THE RED TRAIL

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER XXVI.

In any revolution, the insurgents have always an immense advantage over the government they are attacking, from the fact that, as they hold together, know their numbers and act in accordance with a long worked out plan, they are not only cognisant of what they want, but also whither they are proceeding. The government, on the other hand, however well informed it may be, and however well on its guard, is obliged to remain for a considerable length of time in an attitude of armed expectation, without knowing whence the danger that menaces it will come, or the strength of the rebellion it will have to combat.

On the other hand, again, as the secret of the discovery of the plot remains with a small band of confidential agents of the authorities, the latter do not know at first whom to trust, or whom to reckon on. They suspect everybody, even the very troops defending them, whom they fear to see turning against them at any moment, and overthrowing them. This is more especially the case in Mexico and all the old Spanish colonies, where the governmental system is essentially military, and is consequently only based on naturally unintelligent and venal troops, who are utterly deficient of patriotic feelings, and whom interest alone, that is to say, pay or promotion, can keep to their duty.

The President of the Republic had been informed of the designs of the general, as far as that was possible; he had known for more than a month that a vast plot was being formed; he even was aware of the probable day fixed for the pronunciamento, but he did not know a syllable about the plans arranged by Don Sebastian and his adherents. As the plot was to burst out in Mexico, the President had filled the capital with troops, and called in those on whose fidelity he thought he could reckon with the greatest certainty.

But his preparations were necessarily restricted to this, and he had been constrained to wait till the revolution commenced.

It burst forth with the suddenness of a peal of thunder at twenty places simultaneously, at about the second hour of the tarde. The President, who was at once informed, and who had only come to the circus in order not to be invested in the government places, instantly took the measures he thought most efficacious.

The news, however, rapidly arrived, and became worse and worse, and the insurrection was assuming frightful proportions. The revolters at first tried to install themselves on the Plaza Mayor in order to seize the government palace, but being repulsed with loss, after a very serious contest, they ambuscaded themselves in Tacuba, Secunda, Monterilla and San Agustin streets, erected barricades and exchanged a sharp fire with the faithful troops.

The cannon roared in the square and the balls made large gaps in the ranks of the insurgents, who replied with yells of rage and increased firing.

Colonel Lupo had taken possession of two city gates, which he burned down, and through which fresh re-enforcements reached the insurgents, who now proclaimed themselves masters of one-third of the city. The foreign merchants, established in Mexico, had hoisted their national flags over their houses, in which they remained shut up and suffering great anxiety.

The President was still standing motionless in the center of the circus, frowning at each new message, or angrily striking the pommel of his saddle with his clenched fist. All at once a man glided secretly between his horse's legs and gently touched his boot. The general turned round quickly.

"Ah!" the general exclaimed, on recognizing him. "At last! Well, Curumilla?"

But the Indian, without answering, thrust a folded paper into his hand and disappeared as rapidly as he had come. The general eagerly scanned the letter, which only contained these words, written in French: "All is going on well. Charge vigorously."

The general's face grew brighter, he drew himself up haughtily, and brandishing his sword with a martial air, shouted in a voice heard by all: "Forward, Muchachos!"

Then, digging his spurs into his horse's sides, he galloped out of the circus, followed by the greater part of the troops, the remainder receiving orders to hold their present position until further warning.

"Now," said the President to the officers who pressed round him, "the game is won; within an hour the insurrection will be conquered."

In fact matters had greatly altered. This is what had occurred:

Valentine, as we said, had taken a house in Tacuba street, and another in the vicinity of the San Lazaro gate. During the night that preceded the pronunciamento, 400 resolute soldiers, commanded by faithful officers, were introduced into the house in Tacuba street, where they remained so well hidden that no one suspected their presence. A similar number of troops were stowed away in the house at the San Lazaro gate.

Don Martial, at the head of a large body of men, slipped into the small house belonging to the capataz, and, being warned by the latter so soon as the general had gone off to attend the review, he passed into his mansion through the masked door we know, and occupied it without striking a blow.

The Tigrero straightway set a trap, in which several of the principal chiefs of the insurgents were caught and made prisoners.

These three points occupied, they waited. Colonel Lupo had attacked the San Lazaro gate so vigorously and unexpectedly, that it was impossible to prevent him burning it. A very obtinate fight at once began, and the colonel, after a brave resistance, had been at length compelled to retreat and fall back on the main body of the insurgents, who were masters, or nearly so, of the center of the city.

All at once the terraces in Tacuba street, looking on the Plaza Mayor, were covered with sharpshooters, who began a tremendous fire on the insurgents collected beneath them.

The artillerymen, who had hitherto fired at long range, now brought up their guns almost within pistol shot of the streets, and, in spite of the musketry fire of the insurgents, bravely posted their batteries and began hurtling showers of canister among the defenders of the barricades.

Almost simultaneously the troops faithful to the government appeared in the rear of the rebels. The insurgents felt they were lost, for they were caught between three fires; still, they offered a courageous resistance, for, knowing that if they fell alive into the hands of the conqueror they would be mercilessly shot, they allowed themselves to be killed with an Indian stoicism, and did not yield an inch of ground.

The general was in a terrible rage; without a hat, his face blackened with gunpowder and his uniform torn in several places, he leapt his horse over the corpses, and dashed blindly into the thick of the government troops, followed by a small band of friends, who bravely let themselves be killed at his side.

The fight was positively degenerating into a massacre, the two parties, as unhappily always happens in civil wars, fought with the greater fury and obstinacy because brothers were contending against brothers, and many of them, for whom politics were only a pretext, took advantage of the medley to satiate personal hatred and avenge old insults.

However, this could not go on for long thus, and it was necessary to get out of the situation at all risks. General Guerrero, unaware of the occupation of his house, resolved to fight his way thither, barricade himself, and obtain an honorable capitulation for himself and his comrades.

No sooner was the plan conceived than the execution was attempted. Don Sebastian collected round him all the fighting men left, and formed them into a small band—for the canister and bullets had made frightful ravages in the ranks of the insurgents—and placed himself at their head.

"Forward, forward!" he shouted, as he rushed at the enemy.

His men followed him with yells of fury. The collision was terrible, the fight fearful; for four or five minutes a funereal silence brooded over this confused mass of combatants, who attacked each other so savagely.

At length the President's troops fell back slightly, the insurgents took advantage of it to redouble their efforts, which were already superhuman, and reached the general's house. The doors were broken open in an instant, and all rushed pell-mell into the court yard. They were saved, since they had at last reached the shelter where they hoped to defend themselves.

At this moment a frightful thing happened; the gallery commanding the court yard and the stairs were entirely occupied by soldiers, and so soon as the insurgents appeared the muskets were pointed down at them, a tornado of fire passed over them like the blast of death, and in a second a mass of corpses covered the ground.

The insurgents, terrified by this sudden attack, which they were so far from anticipating, hurriedly fell back, instinctively seeking an outlet by which to escape. The tumult then became terrible, and the massacre assumed the proportions of an organized butchery. Driven back into the court yard by the troops who pursued them, and met there by those who had attacked them and now charged at the bayonet point, these wretched men, rendered senseless by terror, did not dream any longer of employing their weapons, but falling on their knees before their executioners, and clasping their trembling hands, they implored the mercy of the troops, who, intoxicated by the smell of blood, and affected by the horrible murder fever which seizes upon even the coolest man on the battle field, killed them like oxen in the shambles, and plunged their sabres and bayonets into their bodies with grins of delight and ferocious laughter, and felt a horrible pleasure in seeing their victims writhe with heartbreaking cries in the last convulsions of death.

General Don Sebastian, though wounded, and who seemed to have been protected by a charm throughout this scene of carnage, defended himself like a lion against several soldiers, who tried in vain to transfix him with their bayonets. Leaning against a column, he whirled his sabre round his head, evidently seeking death, but wishful to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Suddenly Valentine cleft his way through the combatants, followed by Belmumeur, Black Elk and Curumilla, who were engaged in warding off the blows the soldiers incessantly made at him, and reached the general.

"Ah!" the latter said, on perceiving him, "here you are at last, then?"

And he dealt him a terrible blow, but Belhumeur parried it, and Valentine continued to advance.

"Withdraw," he said to the soldiers who surrounded the general, "this man belongs to me."

The soldiers, though they did not know the hunter, intimidated by the accent with which he uttered these words, and recognizing in him one of those rare men who can always impose on common natures, respectfully fell back without making the slightest objection.

The hunter threw his purse to them.

"You dare to defy the lion at bay," the general shouted, gnashing his teeth; "although attacked by dogs, he can still avenge his death."

"You will not die," the hunter said, coldly; "throw away the sabre, which is now useless."

"Ah, ah!" Don Sebastian said, with a grin of rage; "I am not to die? And why not, pray?"

"Because," he answered, in a cutting voice, "death would be a mercy to you, and you must be punished."

"Oh!" he shrieked, and, blinded by rage, he rushed madly at the hunter.

The latter, without falling back a step, contented himself with giving a signal. At the same moment a slip-knot fell on the general's shoulders, and he rolled on the ground with a yell of rage. Curumilla had lassoed him.

In vain did Don Sebastian attempt further resistance; after useless efforts he was reduced to utter impotence, and forced not only to confess he had been vanquished, but to yield himself to the mercy of his conquerors.

The massacre was ended, the insurrection had been drowned in blood. The few rebels who survived the carnage were made prisoners; the victors, in the first moment of enthusiasm, had shot several, and it required the most energetic interference on the part of the officers to check this rather too summary justice.

At this moment joyous shouts burst forth, and the President of the Republic entered the courtyard at the head of a large staff, glistening with embroidery.

"Ah, ah!" he said, as he took a contemptuous glance at the general; "so this is the man who wished to change the institutions of this country?"

Don Sebastian did not deign to reply; but he looked at the speaker with such an expression of implacable hatred that the President could not endure it, and was forced to turn his head away.

"Did this man surrender?" he asked one of his officers.

"No, coward," the general answered, with clenched teeth, "I will not surrender to hangmen."

"Take this man to prison with the others," the President continued, "an example must be made; but take care that they are not insulted by the people."

"Yes," the general muttered, "ever the same system."

"A full and entire pardon," the President continued, "will be granted to the unhappy men who were led astray and have recognized their crime."

"Clemency after the massacre, that is the usual way," the general said again.

The President passed without answering him, and left the courtyard. A few minutes later the prisoners were led away to prison, in spite of the efforts of the exasperated populace to massacre them on the road.

General Don Sebastian Guerrero was one of the first to appear before the tribunal. He disdained any defense. He was condemned to death and his estates confiscated.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN OF THE HALO.

Conventional Emblem of Sanctity Really Designed as an Umbrella.

"Few people—few even among artists—have any idea of the humble origin of the halo, that conventional emblem of sanctity in all artistic portrayal," said a well-known painter just returned from a sojourn in Europe. "It is commonly accepted as the badge of holiness on the part of the figure whose head it crowns. The old masters used it generally as the hallmark of a saint regularly canonized as such by the Catholic Church. My attention was first attracted by the fact that the earliest paintings of Giotto did not represent even the members of the Holy Family with the conventional circle of light above the heads of the figures, but instead a flat, opaque disc, somewhat like a mortar-board cap, was limned upon the head of each. This led me into an investigation of the strange head-gear. The result was interesting.

"In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, years rich in the building of churches and cathedrals, there were erected around the outside of the sacred edifices statues of the saints, long rows of them sometimes stretching the length of the buildings and placed for the most part just under the eaves. In time the care takers of the buildings perceived the droppings of birds and the discoloration from the rains falling from the roofs disfigured the images. Accordingly they placed over the tops of them flat wooden discs of sufficient size to protect the statues, embryo umbrellas, as it were. Giotto began to paint holy pictures when a mere country boy, and his ignorance assumed the protecting disc as an essential part of the saint. Hence his earliest paintings represent each sacred figure topped off with what looks much like the bottom of a barrel. Latterly he idealized this into a circle, dark at first but growing more luminous with each successive production of his artistic fancy until he developed the circle of light that has come down unchanged through generations of painters as the badge of sanctity. An artist would as soon think of leaving the rays of light from the picture of a setting sun as the halo from the head of a saint.

"But," concluded the man of colors, "that celestial sign, emblematic of all that is supernal, began business merely as an umbrella."

Would Profit by It.

Vicar—I am so glad your dear daughter is better. I was greatly pleased to see her in church this morning, and shortened the services on purpose for her.

Mother of Dear Daughter—Thank you, Vicar, I shall hope to bring her every Sunday now!—Punch.

Encouraging Him.

"Miss Bub—bub—Bright," began Stutterton, "will you bub—bub—be m—m—my—er, that is, I lul—lul—love—"

"Really," interrupted Miss Bright, "you must give me time to consider, Mr. Stutterton. In the meantime perhaps you will be able to say it."—Philadelphia Press.

Quitters.

Citiman—Aren't any of you suburbanites preparing to grow anything in your gardens this year?

Subbubs—Well, there's one thing most of us have grown already.

Citiman—Indeed? What's that?

Subbubs—Tired—Philadelphia Press.

WONDERFUL CHANGE

Great Structures Stand Where Earthquake Left Waste.

SAN FRANCISCO HOLDS RECORD

Since the Great Fire 18 Months Ago Buildings Have Been Begun to Cost $100,000,000.

San Francisco, Oct. 26.—It is 18 months ago that San Francisco was swept by fire and earthquake. Since then she has been afflicted with industrial strife, civic corruption and bubonic plague. It is no opportune moment to take stock. It does not require an optimist to write the rosy story of the revival. The facts and the figures tell their own story and they are here for everyone to see. Great buildings with their rigid frames lacing across the sky, commercial avenues crowded with pedestrians and a vast industrial army tell a tale that even the casual observer must note.

The San Franciscan may be in truth pardoned if he shows a disposition to place his thumbs in his vest and boast of what he has done. But he hasn't much time for boasting. The terrible pace begun when the first frame structure was started has not abated. The point has been reached where results are beginning to show, and with this has come a new zest for the vast work.

Since the fire buildings have been begun to cost $100,000,000—five times as much as in any similar period of time before the fire. They range all the way from the small structure to skyscrapers 14 or 15 stories high. It is as though a building were begun every day to cost $180,000. There is no sign of a decrease, although it is expected that there will be a natural falling off over the winter months. The remarkable feature of the matter, however, is the stability of the savings accounts. Predictions were freely made that San Francisco could be built only upon the savings of its citizens. Although $100,000,000 in buildings are under way or completed, the savings accounts in the local banks have shown but a small decrease and still stand at the comfortable figure of $157,000,000.

It has been pointed out that it required two years for Baltimore to erect buildings to cost $50,000,000 after its fire, but San Francisco has done four times as well in six months less time. Baltimore's achievement was commented upon at the time as marvelous.

Burlington Is After Coal.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 26—A special to the Record from Bridger says that Chief Engineer Ensign, the superintendent of right of way of the Burlington, and George Crosby have arrived there and make the positive announcement that the Burlington has accepted the survey of a proposed route from Frannie, Wyo., to Fromberg, Mont., and that construction work will begin at once. This will give the Burlington access to the rich coal fields of Southern Montana, as well as tapping a splendid agricultural and horticultural section. The road will follow the Clark's Fork river.

Grafters Tell Stories.

San Francisco, Oct. 26.—Ex-Supervisors P. McGusing, James Kelly and E. I. Walsh yesterday morning testified at the Tirey L. Ford bribery trial. Each retold the story of his bribery in the interest of the United Railroads trolley franchise. Their cross examination elicited nothing of importance. Ex-Supervisors Charles Boxton, Fred P. Nichols and C. J. Harrington also testified before the noon recess, their evidence being substantially the same as was given at the former trial of Ford. A few discrepancies, however, were developed on cross examination.

Cleaning Oriental Quarter.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 26.—Dr. A. S. Oliver, appointed special medical inspector of the city on the bubonic plague preventative work, started out with a force of eight sub-inspectors to clean up the Oriental district yesterday. More men will be added to the force if the demand arises. The leading Japanese and Chinese met the board of health and gave every assurance of their support to the work of the board. Notices in Chinese and Japanese will be circulated explaining the measures necessary in the Oreintal quarter.

Call Strike Off at Butte.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 26.—The Anaconda Telegrahers' union, with which Butte is affiliated, today decided to call the strike off and return to work tomorrow. There are 16 operators in Butte and Anaconda including the Associated Press operators, who have asked for reinstatement. The Western Union opened its office in Great Falls today and, according to reports received here tonight, Billings will open up tomorrow.

Strikers Go Back to Work.

Chicago, Oct. 26.—Twenty-six striking Western Union telegraph operators reported back for work yesterday and were employed in the Western division. Of these 10 were employed at Helena, Mont., where the strike was called off.

Emperor Is Nearly Well.

Vienna, Oct. 26.—The physicians in attendance upon Emperor Francis Joseph yesterday decided not to issue any further bulletins, as they consider that his convalescence is progressing satisfactorily.

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No. 9—
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No. 7—
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Arrives Albany ..... 6.40 P. M.
No. 11—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11.15 A. M
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