An Episode Of Mexico

By ESTHER VANDERVEER

A girl sat sewing in her room in the City of Mexico. Hearing a footstep on the stairs, she started. A woman entered out of breath.

"Inez!" she gasped.

"Oh, Pepita! What is it?"

"If you have anything to compromise you with the Constitutionalists get rid of it at once. This man Manuel Coral, whom you have trusted, is a spy of the dictator. He has informed upon you."

"Then what use to get rid of evidence? The dictator does not need evidence to get rid of his victims."

"Coral's brother, Enrique, came to me and said to me: 'I have just learned that Manuel is in the secret service of the dictator and has informed the tyrant that by searching Ines's room he will find papers revealing the plan of the revolutionists.' Enrique assured me that if no such papers are found you will not be troubled. If they are found it will go hard with you, even though you are a woman."

Inez burst into tears. The man she loved had turned traitor to her. But her friend urged her to waste no time in getting rid of any compromising documents she might possess. She did possess several important ones, for her brother was one of the revolutionary chiefs, and he was using her to lay plans for a rising against the dictator in the City of Mexico. But Inez had received too terrible a blow in the treachery of her lover to keep her mind on what she was doing. After she had destroyed every document, as she supposed, she remembered one she had not destroyed that gave a list of persons in the city who could be relied on to desert the dictator and join the revolutionists as soon as fighting commenced. But this did not occur to her till the sound of heavy footsteps was heard on the staircase. She had only time to unlock a drawer, take out the paper and slip it under her dress at the neck when the door was thrown open and Manuel Coral with a man and a woman entered.

"I am sorry to disturb you, senorita," he said to Inez, "but the government has received news that you are in possession of plans of the revolutionists, and I have been sent here to get them."

"You mean," said Inez, whose indignation by this time had got the better of her grief, "that you have accused me."

"What matters it?" Pepita broke in, "since you are innocent of the charge? Let them search the room."

"I shall also be obliged to have you searched," said Coral. "I have brought a woman for the purpose."

Coral and the man he had brought with him began to search the room. Pepita asked permission to leave, and it was granted. Before doing so she embraced Inez and, slipping her thumb and forefinger in under the neck of her dress, drew the paper hidden there into the palm of her hand. Then she disengaged herself, but before doing so transferred the paper into her sleeve. Then, with a few words of encouragement for her friend, she took her departure.

As soon as Pepita had gone Coral ordered the woman to take Inez into another room and make a thorough search of her person, promising the former a handsome reward if she found what they were looking for. Inez left with a mingled glance of defiance and contempt for the man she had loved. She felt perfectly safe, Pepita having taken away the compromising document. Coral showed no feeling whatever at her treatment. In due time the two women returned, the searcher announcing that, though she had made a careful investigation of the senorita's clothing and her hair, not a scrap of information had been found. Then Coral, making a ceremonious bow to Inez, left her alone.

Inez was moved by two conflicting emotions. She had saved her brother and the cause he was engaged in from a serious setback, and, far more important than that, many a man who would have been implicated and lost his life had not Pepita carried away a list of their names that had been saved. On the other hand, she had received a bitter thrust in the treatment of her lover.

Her usefulness to the cause had ended and she determined to slip away from the city of Mexico and rejoin her brother. She was engaged in getting together the things she would take with her when the door opened, and Manuel Coral entered. Placing his finger to his lips, he looked about him to satisfy himself that no one else was present. Inez looked at him wondering what he would do next. Then he spoke hurriedly:

"I found it necessary to deceive the dictator, whose confidence I have. He had received indirect information that you were here in the interests of the revolutionists. I at once sent my brother to inform you that you were suspected and persuaded the dictator to permit me to make the search. I knew you would be subjected to. I saw Pepita take a paper from the neck of your dress. You think I have betrayed you. I have saved you. Heaven knows what would have become of you had I not warned you or had another conducted the search."

Inez listened to these hurried words till the end, then, toppling, fell into her lover's arms.

When she came to herself Manuel Coral was bending over her anxiously.

"Go," he said, "while there is time. I have more to do here or I would go with you."

TRAGIC BRAVERY.

Sublime Act of a Hero Who Went to a Watery Grave.

In the chapel at Glenalmond school in Perthshire, Scotland, there is a marble slab with this stirring story recorded upon it:

There was once in the school a pupil named Alexander Cumine Russell, who became an officer in the Seventy-fourth highlanders when only a lad of seventeen. In connection with the memorable loss of the Birkenhead he won immortal glory. The troopship struck upon a rock; the soldiers were formed in ranks upon the deck to die; the women and children were being saved in boats.

Russell was ordered into one of the boats to command it, and a little way off he watched with dimmed eyes the doomed ship. When she went down he saw creatures of the deep contending for his beloved comrades. Then he saw a sailor's form rise up close to the boat and a hand strive to grasp the side.

A woman in the craft called out in agony: "Save him! Oh, save him, sir! He is my husband," but there was no room for another, and the boat was laboring heavily as it was. Russell looked at the woman and then at her children, then at those beseeching eyes in the deep, and, rising in the stern, he plunged into the water and helped the sailor into what had been his own place. Then amid a chorus of "God bless you" from every one in the boat the brave young officer turned to meet his death.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOME FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

A Tiny Work of Art and Rosa's Transformed Harpsichord.

The smallest painting in the world of distinctive merit was executed on the smooth side of a grain of corn by a Flemish artist. On this limited surface the artist painted in perfect detail a mill, a miller with a sack of grain on his back, a horse and cart and a group of several peasants standing in a road.

The largest picture ever painted is said to be a panorama of the Mississippi river, executed by John Banvard, an artist who died in Watertown, S. D., in 1891. The gigantic canvas was twenty-two feet high and nearly two miles long. It gave a detailed representation of 2,000 miles of the Father of Waters.

The largest of the old masters' canvases is Murillo's "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua." The picture is ten feet wide and eighteen feet high.

It is related that a friend called on Salvator Rosa in Florence one day and found him playing on an old harpsichord. The caller asked the artist why he kept such a worthless instrument.

"Why, it is not worth a scudo!" the friend said.

"I will wager," replied Rosa, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again."

A bet was made. Rosa immediately painted a landscape on the lid that not only sold for 1,000 scudi, but was accounted a work of great merit.

Boasted Too Soon.

When the old Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was staying at Holkham with Thomas Coke, then commonly known as "king of Norfolk," he boasted one evening at dinner that no man had ever dared to shoot at him and that if any one had ever attempted such a thing he would have shot the man dead on the spot.

The next day at the court the grand duke suddenly felt a shower of shot peppering his legs and, turning round in a fury to find whence it proceeded, saw William Coke with a gun leveled in his direction.

"I've got another muzzle ready," said William coolly. "Will you shoot?"—From "The Life of Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester."

Reincarnated.

The school as a civic center having become overcrowded, it occurred to some bright mind to advocate the use of the home as a civic center.

"The home is vacant so large a part of the day that it would seem that the highest efficiency would put it to some use other than as a possible place to sleep in after midnight."

This was immediately done, and the home began to come back. Thereupon the leading sociological writer wrote an article in which he proved again to the satisfaction of all that everything has a use.—Life.

His Thirst.

Husband—May, just send up some filtered water. Wife—Which was it last night, "Detained at the office" or "A friend at the club?" Husband—Why? Wife—Because I didn't know whether you wanted a tumbler or a pailful.—London Opinion.

Improving Slowly.

"How is your cousin getting on, Jane?"

"Nicely, thank you, ma'am, but he had an awful time. They performed three autopsies on him at the hospital before he began to get better."—Baltimore American.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him.

"If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—London Express.

Pike's Peak.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike, an officer in the United States army, discovered the famous peak that bears his name on Nov. 15, 1806.

A Reverie of Old Jamestown

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

Coming from Fort Monroe northward by the James river, the boat stopped at Jamestown. There are two most important spots historically in the United States, Jamestown and Plymouth rock, the former being the more important from its age. I was curious to see it and, leaving the boat, remained there long enough to lose myself in a reverie concerning it.

There is nothing there today to dream about unless it be the tower of the church built by the inhabitants of the settlement who went there a little over 300 years ago. No more uninteresting spot in itself exists in America. It is an open flat space on the northeast bank of the river, whose yellow waters have eaten away a considerable part of the site of the town.

And now for my dream.

The report of a gun fired out on the bosom of the yellow waters. I looked and saw a miniature ship very high in the stern and forward, much ornamented and the sail on the main mast bearing the arms of England. From the shore a boat was about to put out bearing a huge cask. I got aboard and was pulled to the ship.

"What's going on?" I asked of one of the oarsmen, who, by the bye, all wore doublets with broad collar, knee breeches and hose.

"Sale of redemptioners," was the reply.

When we boarded the vessel, the Royal James, rum was served from the cask, and the sale commenced. There were twenty men and four women to be sold to whomsoever would pay their passage money from England, with a handsome bonus to the person who had advanced the funds. They were to be bound to their purchaser till they had worked out the amount he had paid and until then were held as redemptioners, which meant a limited period of slavery.

Several men were sold for sums ranging from £50 to £100, though the amount was paid in tobacco. All the women were sold for wives with their consent. There was one damsel not twenty years old who was so comely that I approached and asked her what had induced her to come out to so melancholy a place as Jamestown.

"Please sir," she replied, "I come from bonnie Scotland. My mother dinna like it because I wouldna marry auld Roderick MacTavish and shut me up. But I got out, and a man with gold a-plenty sent me out as a redemptioner. He must be paid £60 for my passage and a' the profit there is in me."

"And if I pay the £60 will you marry me?"

"That I will," replied the girl, "because you're so much better than old Roderick MacTavish, and I'll na have to work out the money owing for sending me here."

And so I paid the £60 in tobacco, which went back to England in the ship, and the girl was carried ashore with me. On landing we went up a beaten path leading to the church. I found the parson, and we were married.

This was when Captain John Smith was indefatigable in keeping the colony together and supplying our wants, but after a time he left us to make explorations of the coast and then to go to England. Our men became discouraged and would not work. Food must be got by hunting or tilling the earth, and the people would do neither. So hunger and sickness came upon us, and we diminished rapidly. Some went back to England, and some, leaving Jamestown, went back from the river into the country.

When I saw that Jamestown was doomed, taking my Scotch wife with me, I went back from the river into the interior and, settling myself on a piece of land, built a house and raised tobacco. I prospered, and other families settling near me, in time we became a community. Though my wife and I grew old, our children grew up after us to be men and women, and the country about us lost its primitive loneliness. But the river was always the same. At times I was obliged to go to it for the purpose of shipping my tobacco, and it always gave me the blues.

But we on the peninsula between the river and the bay were a merry lot, meeting oftentimes at each other's plantation, where our children danced and feasted, for we were not the motley lot we were when we settled at Jamestown. Some proud families in England who had met with reverses, or younger sons, also the Cavaliers who had been beaten by Oliver Cromwell, came over and settled among us. We gave them welcome and a helping hand, and in time they became, like ourselves, successful planters.

This was my reverie as I sat on the bank of the James river looking at the melancholy scene about me. Yet it was no creation, but what I had read in the annals of my family. My first ancestor in America was a citizen of Jamestown, and he married a redemptioner of Scotch nativity. They became planters in the neighborhood of Williamsburg, and their grandson was a professor in William and Mary college. The branch of their descendants from which I sprang gravitated after the Revolution northward, and in the war between the states we fought against our brethren in the peninsula where our first American progenitors raised tobacco.

MOISTURE AND HEAT.

Why a Person May Feel Cold in a Room That Is Well Heated.

It often happens in winter that a person living in a steam heated apartment feels cold even when the thermometer shows the necessary degree of warmth in the room. Of course there is a reason for this and also a very simple remedy. The reason is that the air in the room is too dry—it does not contain enough moisture—and the remedy is, of course, to keep some water in the room all the time, so that it can evaporate into the air.

Our bodies, you see, are at all times exuding moisture in the form of perspiration. Now, this perspiration, even in winter, amounts to a great deal more than one would think, being measured in the pints. To evaporate water heat has to be used up, and, as the body is warmer than the air, the heat to evaporate this perspiration is taken from the body. Of course then the body feels cold.

Here is still another illustration of this fact: It has been shown by actual experiment that a man can stay in an oven heated to the boiling temperature of water and not get uncomfortably hot—that is, painfully hot. The heat makes him perspire, and the heat taken up by evaporation from the body keeps the body from getting hot. But suppose that the oven already contained in its atmosphere all the water vapor that it could hold. Then, as none could evaporate from the body, the drops on the body would soon get near the boiling point. So in the room referred to above, if it contains a good bit of moisture the evaporation from the body will not be so fast, and consequently the body will not feel cold.—New York American.

PLACID CHINESE WOMEN.

An Illustration of How Well Their Emotions Are Hidden.

"Chinese women are trained to show no emotion, to appear absolutely placid under all circumstances," says Elizabeth Cooper, author of "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard." "I saw it illustrated at a reception given to the wife of one of the high Chinese officials. All the women of the foreign official colony were at my home, about forty in number, and the great lady was announced. Every one rose. The room was a very long one, about seventy-five feet, and had a very highly polished floor covered with Persian rugs.

"The Chinese lady came to the doorway, with a servant on each side of her to help her walk upon her tiny bound feet. At the entrance they left her, and she started to come to me; but, being almost helpless upon her 'golden lilies,' she stepped upon a rug, which slid upon the polished floor, and instead of swaying like the bamboo in the breeze as she came to me she sat down suddenly and slid to my feet to the consternation and horror of the assembled guests.

"She was raised to her feet, and, although she must have been covered with confusion and embarrassment thus to make her first entrance into a foreign home, she gave her hand to me without a trace of emotion visible in her face or manner, nor did she apologize. One would think by her appearance that it was the usual mode of entrance into a room."

Married the Day They Met.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend who was something of a matchmaker having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

An Expensive Lesson.

"Now, Thomas," said the teacher severely, "how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Put your hand down and presently I'll hear from you."

Five minutes later she said, "Now, then, Thomas, what was it you wanted to say?"

"There was a man in the entry awhile ago," said Thomas serenely, "and he went out with your new silk umbrella."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Speaking of Dogs.

A dog fancier is a person who will give $1,000 for a dog with a long pedigree. A dog lover will divide his living and lodging with a dog that could not be sold for a quarter, but chances to be his friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

All Her Fault.

"There goes Bertha, the innkeeper's pretty daughter. She's broken many hearts, mine among them."

"Yes; my red nose lies on her conscience too."—Fliegende Blatter.

Reasonable Enough.

"What's your objection to the farm, mister?"

"The land appears to be sunken."

"But that's owing to the heavy crops."—Washington Herald.

Obstinate.

Fred—What kind of fellow is he? Ned—If you should tell him that seeing was believing he wouldn't look."—Judge.

How poor are they that have no patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

Her Investigation

By MARTHA V. MONROE

John Ackerman had proposed to Helen Markley and was accepted on condition. Helen was a practical, farming girl. She resolved before their engagement was published to the world—indeed, before it was suspected—to inquire about him.

She had the frankness to tell him what she was going to do. He said that he would be willing to have her take that and any other precaution she thought proper and was quite willing to wait for his answer until she had satisfied herself in the matter.

One thing Ackerman insisted on which his fiancee balked at. He wished to hear the reports she got of him and who made them. Miss Markley didn't think this would be honorable in her. Ackerman replied that there could surely be no harm in her telling him who had spoken well of him, and it was his right to know who had spoken ill of him. She yielded the point and agreed to tell him all.

The next three months were rather a trying time between the lovers. When Miss Markley heard her lover well spoken of she was very gracious to him. When some one spoke ill of him she could not conceal the effect it had on her. When two of the three months had elapsed she wrote him a note breaking the engagement between them. He called on her and she refused to receive him.

He wrote her a note stating that he supposed some one had spoken ill of him and reminded her of the agreement that he should hear the good and the bad. She replied that she had decided against him on the testimony of one whose word was unimpeachable, and nothing he could say would serve to eradicate the impression that had been made upon her.

It now seemed to Mr. Ackerman that it was time to depart from the defensive and take up the offensive. He had well understood from the beginning that if his fiancee could get persons to talk about him as they really felt there were plenty who would speak ill of him. The shortest way to neutralize what these persons said was to have a few words spoken by supposed friends of Miss Markley when the time came to see them. He therefore made inquiries about her on the same lines she inquired about him, since he could not get a word with her he fired a preliminary shot.

He wrote her of his investigations, which he said he did not in the least value, but he had kept a written list of them that he would be pleased to compare with what she had gathered about him. This put a different face on the matter. Miss Markley was not only curious to know what people had said about her, but she did not wish the man she had discarded to be prejudiced against her. She consented to a meeting.

Ackerman called with a little memorandum book in his pocket. Miss Markley received him coldly and asked him to produce his notes.

"First," he said, "is what was told me by Miss A. when I asked her what kind of a person you were."

"She hates me."

"Nevertheless she spoke highly of you. 'Miss Markley,' she said, 'is a lovely girl.'"

"The serpent."

"Now," said Ackerman, "I have given you one criticism of yourself. I would like to hear one criticism, the one that decided you to drop me. Perhaps I may be content with his name alone."

"Paul Gunter."

"That is quite sufficient. I hold Mr. Gunter's note for $500. He gave it to me in lieu of being criminally prosecuted by me for a proceeding which, to say the least, was irregular."

Ackerman, who spoke these words with a change of manner, arose to go.

"Have you the note?" asked Miss Markley.

"I have, but it is under lock and key. You are the only person except Mr. Gunter and I who knows that I possess it."

"Where are you going?"

"There is no necessity of going any further in this matter. Thus far there has been no betrayal of confidence, at least by me. I have proved that your plan of getting opinions about the man you would marry is a failure."

"What is a girl to do?" moaned Helen. "When she consents to link her life with a man she takes a step in the dark."

Ackerman had gone to the door and placed his hand upon the knob. He turned and walked back to her.

"It is that step in the dark that leads me to forgive you for what you have done. Marriage, you know, has been truly called a lottery, a lottery for the man as well as the woman. But we must take it or fail to fulfill our natural destiny. Every woman before marriage should, so far as possible, learn what she can about the man she expects to marry, but she can only learn through others of his general standing in the community. What he is in his inner self she cannot learn from others. Politic persons will speak well even of an enemy; prejudiced persons will find it difficult not to malign those against whom they are prejudiced."

The next day the engagement between Mr. Ackerman and Miss Markley was announced. Every one who congratulated either of them spoke well of the other.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

When Do It Because They Are More Sensitive Than Women.

A German professor who had been making a study of the problem declares that men fall asleep in church because they pay more attention to the sermon than do the women. Starting he declares the average female does not begin to grasp the purport of the sermon; that she is far behind in the discussion than man.

The man will watch the speaker every minute, he will concentrate all his mind upon the preacher and when he is saying, he will watch his every gesture and every motion of his face. And listen to every word until finally he drops off to sleep simply because he has watched so steadily, dared so intently, that he hypnotized himself.

If the woman does not grasp the meaning of the sermon as readily, if her mentality is not quite so keen and quick, one would think she would fall asleep. But the fact remains that she has plenty to interest her. A man can not look about the church and be interested in John Jones' cravat or William Smith's vest or Sam White's coat buttons. He doesn't care anything about them, but a woman will sit quietly in church, she will hear what the minister is saying without giving much thought to it, but she will be interested in everything every other woman is wearing, and there is enough in church to keep her just moderately entertained and wide awake.—Chicago Tribune.

HAD FAITH IN HIS IDEAS.

Julio Verne Felt the Things He Wrote Would Come to Pass.

Anything new about that wonderful man, Jules Verne, is invariably interesting. And in the Paris Temps M. Duquesnel, who knew the author well, tells quite a lot about him that is not generally known.

"I believe I invent nothing," Verne used to say, "which is very naive of me, because all that I write will be realized. Human knowledge will demolish the impossible." But if he believed in the realization of his imaginings his friends did not at first believe that he would be successful on another.

One day, according to M. Duquesnel, when Verne was in the company of a number of his friends, he confided with great seriousness:

"Mes enfants, I think I am about to invent yet. I have the idea which, according to Gironde, is necessary to a man if he is going to make his fortune. I am going to invent a submarine in a new form of my own. If it succeeds, it will be, I'm certain, the lode of the gold mine."

The friends laughed. "Laugh away," said Verne, "we shall see who laughs last." A few weeks later "Twenty Years in a Balloon" appeared, and gave immediate success. He had found the "lode," which he continued to develop for half a century.—London Letter in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Promises in Politics.

During a municipal campaign in Chicago a politician dropped in one morning to see a certain grocer. During the conversation that took place the politician asked, "And I may count upon your support, may I not?"

"Why, no, I am sorry to say," replied the grocer. "The fact is, I have promised my support to the other candidate."

The politician laughed. "Ah," said he, "in politics promising and performing are two different things."

"In that case," said the grocer cordially, "I shall be glad to give you my promise, sir."—Lippincott's.

"Painting the Town Red."

"That expression, 'painting the town red,' is not," writes a correspondent, "the creation of some unknown cockney genius, as some would seem to infer. Its birth has been traced to 'The Divine Comedy.' Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place swept by a mighty wind where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. 'Who are ye?' cries Dante in alarm, and Francesca replies sadly, 'We are those who have painted the world red with our sins.'"—London News.

Shattered.

He was a Hollander, just arrived in this country to seek his fortune, and he had much to say to his host. But he had great difficulty in regulating his pronunciation, and at times his words were almost unintelligible to his host's small boy, who sat in a corner of the room somewhat mystified. At last the Hollander departed, and the small boy said to his father:

"Daddy, is he a broken English man?"—New York Post.

Lost.

The mistress of the house had mislaid her eyeglasses. She asked the old negro servant if she had seen them.

"No'm, honey," said Aunt Missouri, "I ain't seen 'em. But I'll fin' 'em fo' you. Jess tell me now was dey in de shell?"—New York Post.

Not So Sudden.

"I have saved up $500 so that I could ask you to be my wife."

"This is rather sudden."

"Sudden? I've been scrimping for three years."—Pittsburgh Post.

Man, Poor Man!

Mrs. Flutter—Mrs. Crabapple says her husband kisses her goodby every morning of his life. Mr. Flutter—I often wondered what gave him that sour expression.—Smart Set.