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WOMAN'S WEAPON

[Original.]

During the war between the United States and Mexico Joaquin Corcuelo, a native of the City of Mexico, where he had been brought up among the wealthier classes, being of a somewhat lawless disposition, preferred to lead a band of guerrillas to placing himself under military discipline. Corcuelo was but twenty-two years old, fearless and exceedingly handsome. The consequence was that few of the country girls he met failed to fall in love with him. None of them affected him seriously till he and his band camped one night on a small hacienda owned by Miguel Sangrado, when Joaquin Corcuelo and Concia Sangrado met.

Corcuelo spent some time near Sangrado's hacienda harassing the United States troops. Every meeting with Concia Sangrado bound him closer to her and her to him. She soon came to understand that in case he fell into the hands of his enemies, not being in the regular military service, he would not be exchanged as a prisoner of war, but would suffer death. This troubled her greatly, and she begged him to give up his guerrilla life and enter the army. He finally consented to do so, and his men agreed to go with him in a body. Corcuelo sent them to the capital under command of one of his lieutenants, intending to follow the next day. The truth was, he could not tear himself away from Concia Sangrado, and after his troop's departure gave himself up to spending each day with her, each day intending to go the next.

One evening two companies of United States cavalry, under the command of Major Mackenzie, rode up to the hacienda and camped for the night. Corcuelo was in the house, and as soon as the soldiers appeared Concia placed him in safe hiding. But a young Mexican, who was in love with Concia and was beside himself at losing her to Corcuelo, told the Americans that he was in the house, and a search resulted in his discovery.

Major Mackenzie, as soon as he was satisfied that the man he had captured was the notorious Corcuelo, who had given the Americans so much trouble in harassing their communications, ordered that he be taken out at daylight the next morning and shot. His decision was communicated to the prisoner, who sent at once for Concia for a last farewell.

When Concia left the chamber in which her lover was confined there was the light of a terrible purpose in her eyes. The soldiers were camped on the grounds of the place, while their commander occupied a room in the house. Concia went to her father's bedroom, where she knew he kept his weapons, and, taking a pistol, put it in the pocket of her dress, went to the major's room and without knocking opened the door. The major sat writing at a table; but, seeing Concia standing in the doorway, he arose and said:

"Senorita, to what do I owe this visit? The customs of your country hardly admit"—

Concia entered the room, shut the door behind her and locked it.

"I come," she said, "to demand the life of Joaquin Corcuelo."

Drawing her pistol as she spoke, she covered the major. He had unclasped his belt, to which were attached his saber and pistol, and it lay on a chair a few steps from him.

"Corcuelo is a guerrilla," he said, "and that is the same as a robber. My orders are to shoot all such without trial."

"Corcuelo has never been a robber. He is too high spirited to submit to military discipline; therefore he has fought you independently."

"My orders from my commander are to shoot all citizens found in arms."

"And I have an order which comes from my heart to kill you unless you release Corcuelo."

"Then I shall not die on the battlefield," said the major with perfect composure. "But wait one moment till I bid adieu to my wife."

"You are writing to your wife? Then you know what it is to love." Throwing away her pistol, Concia knelt before the table at which the officer had been writing. "I cannot take you from one who loves you and cause her to suffer what I suffer at losing the one I love. Spare him to me. In the name of the blessed Mother of God, spare him. I have induced him to abandon his mode of warfare and enter the army. His band went three days ago to the capital to enlist in a body. He would have gone with them but that I could not bear to part with him. He has delayed from day to day till your coming. Spare him and I promise you that when he meets you again it will be as a soldier!"

The major rose from his seat, went to the kneeling figure and raised it.

"Senorita, your request is granted. I shall disobey my order, and in doing so am liable to punishment. I have only the word of a Mexican girl, which would not be sufficient for my general, but it is enough for me."

Seating himself against the table, he wrote an order for the guerrilla's release and handed it to Concia.

"Take this to the guard," he continued," and tell the officer that you forced me to grant your request, not by your threat, but by your devotion. I have a wife at home who would dare as much for me, and I shall finish my letter to her by telling her that I have been conquered by a little Mexican senorita."

Major Mackenzie was court martialed for releasing his prisoner, but the Mexican general, Santa Anna hearing of it, sent a message to General Taylor giving special reasons why Corcuelo should have been spared, and the major was acquitted.

AGATHA W. ODELL.

His Malady.

Tess—She's a professional nurse, I believe. Jess—Not at all. What gave you that idea? Tess—She remarked that she sat up last night with a sick man. Jess—Love sick, that was all. It was that fiance of hers.—Exchange.

THE TWO WOODCUTTERS.

A Fairy Tale From the Japanese With an Amusing Moral.

A Japanese woodcutter, who had a disfiguring wen on his right cheek, was caught one day in a violent storm of rain. Having sought shelter in a hollow tree, he fell fast asleep. When he awoke he found it was night, but the darkness was illuminated by a thousand tiny lamps. By this light the woodcutter saw, in an open space just by his tree, a number of tengu, or fairies, who had been indulging in sake, the national drink of Japan, and who were now in a very merry mood. Presently music struck up and a dance began, whereupon the woodcutter rushed from his place of concealment and fell to dancing like mad. The fairies laughed and cheered till the woods rechoed, and when morning dawned they declared that he had diverted them exceedingly and must come again. "And," said their leader, an important little tengu, "as a pledge that you will pay us another visit we take this wen."

The words had scarcely been spoken by the fairy chief when the wen fell from the woodcutter's cheek, and it became as smooth as a little child's.

Now, it so happened that a neighboring woodcutter, who had a huge wen on his left cheek, was devoured by envy when he heard how his fellow laborer had been cured. Having learned the secret, he set out for the spot where the fairies met, with a new pair of straw sandals on his feet, fully determined to show the tiny people what dancing really meant. On reaching the hollow tree he carefully concealed himself and breathlessly awaited the course of events. In due time the tengu assembled and at once began drinking sake and dancing. Then woodcutter No. 2, thinking the right time had come, dashed from his place of hiding and essayed to fling a leg in tune to the music. But, alas! the cheering which greeted his first appearance soon died away, for he could not dance with the agility of the friend whom he envied, and he ended his efforts amid chilling silence.

The chief tengu stepped up to the crestfallen woodcutter and made a satirical bow. "Thank you," he said, "and as you have tried to amuse us we will pay you with this!"

And so speaking he clapped upon the envious woodcutter's right cheek the wen he had taken from his fellow sufferer, and the wretched man returned to his home carrying two gigantic wens instead of the one with which he had left his hut.

Spur Money.

In the churches of England formerly the levying of spur money by the choir boys was an established custom. Dekker tells the gallant of the seventeenth century that when he goes to St. Paul's cathedral he is to "be sure your silver spurs clog your heels, and then the boys will swarm about you like so many white butterflies. When you are in open qufre you shall draw forth a perfumed embroidered purse—the glorious sight of which will entice many countrymen from their devotion to wondering—and quoit silver into the boy's hands that it may be heard above the first lesson, although it be read in a voice as big as one of the great organs." The custom would appear to have originated from the disturbance of divine service in the cathedrals by the jingling of the spurs of persons walking within their precincts, a trifling fine being imposed upon offenders, called "spur money," the collection of which was left to the beadles and singing boys. If, however, the youngest chorister present failed to render his gamut correctly upon being challenged, the tax could not be levied.

Looking After the Sailors.

Sailors are never more than children in many respects. Of all lives theirs is in most instances the narrowest. The poor tars have more horizon than people on land, but their footstool is a mere matter of a few feet beam and a few hundred over all. When they arrive in New York harbor, after many weeks or months at sea, and start out for a good time, this sort of notice, inserted in marine journals and bulletins of commerce by agents, stares them in the face wherever they go: "British steamer Monkwestern, Sallies master, from West Africa ports, is discharging at pier 700,000. All persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting any of the crew, as no debts of their contracting will be paid by the captain, owners or Quittal, Herby & Co., agents." How would you like to have that tagged on to you in every port? Those poor infants of the ocean!—New York Press.

Conversation.

There is nothing more disagreeable than the introduction of stories into conversation, unless short, pointed and quite apropos. "He who deals in them," says Swift, "must either have a very large stock or a good memory or must often change his company." Some have a set of them strung together like onions. They take possession of the conversation by an early introduction of one, and then you must have the whole rope, and there's an end of everything else perhaps for that meeting, though you may have heard all of them twenty times.

Wise Counsel.

"Don't be too anxious to get a husband," said the wise matron. "Don't go around hunting for one."

"Think I should just sit down and wait for one, eh?" replied the maiden.

"Yes, for you'll sit up and wait for one often enough after you've got him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Corroborated.

Jones—It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return. Brown—Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole vest pocketful of pencils. Jones—Doesn't that prove just what I said?—Boston Transcript.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

A YANKEE TRICK

[Original.]

In high life there are cases where a person is admitted to the "swim" while his or her family are unrecognized. Miss Bevan was such a person. Why she was admitted was plain enough. She possessed the component parts of a belle—viz, a high bred appearance, a courtly manner, the faculty of ignoring people out of the set without appearing to do so and a talent for using people. Having these, it was possible for her to get along without wealth.

Miss Bevan was one of the guests at Mrs. Langworthy's "cottage." An old English duke, accompanied by his son—the son a man of thirty—had come over to visit America, and the two had been secured by Mrs. Langworthy for a visit during the season. The Duke of Peppercorn, the father, possessed immense estates in England, and at his death the son, Lord Lightly, would inherit the title and the estates. Miss Bevan determined to concentrate all her blandishments in one supreme effort to secure the son.

"I wish," said Mrs. Langworthy to Miss Bevan, "to post you with regard to the duke. He suffers under a form of mania. He is a kleptomaniac. His son is very sensitive about his father's defect and, though he takes the greatest pains to return everything his father steals, will not listen to any ordinary discussion of constitutional blight. They say it runs in the family only cropping out with age."

Miss Bevan, being of an ingenious mind, set herself to turn this knowledge to account. It was not long before she had formed a plan. One morning when a yachting party was proposed Miss Bevan at the last moment was attacked by an indisposition and remained behind. She kept her room till she saw through her window the yacht standing out at sea, then opened her door and looked into the hall. The doors and windows of the bedrooms were all open for airing, but there were no servants about. Stepping back into her room, she took from a bureau drawer a brooch, a necklace and a bracelet, besides other smaller articles of jewelry, then, going again into the hall, speedily ran to the duke's bedroom, the location of which she had noted. An ocean breeze blew in at the window, airing the bedclothes, which were thrown over the footboard, and his grace's evening dress suit, which was hanging on the back of a chair. Miss Bevan slipped her jewels into a pocket of the trousers and went back to her room.

The party returned in time for dinner, and Miss Bevan, having recovered, was at the table. She sat next to Lord Lightly and, with consummate tact, having learned the subject his lordship most liked to talk about, drew him out on it, listening to every word he said without the slightest disposition to talk

For the next few days, or, rather, evenings, it was noticed that Miss Bevan appeared without her customary adornment of jewelry. Lord Lightly was devoted to her and took occasion to compliment her on not needing gems to enhance her beauty, declaring that she looked more attractive in the simple costumes she wore when she left off the jewels. But one morning his lordship appeared very grave. He was reticent as to the cause, and no one understood it except Miss Bevan. She remarked it and was secretly pleased. That evening after dinner he invited her for a walk on the piazza and when there proposed a stroll through the grounds. Once out of hearing from those in the house he said:

"Miss Bevan, I have something of importance to ask you and to tell you. First, will you kindly inform me why for several days you have worn no jewels?"

"Must I?" she said, with a sympathetic note in her melodious voice.

"I would esteem it a great favor."

"My jewels are missing!"

"Let me ask you further whether you are aware that my father is afflicted in his old age with a peculiar evidence of senility—that he is a kleptomaniac?"

"My dear Lord Lightly, I have been so informed by our hostess. You have my heartfelt sympathy."

"Then you have suspected my father of having taken your jewels and have said nothing to me about the matter?"

"Nor to any one else. My jewels are not worth the wound I would have inflicted."

There was a long pause, after which Lord Lightly took from his pocket the missing articles and handed them to her.

"Miss Bevan," he said, with a voice full of repressed feeling, "I do not know of your ancestry, but you must be a born lady. You certainly belong to nature's nobility. Not one woman in ten thousand, picked from the world's best people, would have had the delicacy, the kindness, the unselfishness, to permit herself to be robbed of what women so dearly prize without a word."

Miss Bevan hung her head.

"Tell me," he went on, "how you brought yourself to keep silence. You certainly did not know that my father had taken your jewels, and if another had taken them every moment lost in following up the thief would have lessened your chance of repossessing them."

"I admit," she said under her breath, "that I would not have been so forbearing if the risk had been of wounding another man."

When a year later Lord Lightly, then the Duke of Peppercorn, returned to America to marry Miss Bevan, the world said, "Behold a case where a rich English duke marries a poor American girl." If the world had known the truth it would have added, "Yes, but won by a Yankee trick."

F. A. MITCHEL.

By Himself.

Friend—I didn't know you painted. Host—I don't. Friend—But your portrait says, "Thomas Newrich—by himself." Host—Well, ain't I by myself? There ain't nobody else about.

WANT DEPARTMENT

Want, Found, For Rent, Lost Notices, etc., etc., will be published in this column at the rate of two cents per line per insertion, INVARIABLY CASH IN ADVANCE. Count six words to the line. Nothing accepted for less than 25 cents.

For Rent—Up to date apartments in Jones' flat. Also modern house on Chestnut stret. Apply to Philip Willett, attorney, rooms 9 and 10, Leggett building. mar10 dtf.

For Rent—A good office room, centrally located on Main street. Inquire 328 Main street. 27feb04

For Rent—Furnished room with bath at 639 West Pike street. Inquire at premises or this office. a28-tf.

For Sale—New eight room veneered brick house, gas, bath, electric wiring, laundry in basement and all modern conveniences, situated on Jackson street, good location, one block from street car. Price right and terms to suit purchaser. Inquire of Jas. T. Drady, 234 Jackson street. aug9-dtf

Lost—Open face gold watch. Liberal reward if returned to the Waldo. a18tf

For Sale—New six room house, two squares from court house. $1,800 will buy this property, if sold at once. W. C. Repase, 810 Preston street. a17-tf

For Sale—Columbia chainless bicycle, in thoroughly good order. $15. 458 W. Main street. 9sept

For Rent—A six-room house in the most desirable location in the city. Inquire at 454 W. Pike stret. 6sept tf

For Sale—Doc, the best horse for delivery purposes in Clarksburg. Inquire at the Home Furnishing Company's store. sep7tf

For Sale—New seven room brick house, gas, bath, electric wiring, laundry cellar and all modern conveniences. Lot 40x82, situated on Lee street, near 5th. Three minutes walk from the court quire at the Telegram office. 6may-tf.

For Sale—Only livery business in town of 4,000. Cleared 65 per cent last year. Address box 113, Elkins, W. Va. j9-tf.

Wanted—For United States army able-bodied unmarried men, between ages of 21 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, P. O. Building, Clarksburg, W. Va. july15-m

For Rent—To a gentleman, a nicely furnished room with private family. Apply at 166 West Pike street. jun28dtf

For Rent—One 10 room house on street car line near Wilsonburg. Can be used as a country residence or boarding house. Nice lawn; good water; reasonable rent. Inquire of Cunningham & Co., room 3 Rookery building, Third street. july19-tf

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Reference required. Apply Mrs. A. H. Cowen, between Lee and Hickman strets, near Savoy hotel. 29jul-tf.

For Rent—One furnished front room with all modern conveniences. Inquire 516 West Main street. septl2dtf

For Sale—One bed room suit, one center table, two rockers, one couch, one extension table, six dining room chairs, one cupboard, one kitchen cabinet, one ice box, one cook stove. Apply at corner Pike and Chestnut streets, over grocery store. 14sep6t*

Wanted—Hotel Waldo wants two girls. Apply today between 5 and 7 p. m. 14sep6t*

For Rent—Three elegant rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Apply 274 Clay street. sep13tf.

Wanted—Furnished room, centrally located by young business man. Address W. L. G., care the Telegram office. sep13tf

For Rent—Two story frame, slate roof house, all modern conveniences, cellar. Locust street. Inquire W. H. Lewis, Merchants National Bank. 13stf.

Lost or Strayed—One one-year-old red and brindle steer, about the 10th or 15th of August. Reward of $2.50 is offered by William Burk, owner, East Pike street, Clarksburg, W. Va., for return of same to him. 14sep10t*

Lost—White bull terrier dog with black spot over left eye and large black spot on back, ears trimmed at sides Finder return to Mayor's office and receive reward. 16sep3t*

For Rent—Six room apartments, all modern conveniences. Aply to A. M. T. Cunningham, 333 Mechanic street. 16-3t*

For Rent—Dance hall on the old fair grounds for Emancipation Day. See John Higginbotham, at City building. 17septf

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Good water in both houses.
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