Sebastian Guerrero had organized a band of spies composed of lepers and scoundrels, who, however, possessed acknowledged cleverness and skill, and if Valentine had escaped their surveillance and foiled their machinations, it was solely through the habits which he contracted during a lengthened life in the prairies, and which had become an intuition with him, so far did he carry the quality of scenting and unmasking an enemy, whatever might be the countenance he borrowed.

The Convent of the Bernardines had naturally become for some days past the center of the surveillance, as it was the spying headquarters, of Don Sebastian's agents. The arrival of a carriage with closed blinds at the convent at once gave the alarm; and though M. Rallier was not personally known, the fact of his being a Frenchman was sufficient to rouse suspicions.

While the Frenchman and the monk were conversing with the abbess, a leproso pretended to hurt himself, and was con-

veyed by two of his acolytes to the convent gate, and the good-hearted porter had not refused his admission, but, on the contrary, had eagerly given him all the assistance his condition seemed to require.

While the leproso was gradually regaining his senses, his comrades asked questions with that caution still peculiar to their Mexican nature. The sister-porter was a worthy woman, endowed with a very small stock of brains, and fond of talking. On finding this opportunity to indulge in her favorite employment, she was easily led on, and, almost of her own accord, told all she knew, not suspecting the harm she did.

When the three leproso had drawn all they could out of the sister-porter, they hastened to leave the convent. Just as they emerged into the street, they found themselves face to face with No. Carnero, the general's capataz, whom his master had sent on a tour of discovery. They ran up to him, and in a few words told him what had happened.

This was grave, and the capataz trembled inwardly at the revelation, for he understood the terrible danger by which his friends were menaced. But Carnero was a clever man, and at once made up his mind to his course of action.

He greatly praised the leproso for the skill they had displayed in discovering the secret, and sent some plasters into their hands, and sent them off to the general, with the recommendation, which was most necessary, to make all possible speed. Then, in his turn, he began prowling round the convent, and especially the carriage, which Curumilla made no difficulty in letting him approach, for the reader will doubtless have guessed that the anonymity the Indian had on several occasions evinced for the capataz, was pretended, and that they were perfectly good friends when nobody could see or hear them.

The capataz skillfully profited by the confusion created in the crowd by the carriage entering the convent, to throw in, unperceived, the paper M. Rallier had found. Certain now that his friends would be on their guard, he went off in his turn, after recommending the spies he left before the convent to keep up a good watch, and walked in the direction of the Plaza Mayor.

At the corner of the Calle de Plateros he saw a man standing in front of a public house, who entered the pulqueria and let fall a piastre which rolled to the foot of the man standing in the doorway. The latter stooped, picked up the coin, and restored it to its owner, and the capataz walked out, doubtless satisfied and cautiously continued his way.

On reaching the plaza again, the man of the capataz, who was probably going the same road as himself, was at his heels.

"Behuimur?" the capataz asked in a low voice, without turning round.

"Eh?" the other answered in the same key.

The general knows the affair at the convent. If you do not make haste, Don Martial, Don Antonio and the two ladies will be attacked on the road while going to the quinta; warn your friend, for there is not a moment to lose."

When he turned back, Behuimur had disappeared; the Canadian with his characteristic agility was already running in the direction of Valentine's house. As for the capataz, as he was in no particular hurry, he quietly walked back to the general's, where he found his master in a furious passion with all his people, and more particularly with himself.

By an accident, too portentous not to have been arranged beforehand, not one of his horses could be mounted; three were foundered, four others had been hied, and the last three were without shoes. In the midst of this the capataz arrived with a look of alarm, which only heightened his master's passion. Carnero prudently allowed the general's fury to grow a little calmer, and then answered him.

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## BROWN AS EXAMPLE

### Killed to Terrorize Enemies of Miners' Federation.

### WEAVING NET FOR ASSASSINS

#### Officers Suspect Several Baker City Characters and Arrests Will Follow in Due Time.

Baker City, Or., Oct. 5.—A network of facts and circumstances is weaving to encourage the belief that the officers are following closely the dynamite murderers of Harvey K. Brown. Indications point more strongly than ever to Federation radicals as the assassins. Their motive seems to have been to destroy a man who they thought was playing them double, or whose fate would be a warning to all foes of the Federation who have not "had the fear of God put in their hearts," as the miners have often expressed it.

The network of evidence is tightening around several local characters who are known to be Federation extremists. That they know they are suspected is realized by the detectives and officers. Considerable evidence has been gathered, but not enough yet for arrests.

Thursday night a gunshot encounter between the sheriff and bold characters, the night before an attempt to kill the bloodhounds in the county jail and threats to demolish it—these occurrences are causing the people of Baker county to wonder each day if the night will bring forth another deed of terror.

The assertion of Mr. Lillard that he had paid Federation money to Brown for his testimony in the Adams trial and that Brown was in the service of the Federation's legal counsel by Clarence Darrow, legal counsel for the Federation officials, and by Haywood that the miners regarded him as a friend. But this is not believed as a sure sign that the Federation did not desire Brown's murder.

A new witness to the tall-woman episode was found tonight in Miss Navona Miller, who passed the kimonos man 10 minutes before the explosion. The same man was seen by Mrs. Brown a little while later and a few minutes before the discharge; also by Mrs. Romig, who remarked to her husband that a woman was outside who walked and looked like a man; and by H. S. Geddes, a plumber.

### LANE REFUSES IMMUNITY.

#### Southern Pacific Official Not Allowed to Tell of Rebates.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—An unsuccessful effort was made by Attorney Peter F. Dunne, of the Southern Pacific railway, to have Chief Traffic Agent Luce placed on the stand yesterday at the close of the taking of testimony by Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane. The commissioner made his reasons for doing so plain.

"If Mr. Luce was placed on the stand," he said, "it might raise the question of immunity. It would be improper and inexpedient at this time to give Mr. Luce the benefit of immunity."

Mr. Dunne said that Mr. Luce could complete the explanation of the special or inside rates which had been partially made by J. C. Stubbs, and pleaded at length that he should be sworn.

Mr. Lane declined to administer the oath. Another sensational incident of the hearing occurred when John Dillon, one of the chiefs of the Miller & Luce corporation, asked for permission to take the stand so as to amend his testimony. He then said he got a reduction on the published rate on local shipments since the Hepburn act.

"And I must say," he added, "this influenced me to give the interstate business to the Southern Pacific."

After hearing evidence of other shippers, several of whom admitted receiving rebates on shipments within the state, the hearing was closed.

### Coal Near Manila.

San Francisco, Oct. 5.—Uncle Sam is to undertake the mining of coal on his own account from deposits found on one of the southern islands in the Philippine group. Ralph John MacKenzie, mining expert for the War department, is here on his way to the Philippines. "These coal mines," says MacKenzie, "are on the island of Batuan, about 200 miles to the southward of Manila. The coal is bituminous. There is one six-foot seam, and it is supposed to be a very cheap working proposition to mine it."

### Lumber Trust's Black Book.

Minneapolis, Oct. 5.—The Federal grand jury today resumed the investigation of the "little black book" which, catalogue houses dealing in lumber and manufactured articles alike, has been used by the lumber trust in an effort to ruin the mail order business. It is now known that there was a secret meeting of lumber dealers in Minneapolis last winter and later a similar meeting of about 60 lumbermen in Chicago.

### Enjoin Reduction of Rates.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Oct. 5.—All leading railroads having lines in South Dakota have commenced a united action in the United States court in this city for a permanent injunction preventing the state board of railroad commissioners from putting into effect October 15 an order reducing passenger rates in the state from 3 to 2½ cents a mile.

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Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:30 A. M.  
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Arrives Albany..... 5:50 P. M.

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No. 5—  
Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:35 A. M.  
Arrives Corvallis..... 8:35 A. M.

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Leaves Albany..... 8:45 P. M.  
Arrives Corvallis..... 9:35 P. M.

No. 6—  
Leaves Albany..... 7:35 P. M.  
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No. 3—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 6:30 A. M.  
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No. 9—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 12:30 P. M.  
Arrives Albany..... 1:15 P. M.

No. 7—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 5:00 P. M.  
Arrives Albany..... 6:40 P. M.

No. 11—  
Leaves Corvallis..... 11:35 A. M.  
Arrives Albany..... 12:55 P. M.

No. 12—  
Leaves Albany..... 12:35 P. M.  
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All of the above trains connect with Southern Pacific Company trains, both at Albany and Corvallis, as well as train for Detroit, giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches as well as Breitenbach Hot Springs.

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