54-40 or Fight

By Emerson Hough Author of the "Mississippi Bubble"

(Continued.)

It was not my right to hear the sounds of a man's shame and humiliation; or of his rising resolve, of his reformed manhood; but I did hear it all. I think that he took her hand and kissed it. Presently I heard some sort of shuffling and crinkling of paper on the table. I heard him sigh, as though he stood and looked at his work. His heavy footfalls crossed the room as though she held out both her hands to him. There was a pause, and yet another; and so, with a growling half sob, at last he passed out of the door and she closed it softly after him.

When I entered, she was standing, her arms spread out across the door, her face pale, her eyes large and dark, her attire still disarrayed. On the table, as I saw, lay a parchment, mended with wafers.

Slowly she came and put her two arms across my shoulders. "Monsieur!" she said, "Monsieur!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Proxy of Pakenham.

A man can not possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.—Simonides.

When I reached the central part of the city, I did not hasten thence to Elmhurst Mansion. Instead, I returned to my hotel. I did not now care to see any of my friends or even to take up matters of business with my chief. It is not for me to tell what feelings came to me when I left Helena von Ritz.

Sleep such as I could gain, reflections such as were inevitable, occupied me for all that night. It was mid-morning of the following day when finally I once more sought out Mr. Calhoun.

He had not expected me, but received me gladly. It seemed that he had gone on about his own plans and with his own methods. "The Senora Yturrio is doing me the honor of an early morning call," he began. "She is with my daughter in another part of the house. As there is matter of some importance to come up, I shall ask you to attend."

He dispatched a servant, and presently the lady mentioned joined us. She was a pleasing picture enough in her robe of black laces and sulphur-colored silks, but her face was none too happy, and her eyes, it seemed to me, bore traces either of unrest or tears. Mr. Calhoun handed her to a chair, where she began to use her languid but effective fan.

"Now, it gives us the greatest regret, my dear Senora," began Mr. Calhoun, "to have General Almonte and your husband return to their own country. We have valued their presence here very much, and I regret the disruption of the friendly relations between our countries."

She made any sort of gesture with her fan, and he went on: "It is the regret also of all, my dear lady, that your husband seems so shamelessly to have abandoned you. I am quite aware, if you will allow me to be so frank, that you need some financial assistance."

"My country is ruined," said she. "Also, Senor, I am ruined. As you say, I have no means of life. I have not even money to secure my passage home. That Senor Van Zandt—"

"Yes, Van Zandt did much for us, through your agency, Senora. We have benefited by that, and I therefore regret he proved faithless to you personally. I am sorry to tell you that he has signified his wish to join our army against your country. I hear also that your late friend, Mr. Polk, has forgotten most of his promises to you."

"Him I hate also!" she broke out. "He broke his promise to Senor Van Zandt, to my husband, to me!"

Calhoun smiled in his grim fashion. "I am not surprised to hear all that, my dear lady, for you but point out a known characteristic of that gentleman. He has made me many promises which he has forgotten, and offered me even of late distinguished honors which he never meant me to accept. But, since I have been personally responsible for many of these things which have gone forward, I wish to make what personal amends I can; and ever I shall thank you for the good which you have done to this country. Believe me, madam, you served your own country also in no ill manner. This situation could not have been prevented, and it is not your fault. I beg you to believe that. Had you and I been left alone there would have been no war."

"But I am poor, I have nothing!" she rejoined.

There was indeed much in her situation to excite sympathy. It had been through her own act that negotiations between England and Texas were broken off. All chance of Mexico to regain property in Texas was lost through her influence with Van Zandt. Now, when all was done, here she was, deserted even by those who had been her allies in this work.

"My dear Senora," said John Calhoun, becoming less formal and more kindly, "you shall have funds sufficient to make you comfortable at least for a time after your return to Mexico. I am not authorized to draw upon our exchequer, and you, of course, must prefer all secrecy in these matters. I regret that my personal fortune is not so large as it might be, but, in such measure as I may, I shall assist you, because I know you need assistance. In return, you must leave this country. The flag is down which once floated over the house of Mexico here."

She hid her face behind her fan, and Calhoun turned aside.

"Senora, have you ever seen this slipper?" he asked, suddenly placing upon the table the little shoe which for a purpose I had brought with me and meantime thrown upon the table.

She flashed a dark look, and did not speak.

"One night, some time ago, your husband pursued a lady across this town to get possession of that slipper and its contents! There was in the toe of that little shoe a message. As you know, we got from it certain information, and therefore devised certain plans, which you have helped us to carry out. Now, as perhaps you have had some personal animus against the other lady in these same complicated affairs, I have taken the liberty of sending a special messenger to ask her presence here this morning. I should like you two to meet, and, if that be possible, to part with such friendship as may exist in the premises."

I looked at Mr. Calhoun. It seemed he was planning without my aid.

"Yes," he said to me, smiling, "I have neglected to mention to you that the Baroness von Ritz also is here, in another department of this place. If you please, I shall now send for her also."

He signaled to his old negro attendant. Presently the latter opened the door, and with a deep bow announced the Baroness von Ritz, who entered, followed closely by Mr. Calhoun's inseparable friend, old Dr. Ward.

The difference in breeding between these two women was to be seen at a glance. The Dona Lucrezia was beautiful in a way, but lacked the thoroughbred quality which comes in the highest types of womanhood. Afflicted by nothing but a somewhat mercenary or personal grief, she showed her lack of gameness in adversity. On the other hand, Helena von Ritz, who had lived tragedy all her life, and was now in the climax of such tragedy, was smiling and debonaire as though she had never been anything but wholly content with life! She was robed now in some light filmy green material, caught up here and there on the shoulders and secured with silken knots. Her white neck showed, her arms were partly bare with the short sleeves of the time. She stood, composed and easy, a figure fit for any company or any court, and somewhat shaming our little assembly, which never was a court at all, only a private meeting in the office of a discredited and disowned leader in a republican government. Her costume and her bearing were Helena von Ritz's answer to a woman's fate! A deep color flamed her cheeks. She stood with head erect and lips smiling brilliantly. Her curtesy was grace itself. Our dingy little office was glorified.

"I interrupt you, gentlemen," she began.

"On the contrary, I am sure, my dear lady," said Dr. Ward. "Senator Calhoun told me he wished you to meet Senora Yturrio."

"Yes," resumed Calhoun. "I was just speaking with this lady over some matters concerned with this little slipper." He smiled as he held it up gingerly between thumb and finger. "Do you recognize it, Madam Baroness?"

"Ah, my little shoe!" she exclaimed. "But see, it has not been well cared for."

"It traveled in my war bag from Oregon to Washington," said I. "Perhaps bullet molds and powder flasks may have damaged it."

"It still would serve as a little postoffice, perhaps," laughed the baroness. "But I think its days are done on such errands."

"I will explain something of these errands to the Senora Yturrio," said Calhoun. "I wish you personally to say to that lady, if you will, that Senor Yturrio regarded this little receptacle rather as official than personal post."

For one moment these two women looked at each other, with that on their faces which would be hard to describe. At last the baroness spoke:

"It is not wholly my fault, Senora Yturrio, if your husband gave you cause to think there was more than diplomacy between us. At least, I can say to you that it was the sport of it alone, the intrigue, if you please, which interested me. I trust you will not accuse me beyond this."

A stifled exclamation came from the Dona Lucrezia. I have never seen more sadness nor yet more hatred on a human face than hers displayed. I have said that she was not thoroughbred. She arose now, proud as ever, it is true, but vicious. She declined Helena von Ritz's outstretched hand, and swept us a curtsey, "Adois!" said she. "I go!"

Mr. Calhoun gravely offered her his arm; and so with a rustle of her silks there passed from our lives one unhappy lady who helped to make our map for us.

The baroness herself turned. "I ought not to remain," she hesitated.

"Madam," said Mrs. Calhoun, "we can not spare you yet."

She flashed upon him a keen look. "It is a young country," said she, "but it raises statesmen. You foolish, dear Americans! One could have loved you all."

"Eh, what?" said Dr. Ward, turning to her. "My dear lady, two of us are too old for that; and as for the other—"

He did not know how hard this chance remark might smite, but as usual Helena von Ritz was brave and smiling.

"You are men," said she, "such as we do not have in our courts of Europe. Men and women—that is what this country produces."

"Madam," said Calhoun, "I myself am a very poor sort of man. I am old, and I fail from month to month. I cannot live long, at best. What you see in me is simply a purpose—a purpose to accomplish something for my country—a purpose which my country itself does not desire to see fulfilled. Republics do not reward us. What you say shall be our chief reward. I have asked you here also to accept the thanks of all of us who know the intricacies of the events which have gone forward. Madam, we owe you Texas! 'Twas not yonder lady, but yourself, who first advised of the danger that threatened us. Hers was, after all, a simpler task than yours, because she only matched faiths with Van Zandt, representative of Texas, who had faith in neither men, women nor nations. Had all gone well, we might perhaps have owed you yet more, for Oregon."

"Would you like Oregon?" she asked, looking at him with the full glance of her dark eyes.

"More than my life! More than the life of myself and all my friends and family! More than all my fortune!" His voice rang clear and keen as that of youth.

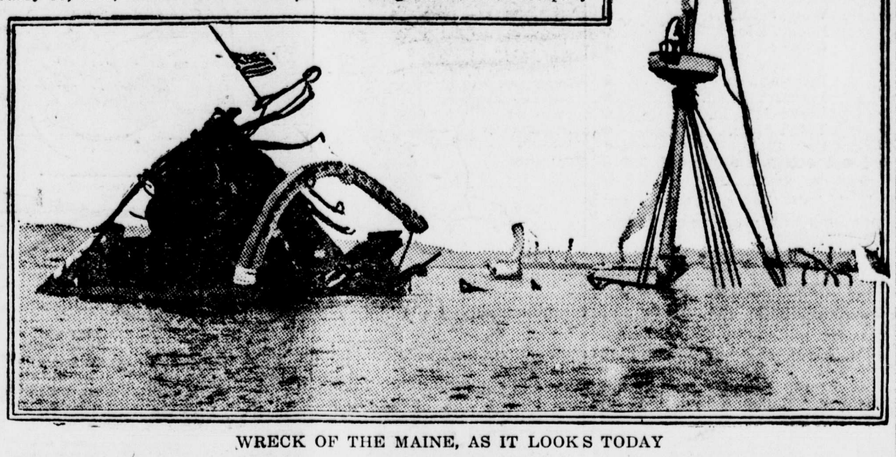
(To be continued.)

Daily and Sunday Press, delivered, 10 cents a week.

RAISE THE MAINE—FOR IT'S IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS

HAVANA, Cuba, Jan. 31.—President Taft's determination to raise and remove the wreck of the battleship Maine is believed by the American colony to savor more of commercialism than of sentimentality. Since the Maine was sent to the bottom of Havana harbor, February 15, 1898, the wreck has bene tide and therefore the entire harbor is rapidly filling.

It will be necessary, should the wreck remain, to begin dredging in order to provide for the large amount of shipping now entering the harbor. Powerful Cuban and American commercial interests have long urged the necessity of removing the wreck, even going so far as to organize a stock company



WRECK OF THE MAINE, AS IT LOOKS TODAY

a serious menace to the shipping of the harbor, as it occupies a portion of the best anchorage. The obstruction has increased annually by causing a shoal. The moderate tides prevailing in the harbor are hardly sufficient to prevent a gradual filling up, and this shoal seriously interferes with action of to accomplish this object.

While technically the wreck belongs to Cuba, there is no indication of any desire upon the part of the island republic to claim it. Noncommercial Cuba, however, hopes that the United States will allow the wreck to remain in the harbor—a monument dedicated to the cause of Cuban liberty and freedom.

It is a conclusive fact that the bodies of the 63 men buried in the wreckage are in such a state of decomposition that their removal to Arlington, where 165 of the Maine heroes are buried, would be almost impossible.

MILK BATH FOR POLICE OFFICERS

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—A team of horses attached to a milk wagon and driven by Nathan Mirsky, of Williamsburg, ran away on the Williamsburg bridge. As they rushed down the incline the wagon struck another at the Brooklyn anchorage and tumbled it over. The milk was spilled on the roadway.

Policeman Thomas McGrath undertook to stop the horses, but was knocked down and dragged for more than 50 feet before he let go. His uniform was covered with milk. Farther on Policeman O'Brien had a similar experience.

The horses finally ran into the runaway gate. Mirsky was pitched over the top of it and was badly bruised.

CROWS DEFEND ROOST

MICHEL, Ind., Jan. 31.—The great crow roost north of this city is again attracting attention. The crows came in thousands, many flying from the Ohio river, where they feed in the daytime. About 3 o'clock they began to fly over the town and they keep up in a steady stream until the night comes on. The farmers have tried to scare them away by shooting, but it seems to have no effect on the number.

A few nights ago several men shot into the roosts and hundreds were killed, but the hunters were forced to run, as they were attacked by the birds, which flew at their heads. They feed on the corn in the fields and are regarded here as a nuisance.

Daily and Sunday Press, delivered, 10 cents a week.

TO GO TO SCHOOL TWO TIMES BOY NEEDS TWO NAMES

CHICAGO, Jan. 31.—It took a dual personality for Samuel Diamondstein to get all the education he wanted. School such as other boys know was not enough for him. He lived a double life on the rolls of the schools—he attended so that he might take courses in both the day and night classes. He is in trouble now, for he has violated the board of education rule against too much learning—a rule that boys have seldom tried to break.

Sam is 17 years old. He lived at No. 1226 West Hastings street, where he eats and sleeps with school books still before him, under his pillow and in his pockets.

At the John W. Smyth school Sam was Samuel Diamondstein. He took all the studies Principal W. R. Hornbaker would permit. So hungry was he for knowledge that he also attended night school under the name of Samuel Deemond. Sam said he did not change his name to escape the rule limiting pupils to one education at a time, but just wanted a new name and tried it on the night school first.

His teachers, however, give Sam credit for a good deal of ambition and cleverness, and they are wonder if Superintendent Ella Flagg Young will not allow Sam to enter the Medill high school. He has been refused his graduation certificate at the Smyth school for his violation of the rule in getting his day and night education, and until he gets it his double barreled education is stopped.

Is Your Name Written Here?

Letters, letters, all kinds of letters; letters for citizens and letters for foreigners, supposed to have been somewhere in the country tributary to Spokane, but who could not be found by the postoffice men, are down at the postoffice this week waiting to be claimed. There are two or three for the same person in some cases, and the men at the postoffice do not know where to look for their owners. These will be sent to the dead letter office if not called for in a few days.

LADIES' LIST

Lowe, Mrs. Percy.

McCabe, Miss Dorothy; McClary, Mrs. Harvey; McHardie, Mrs. (Boone avenue); McLaugdlem, Mrs. E.; McMillan, Mrs. D. B.; McMillen, Mrs. Wm.; McNeil, Mrs. Matilda; MacDonald, Mrs.; Mankle; Miss Winifred; Marre, Mrs. A.; Martin, Mrs. Alice M.; Mathews, Mrs. Hattie Bell; Mathews, Mrs. Mary; Matthews, Miss Nellie; May, Ida; Maybell, Miss Snowie; Maynard, Mrs. H. J.; Mead, Mrs. Anna; Mead, Mrs. Ida C.; Miller, Mrs. W. H.; Minkler, Mrs. Mae; Montelius, Mrs. Ralph; Moore, Mrs. C. H.; Moore, Miss Jane; Morgan, Mrs. C.; Moyland, Ella and Margaret; Muehlman, Miss Anna; Mueller, Mrs. (1026 Sixth street); Myers, Mrs.; Myhre, Mrs. W. W.; Myrick, Mrs. A. T.

Nami, Mrs. M.; Newland, Miss Helen; Nichols, Miss Edna; Nilles, Mrs. E. M.; Nogle, Miss Lucretia; Nothohm, Mrs. Lizzie.

O'Brian, Mrs.

Page, Mrs. Louise; Palm, Miss Ora; Palmer, Mrs. Katie; Parker, Mrs. Bob; Parker, Nellie; Parvin, Mrs. J. L.; Patterson, Mrs. W. C.; Pember, Mrs. J. W.; Pencost, Mrs. O.; Perrin, Mrs. Nora; Peterson, Hilda; Pettijohn, Mrs. Myrtle; Pierce, Miss Edna; Ploutz, Mrs. Gertrude; Pretz, Florence; Prickett, Miss Lottie.

Rash, Mrs. Eli; Raymond, Mrs. L.; Raymond, Mrs. Lela; Rebne, Miss Matilda (2); Reeves, Mrs. W. A.; Rice, Mrs. Lulu; Richards, Miss Edna; Richards, Mrs. F.; Richards, Mrs. John; Ritter, Miss Mae.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

McDagre, P. O.; McDonald, F.; McDonald, G. H.; McDonald, Tony; McGilvrey, O. F.; McGinnes, Mr.; McGrath, Thomas; McIntosh, John; McKenny, J.; McLaughlin, Mr.; McLaughlin, W. A.; McVicker, Chas.; MacDonell, A. (2); MacIntyre, James; Martens, Mr. and Mrs. (2); Martin, Hal W.; Martin, J. L.; Mason, Mr.; Matthews, Jay; May, E. E.; May, R. G.; Melgard, Chris; Metsinger, Al.; Meuli, Jacob; Millar, A. H.; Miller, C. W.; Miller, George W.; Miller, Thos. M.; Mish, Guy; Mitchell, G. E. O.; Monroe, Chas. S.; Monroe, Willie; Moore, Clifton; Moore, Ed. J.; Moore, F. W.; Moquist, Peter; Morris, Joe; Morrow, E. H.; Mulligan, J. H.; Murphy, Joe; Murphy, William; Myhre, Ole (2).

Nelson, J.; Nesbitt, Harry B.; Newlin, R. B.; Newton, N. A.; Nichols, Bart; Norris, Clarke G.

O'Connor, L. J.; O'Donnell, Adam; Ostroum, Mr.; O'Sullivan, Michael; O'Toole, Peter.

Panzo, Frank; Parker, Fred; Parks, J.; Parsons, J. G.; Patterson, L. C.; Patterson, R. J.; Pea, Oliver; Penn, J. T.; Peters, D. S.; Peterson, Fred W.; Petterson, Johnny.

FOREIGN LIST

Rizzuto, Gregerio; Roberts, G. F.; Ronning, Elmer; Rose, Miss Elias; Ruest, Alphonse; Ruseff, Peter; Ryan, W. J.; Sacchetti, Vito; Salacoff, Ilia Petroff; Sampson, W. R.; Semsen, Sigval; Shouldice, J. T.; Simpson, R. E.; Simonoff, Bojan; Singt, Milt; Singr, Thakor; Siver, M.; Snowden, W. R.; Sollbakke, Wm. R.; Sparrow, Charles E.; Sperling, Mrs. Rosa; Standow, Richard; Staneff, Urdan; Stienke, Mrs. Mary; Sundin, Oscar; Svansson, John; Swizch, Julian; Sykes, Mrs.; Taillefer, E.; Tandreni, Milan; Tengstrom, Charles; Tennino, Giuseppe; Tillett, Mrs. L.; Tobnuky, Tempy Ceneaby; Todoroff, Mladen; Toneheff, Ivan; Tonkoff, Mincho (2); Tower, Miss; Tsoniff, Toti; Tyrrell, Frank; Tyrell, Ned; Tunkl, Mathias; Turdanoff, Ivan; Ungori, Giuseppe (2); Urdanoff, Lamby; Velichcoff, Zarry (2); Vennori, Marietta; Vincignerra, Salvatore; Vokoff, Stanco; Voneff, Kosta; Vuletic, Erste; Wargstrom, Andres; Wasileff, Dimitr; Watten, Mrs. Mondic; Wayles, Tony; Weiger, Mrs. E. J.; West, Mrs. Minnie; White, Mrs. Dora; White, F. E.; White, R. H.; Whitehurst, Mrs.; Whitman, Miss Hazel; Wukmirovic, Rade.

INDIAN'S DANCE IN 'MOONSHINE' GIVES MEXICAN AWAY

BRANNING, Cal., Jan. 31.—Indians recently had a feast here. In connection with the merrymaking, the Indians started to play a game that looked like touch tag. For home base they picked a cactus plant some distance off, near a vacant shack. While they were chasing one another around the desert, the agent in charge forgot his troubles and slumbered.

When he awoke finally, he noted that the cactus plant seemed to be the chief point of interest in the game. Bye and bye everyone hung around home base so much the game grew stale. As one old buck was leaving the cactus plant, the moon came out strong. With the smooth, white desert beneath him and the glorious moonshine above him and around him and inside of him, he felt inspired to perform a little shadow dance, with a couple of whisky bottles for castanets, to the accompaniments of several whoops. When his "whoop, whoop" changed to "hic, hic" the agent thought he would take a look at "home base."

There was an old blanket thrown over the plant and beneath that several quarts of "bottled in bond" and a few shining silver dollars. Inside the neighboring shack he found a Mexican peeping out of the window. The "greaser" had a pocket full of those silver dollars and several cases of booze beside him. He had a bar; all but the cash register.

The Mexican is in another shack now, with lots of bars, and the agent says that at the next Indian feast over which he presides, if they play tree tag, will find him on the top branch, very, very vigilant.

Mme. Zahle, wife of the Danish premier, acts as parliamentary reporter in Copenhagen. She was the first woman to work as a shorthand writer in the folkething, and to move about on the floor amongst the members. Her appointment took place in 1894, when her husband was elected member for Ringsted, Iceland.

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Corner Stevens and Main
Also F. R. Robertson, Druggist, Howard and Riverside

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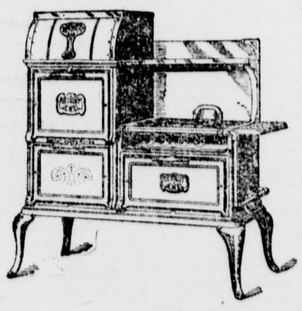
A GAS RANGE
WHAT ABOUT A COAL OR WOOD RANGE?
NEVER READY
YES, AND BESIDES THAT, ONE HAS THE DRUDGERY OF COAL, WOOD AND ASHES TO CONTEND WITH.
THINK IT OVER.
PHONE MAIN 3485 AND OUR REPRESENTATIVE WILL CALL.

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Hats—Broken Lots—Values $3.50, for $1.45
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The People's Store Corner Main and Washington
February Bargains
This has always been a month of big values and general price cutting. This year you may expect to save as much on your clothes, shoes and dry goods (if you come here) as will make amends for the extra high cost of your eatables.
It's comforting to big families to know that the clothing expense can be scaled down to help pay those dreadful butchers and grocers. Kemp & Hebert will do the economizing for you!

Staple Goods
American Prints—Full assortment of blue, gray, red, white or black grounds, in countless patterns; our price, per yard..... 5c
Russian Crash—Bleached or brown; 12½c value; per yard..... 8¢
Nurses' Stripe Ginghams—They'll be 15c or more if cotton keeps going up; our special price now, per yard..... 10c
Fancy Flannelettes—These are now worth 15c a yard; but the special price for this sale is 10¢
85c Seamless Sheets—Full size; each..... 63¢
20c Pillow Cases—42x36 inch..... 15¢
Dresser Scarfs—50c value; hemstitched... 25¢
$1.50 Couch Covers—Fancy stripes; each.. 69¢
Lace Curtains—A clean-up of all kinds of $2.50 to $10.00 curtains; in one or two pair lots; at HALF PRICE, $1.25 to $5.00.

Women's $20 Suits $9.73

Out of a great variety of fine winter suits, in values from $15 up to $50 that are now selling at an average of less than half price, we select the above item to advertise, as being a most remarkable and attractive offer.
They come in black and in fancy colors, are right up to date in style, are worth $20 each, but are now going at only..... $9.73

Women's $22 to $27.50 Coats $12.73
Handsome models in black and popular colors; the correct long garments that are now worn. They come in broadcloth, worsted, kersey and cheviot. Were it not for our determination to clear away winter stock, not one of these splendid coats would have been reduced below $17 or $18 for another month, at least.
All sizes are in the assortment and all are satin or silk lined and tailored in the latest approved styles. See these coats at the very low price of..... $12.73

Men's $4 Pants $2.65
Up to $4.00 Pants—Cassimeres, tweeds and fancy worsteds; largely the guaranteed all-wool materials; in this season's patterns and styles; sizes 30 to 42; special sale price..... $2.65
Pants Worth $4.50—All-wool worsteds and cassimeres, fancy stripes and mixtures; some of the choicest patterns of the season; moderate weight and all sizes; special sale price..... $3.35

Socks 11c
Black Socks—The 20c kind, in cotton, merino and worsted; a cleanup in all sizes at, pair..... 11¢
Men's Lined Mittens—Knit wrist with leather face..... 39¢