

thought, still speaking in Spanish, "you are just the man I want. I am going to the west coast and want a guide, one who can pack, cook and guide me across the mountains. What do you say to making the trip with me?"

"With pleasure, señor, gladly, for I wish to return to Guatemala, it is my home," cried the poor fellow. "I will be your guide, servant, anything, only let me go with you. No one knows the trail better than Juan Gonzales."

"All right, Juan, and what shall I pay you for your services?"

"Nothing, señor, nothing; I owe you my life now; for see those terrible alligators; they would have made a meal off my body ere this had it not been for the kindness of the grand señor," and the poor fellow's eyes shone with gratitude as he dropped on his knees before Frank.

"Oh, that's all nonsense, Juan," responded the good-hearted correspondent. "We'll say a peso a day and found, if that suits you," and without giving the grateful man a chance to reply, turned away and was shortly busily engaged in adding to his notes for the great American newspaper which he represented.

About noon of the second day after leaving Livingston, the clumsy boat threw out her shorelines and was hauled alongside the wharf at Ysabel, and before nightfall, Frank, with the assistance of his protegee, had purchased two serviceable mules for riding and one on which Juan packed the correspondent's outfit for the long trip across the mountains.

The following morning after they had partaken of a hearty breakfast at the grass-thatched hotel, an early start was made toward the City of Guatemala.

Juan proved himself a first-class guide and cook, and Frank congratulated himself upon the stroke of luck which had thrown so servicable a man in his way. About noon of the third day after leaving Ysabel, camp was made in the shade of a clump of palm trees bordering a little clear mountain stream, and while Juan was busily engaged in getting their dinner, Frank shouldered his rifle and started toward a tall cliff which arose over one hundred feet abruptly on the further side of the stream.

Skirting the perpendicular mountain side, he walked slowly along the bank of the stream for about a hundred yards when he saw to his astonishment a well-defined stairway, evidently hewn by some human agency, extending from the base to the top of the cliff. Calling to Juan that he would not be back for an hour, the fearless newspaper man started up the stone-hewn steps leading to the top of the cliff. Ten minutes' climb brought him to the top of the steps, when he saw to his astonishment that it led to a seemingly endless table land or mesa, apparently without vegetation save a mass of what appeared to be a strange species of cacti with long, fibrous, thorn-spiked tendrils, which were interwoven and matted together and covered the whole extent of the mesa.

He noticed as he drew closer to examine the strange growth, that the moment his boot touched one of the vines the whole mass for ten feet in front of him seemed to quiver and then like a specter the ends of the vines began to rise from the ground and bend and sway toward him. As there was not a breath of wind blowing, Frank could not understand the strange phenomenon, but noticed that throughout the whole length of the vines were small cup-shaped suckers, around the edges of which was a row of long, sharp thorns, sloping toward the center of the sucker. Although there was no moisture on the mesa, he noticed that the vines were a bright green, and seemingly unwithered by the tropical sun which poured its rays down with intense heat.

Without dreaming of danger, Frank pushed his way carefully into the midst of the prickly vines, when to his horror they arose like things of life,

completely encircling him in their fibrous embrace, binding his legs, and rising and twining around his body, and before he could free himself he found his arms pinioned and felt the sharp pricking of the thorns piercing his clothing. Wildly he struggled to free himself from the grasp of the vegetable octopus, but in vain, for every moment the bands grew tighter and the burning pain from the sharp thorns became unbearable. Thoroughly frightened now and fearing for his life, Frank called loudly for Juan, fighting like a mad man to release himself from the vines meanwhile. Juan, who was busily engaged in preparing dinner for his patron, heard a faint call for help; he listened to make sure his ears had not deceived him. Then came the cry again, and dropping the birds he had been cleaning, the little fellow grasped his long, sharp machete and started toward the cliff which he had seen his employer ascending. A few moments sufficed to find the steps and up he went like mad, the cries of his beloved master ringing in his ears. A few moments rapid climbing took him to the top of the cliff, and he saw the tall form of his patron, swaying and struggling in the embrace of the vegetable cannibal, and with a wild yell of "La yerba de muerta" (the vine of death), the brave fellow, regardless of his scant clothing and the sharp thorns which pierced his feet and limbs at every bound, sprang into the midst of the waving vines, which immediately encircled his legs and began to entwine themselves around his body, drawing marks of blood through his clothing at every step. Regardless of danger or pain, the brave Meztizo laid his machete about him with a will, cutting loose the vines on every side until he reached his almost exhausted friend and patron. Cutting, hacking and tearing at the clinging vines, he at last cleared a space around both himself and Frank just as the latter fell, fainting to the ground. The wiry little Meztizo raised the senseless form of his patron and sprang over the narrow strip of intervening vines placing him softly on the ground outside the line of the deadly death vines. Then stooping beside him forced between the livid lips water from his canteen, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes, and attempt to stagger to his feet.

Juan forced a little more water into the throat of the enfeebled correspondent and then helping him regain his feet, poured out a torrent of thanksgiving that his loved master had been spared from the death-dealing embrace of the terrible vines.

Frank realized in a moment the part enacted by the brave Meztizo who stood beside him, fairly weeping with joy, and placing his hand on the shoulder of his faithful guide said, his voice trembling with emotion: "Juan, you've saved my life. I'll remember you well for this day," and overcome with emotion and still weak from his fearful struggle, he started down the rough steps leading from the dangerous mesa, followed by his delighted guide, who meanwhile poured out protestations against the master being in his debt, and calling on all his patron saints to protect his beloved "Americano" from all evil.

After arriving at the camp, Frank inquired of the guide what manner of vegetation he had so nearly perished among, and Juan told him that the vine was known among his people as "La yerba de muerta," or the vine of death, and related many terrible stories of how his friends had unwittingly been drawn within their terrible embrace and perished ere aid could arrive to free them. He said that his only brother had had a narrow escape from death in their midst in trying to save a child who had wandered into them, and that the vines after entwining the object, whether living or dead, fastens its suckers upon the flesh and draws out the life blood from its victim; the vines slowly changing from green to pink, then to blood red, then when the blood has been entirely sucked from the victim the vines slowly un-

fold and release what remains of the corpse, which is but the skin and bones, every drop of blood having been extracted by this vegetable vampire.

It was two days before the travelers resumed their journey, Frank being prostrated by his almost fatal experience, but when they arrived at Guatemala City, which they did in the course of the following week, without further dangerous adventures, the correspondent left abundant funds in the hands of his faithful henchman, despite the objections the good fellow offered to taking a cent from his "savior," as he insisted on calling Frank, so that the heart of the little fellow was gladdened for many a day as he sat beside his black-eyed dulce corazon, in a neat little house purchased with part of his reward for saving the life of the Star correspondent from the embrace of the vine of death.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Lawrence will be Welcomed in Salt Lake.

The Examiner of San Francisco publishes the following story of the wedding of the popular young people who recently startled society:

"Bless you, my children," now says the stern parent who objected to the marriage of Miss Sutherland to Charles W. Lawrence, both of Salt Lake City. In the light of that objection the young couple ran off together to San Francisco and were married here on Friday at St. Luke's, as related in these columns yesterday. But already all is forgiven.

The stern parent, now reconciled, is Congressman George Sutherland of Utah, a wealthy lawyer and mining man. His daughter is a pronounced brunette and one of the beauties of Salt Lake's exclusive social set.

A couple of months ago she graduated with honors from an Eastern seminary and is barely eighteen years of age. Her father did not object to Mr. Lawrence as a son-in-law, but wanted the couple to wait a year before marrying. The young people objected to this edict and concluded to elope and get married in this city. The groom, Mr. Lawrence, is a son of Henry W. Lawrence, one of Utah's millionaires. Salt Lake considers the groom one of its leading business and society lights.

Numbers of former Salt Lake people when they read in the Examiner yesterday an account of the marriage of the young people called on them at the Occidental. Col. Isaac Trumbo and other friends wished them to delay their trip home in order to entertain them for several days. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were so overjoyed at the forgiving spirit of their parents that they said they would not miss last night's train for Salt Lake on any account.

A dozen or more ladies and gentlemen saw them off on the 6 o'clock boat and threw a lot of rice at them, much to the embarrassment of the pretty and blushing bride.

The groom's present to his bride was a costly ring and necklace. It is understood the bride's father is to make the couple a present of a new house in Salt Lake as soon as it can be built on one of the fashionable avenues.

Several ladies and gentlemen were present by invitation when Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were married by the Rev. W. E. Hayes. They were: Dr. W. H. Lawrence, N. W. Lawrence, William McKellar, F. B. Kellam, William Maris, Mr. and Mrs. Maris and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cunningham. The groom has arranged to give each of these witnesses to his romantic marriage a pretty diamond souvenir.

The Rev. M. Hayes is to be remembered in a similar manner.

If the papa of Mary MacLane
Would purchase a good heavy cane,
And call her one side,
And warm up her hide,
She'd never say d—n, d—n, again.