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## INEZ HERRERA

### A Story of Old Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the early part of the nineteenth century Don Manuel Herrera, a grandee of Spain, suddenly sold all his effects in that country and set sail for Mexico. The reason for this change of residence was that Don Manuel's daughter, Inez, a girl of fifteen, had become infatuated with Jose Alvarez, a young man whose reputation was none of the best. Alvarez, though but twenty-five years of age, had already been a leader of several uprisings against the government, and his methods indicated not only a turbulent disposition, but that he was conscienceless. By changing his residence from the old to the new world Don Manuel hoped to rid his daughter of such a suitor.

Don Manuel, on arriving in Mexico, purchased a ranch in the state of Durango, near the base of the Sierra Madre chain of mountains. On the property he built a handsome residence and became an influential citizen of the country. His wife, who had been loath to quit Spain, left her heart there. But Inez took kindly to the new country. Young as she was, she had had no taste of the formal life led by the higher classes in Spain and delighted in the freedom she was accorded in Mexico.

Inez had not been in her new home long before she was considered the best horsewoman in the state. She grew very fond of hunting and, though living in a country always more or less subject to lawlessness, did not fear to go anywhere alone. This her father permitted because he could not prevent it, though so great was her popularity among those living in the vicinity of her home that he felt she was always in a measure protected. Added to this, she was always well armed.

Among Inez's many suitors was Miguel Coral, a young man who had when he came of age inherited a hacienda near that of the Herreras. He was as much in favor with Don Manuel as Jose Alvarez had been in disfavor. Coral was the soul of honor, and Don Miguel did not hesitate to trust Inez with him anywhere. Time and absence seemed to have cured her of her infatuation for Jose. At any rate she never mentioned him and turned a not unwilling ear to Miguel. In the hunting season Inez was fond of riding up among the foothills of the mountains for game, and Miguel was often her attendant on these excursions. This was permitted not because Mexican etiquette allowed a young girl to go off with a man alone, but because Inez had a code of etiquette of her own. What she did another could not do, and much of what others did she disdained to do, for keeping girls under watch tends to make them deceitful.

When the Herreras had lived in Mexico eight years and soon after a revolution which had been unsuccessful, the Sierra Madre mountains became the lair of a band of robbers, who made occasional descents upon the people of Durango, each time carrying off booty or levying contributions of money. Every ranch or hacienda that was worth plundering except that of Don Manuel Herrera was robbed. Why he was left immune while others far less promising of plunder were attacked was a mystery.

One thing, and one only, was known about the band. It was composed of persons that had been engaged in the unsuccessful recent revolution in the City of Mexico. It was reported that their leader had been one of the lieutenants of the leader of the insurgents, and some said that he was the leader himself. At any rate but few of the insurgents were captured; but, being hunted for their lives, most of them took to inaccessible points and lived by robbery.

In the autumn Inez was eager to go up into the hunting grounds. Her father objected to her going. The lair of the robbers was supposed to be in the region where she usually hunted, but they had been quiet for some time, and it was surmised that, having gained all they could get from Durango, they had gone elsewhere. Inez, who seemed to have a fancy for danger, started on horseback one morning alone to spend the day at her favorite sport. Besides her rifle she carried pistols in her holster and a knife.

Having attained a considerable height, she was riding on a plateau when she met a horseman coming toward her. He was dressed in the costume of a Mexican gentleman, including the gaudy trappings. Bringing her rifle to a position which would enable her to use it readily, Inez rode on. The man drew rein a few paces from the point of meeting. She, too, stopped.

## EAT'S GILLET'S LYE

CLEANS DISINFECTS

What was her astonishment to recognize Jose Alvarez. He had changed somewhat in his appearance since their separation, but not from age. That devil may care look that had fascinated her when she had scarcely budded into womanhood had become intensified. And Inez saw what she was blind to then—the spirit of evil in him.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, biting her lip to maintain her courage.

"I came here because you are here. I cannot live without you."

His voice was soft and smooth, that same voice in which he had made love to her in Spain. It caused her bosom to rise and fall more quickly than from fear.

"You have lived eight years without me."

"You were a child when we parted. I could not rely on one so young. Now you are a woman."

"As a woman I shall not act as a child."

"Then you no longer love me?" She hesitated. She did not know whether she did or did not. Her heart was fluttering.

"You are mine. You were born to be mine. You shall be mine."

There was something in his looks, his tone of voice, when he said this that excited not exactly fear, but a realization that she had to deal with one who might make trouble for others, if not herself. She was drawing quicker breaths, but said nothing. Emboldened by her silence, he continued:

"I am going with you to your father to demand your hand."

"And suppose he refuses you?" "You will not fail me."

Inez felt that this was an evasion. Something in the man told her that he was changed from what she had believed him to be when she was a girl. He had been sinking morally from what he had been then, and though she knew nothing of this descent she felt the difference. She was not afraid of him for herself, but for others. The image of Miguel Coral came up before her, and between him and this man she had loved so passionately she saw a great difference. She dreaded a meeting between them. She concluded to show Jose that all was over between him and her, trusting that he would leave her and those she feared for in peace.

"Jose," she said, "my love for you was that of a child. As a woman I will never be yours. I am going home. Goodbye."

She said this resolutely, at the same time riding on. She did not look back. Had she done so she would have seen him start to follow her, then change his mind and turn away.

When a bad man, a reckless man, is in love there is no knowing what he will do. We constantly read in the daily journals of such men killing the women they love, then themselves. Jose Alvarez's love that had been no great passion for the child was fanned into a flame at meeting her again as a woman. He cared nothing for his life, and he was ready to take any chance to gain his ends. It was his disposition to do desperate deeds that had fascinated her as a child. He believed that he could play the same game with her as a woman.

One day Don Manuel, his wife, his daughter and others of the household were sitting on the veranda of the house when a horseman rode up to the gate, dismounted and came up the walk to the house. Inez recognized Jose Alvarez at once. The others did not recognize him till he had reached the veranda, and, holding his conical hat in his hand, thus addressed Don Manuel:

"Senior, I am Jose Alvarez. When your daughter was budding into womanhood you refused her to me. Now that she is a woman and capable of deciding for herself I have come again to ask you for her."

"There is no need," said Inez, rising and confronting him. "For you to ask my father for me, for you have my own answer refusing you."

It was evident that his bold stroke was not successful. But he had not hoped for success at once. He was about to speak again when all were startled by a shot. Alvarez paused and clapped his hand to a pistol at his side. From every direction men were seen converging upon the house. When they came nearer all were seen to be carrying rifles in a position for immediate use. In advance of the others was Miguel Coral, and he seemed to be their leader.

Alvarez understood what this meant, though the others with him did not. He knew that it was a matter of life and death with him or rather the kind of a death he should die, for if these men who were coming took him—and their taking him was inevitable—he would be executed for a felon, and he was thinking of taking his own life. Raising a pistol to his head, he looked

a farewell to Inez. That look prevented his intended action. Don Manuel, who was now beside him and slightly in his rear, knocked the weapon from his hand.

Those coming closed in on Alvarez and seized him.

"What does it all mean?" asked Don Manuel.

"This man," replied Miguel, "recently led a revolution in the City of Mexico to depose the president and put himself in his place. The movement was a lamentable failure, but its leader escaped and with a number of his men took to the mountains above us, and it is they who have been robbing us. Recently I organized a force to hunt them down. We were in the mountains watching an opportunity to bag them when one of our men saw this one about to descend the mountain and recognized him, having been robbed by him. We followed him and tracked him here."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Inez excitedly.

"Take him to the capital."

"Jose," she continued, "if I can save you will you promise to quit Mexico never to return?"

"Inez," said her father sternly, "you cannot save him," then to the others, "Take him away."

Alvarez was taken to Mexico, where he was executed by the garrote. Most of his band, deprived of their leader, were captured. Inez was kept in ignorance of the fate of the man she formerly loved. Indeed, she never asked what had become of him, for she married Miguel Coral.

Miller's Worm Powders will not only expel worms from the system, but will induce healthful conditions of the system under which worms can no longer thrive. Worms keep a child in a continual state of restlessness and pain, and there can be no comfort for the little one until the cause of suffering be removed, which can be easily done by the use of these powders, than which there is nothing more effective.

A POET IN A PANTRY.

The Surprise That Awaited Tom Taylor, the Playwright.

Writing of Tom Taylor, the famous playwright and former editor of Punch, Leslie Ward in "Forty Years of 'Spy'" says:

"At dinner his appearance was remarkable, for he usually wore a black velvet evening suit. A curious trait of the dramatist's was his absentminded manner and forgetfulness of convention. Sometimes when walking in the street with a friend he would grow interested and to emphasize his remarks turn to look more directly into the face of his companion, at the same time placing his arm around his waist. In the case of a lady this habit sometimes proved rather embarrassing."

"Mr. Tom Taylor was a man of unbounded kindness in helping everybody who was in need of money or in trouble. . . . One day Mr. and Mrs. Taylor returned from a walk to be met by a startled parlor maid, who announced the presence of a strange looking man who was waiting to see them. Her suspicions being aroused by his wild appearance, she had shown him into the pantry, fearing to leave him in the drawing room. On repairing to the pantry with curiosity not unmixed with wonder they discovered—Tennyson—quite at home and immensely tickled by his situation."

NOT A LOST CHORD.

Bach Had the Melody in Him and Just Had to Get It Out.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

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## PERSONAL.

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POLITENESS IN CHINA.

It Takes a Peculiar Form at Times. Particularly at Dinner.

A Chinaman prides himself on his politeness more than on anything else. So when he meets you he shakes his own hand. When he goes to leave you he holds his hands across his breast and makes three bows.

Some places in China it is considered polite, when you are invited to a friend's house, to throw the chicken bones on the floor. As you are having dinner and chatting about the rice crop it is proper form, when you get through with a drumstick, to toss it on the floor and go on with the conversation.

The host takes this as a compliment, for it shows that you know that he has servants enough to clean the things off the floor. If you put the bones on the plate it reflects on the number of servants that he can afford to keep.

If you leave a dollar on your dressing table your room boys wouldn't steal it for anything; he would lose face if he did, but when your back is turned he will exchange it for a counterfeit. He can do this and still keep his face.

If you miss something about your room and know positively that your boy stole it and accuse him he will deny it as long as he has breath. Under a slow fire and salt he would still deny that he had taken it; to admit that he had stolen your knife would be to lose face.

But after accusing him, if you will let it go for a day or two the knife will mysteriously return, or you will find it under a handkerchief on your dresser. You know that he has returned it, and he knows that you know, but his face has been saved, and as a result he is light hearted and happy.—Homer Crox, in Leslie's.

How to Build a Campfire.

For a noon halt gather a couple of heaping double handfuls of dry twigs about the size of a lead pencil. If there are no leaves at hand for tinder shave a few of the twigs as finely as possible with a sharp knife, leaving the shaving attached to the twig at one end. As a support for the kettle set two flat stones on edge at an angle about two sides of the fire with their rear edges touching, so as to keep the "fireplace" from collapsing. The bright blaze which this little fire gives at the start will get up steam in short order, and the glowing coals which it leaves will be just right for frying. If no stones are handy the kettle may be swung from a forked stake driven into the ground at an angle so that it will jut over the fire.—Outing.

English Golf Courses.

A glance over the plans of the seven championship golf courses of Great Britain reveals the fact that not one possesses a single hole which measures 550 yards, the longest being the seventeenth at Westward Ho, which is 542 yards. St. Andrews possesses two holes of over 400 yards, the fifth is 533 yards and the fourteenth of 516 yards. The twelfth at Prestwick measures 508 yards and the sixteenth at Hoylake 510 yards. There is not a single hole at either Muriel or Deal which measures 500 yards.

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