



CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The Mexicans labored under disadvantage on all hands. They were wholly un-armed, and the suddenness and strangeness of the attack struck them with a degree of astonishment that nearly upset their powers. Within five minutes from the time that Max Wayne reached the deck the eight men who were on deck were down and bound. The feat of knocking them down was very easily performed for when the Yankees first came upon them they had all gathered wondering about the fallen man, and thus they began to fall ere they knew any more had left the boat.

The outcries of the man at the helm soon brought Captain Migdon to the deck, but he was knocked down ere he had taken a dozen steps forward, and in a moment more his feet were in a noose formed on the end of the topgallant haliards. His hands were then bound behind him with a piece of marline stuff, and he was then laid away in the waist. The next move was to the wheel, where they took and bound the Mexican, and placed Adams in his place. Then they fastened to the fore-hatch, where they found Sloan just running the risk of being overcome, one of his blows having missed its object, and a man having darted off by him. But the business was quickly settled now. There were two of the men below already stunned by Sloan's blows, and the other six quickly surrendered upon being assured that no harm should come to them further than imprisonment. The next work was to put the Mexicans in irons. The captain was the last one they came to.

"Well, senior," said Clarence, as he and Max approached the fallen chieftain, "you see the fortunes of war have changed."

It was some moments before Migdon spoke; but finally he opened his lips, and his tone presented a strange mixture of anger, regret and surprise.

"Perdition have thee, thou Yankee villain! But how did you do it? Tell me how!"

"Why," answered Clarence, "this is but part of what we had planned long before you thought you'd captured us. This was all arranged when we commenced to shoot your men on the chase."

"But how did you do it? Tell me that. How did you get those iron off?"

"Don't you see—we haven't got them off yet. We have only bitten them in two."

CHAPTER XIII.

Slowly and wearily Irene and Cassandra moved on their way. It was a long distance for them, in a strange way, and at a strange work; but they stopped not until they had reached the small house with the watering place before it. A few rods beyond this they walked, and then Cassandra proposed sitting down.

"Let us move on to the turn," said Irene. "I am weak and weary. The dawn of day is close at hand, and we will not stop here. People may come out from this house."

So on they moved. It was only a quarter of a mile further, but it seemed a long, long distance to them. Every step now seemed but an expiring effort, and the fainting nerves were busy only in carrying their messages of pain to the brain. But the corner was reached at length. Down the narrow path they turned, and at the distance of a few rods they stopped beneath a large sabbino tree, and sank down upon the light turf.

Irene St. Marc slept very soundly for awhile; but at length she began to dream. She dreamed that she had done a murder—that she had struck her father with a dagger and killed him. To avoid apprehension she had fled from her home, and was in a dense wilderness, where the giant trees grew thick, and the under-wood was rank and matted. In her fright she turned to go back, when she was stopped short by finding a gigantic alligator directly before her—his monster jaws opened wide, and his long, sharp teeth gleaming in the strange light that came from his glaring eyes.

With a deep groan Irene started back and turned to flee. But lo! the way was closed up behind her. Where she was sure she had before seen a narrow path she now found a tangled mass of cypress shoots and thorny vines; and wound all in among the dark foliage were innumerable serpents, whose slimy folds gleamed with horrid distinctness, and whose heads were raised as if ready for a blow at the intruder. In her agony the wanderer turned again. The alligator had grown larger in bulk, flames of fire were issuing from his mouth, and she felt that she was burning up. Her face was hot—she was burning—burning—when a low sound seemed to issue from the monster's throat, and it distinctly pronounced her name.

"Irene! Irene!" The maiden uttered a quick, sharp cry, and started up. She opened her eyes and gazed about. For awhile she was completely blinded by the dazzling brightness that surrounded her; but when she did get her eyes open she found the sun shining down hotly upon her, while Cassandra, who sat by her side, held one of her hands, and was gazing anxiously into her face. But this was not all she saw. Close by, and gazing earnestly upon her, stood a man, and a boy who held a couple of mules by the halters.

"What is it?" asked Cassandra, anxiously. "You are not hurt?"

"No, no—but I had a dream; O, a terrible dream!"

"So did I," returned Cassandra. "I had a dreadful one, and this man was just in time to wake me out of it. We must have slept a long while, for see—the sun is far up in the heavens."

"Then perhaps you may know one Jacar Xanpa?" Irene said, earnestly.

"Yes," returned the man, with a smile; "though here is a boy who knows him, perhaps better than I do."

The boy thus alluded to was a bright, intelligent-looking lad, about fourteen years of age, and though rather slight in frame, yet muscular and agile. He gazed upon Irene with a smile as the man spoke, and the expression of his countenance wore a puzzled shade.

"However," resumed the man, "though the great book-makers say that a man can't find a more difficult lesson than to learn himself, yet I fancy I have gained a good share of the knowledge. My name is Jacar Xanpa, and this is my son, Zeno."

Irene started to her feet at once, and every shade of doubt left her face.

"Do you know the good priest Father Gonzales Rondo?" she asked.

The smile departed from Xanpa's face, and a look of deep, prayerful gratitude took its place.

"Yes, lady," he returned, in a low key. "I know him well. I am not one who makes long prayers, but I can pray for him."

"Well, senior, he directed us to seek Jacar Xanpa, assuring us that he would not only give us shelter, but help us otherwise as well as his means would permit."

"Ay, and he told you truly," cried Xanpa, joyously. "Since that man stretched forth his hand and saved me from an ignominious death, this is the first time he has given me a commission to perform. But come—I have been away with a burden this morning, and you will find easy seats upon these broad paniers. Trust yourselves to me, and be assured that I will do all for you in my power."

The girls needed no further urging. One of the mules had the regular basket pannier upon his back—a wide basket of cane hanging down upon either side—and into these the fair travelers were assisted by the kind-hearted muleteer. They could sit quite comfortably in the baskets, and the mule seemed to take no heed of the new load his master had unexpectedly picked up. The boy leaped upon the back of the other mule and went on ahead, and his father followed, leading the loaded one.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the morning following the flight of Irene and Cassandra, Antonio St. Marc ate his breakfast alone, and then went out. He did not return until near night, and just as he reached his house he found Jilok Tudel there ready to enter. They shook hands quite cordially and then went in, going at once to the host's private room.

"My dear St. Marc," said Tudel, after they had taken seats, "I have got to go to Alvarado. I must start in the morning, early; and shall be back Sunday evening. I thought I would just call and see Irene before I went."

"Certainly," returned St. Marc. "Though I don't suppose she will be anxious to see me, eh?" added Tudel, with a heartless smile.

"Why—speak the truth, I don't think she will," said St. Marc. "She is not very happy, and perhaps, on the whole, it would be full as well if you let her remain in peace until you return."

"Ah—but I wish to see her; if you have no objections, I'll go and hunt her up."

"O, certainly, if you wish. You will probably find her in her room."

So Tudel started out. He was gone some ten or fifteen minutes, and then he returned.

"Did you not find her?" asked St. Marc. "Find her? No! Where is she?"

"Where is she?" repeated the host, in surprise. "What do you mean? Did you search for her?"

CHAPTER XV.

The man still stood, only a few feet distant, gazing upon the two girls. He was a five Indian, towards the middle age of life, and very stout and strong. He was by no means a good-looking man, so far as beauty was concerned, but he had a kind look, and Irene thought he gazed sympathizingly upon her.

"Ladies," he said, speaking in very good Spanish, "you will pardon me for waking you, but I found you here, and I knew the sun was burning you up. I passed this way very early this morning, just before daybreak, and you were here then, fast asleep; so I knew you had slept about long enough. Ah, those robes don't hide your sex by daylight."

"You were very kind, sir," returned Irene, gaining courage from the stranger's kind tone. "We walked all night, nearly, and were very tired when we reached here."

"Perhaps you came from the city?" said the Indian, interrogatively.

Irene hesitated.

"You need not fear me," the man said. "We did come from the city, senior."

"And may I ask which way you are going?"

"Why not trust him?" whispered Cassandra, in her mistress's ear. "Perhaps he is going the same way we are, and in all probability will know where we go. So we had better trust him, for these people seldom betray one who engages their honor."

"I will," replied Irene; and turning to the stranger, she said: "There is a native settlement beyond here, I think."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Yes, lady, over beyond the hill,"

"We were going there."

"Ah, you know some one there?"

"No, senior. But perhaps you do."

"Yes; I live there."

"I will call them either at once and question them. By my soul, I do not think she can have gone off."

As St. Marc thus spoke, he pulled the bell cord, and ere long one of his servants came to the door.

"Send every soul in the house up here at once," he ordered.

The man disappeared, and soon afterwards the servants began to file in. When they were all in, to the number of seven, St. Marc spoke.

DYING FROM WITCHCRAFT.

Indian Tribe Passing Away Because of a Peculiar Hallucination.

Indians arriving at Vancouver from the north declare that the head and almost the last of the Naasdiek tribe of Indians of Alert Bay has destroyed himself, the whole clan, in the Indian's own words, being "witebed" by an evil spirit in the body of a boy named Ahahata. A year ago, when Naasdiek, the head of the clan, lay dying of consumption, he called a brave named Desculth to him and told him the boy Ahahata was bewitching the tribe; that his spell had killed him and he would destroy them all. Naasdiek made Desculth promise to kill the boy.

Naasdiek died and Desculth disappeared with the boy for several days. On his return he was arrested for murder. At his trial Desculth confessed that he killed the boy by throwing him into the river. The court ordered the trial to go on, however, and the evidence showed that Desculth had not killed Ahahata, but simply took him into another part of the country, but had pleaded guilty as he would sooner hang than face the anger of his tribe. Desculth was acquitted.

On the way home Desculth's wife, having learned that the boy was still alive, said she was bewitched and hanged herself to a beam in the ship in the presence of her husband. When Desculth reached his rancheria in Alert Bay, after six months' absence, he found his clan dying off by small-pox and consumption. He told them that he had destroyed the dead Naasdiek; that the witch boy was alive and they were cursed to death. He had desired the white men to hang him, but since they would not do so he would hang himself. Before the remnant of his decimated tribe Desculth then committed the "happy dispatch."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Worthy of a Bombaste.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times gives the text of Gen. Gribsky's proclamation threatening to wipe out whole towns of Manchus if any resistance is made to the Russian annexation of the province. Here is a portion of it: "A month ago you committed the insolent absurdity of attacking Blagovestchensk and the Russian inhabitants, forgetting how terribly strong is the great Russian Czar in land, people and guns."

"For that you have been severely punished. The town of Aigun and the villages along the banks of the Amur, the inhabitants of which dared to fall upon the Russians, have been burned. Your troops are destroyed and the water of the Amur is polluted by masses of dead bodies of Manchus. The Russians will soon enter all your towns and villages, and this is my solemn word."

"Do not fire upon us or cause harm to our troops or to peaceful workmen engaged on the railway, but woe betide anyone who dares to shoot at or otherwise injure a Russian. His village or town shall be burned to the ground and not one of its inhabitants left alive. Turn a deaf ear to evil counsellors who urge you to fight with us. They are your enemies and will bring you to ruin and death. We be unto you if you do otherwise than as we command you!"

Traditions of a Strange Bible.

The Devil's Bible is one of the volumes in the royal library of the royal palace of Stockholm, Sweden. In this library there are 200,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts. The Bible is written on 300 prepared asses' skins. There is a tradition that it required 500 years to complete the work, from the eighth to the thirteenth century. But, according to another tradition quite as reliable probably, the book was copied in a single night, the Devil himself assisting, and giving to the monk a portrait of himself for the frontispiece. The Swedes carried the manuscript from a convent in Prague during the "thirty years' war."

Distasteful.

"He is a venerable and holy man," reported the Grand Vizier; "but he teaches that, according to the Koran, the highest and the lowest should pay their debts."

Its Color.

She—Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was red? He—I did not. She—He says you did. He—I did nothing of the kind. He asked me, and I told him it was the color of a popular novel.—Detroit Free Press.

Sleeping with One Ear Alert.

Horses when asleep always have one ear pointed forward. The object evidently is to hear sounds indicating danger.

Some Want More.

"How little it takes to make a man happy," said the demure little maid who had just had the pleasure of saying: "Yes."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the tall girl, proudly, drawing herself up to full height; "some men are not so easily satisfied."

Truly, it was her province to insist that life is not made up entirely of the little things.—Chicago Post.

Passing of Yellowstone Park.

It is said that the geysers which have made this park famous, are gradually declining. This brings to mind the fact, that decline is the law of the world. Health is the most precious possession in the world, and too great care cannot be given to it. In the spring you should renew your strength, revitalize your blood and nerves with the best of all medicines, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It also cures stomach disorders. Try it.

A Good Duster.

The woman who wishes something serviceable and good for a duster now buys flannel in place of cheesecloth, which is worn out almost before it is hemmed. These flannel dusters are a sort of flannellette, in fancy colors, come in squares for the purpose, cost 12-13 cents, and will wash and wear. They are good for highly polished furniture.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Indispensable Guide.

Truly—I haven't seen Porkehard since he made that corner on pigs. Dumly—No, he's staying at home to read upon "How to Act in Swell Society."—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

Build the Chinese Wall.

The builder of this world's wonder was a great warrior emperor, Chihwang-ti, who lived about two centuries before Christ. To put a stop to the incursions of the Tartars and other northern tribes; he caused this great wall—1,500 miles in length—to be erected. It required ten years to build it, and in his haste to have it completed he worked to death tens of thousands of his laborers. When done it was useless as a means of defense.

Expert Assistance.

"Jane," said he to his wife, "Mr. Mopus wrote me today in a way I don't like. I want to give him a talking to he'll remember while he lives. So you just dictate and I'll write."—Philadelphia Times.

I do not believe Pilsa's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Unpleasant Reminder.

Mrs. Neurich—The impudent thing called me a scrubwoman, and I scratched her face. Mrs. Upperton—The remark was certainly impolite, but you should have ignored it. Mrs. Neurich—Yes, but if you had ever been a scrubwoman you would have flown off the handle and acted just as I did.—Chicago Daily News.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. E. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALKING, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Changeable Ever.

Yeast—I can always tell what the weather is going to be by my wife. Crimsonbeak—Indeed! Is she as changeable as that?—Yonkers Statesman.

To Soften Your Hands.

Pound together in a mortar equal parts of hard boiled yolk of egg and pure glycerine. This, well rubbed in the hands after washing, will soften the skin on which ordinary cold cream takes no effect. Lemon juice and glycerine in equal quantities is excellent.

A new tea company has just bought 6000 acres of land in Colleton County, S. C., intending to raise tea for the market.

Nervous Prostration.

A Noted Boston Woman Describes its Symptoms and Terrors.—Two Severe Cases Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



ADELE WILLIAMSON.

"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no cough. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terribly, and palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hysterics."

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time, with pains in my groins and thighs—I can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue—oh goodness! I am simply the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman suffering with nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or some other diseased condition of the womb. No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is no need of it. Read about Miss Williamson's case and how she was cured.

Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prostration Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM;—I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all, and was too weak to walk across the floor. My heart was affected so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga. MRS. DELLA KEISER, Marienville, Pa.

REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonials letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.