

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued. In vain does the bull-fighter seek to very near and dear to Dick, because close. The American is surrounded of the pertinacity with which he deby what seems to be a living wall of fends her, and the manner in which fists, and every time Barcelona makes he watches over her interests-while a fierce lunge forward, something Dick has learned of late how very strikes him squarely in the chest, or precious Pauline Westerly has beadministers between the eyes a blow come, and how essential to his happithat makes him see stars.

He realizes that the field is lost. since these two men must be heavily armed, and will not scruple to use weapons if they are pressed.

Dess.

She questions him eagerly-on his

part he answers with truth and deli-

cacy. Still she can read between the

lines, and knows that it was anxiety

for her welfare, and nothing else, that

She hears how he took the place

of the driver, and laughs merrily to

think how he helped her into and out

of the coach with all the gallantry

praise could not be bestowed. Gradu-

ally Dick becomes fervent, the occa-

sion is very promising, and he can-

speak; so he tells his love in just the

way any one who knows him well

Pauline is deeply thrilled by his

heart alone can give.

The Mexicans engaged with Colonel Bob have had most of their enthusi- has influenced him in his movements. asm knocked out of them, and one by one are shrinking away to nurse their swollen faces.

True, a bull-like voice roars oaths, and endeavors to encourage the assail- of a French jehu, than which higher ants by the declaration that victory is sure and near at hand; but the owner is nowhere to be seen, since the wily senor thinks too much of his comfort not withstand the temptation to talk horse sense. Heaven knows we've o join in a melee like this.

Colonel Bob's enthusiasm seems to increase rather than diminish, and the last brace of enemies who endeavor to run amuck with him come to the conclusion that they have struck what seems to be a human threshing machine, so quickly are they doubled up entirely, and has had many opportuni- bullet in his revolver to-day that's and put to sleep.

Grasping the situation, the Mexican her heart has gone out. bravo gives up the battle-he shouts. in a furious voice, "We will meet same impulsive manner as that in when you fire at him, cut the third again!" and then plunges into the ob- which he has told his love, tells him silver button on his jacket to the left, scurity of the thicket to escape fur- that her heart has long been in his and you reach his heart." ther punishment at the hands of the keeping, that she believes in him as As the words are spoken, a dusky American.

tle, but they are as yet far from safe. Of course Dick's first thought con-"Pauline!" he gasps, short of

breath. "Here-safe!" comes the cheering

dawns upon his vision. "And Dora?"

There is no need to ask that, since came direct from an honest heart. Colonel Bob already has that unique Their future looks rosy-hued at person in his arms, and loudly lapresent, and yet no one knows better ments the fact that he could not have than Dick that there may be some totally annihilated the little wretch rocky hills to climb before they reach who dared to lay his hand upon her, the goal of connubial bliss.



When the ladies have gone to their rooms, the best the house affords, as becomes the girl who manages the great El Dorado Mine, Dick and Bob smoke and talk, and elevate their feet on the railing of the piazza below as true-born Americans alone have the right to do.

Dick is not inclined to be confidential in matters that concern his own private life, but with Bob it is another matter; he feels that he has a deep interest in his chum's welfare, and that if there has been an understanding between Pauline and himself, he. Bob, ought to know it, in order that occasion-Pauline, on her part, feels he may rejoice with his friend.

So Dick tells the fact in his terse way, and owns up that Pauline and himself have had an understanding, and are pledged to one another, upon hearing which the impulsive colonel springs to his feet, overturning his chair, and clutches the expectant outstretched hand of his comrade with

the fury of a young avalanche. "A thousand congratulations, my boy; I wish you joy upon the occasion, and may you see many of them; that is, I mean, confound the luck, what do I mean? At any rate, you've fever-racked brain? certainly got the handsomest and best, of course, barring one, girl in Mexico. and may you be pulverized if ever you give her occasion to wish

she'd never met Dick Denver." "Ditto yourself, Bob, old boy. Now, sit down like a Christian, and let's enough to talk about; that wretched old senor persists in keeping it warm decay would expect; plainly, simply, yet for us, and I'm of the opinion he'll with an eloquence that sincerity of never let up until by accident or de-

sign he receives his quietus" "Well, he's going to get it one of frank declaration, she believes in him these days; Bob Harlan has a marked the fort, the parapets and the slopes ties of late to read the man to whom checked through to reach Lopez, and their life-blood. Their heads, dwarf-

as sure as you live. Dick. I'll fetch So she answers him in just the him. You look out for Barcelonashe never dreamed she would in any figure that has been crouching in the Like thee, old comrade, I also await

So far as enemies are concerned, man, and that she is proud indeed of shadow of the piazza below their feet not death only, but a glorious transithe two comrades have won the bat- | the affection he has declared for her. | hugs the ground more closely than So it is all settled, without any ever, as though the party takes this great fuss, and in a business, matter- threat as a personal affair. He is cerns those for whom they waged war. of fact way that seems quite suited to evidently there for no good purpose. such people. It would be folly to ex- this skulker in the shadow. pect a quiet, undemonstrative man

When gentlemen talk about person to go into rhapsodies when declaring al business they should be certain response, and the girl from New York his affection for a lady, but at the that no eavesdropper hangs in the same time the manner of saying it shadow of the piazza. would convince one that every word They talk on in a disjointed way,

of men into eternity. until a clock in a church near by warns them that it is time they retirdream. This panorama of peace beed, if they mean to get any sleep. A fore me has a dark background of counle of half-smoked cigars fall near graves. the crouching figure, one actually

striking him in the face, at which he gives a start, as though he has reason for feeling a hatred toward Yankee cigars.

tortuous way. Day and night we were After they had gone, he crawls dogged by the messengers of death. way, and as he rises to his full Each step was gained at the price of height reveals the figure of the Mexisome brave life. Yet the work was can bull fighter, Tordas Barcelona, pushed steadily on. We were there to when the explanation of his hatred for do, to dare, to endure, but not to falcigars is made manifest. ter. In a nation's redemption strug-The day dawns. gle men can afford to die, but cannot

It promises a fair and pleasant spell afford to be found wanting. When of weather for this time of year, and a comrade fell wounded, we cared for the Americans quartered at the him with such kindness as the circum-Iturbe profit by it. Pauline desires to stances permitted; if he was killed, see all that is possible of the Mexican wrapped in his blanket we buried him, capital during their limited stay. Dick while with the rough sleeve of a and Colonel Bob take turns in escort- soldier's coat we wiped the tears away ing the girls around. They have other -and pushed ever onward. work to do, which the one not en-

ment, if all would enlist.

Sierra Madres at home.

As I gaze spellbound, I wonder-I gaged in this pleasant task looks can never cease to wonder-that we



What sublime quietness! bell is silent; the farm horse, softly in an open charge? Was it strange browsing; his master, resting beside that the stoutest hearts must quail? been turning the brown earth over some of our number would reach and scene into the sunlight-all these make up capture the fort, but no one dared to acted.

a picture whose background, as far ask himself the question: "Will I be as eye can reach, is a panorama of there when all is over?"

peace, plenty and contentment. The signal was to be three guns Can it be possible that here-are fired from a battery near the center these memories, boundless deep, which of our line, at an interval of half a rendered. sweep across me like a surging flood, minute each. To deceive the enemy, merely the torturing dreams of a precisely the same signal had been

But no. All around me are abundavs. A moment, when the word was redant proofs. The outline of the old fort is still visible, and in fact I wonder that time has wrought so little change. I now recognize many familiar objects. The then solitary tree is still standing, but a wound made in its trunk by a vicious shell has never healed, and is now hastening its Old oak, I greet thee as a comrade in arms! when last we met thou didst stand sole monarch of the field: but

now a multitude of giants tower above and the harvest of death began. where quivering mortals poured out

gore, the survivors stood, some hud-Paralyzed for an instant, but only an instant, the enemy opened their dled in little groups, dumb with terguns with consummate fury. Our ar- ror; some upright, facing us in cool

pet. The attempted seemed impossible, but with such men nothing is impossible. Over the obstructions, up the steep and difficult ascent; regard-

How the memory of that hour thrills shade so quietly that even the tiny instant death, what must be our fate fernal pit.

fired at noon for three preceding gle had been so long and desperate.

ceived, to hastily scribble upon the scrap of pocket diary the last word to the absent: a moment to exchange and cried like women. with a comrade, so that the survivor But the vanquished-God pity them. might forward the missive to those loved ones; an instant to breathe a their dead and dying, with pools of whispered prayer through moving lips, blood, with fragments of rent and scatjust loud enough to be heard in tered bodies. Some of their guns were Heaven - when boom-boom-boomliterally covered with the shattered rethe solemn voice spoke out, and with a shout which made the earth tremble, mains of the poor victims who had we leaped from the obscuring ditch, perished in handling them.

Amid the stifling stench of human



another shout out-yelling the missiles DATE A MEMORABLE ONE. of war, we flung ourselves at the para-

Events of Importance in Country's History Happening on the Thirtieth of May.

less of bursting shell and hissing bul-The thirtieth day of May, which the lets; in utter defiance of the enemy 45 states of the now indivisible union who now thronged the slopes, until, have known as "Decoration day" ever hurling our foes headlong with our since Gen. Logan's order in 1868 ofbayonets, we leaped into the fort. We ficially set it aside for the observance were so closely jammed in with the of reminiscent patriotism, figures varifoe that it was difficult to fire our ously in the chronologies of peace and guns. Some were using them as war. To that passing generation

clubs, some turning their bayonets which lived through the horrors and The bird's song, hushed above the me even now! If for a week past, to into spears, others clinching a death sufferings of a titanic civil strife the nest where the mother broods her eggs show a head or expose a limb any- grapple, while the shricks and shouts date is eloquent as (fortunately) it of promise; the sheep, dozing in the where was to insure a wound, if not were deafening and horrible as the in- cannot be to any others, but to all good Americans it will ever stand as

On that very parapet before me, a peaceful monument to the juster within this deserted space, shaded ending of "the great debate," while the plow which hour after hour has We tried to persuade ourselves that now by vernal and silent growths, that all that world which busies itself with of hell-born carnage was en. the records of past history will fittingly place the Decoration day of "the

But this was of short duration. Our states" first of the ten events of imreenforcements were pouring into the portance which have fallen on the fort like a mighty flood-the enemy, penultimate of the fifth month.

Three of these nine happenings hopelessly overpowered, at last surother than Memorial day, are closely The fury of rejoicing which followed connected with the war between the rivaled that of the charge. The strug. northern states and the southern. It was on May 30, 1850, that there was the victory was so complete (not a born a boy soon to be christened Fredsingle one of the foe escaping) that erick Dent Grant, and who was to men lost all self-control, and some in grow up to the command of those same armies which his then unknown a frenzy of joy even hugged each other father was to lead to final victory in

the greatest of all civil wars-to grow The ground was strewn thick with father in every feature and movement as to cause many a veteran of the 60's to turn and look after him in the streets with a strange and sudden beating at the heart.

> Twelve years later than this (1862) it was on May 30, that the confederate forces evacuated Corinth, down near the Tennessee line in Mississippi, while the same date in 1854 had seen the signature of Franklin Pierce attached to that famous Kansas-Nebraska bill which played no inconsiderable part in bringing on an armed arbitrament of the slavery question. That stroke of the chief executive's pen organized as territories the states which are now known as Kansas and Nebraska, the latter to join the union in January of 1861 as a slave state, but Kansas not until 1867, when the portentous question which had drenched her fields with blood in the middle '50s had been settled beyond all further disputing. Far from least among the past events recalled by Memorial day is the signing of that bill-it marked the repeal of the Mis souri compromise, it marked the triumph of that strong but scheming leader Stephen A. Douglas over such patriots as Sumner and Chase and Wade and Seward; it made of "squat ter sovereignty" a bitter fact, encour aging those worse elements which brought war into the land.

## GAVE HIM THE PASSWORD.

German Sentry Somewhat Confused-Good Story That Veterans Will Enjoy.

"In our army at the west," said a member of the Missouri contingent, 'the word 'Potomac' was given as the password for the night. A German on guard understood it to be 'bot tomic,' and this, on being transferred to another was corrupted to 'huttermilk.' Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and approaching's sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word demanded. He gave 'Potomac.' 'Nich right. You don't nass mi

"But this is the word and I will

"'No, you stan',' at the same time

'What is the word, then?' asked

"'It ish 'buttermilk,' was the an

"'Dot ish right. Now you pass mit

The Thirtieth of May.

Throughout the 45 states of the

"'Well, then, 'buttermilk.'

## He Presses Against the Sheriff.

which terrible threats cause the mis- | When the canal no longer serves erable professor to shiver in his thick- their purpose, they leave the canoes et hiding place near by. "How shall we get out?" demands

Dick, awake to the exigency of the that will bring them to the grand moment.

"In the same way I came in." Bob replies, promptly.

"How was that?"

"Wait until I dislodge that bellowing senor from yonder bushes-I can't | ing; or the sweet throbbing of mantalk while he keeps up that shouting, dolins that are touched by the delijust as though his men were still at cate fingers of dark-haired maidens. us, tooth and nail."

As he speaks Colonel Bob throws his arm forward-there is a flash, a can capital, darkness, and makes it report, foilowed immediately by a second one.

The bellowing ceases instantly, "Killed him?" says Dick, with a

sigh of relief. "No such good luck." returns Bob, carelessly. "Hark! you hear him mak-

ing a bee line for the hacienda now. No more howling from the Senor Lopez at present. Come this way-here you will see where I came in.'

" The door in the wall I was looking for."

"I heard only what must have been your last signal, though wondering what all the row could be about, and guessing you had a hand in it. Now we've left the garden of Morales behind. What you see here is the La Viga Canal."

"How shall we get home ?- we have no vehicle," remarks Dick, puzzled for once

"There is a boat here-perhaps that will take us part of the way-the ladies at least. Ha! two boatswe are in luck, it seems."

Colonel Bob soon settles with the owners of the craft, who live upon the bank of the canal and take pleasure parties to the floating gardens. The boat can be left at a certain pointmoney is paid over, and with the moon wheeling into view, making the scene very romantic, our four friends start along the water way of the Mexican capital, bound for the Hotel Iturbe.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Clique of the Alameda. The situation is one well calculated o arouse thoughts of love-the soft moonlight, the odorous night air, the splash of the paddles, from which drops of molten silver seem to fall as they are raised from the water. and, besides, the scene of danger hich has just been shared in com--these things bring loving hearts together than ever.

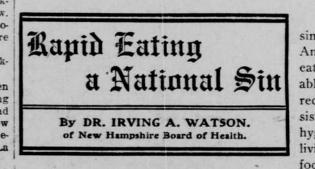
tied up where the owners have direct ed them, and strike across a street

plaza. It is nearly midnight, but the good people of the City of Mexico have apparently not even thought of retiring. On all sides can be heard voices sing

The moon dispels one of the bugbe secured. It is fortunate in the first bears attending visitors to the Mexi-

safer to move about. Our friends have no further adventures on this through Miss Pauline, with which to night, but arrive at the Hotel Iturbe

carry out her plans. at last, a street car taking them the concluding few blocks. (To Be Continued.)



mix it with the salivary fluids, is really the first act in the digestive process, and to be well done it must be slowly performed. Nevertheless, in my opinion, the digestive troubles more or less common are not due to an excessive degree to rapid eating, but more to a multitude of environments that overtax the nervous system and thus correspondingly impair or derange the digestive functions.

strenuous life, with its apprehensions, worry, care, struggle for existence or for wealth, social requirements, the edicts of fashion, intemperance and a score of other depressing factors, is a far more prolific cause of indigestion and malnutrition. This view is corroborated by the fact that a great many of our dyspeptics are persons who have never been rapid eaters. The unceasing tension, due to our impetuous, rushing, complex civilization is responsible for the increased death rate from diseases of the nervous system almost enough to counterbalance the decrease in the death rate from epidemic and other communicable diseases.

Rapid eating may almost be classed as a symptom, rather than the cause, of an abnormally nervous state into which the individual has drifted, through the increased demand made upon him by the ac-

If rapid eating is conceded to be a national evil, its menace to public health Wing A Watson is, in my opinion, a subordinate one.

did not fail. It required men with In the City of Mexico there are at nerves of steel and hearts of oak, reall times of the year, and particularly enforced by the inspiration that back during the winter season, numbers of of us was our country, and above was Americans to be found. It would be God. It required these, and all these, an easy task to make up a fair regi- to make victory possible.

ing thine, drink in the first rays of

morning and reflect the last kiss of

parting day. But thou-feeble and

tottering old veteran-the next rude

blast will lay thee low, and thou shalt

Yonder, half way down the slope,

nearly buried in earth. I also discern

a huge, shapeless mass of iron. Dumb

witness of a bloody past, it is all that

remains of a monster gun whose voice

made the trees tremble. In the last

hour of horror, overworked, triple-

charged, it exploded, hurling a score

This memory, then, is no mere

Through yonder field of waving

corn, from the mile-distant wood, with

pick and shovel, by ditch and trench,

inch by inch, we worked our tedious,

in time take on new forms of life.

tion.

For there, in the fort before us, Among these men our friends work, were Americans, and none but Ameripicking out one here and one there, cans could have taken it. Our foes and using great care that the parties were never tired, their vigilance never selected possess the proper requisites relaxed, their courage was sublime. for such a business. A couple of And while we believed them entirely Mexicans are hired with the rest, as and eternally wrong, they fought as they do not want to excite the anger it is only possible for men to fight of the natives by what might appear who believe they are entirely and eterto be an invasion of a foreign band, nally right. Every man is required to arm him-

It was their fierce determination to self thoroughly, and their weapons hold the fort or die in it. With great

tion leaves in the morning. There may they hurled upon our heads a tempest be heavy fighting ahead, and Dick of death. While this delayed, it could fiercer violence. Thus, with the air Denver knows what it means to run not prevent our advance. The prog- about us full of screeching missiles across the desperate bandits of the ress was slow, but it was ceaseless. Each minute in the day, each minute Then there are provisions, tents, in the night, we were digging nearer, horses and numerous other things to ever nearer, to the foe.

At last the point was reached where place that Dick is thoroughly at home the work must be completed by an act in all these things, and that he is sup- of extreme desperation-we must plied with any amount of money, charge the fort. erans-nearly every shot brought

down a victim and silenced a gun. Between the trench in which we were concealed and the coveted prize Their riflemen, too, were soon so was a space of about 500 feet, filled | weakened by loss that they could not with every sort of obstruction which check our advance until we reached cunning, desperate men could devise. the great ditch which surrounded the In part this consisted of stout stakes fort. Here, besides every other con-Of the physical driven firmly into the ground at an ceivable obstruction, it was planted sins committed by the angle pointing towards us, and sharp- thick with torpedoes; but although it ened. These were so thick and close were the veritable jaws of death

American people, rapid that we could not pass between them, there could be no faltering now-into eating is unquestion- and were too strong to be easily it we leaped with a shout. ably one that should be broken. If there was a spot anywhere Although beyond the range of the affording the least protection from the guns, we now became the victims of recognized as incon- leaden storm, it was planted thick the fuse of shell hurled upon us from sistent with the best with torpedoes. It was through and above. But still, over the dead bod hygienic methods of over such obstructions that we must ies of the slain, we pushed forward force our way while the guns of the to the opposite bank. Here, halting living. Mastication of fort would be flashing on us floods of but a moment under the slight protection to recover our spent vigor, with

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## Memorial Day

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!" A song that forty years ago went up from shore to shore; And it would make a weak heart strong, or strong heart weak to see The host that seemed to spring to life to follow Liberty. Husbands and fathers, brothers, sons rushed through the h "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!" America's grand hills and vales re-echoed with the song; "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong !"

The hills and vales to-day are free, the land and skies are fair, But when we hear that old time song, no echoes stir the air; The gray haired, halting, feeble band have lost that ringing tone, Now they are marching, one by one, forward to die alo

netimes, in Heaven, we may believe, white tents of peace are spre ades gathering there, repeat their old familiar arse the mysteries of the times, when, better than they knew. edom emerged from Sin and Death; and, in a grand review, As their old comrades come in sight, the old time ardor rings Saluting waiting Lincoln, the army once more sings, In tones of triumph that their souls had never kn "We are coming, Father Abraha

hath H. Fann in New York In



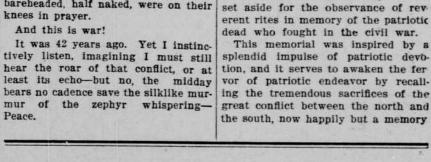
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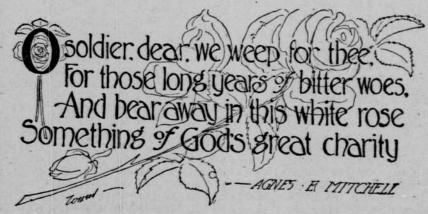
tillery, too, recently placed in posi- defiance; others, blackened by smoke, will be looked after before the expedi- guns and small, by night and by day. tion under the mantle of darkness and bareheaded, half naked, were on their concealed by brush, replied with even

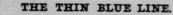
> and sulphurous smoke, blinded and sometimes even covered by the debris thrown over us from the furrows plowed by shells, we forged forward. Some began to chop down the stakes, while others aimed at the gunners Peace. The range was close-we were vet-

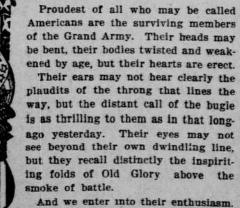
now undivisible union May 30 is knees in prayer. And this is war! It was 42 years ago. Yet I instinctively listen, imagining I must still hear the roar of that conflict, or at least its echo-but no, the midday

-NIXON WATERMAN.









In our young strength we aid their faltering steps. In the bright sunlight of a profound peace, of a firmly knit nation, of a spirit of unity that time can do nothing but strengthen. we give our cheers for the thin blue line and our tears for the comrades who drop by the wayside, their floral tribute intended for others serving as a last tribute to themselves.



food, to subdivide and death.

Rapid eating is bad, over-eating is worse, but the strain of our

civities of life. The quick lunch has sprung up everywhere.