



THE TEXAS CRUISER

—BY—
T. BURLINGAME ROSS

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Here," murmured St. Marc, placing his hand upon his right breast. "It struck me here."

The young priest rose open the doublet, and as he did so a sealed packet fell out. His eye caught the superscription, and picking it up he placed it in his own bosom. In a moment more San Benito came up. Jilok Tudel had also been laid upon the grass, and the elder priest had been called to his side.

"Are you fatally wounded, my son?" the holy man asked, at the same time taking the pirate's hand.

Tudel opened his eyes and gazed into the face of the man who knelt by his side. He was upon the point of speaking, but suddenly a strange light shot across his pallid features. With a spasmodic movement he caught the priest by the neck, and started up to a sitting posture.

"Hail," he gasped. "By the saints, thou Yankee dog, I know thee! Hail! Here is Clarence Howard—the Yankee captain! Seize him!"

In a moment Clarence was upon his feet, and a pistol was drawn from his bosom; but Miguel was too quick for him. The latter had heard all about the young captain's exploits, and with a quick movement he knocked the pistol from his grasp, and then seized and held him until the surgeon came up. Clarence—for he it was—was thus taken at a disadvantage, and ere he could shake off the surgeon's grip Miguel dealt him a blow upon the head that felled him to the ground.

"The other one! the other one!" cried Tudel. "He belongs to the same—"

Though he could speak no more, yet he had spoken enough. San Benito caught the boy Peter and held him fast, and as soon as Clarence was bound they came and secured the youngsters. All present had heard much of the Texan Cruiser, and they knew him only as the bitter enemy of their country, and hence they felt it a patriotic duty to secure him.

After this the surgeon went to examine Tudel's wound. He found that the ball had entered at the lower part of the left breast; there was a dark, livid spot where the ball struck, and a single drop of blood had oozed out.

"He doesn't bleed," said Miguel, hopefully.

"Not externally," said the surgeon, shaking his head; "but he must bleed within. Tudel—Tudel—do you know me?"

This seemed to arouse the pirate's powers once more. He started up, and with an expiring effort he gasped:

"St. Marc—he is wounded! Can—live?"

"I don't know. You wounded him badly."

"Where?"

"In the breast."

The pirate muttered something, but it could not be understood, and on the next moment he sank back upon the grass.

"He may live till night," said the surgeon, in answer to a question from San Benito; "but I think not longer than that."

In the meantime St. Marc had been raised up, and his wound examined. It bled freely, and as soon as the surgeon could leave Tudel he came to the other. He introduced his probe, and found the ball lodged against one of the ribs near the side. It was an easy job to extract it, and the operator was sure no vital part was touched. By the time the ball was extracted and the wound dressed, some twenty people had gathered about the spot, and among them were three officers from the city.

"What have we here?" cried one of the latter, as he came upon the spot.

"See," answered Martin San Benito, who knew that if they chose, the officers might bring them to punishment for the part they had played in the tragedy just concluded; "look ye at these two priests—they are Yankee privateers in disguise."

"Ha!" uttered the officer, starting as though he had received an electric shock. "Yes, senator," resumed San Benito, "one of them is Captain Howard of the Lone Star!"

"No, no—it cannot be!"

"It is! It is!" uttered St. Marc, raising himself upon his elbow.

"It is who?" asked the officer.

"Clarence Howard," returned St. Marc faintly.

"How is it? Who are you?" asked the officer, approaching Clarence.

The young man had at first thought of denying the fact, but he knew that it would be of no use, for many in the city would recognize him, so he frankly said:

"I am Clarence Howard, senator, and was once commander of the Lone Star."

"Aha—and now you are come as a spy."

"No, senator. Never such a thought entered my mind. I came on business of my own, entirely."

"We shall see about that."

"Let me speak one moment with St. Marc."

Before the officer could make any reply the youth had darted to the wounded man's side, in spite of his bonds, and knelt down.

"Where is Irene?" he asked, hurriedly and anxiously.

"She has fled, I know not whither," St. Marc returned. "All this duel is on her account. She fled from Jilok Tudel, and he accused me of getting her away. But I know nothing of her—she has gone."

At this juncture those whom the surgeon had procured to carry the wounded men back to the city came forward, and the two Americans were taken by the officers. The pirate had only prayed for one thing—that he might hear of Antonio St. Marc's death before he died; but the boon was not granted. He received the messenger whom he had last sent, and the message was:

"St. Marc still lives."

In five minutes more Jilok Tudel was dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Dear Peter," said Clarence, as they entered the strong city in charge of a squad of soldiers who had come out, "let your heart be strong. If we are treated

as prisoners of war, we shall have nothing to fear, for just as sure as fate our country's arms will conquer here, and then we shall be released."

"Think not of me," returned the boy. "I fear nothing for myself."

Clarence would have spoken further, but the officer interfered, and separated them. Ere long afterwards they were led into the presence of Gen. Landero, who held command in the city. He was a dark, stern-looking man, and his first expressions were by no means calculated to inspire the prisoners with hope.

"You are spies, eh?" he uttered, after having scowled upon them for some moments in silence.

"Excellent," spoke Clarence, in reply, assuming a calm, frank tone; "I am well acquainted in Vera Cruz, and have, within this month past, taken several prisoners direct from here. From this you might perceive that for no purpose of a spy could I have come."

"But wherefore do I find you here in disguise?" asked the general.

"I will tell you, senator. Some years ago I saved one of your most wealthy citizens from the hands of a pirate—I allude to Antonio St. Marc. His daughter was with him. I saw her, and loved her. I spent some time beneath her roof and loved her more. But circumstances called me away. A short time since, an old woman, called Calypso, and sometimes 'the Wanderer,' came to me and informed me that Donna Irene St. Marc wished to see me. Her father was about to force her into a marriage with Jilok Tudel, a bold, bad man, of whom your excellency must have heard."

The commandant nodded his head, and Clarence went on:

"Only a few days after that I captured Jilok Tudel and his vessel; and he informed me that he wished his liberty so that he might return and claim his wife. I took him to Galveston, and he made his escape. Of course I knew he would return here at once, and I determined to follow him. I only hoped to rescue the being whom I loved better than life itself. I obtained leave—left a competent man in my place, and then set out with this boy as my only companion."

"But how happened you to shoot two of our best men?" asked the general, sternly.

"Me?" uttered Clarence, in surprise. "Do you make strange of it? Did you not shoot Tudel and St. Marc?"

"Your excellency has been misinformed. When I reached the ground this morning I found Tudel and St. Marc just preparing to fight a duel."

"And did the duel take place?"

"It did, senator."

Landero turned to the officer who had brought the prisoners in. "Did you not say these prisoners had shot those men down?"

"Ay, excellency, for so I thought it was," returned the officer. "When I reached the spot, these prisoners were bound, and I was given to understand that there had been some difficulty in apprehending them."

"Whom did you find there?"

The officer named those whom he had found on the ground, and the general ordered that the surgeon should be sent for. It was nearly half an hour before the messenger returned with the surgeon, and when the latter came he related all the circumstances just as they had transpired. This seemed to put a new face upon the matter, for the commandant looked more kindly upon the prisoners.

"Senator captain," he said, addressing Clarence, "you have done much harm to our interests, and your vessel has long been known as a scourge upon our coast; but you have proved yourself a brave man, and we can only consider you as a prisoner of war. We are too thankful to have got you safe within our power to feel much ill will against you, for we would much rather have you here than to have you cruising about the gulf upon our coast."

Irene and Cassandra had renounced their priestly disguises, for they were worse than useless in the daytime. Their fair faces could not be changed by the dark robes, and the first glance, even by a child, at those two countenances, could not but reveal the female. Nappa assured them that they had nothing to fear from his neighbors, and they soon became free from the uneasiness which at first troubled them.

On the third day of their residence with the good native, just before noon, they were startled by hearing their names pronounced without the hut; but their fear was soon banished when they saw the face of Gonzales Rondo at the door. But he was not alone. He was followed by a female—an aged woman, bent and bowed with age—whom Irene quickly knew as Calypso the Wanderer.

"You see I have brought you an old acquaintance," said the good priest, after he had saluted the maidens.

"And one whom I am glad to see," returned Irene, extending her hand to the old woman.

"Are ye glad to see me?" asked Calypso, eagerly, as she returned the maiden's grasp.

"Most assuredly I am," Irene replied warmly.

"But why? What makes you glad?" the old woman pursued, gazing admiringly into the fair girl's face.

"Because you have been kind to me."

"But I never helped you any."

"You have helped me, perhaps, when you knew it not," returned Irene. "You have spoken cheering words to me; and during the very few visits you have paid me, have opened my thoughts and feelings to those nobler aspirations which can lift the soul above the pangs of earth. Hence I love thee."

"Do you?"

"As heaven knows my soul, I do."

This reply was fervent, and a bright tear glistened upon the old woman's lids as she heard it.

"And now," said Irene, after these things had passed, "what has passed in the city?"

She spoke eagerly and lowly. Rondo pondered a few moments, and then commenced to relate the circumstances as they had occurred. He told her of the

dispute that had occurred between her father and Jilok Tudel, and of its results. A beam of relief passed across her face as she heard of Tudel's death; but her countenance changed when she learned of Clarence's apprehension and imprisonment. She started up and clasped her hands.

"Oh! He came for my sake!" she cried.

"He did," returned Calypso. "I saw him in Texas, and I told him all you wished him to know, and he promised me that he would come here and assist you if he could."

"And he has fallen a victim to his own generous work," uttered Irene sadly. "Oh, I must see him. Perhaps we can help him—perhaps save him from the power that holds him."

"No, no," returned the priest, decidedly. "You could do no good. He is a prisoner of war only, and will not suffer more than all prisoners must suffer. It is proper that your sympathies should be excited, but you must be governed by your own necessities now. You cannot return to the city."

"But to see Clarence once more. If it were but for a moment."

"He shall know where you are, my child; and he shall know, too, how joyfully you would have risked your own liberty to see him."

"And yet," murmured Irene, sinking back in her seat, "I might see him. He has sacrificed much to see me, and why should I now take only self into consideration when he is to be—"

"Stop," interrupted Father Rondo, kindly. "You look upon this question in a wrong light. You are the cause of the noble youth's visit to Vera Cruz. You know why he came, and how he must have hoped to find you. Could he find you the wife of another, his hopes would be crushed and his joys all gone. As sure as you venture into the city, just so sure will you be apprehended, for your father has had every sentinel instructed to watch for you."

"But Tudel is dead," said Irene, persuasively.

"I know it; but there is one living more dangerous than he was. Do you remember Martin San Benito?"

"Yes. He gambles with my father."

"You are right. Now mind you—I had this from a friend who visited St. Marc when he thought himself dying. San Benito has received a pledge that he shall have your hand if you are found; and I know your father will keep this pledge. Now you can see that your venturing back into the city would be dangerous to the very happiness of the man you love. When peace is concluded between the two nations, Clarence Howard will be released, and he shall know where to find you. Now, what say you?"

After a few moments of thought Irene replied:

"You are right, good father. I will do as you say. But you will see Clarence?"

"I will—and I will tell him all."

"O—you may think me weak and childish, but I cannot help my feelings in this. Why I love Clarence so much I cannot tell. But I do love him—with my whole soul—and I cannot hide it."

It was near night when the good priest started to return to the city. He blessed his friends, and assured them that they might depend upon him for all he could do. On the following morning Irene and Cassandra washed their hands and faces in a dark, brownish liquid which Nappa had prepared from some roots, and then assumed the garb of the common mestizo peasants. After this they mounted the horses which they had bought of the Indians, and bidding farewell to Nappa and his family, the trio were upon the great road leading to the capital.

(To be continued.)

Paid in His Own Coin.

Sir Frank Lockwood was on one occasion conducting a defense of a person charged with cattle stealing, and was pressing a witness in cross-examination to ascertain how far he was away from the animals at a certain time.

"How could you tell they were beasts?" he asked.

"Because I could see 'em!"

"And how far off can you tell a beast?"

Witness looked calmly at Sir Frank and said:

"Just about as far as I am from you!"

In a humorous letter to the Times Lockwood protested that barristers should be protected against such outrages.

Latin and Prescriptions.

Latin is more precise than English. Being a dead language, it is not subject to constant change as the English.

The Latin name is usually descriptive of some prominent feature in the object, and so is more easily remembered.

For these three reasons, scientific names are usually in Greek or Latin, and the drugs have the same names in the pharmacopoeia as in the sciences, that describe them.

Most of the drugs have no English names.

Latin is the international language of scholars.

It is best for unscientific persons not to know the names of drugs similar in so many respects and deadly in others.

German Law.

German law holds a man to his bargain when he has agreed to give up his name. A young count, Finck von Finckenstein, in order to marry a girl of whom his family disapproved, consented to change his name, and petitioned the Emperor to be allowed to call himself Stein instead. After obtaining permission, however, he kept on using his former name, and has just been fined "for illegal use of a title of nobility."

Vain Slaughter of Gulls.

A Baltimore court has confiscated to the State the skins of 2,500 seagulls killed in violation of the law. The skins were intended to adorn women's hats.

No Child Labor in Russia.

Russia absolutely forbids the employment of children under 12 years of age in industrial establishments, whether conducted by the State or private individuals.

Easter Greeting

To the afflicted.

PERUNA CURES SPRING CATARRH

PERUNA AN IDEAL SPRING TONIC

If every one in the world were healthy and happy what a glad day Easter would be. But the sun rises every Easter morning on a multitude of sick and afflicted. The Easter lilies gladden the hearts of the sick and well alike.

But to the sick something more than the Easter lily is necessary to bring that hope and cheer which every one expects on Easter day. The well need no physician, but the sick need a remedy.

Nearly one-half the people in the United States are suffering from some form or phase of catarrhal ailment. These ailments take different forms at different seasons of the year. In the springtime catarrh assumes a systemic form, producing nervousness, lassitude and general languor.

Systemic catarrh deranges the digestion and through deranged digestion it impoverishes or contaminates the blood. Thus we have blood diseases and nervous derangements through systemic catarrh.

Peruna is a specific for these cases. No other remedy yet devised by the medical profession is able to successfully meet so many phases of spring ailments as Peruna.

Men and women everywhere are praising Peruna as follows:

A First Class Tonic.

Wm. A. Collier, Assistant Paymaster U. S. N., writes: "I have taken Peruna, and recommend it to those needing a first-class tonic."

A Great Tonic.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator and Ex-Governor of South Carolina, writes from Edgefield, S. C.: "I have been using Peruna for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine and besides a great tonic."

Solendid for the Nerves.

Robert B. Man ell, the famous actor, writes from New York City: "Peruna is splendid and most invigorating—refreshing to the nerves and brain."

For General Debility.

Hon. Jno. V. Wright, of the Law Department, General Land Office of Tennessee, writes: "I wish everyone who is suffering with general debility or prostration could know of Peruna."

Sign of Spring.

"Have you heard a robin yet?"

"No; but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carpet in the back yard."—Chicago Record.

Getting at the Bottom of It.

Small Tommy (pointing to map)—Why is this called the Dead Sea, papa?

Papa—O, because it's dead. I suppose.

Small Tommy—But what did it die of?—Chicago News.

An Obedient Daughter.

Father—Why did you let him kiss you?

Daughter—Well, he was so nice; he asked me—

Father—But haven't I told you you must learn to say "No?"

Daughter—That's what I did say. He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me—London Tit-bits.

Sweet and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by druggists.

Wanted Thirteen-Inch Shells.

Memphis Scimitar: The negro porter in a certain office building applied to a young lawyer who had frightened him on various occasions, and asked him to write out all the big words he knew on a piece of paper.

The lawyer, being puzzled at the request, asked the negro what he wanted with the words.

"Well, you see, boss," replied the darkey. "I is going to have a debate with a sassy young negro, who thinks he is educated. He don't know big words, and he hasn't got sense to find out how to get dem, and if you will jest help me out, boss, I will do dat nigger up in de fust round."

Food Value of Eggs.

The food value of eggs depends upon their cost; when cheap they should be used freely. Among vegetables, onions, cabbage, peas and beans, corn and potatoes, both white and sweet, are the most useful. Macaroni, Indian meal, oatmeal and the various wheat products rank first among the cereals. Many of the so-called health foods are of doubtful value, but the whole wheat flour is excellent. A dietary largely composed of lentils, macaroni, Indian corn, haricot, beans, rice, onions and cabbage, both raw and cooked with the cheaper, salt and smoked meats and fish, and cheese, as relishes and equalizers, soon so entirely nourishes even the most hearty eaters that the diminished supply of fresh meats is not severely felt.

He who calls all men fools is right in at least one instance.

The largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

Naming the Pet.

Fair Customer—I wish to get a novel. One with a choice of pretty names.

Saleslady—Going to name the baby?

Fair Customer—No, the puppy.—Chicago News.

Best Blood Purifier in the world. Recipe \$1.00. To C. R. Drunkness, Sure, Quick, Harmless. Recipe 25c. After Specialty Co. 897 W. 19th St., Chicago.

The fly that loafs around a blacksmith shop isn't afraid of a hammer.

A dude dressed out of sight is very apt to be out of mind as well.

It afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

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Take no substitutes! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them. I give one dealer extensive sale in each town. If he does not keep them and will not get them for you, order direct from factory, enclosing price and the extra for freight. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers. New Spring Catalog free. Send Color Picture and name—W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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Cures all Throat and Lung Affections. Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes. IS SURE. Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism, 15 & 25 cts.

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