Convict

Labor

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to the mists, then from the phantons forests back to the hut, finally resting on his shappy boots of yellow leather. The sunlight penetrating a riff in the rulst settled upon him as he moved facily and uncertainly through the dootway and sent d himself upon a stool. This sudden glow brought into relief his ragged, unkempt condition, the salk-wness of his face and his wasted form, and Shint-Prosper could not but contrast plyingly this cheer less object. In the garb of a rancher, ith the propossessing sportive helr he had driven through the Shadengo

to his bent, stricken figure, and, basking in it, he recalled his distress of the

"This is better. Not long ago I awoke with chartering teeth. "Teis," I said, 'is life, a missona, cold, discomfort." Yes, es, a fever, a missma with phanyou but now" - He noused and, furn-bling in his pocket, drew out a cignrette case, which he opened, but found he took mechanically and lighted with scrupplous care. Near at hand the guard, many cheerful under the prosect of speedy relief from his duties onld be heard bumming to himself: Tou are my looking glass night and morn-

Watching the smoker, Saint-Prosper be serving against his own country or why be should have callsted at all, this pleasure seeking man of the world, to whom the hardships of a campaign must have been as novel as distasteful Are you satisfied with your trial?"

Tes," returned Mauville, as If breaking from a reverie. "I confess I am the secret agent of Santa Anna and would have carried information from your lines. I am here because there is saxon in me. Many of the old famihes with a touch of insane prideand by the United States as a transac-

WANTED.

special Representative in this and adition of source danger of that, the other. But we'll take the other. But we'll take the the other than the other. But we'll take the other than the other. But we'll take the other than Ring Chicago, BL.

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garded Saint Prosper venouous; "Do you know she is the da marquis?" said Mouville su "Who?" asked the soldier.

The stroller, of course. You can'ter win her," he added contempto ously. "She knows all about that Af

in a moment Mauville's expression changed, and he appeared plunged in

"The last time I saw her." he said. baif to bimself, 'she was dressed in black, her face as noonday, her bair black as midnight, browning her with languorous allurement!

He repeated the fast word several times like a man to a dream.—"Allurement, allurement!" and again relapsed into a silence that was half By this time the valley, with the

of its evil aspect, and the eye, tempted of its evil aspect, and the eye, tempted through glades and vistas, lingered up on gorgeous forms of inflorescence.

As he surveyed this prospect, the brief silence was broken by h bugle call and the trampling of feet.

"The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise," said the prisoner, turning and from the saidlers science.

turning and facing the soldiers calmiy "You have come for me?" he asked quietly:
"Yes," said the officer in command.
"General Scott has granted your re-

quest in view of certain circumstanges, and you will be shot instead of bang-The face of the prisoner lighted wonderfully. He drew himself erect and smiled with some of the assumption

of the old insolence, that expression Saint-Frosper so well remembered. His features took on a semblance to the careless, dashing look they find borne when the soldier crossed weapther asked nor intended to give quar-

"I thank you," he observed courieously. "At least I shall die like a gen-tleman. I am rendy, sir! Do not fasten my hands. A Mauville can die without being tied or bound." The officer besitated. "As to that"-

"It is a reasonable request," said

Saint-Prosper in a low tone.

Mauville abruptly wheeled. His face. dark and stuister, was lighted with envenomed roaliguity. An unnaturally clear perception replaced the stupor of his brain, and, bending toward Saint-Prosper, his eye rested upon him with such rancor and matevolence the soldier involuntarily drew away. But one word fell from the land baron's "You" The with old Zach?" lips, low, vibrating, full of inexpressible bitterness-"Traitor"

"Yes." The soldier was about to turn away when he changed his mind

"Come come" Interpreted the officer in command of the execution party. "Time is up. As I was told not to fas-Confess now, that is accommodating."

lessig, relapsing into his old manuer.
"You are an obliging fellow. I would do as much for you.' "Not much danger of that," growled the other. "But we'll take the will for

After the reverberations, carried from away: After the reverberations, earried from rock to rock with menacing reiteration, had ceased the stillness was absolute. Even the song bird remained frightened into schene by those awful echoes. Then the sun rested like a benediction on the land, and the white cross of Cortes was distinctly outlined against the blue sky. But soon the long rolf of drums followed this interval of quiet. "Fail in! Attention! Shoulder arms."

And the sleeping spirit of the Azter face from the control of the face of fixed external form and outline, the

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHAPTE ducks and pelicans, plowed the noisy craft bearing Old Rough and Ready to the open port of the merry making

Mexican invasion.

killed and the succulent ox



tling crowd near the door, traversed himself out on the busy street. Amid the variegated colors and motley throng he waiked not, however, in King Car-nival's gay domains, but in a city of recollections. The tavern he had just left was associated with an unforgotten presence. The stores, the windows, the thoroughfares themselves were fraught with retrospective suggestion of the strollers.

Even now and he came to an abrupt board of the theater where she bad played, the familiar entrance bedecked with buntleg and festival inscriptions. Before its classic portals appeared the "Impecuatous Jordan, Ethlor artist, followed by a tableau of General Scott's capture of the City of Mex-ico." Mechanically be stepped within and approached the box office. From the little cuping of a strange face took-ed forth. Even the ticket vender of old had been swallowed up by the irony of fate, and instead of the wellremembered blond mustacke of the

erstwhile soller of seats a dark bearded man with sallow complexion inquired: "One," said Saint-Prosper, depositing a Mexican place on the counter before

the cubishole. "We're taken in plenty of this kind

That was some time ago," said the man in the box reflectively.

gliers like vaudeville. Ever hear Impecunious Jordan?" "Then you've got a treat," continued the wender. "He's the best in his line. Hope you'll enjoy it, sir," he convinded with the courtesy, displayed toward one and all of Old Rough and Ready's men that day. "It's the best seat left in the house. You come a little late, you 'now." And as the other moved

And the sleeping spirit of the Aztec fixed external form and outline, the way god floated in the murmur which, sight of a broad face in the orchestral increasing in volume, arose to tumuita- and the aspect of a colossal form rivous shout.

"On to Chapultepee: On to Chapultepeer of the form a thousand throats; fore; he perspired neither more not arms glistened in the sin, bugles less; he was neither older nor younger, sounded resonant in the sin, and the pattering noise of horses hoots min. In the pattering noise of horses hoots min. eted his attention. This person was neither stouter nor thinner than begied with the stentorian source of the change, but Haus, Marganian rough teamsters and the cracking of the change, but Haus, Marganian the whips. Like an irresistible, all Haus, appeared but a figure in an etermination wave the troops swept out an irresistible was garried back. compelling wave the troops swept out nal present. Gazing at that substantial of the valley to buri themselves against landmark, the soldier was garried back

To plice from maids an inwilling size.
On mel On, myl There! There!"
(Integlatery slaps.)

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cang and gesticulated a lady in abbreviated sality in abbreviated sality and totaking to browned languings and post buildings to browned languings and the sality of the s

tus, the follicker, had commanded his subjects to drive dull care away, and they obeyed the jovial lord of laughter. Animal spirits ran high. Mischief beguiled the time. Mummery comped and rioted. Marshaled by disorder, armed with drollery and divers hued banners, they marched to the Castle of Chaos. Where they was the collection of the castle of the Chaos, where the wise are fools, the old are young and topsy turvy is the order of the day. As Saint-Prosper stood watching the versicolored con course swarm by, a sudden rush of by course swarm by, a sudden rush of by standers to view Faith on a golden pedestal, looking more like Coquetry, propelled a dainty figure against the soldier. Inveluntarily be put out his arm, which girded a slender waist. Faith drove simpering by the crowd melted like a recedum wave, and the lady extricated berself, breathless as one of the maids in Lerenzo de Medi-

"How awkward!" she murmured. The sentence remained unfinished, and an exclamation, "Mr. Saint-Pros-

per!" punctuated a gleam of recogni-

"Miss Duran!" he exclaimed, equally surprised, for he had thought the stroll ers scuttered to the four winds. "Look out for the dandlest Giris, beware!

Look out for their blandishments:

Dears, take one!

For their re always ready—cements and the same time extending her bond for the form maids an inwelling size.

Oh, mel Oh, myl. There! There!"

To plifter from maids an inwelling size.

Oh, mel Oh, myl. There! There!"

To be Continued.

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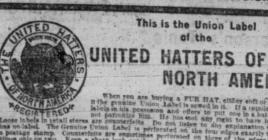
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