

Dealing with Captured Revolutionist Leaders.

At the present time, as Emilio Aguinaldo is likely to discover, there is nothing particularly dangerous about playing the part of a revolutionist. A hundred years ago it was different. Then a man or woman who revolted against established authority was fairly certain to have his or her head cut off, and was likely to have other unpleasant things happen. Now, so long as at least as one is careful to rebel against a civilized and enlightened power, a captured leader is likely to be furnished with a handsome residence on some salubrious and beautiful island, paid a liberal allowance by the government against which he has rebelled, and asked to live a quiet and healthful life, with nothing to worry about.

In all the law books the old definition of a rebel and the punishment for rebellion remain, but, though the "high treason" be proved the death penalty is rarely enforced.

A good example of the way in which rebels were treated only a century ago is found in the story of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the famous negro slave, soldier, and statesman, who founded the black republic of Santo Domingo. In 1793, when the English invaded the island, Toussaint, who was already a trusted military leader among the blacks, declared in favor of France and took the oath of allegiance to the French republic. He took the field against the English and drove both them and the Spaniards off the island. Then he was made commander-in-chief of the military forces of the island. In 1801 Toussaint assumed control of the government. A constitution was drawn up making him president for life. When this constitution was sent to Napoleon he broke out into a fury and sent an army of 30,000 men, under General Leclerc, with a fleet of more than sixty war vessels, to subdue the black usurper. But Toussaint was an able soldier, and the climate fought with him. Within a few months 20,000 of the French soldiers perished of yellow fever, and the negro soldiers and slaves, rising in a general rebellion, put 60,000 white people to death. Finally peace was restored, and Toussaint was treacherously seized and imprisoned. Then he was transported to France and confined in a cold and dismal dungeon, where he suffered from lack of food and sickness, dying at the end of ten months' imprisonment of consumption and starvation. Another more modern rebel is Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian, who defied for a time the united power of England and France. In 1881 Arabi Pasha, at the head of the Egyptian army, became practically the military dictator of

Egypt, and in 1882 both British and French warships were sent to Alexandria to overawe and defeat the rebels, and to make a prisoner of Arabi as their chief. For many weeks Arabi was able to hold off the enemy, but finally he was overtaken and his forces cut to pieces at Tel-El-Kebir. Arabi was captured by the British troops and placed on trial on a charge of high treason. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced, with the members of his staff, to banishment to the island of Ceylon. There he has lived ever since, a welcome guest at the houses of British authorities on the island, and the recipient of a large allowance from the British government. When Arabi gave up his sword and went into exile he was only 42 years old and was in appearance the typical leader of a savage and fanatical people. Now that he is past 60 his expression has softened, and he has become a venerable and gentle old man. Practically every member of his staff who went into exile with him is dead, and his last wish is to go home to Egypt and die in the land of his fathers.

The United States has had to deal with a number of rebels. One of the first was Daniel Shays, the leader of a rebellious force of Massachusetts men, who objected to the collection of the large taxes after the close of the revolutionary war. Shays organized a force of 2,000 men, marched on and captured the town of Worcester, and finally demanded the surrender of the United States arsenal at Springfield. The United States officer in command fired a number of cannon over the heads of Shays's army, which broke and ran. Shays and a number of leaders were arrested and tried on charges of high treason. Several of them were convicted and sentenced to death, but these sentences were never executed. Finally a free pardon was granted to all who had taken part in the rebellion.

A little bit later the so-called whisky insurrections broke out in Pennsylvania. These disturbances were of so much importance that President Washington ordered out 13,000 troops and sent commissioners over the mountains to deal with the rebels. There was some bloodshed and many cases of violence shown against the officers who were sent by the national government to collect the tax on whisky and other alcoholic products. No arrests were made, however, and the rebels were not punished in any way.

Often, as history shows, a rebel is safer and enjoys a much longer lease of life when he is captured by a humane foe than when he achieves the object for which he started on his ca-

reer of violence. As example, Danton may be cited. Born a farmer, he went to Paris and became a barrister. He was master of a sort of rough eloquence which proved effective, and he grew daily in power and popularity. In personal appearance he was a giant. Finally he became minister of justice under the revolution and then president of the terrible committee of public safety. Then he aroused the enmity of Robespierre and was sent to the guillotine in April, 1794. A few months later Robespierre met the same fate. Both of them might have lived on for years in comfortable retirement if their rebellion had been put down and they had been sent into exile by a generous king.

But the most unhappy, as well as the most beautiful, rebel in history was Lady Jane Grey. She was not a rebel of her own will and choice.

She had no thought for reigning as Queen of England until the plan was brought to her by her ambitious father-in-law. Then she consented, and buried his face on his arms, and burst out crying.

This was too much even for "the queen's" stoicism; she repented her righteous anger immediately, and, putting her arms around his neck, proceeded to press her lips lovingly to the only portion of his ear at all visible, while Mildred, with tears in her soft, blue eyes, told him to cheer up and have courage, and "maybe they'd manage it somehow, you know," with a good deal more to the same purpose.

As the girls hung round him in this fashion, and patted the sinning Eddie, until a looker-on would have deemed him a suffering angel at least, Denzil Young sauntered upstairs in his mud-stained, scarlet coat. Entering the picture gallery on his way toward his dressing room, and not seeing very clearly, in consequence of the fast-approaching darkness, he came upon the tableau at the end of the apartment almost before he had time to collect his senses.

The three figures looked gray and ghost-like to his bewildered eyes, but one thing was distinctly evident, and that was Eddie Trevanion's unmistakable distress.

"I beg your pardon," Denzil said hastily. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Trevanion, to have intruded in this rough manner, but unfortunately I did not perceive you until I was quite close. However, as I have committed my blunder, can I—may I—try to be of some assistance?"

Mabel looked up eagerly. Here was a golden opportunity. Here was a rich young man with nothing on earth to do with his money, and unquestionably good-natured!

"Could he be of some assistance?" Of course he could—the greatest—if Mildred would only look up and answer him. Mildred did look up and answered him—answered him very distinctly indeed, though scarcely in the spirit that Mabel had hoped for, having intercepted "the queen's" glance and interpreted it correctly.

"You are very kind," she said, steadily—"very kind indeed; but this is a matter in which, I fear, you can be of no help to us."

"Let me try," he implored, eagerly. "Impossible," she returned, coldly; "you do not understand; it is a case in which no stranger can take part. Thanks very much all the same."

When Miss Trevanion said that, of course there was nothing left for the young man to do but to bow and go on his way, which he accordingly did, with a bitterly hurt feeling in his breast, engendered by that one word "stranger."

"What a stress she laid on it! How obnoxiously it had sounded as applied by her to him. How coldly distinct had been her voice when speaking it! Well, it wasn't her fault, he supposed, she was gifted with neither heart nor gracious manner, nor anything else tender and womanly—only with a glorious face and figure, which of course did no good to any one and only made one—Where the deuce had Connor put his brushes? That fellow was growing more confoundedly careless every day; and how abominably that brute of a horse he had given one hundred and fifty pounds for last week, had taken that last water jump this morning, just when the entire field was looking on, too! On the whole, it hadn't been so very pleasant a day, as he had fancied in the first heat of the moment, when it was all over and he was discussing it during the homeward ride with old Appleby. Hanged old nuisance that old Appleby was, by the bye!" And so on and on indefinitely sped Denzil's reflections, while the cause of them all stood still in the gallery where he had left her, with her kind little white hand on Eddie's shoulder.

"Hadin't you better go and get yourself ready for dinner, dear?" Mildred suggested, tenderly.

And then Eddie told her that it was of little use for him to go and clothe himself in broadcloth and fine linen when he knew that the first bit he ate would infallibly choke him.

This seemed dreadful to Miss Trevanion. He must be far gone, indeed, in his misery when he could refuse to accept the goods the gods down stairs were preparing for his delectation, and she was just beginning to argue with

Mildred & Trevanion

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I don't suppose you have," said the scapegoat, very submissively, being so far "down on his luck" just now as to render him patient toward any indignity, even when administered by a younger sister. So he took his scolding with meekness, and made no open show of resistance or disapproval, though in his inmost soul he resented the treatment hotly; only he turned away from Mabel, and addressed himself once more to his first confessor, "Why don't you abuse me, Mildred?" he said. "Am I beyond even your censure, that you refuse to say anything harsh to me? Have you given me up altogether? If you have, I know it is only what I deserve."

Miss Trevanion moved abruptly away from the side of the open window frame, against which she had been leaning, and went up to where he was standing, rather apart. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Poor old fellow!" she said, softly; whereupon Eddie Trevanion, in spite of his twenty years, fairly broke down, and buried his face on his arms, and burst out crying.

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him on the subject of that presupposed strangulation, when Mabel broke in suddenly.

"Mildred," she said, "I have an idea." And Mildred appearing sufficiently struck with the novelty of this announcement, Mabel went on: "I have a plan to say nothing further either of you about this matter to any one until tomorrow evening, and leave everything in the meantime to me."

"But won't you tell us your plan, whatever it is?" Miss Trevanion asked anxiously, rather taken aback by this unexpected prospect of rescue from their slough of despond. "I think it will be wiser of you to let us hear it." Upon which "the queen" said: "No, I won't" very emphatically, indeed, and marched out of the room with colors flying.

CHAPTER VI.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Mabel Trevanion said to Wilmot, the footman:

"Tell Jenkins to bring my horse round."

And Wilmot the footman, having scrupulously and on the instant delivered that message to Jenkins the groom, it so happened that ten minutes later "the queen" of King's Abbott was riding away on the high road to Blount Grange, with her sister's little nondescript, black-coated dog at her heels.

When at length she had reached the wished-for massive iron gates, and had traveled all down the long line of stately elms that in the summer time proved the glory and comfort of the Grange avenue, and had evoked a servant in answer to her impatient summons, she asked, eagerly:

"Is Mr. Blount at home?"

Yes—the master was at home just then, the man told her; whereupon Mabel jumped from her horse, desired a groom, summoned by the butler, to take her horse round to the stables, and gathering up her skirts, entered the spacious hall, her little bright-eyed follower close behind her.

Dick Blount, or "old Dick," as he was more commonly called by his friends and acquaintances—whose name was legion—was a man somewhere in the "fifties," tall, strong athletic, and the master of an income close upon six or eight thousand a year. The Grange was one of the loveliest estates in the county, situated about two miles or so from King's Abbott, and why the owner of it had never taken to himself a wife was a question often asked in Clifton, but never satisfactorily answered. No woman's name had ever been connected with his—in the matrimonial line at least—since on his uncle's death he had come to take possession of his property. How and where he had lived previously was little known to anyone, beyond the certainty that he had spent much of his time abroad, wandering in a desultory pleasure-seeking fashion from city to city, with probably no ulterior designs, except those of enjoying the present hour to the uttermost.

Far and near there was no man more universally beloved and respected by all classes. Young men adored him for his genial advice, always so gently given, and his ready assistance, while every child in the neighborhood had reason to remember the good nature of old Dick Blount.

"Mr. Blount," said Mabel, as the old gentleman advanced to meet her, "I want to speak to you in private, please, for a minute or so."

"So you shall. Come in here," said Dick Blount, and he led the way into his library, the door of which he closed carefully behind her. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I am going to ask something dreadful," began Mabel, after a pause, during which she had felt her courage oozing rapidly away—"something that I feel sure no woman should ask, but you must promise not to think too hardly of me for all that."

"I promise you."

"Well, then,"—desperately—"I want you to give me three hundred pounds."

Blount laughed.

"Is that all?" he said. "Why I thought you were about to confess to half a dozen murders at least. Sit down, Miss Mabel, and tell me all that is on your mind."

And Mabel, sitting down, told him all her trouble—all about Eddie's evil behavior, and her father's ignorance of it, together with his inability to pay so much ready money just then, and her own determination to come over to him, as the only person she could think of likely to help her in her calamity. When she had finished she looked up at him wistfully out of her beautiful hazel eyes.

"I know I have done a very wrong thing," she said, with quivering lips—"a hateful, unfeminine thing that will make you despise me forever. But what could I do? You were the only one I could think of to help me, and so I came."

"I consider you have done me a very great honor," answered old Dick, promptly, "and I feel proud and glad of it. To whom indeed should you come, if not to your oldest friend? I'll tell you what, Miss Mabel—I'll write you out the check now on the spot, and you can take it at once to your naughty brother with your love; and we will never tell any one—you and I—one word about it."

Mabel's eyes filled with tears. She

stooped suddenly, and kissed the kindly large brown hand that was on the table near her.

"Nonsense, child," said Blount, hastily; "what did you do that for? Why, the money is lying idle at my bankers, not doing the slightest good to any one and I am only too pleased to be able to oblige you so easily."

"Thank you," returned Mabel, "thank you again, Mr. Blount, for all your goodness to me."

"I have done nothing for you," protested old Dick, "and I shall be seriously angry, Miss Mabel, if you ever mention my 'goodness' to me again."

They were crossing the hall at this time, and presently gained the outer porch, where he put her on her horse and gathered up the reins for her hand.

"Well, good-by, and take care of yourself; and be sure you look your very loveliest on Thursday evening."

"Good-by," Mabel cried, and rode on beneath the elms once more to the high road on her way home to King's Abbott.

When she reached it she found the house deserted—the two elder ladies, accompanied by Miss Younge, having gone a distance of five miles to return some visits, while the gentlemen had been shooting since early dawn.

"And Miss Mildred—where is she?" "Miss Trevanion has just gone down by the cove way, toward Grant's farm, to see Kate Dempsey, whose 'man' has 'been in trouble,'" Jenkins, the footman, informed her.

And so there was nothing left for Mabel but to wait patiently until such time as any of the members of the household should take it into their heads to return.

Mildred at that moment was returning from Mrs. Dempsey's dwelling house, and Denzil Younge was at her side.

Slight and tall though she was, she scarcely reached her companion's shoulder as they walked along side by side, very silently at first. The chill breeze sent a bright warm glow to her cheeks, and played with and flung about her hair, until she seemed transfused into one of the ancient sirens, come back once more to break the hearts of men. The heart of the man beside her was very fairly on the way to breaking just at present, so sweet she seemed to him, so fair past all expression, so hopelessly beyond his power to reach.

"And of what are you thinking, Jenny?"

Mildred hummed gayly, glancing up at Denzil with laughing violet eyes.

"Of you," he answered simply, "and of something else."

"Very explanatory," said Miss Trevanion—"only I want very much to know what the 'something else' is. I hold it as my due to tell me, because I am your Bradshaw just now, and you certainly owe me a return for my services."

"If I told you, it would not interest you in the least."

"I can quite believe that—few things do; but we have a good long walk before us, with no earthly subject to discuss, as I conclude you hardly feel equal to the weather. Do you?"

"Of course I do; surely you cannot suppose that this little gust of wind possesses the power to upset me?"

"I don't mean in that way—how stupid you are! I spoke of being 'equal to,' or as you would say, 'ug to' discussing the weather."

"Oh, that indeed! I beg your pardon; the cobwebs thicken on my brain of late, I fancy. I only hope this lively breeze will blow them all away before Mr. Blount's ball, or I shall find no one there to take pity on me."

"Remove your hat, then, and give your head a chance; the result will probably be a severe cold in it—but that doesn't matter compared with the clearness of intellect. Are you thinking much about the ball?"

(To be continued.)

SCOTS TOAST THE QUEEN.

Audience Was in Doubt Whether Cow or Sovereign Was Meant.

About five months ago I clipped the following from the Glasgow Weekly Mail. It occurred in the report of an agricultural show dinner. The chairman spoke thus: "Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I am about to bring forrit 'the Queen.' Our queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman, if I may say it; she's a' o' the guid auld sort. Nae Whigmaleries or faldersal about her, but a douce descent lady. She's respectable beyond a doubt. She has brocht up a grand family o' well faured lads and lassies, her oldest son being a credit to any mither, and they're a' weel married. One daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. Gentlemen, ye'll may no no' believe it, but I ance saw the queen. I did it. Was when I took my auld broon coo to Perth show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair?"

Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the queen ye're proposing?"

"The queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talkin' about the coo. However, as to the queen. Somebody pointed her out to me at the Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like, and says I to myself, 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa', ye need na remain a widow another hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, the whiskey's good, the night is lang, the weather is wet and the roads are soft and will harm naebody that comes to grief. So aff wi' yer drink to the bottom? 'The Queen?'"

The number of saloons in Ohio last year was 10,848, an increase of 476 over 1899. The license receipts were \$1,864,642.

TOUSSAINT LOVERTORE



ARABI PASHA

LADY JANE GREY



AGUINALDO

QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR



DANTON

SOME NOTABLE REVOLUTIONISTS OF HISTORY.

A Collapsed Bubble.
The news came recently from Honolulu that one Isaac Newton Hayden had died there and left \$20,000,000 and that heirs were wanted for the estate, Hayden being so scarce in Honolulu that there was danger the estate would be left unclaimed. Rather than have calamity occur several public-spirited claim agents in this country have been vigorously promoting a Hayden boom. Hayden by blood and Hayden by marriage have been asked to furnish their pedigrees to the promoters, not forgetting a bonus to reimburse the latter for expenses. The scheme was

well under way. Haydens were turning up in all directions, eager for slices of Isaac Newton's fortune, and bonuses were just beginning to come in when news came from Honolulu that instead of \$20,000,000 Isaac Newton's fortune amounted to just \$40.

In the face of such a shrinkage as this the bubble burst, and the Haydens are no longer interested in the matter. So far as the claim agents are concerned, they will get no sympathy. Their business is that of profiting by popular greed and credulity. Hence it is a matter for congratulation when one of their schemes col-

lapses before it comes to a head. As far as the Haydens are concerned they have probably been saved from throwing away their money. Even if Isaac Newton had been worth \$20,000,000, there are so many Haydens that each their would have had but an infinitesimally small slice, especially after the claim agent had made his grab, and all the heirs would have been unhappy.

At a recent congress of naturalists in Berlin it was resolved to petition the government to supply the funds for a floating biological laboratory on the Rhine.