

54-40 or Fight

By Emerson Hough Author of the "Mississippi Bubble"

(Continued.)

"Thus far, Baroness," I said soberly, "I have asked no special privilege, at least. Now, if it affords you any pleasure, I beg you, I implore you, to tell me what you mean!"

"Did you credit the attache of Mexico with being nothing more than a drunken rowdy, to throw me across town with a little shoe in his carriage?"

"But you said he was in wine." "True. But would that be a reason? Continually you show your lack of brain in accepting as conclusive evidence which could not possibly have occurred. Granted he was in wine, granted he followed me, granted he had my shoe in his possession—what then? Does it follow that at the ball at the White House he could have remembered that shoe? Does Monsieur think that I, too, was in wine?"

"I agree that I have no brain. I cannot guess what you mean. I can only beg once more that you explain."

"Now, listen. In your most youthful and charming innocence I presume you do not know much of the capabilities for concealment offered by a lady's apparel? Now, suppose I had a message—where do you think I could hide it? Granted, of course, the conditions obtaining at a ball in the White House?"

"Then you did have a message? It came to you there, at that time?"

"She nodded. 'Certainly. Mr. Van Zandt had almost no other opportunity to meet me or get word to me.'"

"Van Zandt! Madam, are you indeed in the camp of all these different interests? So, what Pakenham said was true. Van Zandt is the attache of Mexico. Van Zandt is pleading with Mr. Calhoun that he shall take up the secretaryship. Van Zandt is known to be interested in this fair Dona Laurencia just as Polk is. Now, then, comes Van Zandt with his secret message slipped into the hand of Madam at the ambassador's ball."

"Madam, the friend of England! The attache of Mexico is curious—furious—to know what Texas is saying to England! And that message must be concealed! And Madam conceal it in—"

"You come on," she said. "Should your head be opened and analyzed yes, I think a trace of it might be discovered by good chemistry."

"I resumed impatiently. 'You put his message in your slipper?'"

"She nodded. 'Yes,' she said, 'in the toe of it. 'There was barely chance to do that. You see, our skirts are full and wide; the curtains in the East room; there was wine by this time; there was music; so I effected that much. But when you took the slipper, you took Van Zandt's note! You had it. It was true, what I told Pakenham before the president. I did not then have that in my hand. At least, I thought you had it, till I found it crumpled on the table the next day! It must have fallen there from the shoe when we made our little exchange that night. You hurried me. I scarce knew whether to nod or shod, until the next afternoon after I left you at the White House grounds. So you hastily departed—to your wedding?'"

"No small a shoe could not have held an extended epistle, Madam," I said, ignoring her question.

"No, but the little roll of paper caused me anguish. After I had danced I was on the point of fainting. I hastened to the cover of the nearest curtain, where I might not be noticed. There I hid the shoe of Mexico was somewhat vigilant. He wished to know what Texas planned with England. He has long made love to me—by threats and jewels. As I stood behind the curtain I saw his face; I fled; but one shoe—the empty one—was not fastened and it fell. I could not walk. I reached down, removed the other shoe with this note, hid it in my handkerchief—thank Providence for the fashion of so much lace—and so, not in wine, Monsieur, as you may believe, I went to my room. I could not hear at once of an encounter between Van Zandt and the Mexican minister, Senor Almonte, or his attache Yturrio, or between one of them and some one else, I made my adieux—I will warrant the only woman in her stocking feet who bowed for Mr. Tyler at the ball that night!"

"Yes, so far as I know, Madam, you are the only lady who ever left the East room precisely so clad. And so you got to your own carriage—alone—after a while? And so, when you were there you put on the shoe which was left? And so Yturrio of Mexico got the other one—and found nothing in it? And so, he wanted this one?"

"You come on, she said. 'You have something more than a trace of brain.'"

"And that other shoe, which I got that night?"

"Is that answer worth more than Van Zandt?" I smiled.

"Yes," she answered, also smiling. "I spread the page upon the cloth before me; my eyes raced down the lines. I did not make further reply to her."

"Madam," went on the communication, "say to your august friend Sir Richard that we have reached the end of our endurance of these late delays. The promises of the United States mean nothing. We can trust neither Whig nor Democrat any longer. There is no one party in power, and we will not be organized later into your or more states, if our people shall so desire. But as a great state we will join the Union if the Union will accept us. That must be seen."

"England now beseeches us not to enter the Union, but to stand apart, either for independence or for alliance with Mexico and England. The proposition has been made to us to divide into two governments, one free and one slave. England has proposed to us to advance us money, and to pay all our debts if we will agree to this. Settled by bold men from our mother country, the republic, Texas has been averse to this. But now our own mother repudiates us, not once but many times. We get no decision. This, then, dear Madam, is from Texas, and we know you will carry it safe and secret. We shall accept this proposal of England, and avail ourselves of the richness of her generosity."

"If within thirty days action is not taken in Washington for the annexation of Texas, Texas will never in the history of the world be one of the United States. Moreover, if the United States shall lose Texas, also they lose Oregon, and all of Oregon. Carry this news—I am persuaded that it will be welcome—to that gentleman whose ear I know you have; and believe me always, my dear Madam, with respect and admiration, yours, for the State of Texas, Van Zandt."

"I drew a deep breath as I saw his proof of double play on the part of this representative of the republic of the southwest. 'They are traitors!' I exclaimed. 'But there must be action—something must be done at once. I must not wait; I must go! I must take this, at least, to Mr. Calhoun.'"

"She laughed now, joyously clapping her white hands together. 'Good!' she said. 'You are a man, after all. You may yet grow brave.'"

"'Have I been fair with you thus far?' she asked at length. 'More than fair. I could not have asked this of you. In an hour I have learned the news of years. But will you not also tell me what is the news from Calhoun? Name—home? Then, indeed, I could go home feeling I had done very much for my chief.'"

"'Monsieur, I can not do so. You will not tell me that other news.' 'Of what?' 'Of your nuptials!'"

"'Madam, I can not do so. But for you, much as I owe you, I would like to bring you news. You would like to take your arms in my hands and crush them, until—'"

"'Until what?' Her face was strange. I saw a hand raised to her throat."

"'Until you told me about Oregon,' said I. 'I saw her arms move—just one instant—her body incline. She gazed at me steadily, somberly. Then her hands fell.'"

"'Ah, God! how I love you both!' she said; 'you and her. You were married, after all. Yes, can he it can be! A woman may love one man—even though he could give her only a bed of husks! And a man may love a woman, too—one woman! I had not known.'"

"'Monster, adieu!' she added wittily. I bent and kissed her hand. 'Madam, au revoir!'"

"'No, adieu! Go!'"

CHAPTER XVII. A Hunter of Butterflies. I love men, not because they are men, but because they are not women—Queen Christina.

There was at that time in Montreal a sort of news room and public exchange, which made a place of general meeting. It was supplied with newspapers and the like, and kept up by subscriptions of the town merchants—a spacious room made out of the old Methodist chapel on St. Joseph street. I knew this for a place of town gossip and hoped I might hit upon something to aid me in my errand, which was no more than begun. It seemed. Entering the place shortly before noon, I made pretense of reading, all the while with an eye and an ear out for anything that might happen.

DEATH OR SIBERIA? TRIAL OF THESE TWO PATRIOTS WILL BE WATCHED BY WORLD

America and England Asked for Public Trial of Nicholas Tschaikowsky and Madame Breshkowskaya, "Grandmother of the Revolutionists"—Both Well Known in United States.

BY HARRY G. FARMER.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 15.—Death or Siberia, each meaning the same to them, faces the two most famous reformers of Russia—revolutionaries—the government calls them.

In February Nicholas Tschaikowsky, first leader of the cause of the Russian people, and Mme. Catherine Breshkowskaya, the "well beloved grandmother of the revolutionists," will together face a tribunal, which, it is feared, has already judged their case.

The eyes of all the world will watch the progress of this case, and breathlessly await the manner of justice that Russia will mete out to these kindly old champions of the common people. The charge is

longing to visit his native home, to touch for perhaps the last time the land of the enslaved peasantry, for whom he had struggled so long, drove him at last to tread once more on Russian soil. After staying there but long enough to rekindle the flames of his youth's friendships, he prepared to depart, and was at the railway station on his way to England when the clutches of the czar fastened upon him once again.

Without explanation as to the cause of the arrest, the aged patriot was thrown into the fortress of Saint Peter and Paul, and there he lay for over eleven months, denied legal help or communication with his friends. At last, the storm of protests from America and Great Britain overwhelmed the Russian government and Tschaikowski was released on a \$25,000 bail deposited by American and English friends.

A few months later he was again arrested and again confined in the bastille of St. Petersburg, where also lay his fellow patriot, Mme. Breshkowskaya.

She, the daughter of a Russian nobleman, left home and husband and fled to America and England, where she spent her life in the service of the poor and the oppressed. She taught them to read and write, she nursed them when they were ill, blessed them when they were in sorrow, and fed them when they were

starved. Beyond all this she taught them that they were men and women, and that they should be free from men and women. For this she was sent to Siberia.

Fifteen years of bitter cold and almost unendurable hardships of Siberia could not silence her voice nor bind her hands when she returned. She pleaded her country's cause in America and in England; she went again into the darkest of Russia to lead once more the revolutionist party. Again she was arrested and this time placed in a dungeon of grim old Saint Peter and Paul, where for two years she has waited and hoped for a trial.

It will be a public trial, for outside pressure is too great for the Russian government to resist. The czar and his advisers are being unscrupulous, but they are beginning to understand the meaning of world sentiment—and they fear it.

There will also be much display to the "fairness" with which the prisoners are being tried. But all Russia believes that the sentences of both have been settled upon even now by the czar and his advisers, as is the case in all important trials.

Any other verdict than acquittal will mean death to the two gray-haired prisoners—the dungeon in Russia or the dungeon in Siberia will as surely end their frail, weakened lives as would the scaffold.

These are good pianos But the Price Is Low. We are offering the greatest bargains in good pianos for little money that you will see again for a long time.

Never before have we purchased pianos so cheaply as we purchased the stock of the Lucore Piano Co. It never was the Eilers plan to take all the advantage of their money saving methods; our plan is a cooperative one—that's the secret of our success.

In this particular case we are offering you by far the biggest share of the saving. We need the room and are glad to give you every benefit of this advantageous purchase.

We have brought from the warehouse the last lot of these pianos, including some very beautiful styles which he had not room to display heretofore. We actually believe the bargains are more attractive than ever.



MME. CATHERINE BRESHKOWSKAYA.

see, they asked me also to tell what I knew of Oregon—I say to you that last night McLaughlin was deposed. He has in charge no more—so soon as he can get word to him, he loses his place at Vancouver.

"After a lifetime in the service!" I commented. "Yes, after a lifetime; and McLaughlin had brain and heart, too. If England would listen to him, she would learn something. He plants, he plows, he has gardens and mills and houses and herds. Yes, if they let McLaughlin alone, they would half a civilization on the Columbia, and not a fur-trading post. Then they could oppose our civilization there. That is what he preaches, Simpson preaches otherwise. Simpson loses Oregon to England, it may be."

"Then you think there is a chance of trouble between our country and England, do you?"

He smiled. "It is not a chance, but a certainty," he said. "It was only agreed last night. England will march this summer 700 men up the Peace river. In the fall they will be across the Rockies! So! They can take boats easily down the streams to Oregon. You ask if they will be troubles. I tell you, yes."

"What time can England make with her brigades, west-bound, my friend?" I asked him casually. He answered with gratifying scientific precision.

"From Edmonton to Fort Colville, west of the Rockies, it has been done in six weeks and five days, by Sir George himself. From Fort Colville down it is easy by boats. It takes the voyageur three months to cross, or four months. It would take troops twice that long, or more. For you in the States, you can go faster. And ah! my friend, it is worth the race, that Oregon. Believe me, it is full of bugs—of new bugs; twelve new species I had discovered and named. It is something of honor, is it not?"

"What you say interests me very much, sir," I said. "I am only an American trader, knocking around to see the world a little bit. You seem to have been engaged in some scientific pursuit in that country."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Newbridge: Boo-hoo! Henry threw biscuit at me. One that I made myself. Mother: The monster! He might have killed you.—The United Presbyterian.

Just asked. "Why," replied Wells, "you struck your shin with force against a bench." And sure enough, upon examining the member, it was found to be cut and bleeding.

This got out in pain. It is said the indignities they heaped upon Wells made him ill, and for a long time his life was despaired of.

SCOTT SAVES MUCH MONEY ON BRIDGES

SHORTENING THE LENGTH AND MAKING FILLS HAS HELPED IN ECONOMIZING.

According to figures submitted to the county commissioners by County Engineer A. R. Scott, \$5605 is being saved to the county yearly on bridge expense by reason of the shortening of bridges by means of numerous fills.

During the three years Engineer Scott has been in office 3503 feet of bridging has been taken from the total of 20,317 in this county, which, in maintenance and replacing, means a saving to the county of over \$5000 annually.

According to the yearly report, there are 206 bridges in the county over 20 feet in length. Of these, 10 are steel truss bridges, eight of which have been built since 1907; 10 are combination truss, seven of which have been built since 1907; and 23 are wooden truss, four of them being erected since 1907.

Twenty-eight bridges were built in 1909, at a total cost of \$15,803.27. The largest bridge was erected under the administration of the old board of commissioners on Pasadena road, at a cost of \$6988. Repairs on bridges cost \$1302.76 in 1909.

There are bridges under construction at the present time which will cost \$24,557.70. The Trent bridge, which is being erected at a cost of \$18,000, is the largest bridge erected in several years.

MODEL BOOT SHOP

SHOES THAT SATISFY \$3.50 TO \$4.00

WICKERSHAM & BAXTER TWO STORES 725 Riverside Ave., or 3 Post St.

BACKACHE SIMPLY VANISHES AND YOUR KIDNEYS ACT FINE

A real surprise awaits every sufferer from kidney or bladder trouble who takes several doses of Pape's Diuretic. Misery in the back, sides or loins, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism pains, heart palpitations, dizziness, sleeplessness, inflamed or swollen eyelids, lack of energy and all symptoms of out-of-order kidneys simply vanish.

Uncontrollable urination (especially at night), smarting, offensive and discolored water and other bladder misery ends.

The moment you suspect kidney or urinary disorder, or feel any rheumatism, begin taking this harmless medicine, with the knowledge that there is no other remedy at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which will effect so



A Touch of Glidden's Green Label Enamel will brighten the fixtures in your bath room. Be sure to get Glidden's Green Label Enamel, and your fixtures will be as pretty and white as new.

Spokane Paint & Oil Co. Madison and Railroad, Main 1520. Adams and Railroad, Main 3582.

Daily and Sunday Spokane Press, 10 Cents a Week.

Kemp & Hebert The People's Store Corner Main and Washington

Saturday Night Is Your Best BARGAIN TIME

Men's \$15 Overcoats \$9.50 Men's \$18 Overcoats \$10.65

All sizes for men and young men, in all sorts of dark and fancy patterns and plain grays, etc., heavy chevots, kerseys, meltons and Scotch coatings in actual \$12.50, \$15.00, \$16.50 and \$18.00 values in these two lots of overcoats, at only \$9.50 and \$10.65

Men's \$10 to \$12 Suits \$7.50 Winter suits in great variety of black and colors; well made and neat styles; all sizes up to 42, including plenty for young men; the biggest suit snap ever, at only \$7.50

Women's Black Fleece Hose 19c Plates and Dishes 10c

Better than half the 25c stockings the other places crowd over. They come in moderate weight soft spun cotton, a first class black that won't fade; some have white split sole. To emphasize our cash values we're going to sell about 70 dozen pairs at the special price, per pair 19c

Children's Fleece Hose—Just to give the family a snap we'll also put on sale for the remainder of this week a line of nice black ribbed hose in all children's sizes, the regular 20c values, at, per pair 13c

Basement Snaps 5c 10c Asbestos Stone Mats—With coil wire handles, for 5c Glass Cream Pitchers—On special sale, at 5c 10c Small China Dishes—For fruit and oatmeal; gold and fancy decorations, each 5c

Women's Cloth Coats and Suits Now Going at Cost or Even Less

Long Coats of plain or fancy worsted, cheviot, broadcloth or kersey; navy, brown, new grays and green, dark red, mixed effects and black; sizes for all women and large misses; values from \$15.00 up to \$30.00

Now Cut in Price to \$7.48 to \$15.48 Tailored Suits—Really choice line, for we recently added a snap purchase our New York man picked up; all the best styles in all popular colors and materials; sizes for all misses and women. Former values of \$15.00 up to \$27.50, now cut in price to \$6.98 to \$12.98