

THE DEMOCRAT.

Published Every Friday Morning.
TILLMAN & PRICE, Proprietors.

VERSAILLES, MISSOURI.

A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet,
And her age was half-past three,
And she lived in a house on Wellington
street,
In the yard with the walnut tree,
Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Was almost half-past four;
And he sat, when they gave him a base-
ball and bat,
That he'd "play with the girls no
more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the
fence,
At an end were all life's joys,
As she saw the friend of her youth depart
"To play with the great big boys."
Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Up to the field marched he;
But his eye was blacked, and his head was
whacked,
And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "baby" because
he cried,
Did Teddy and Willie and Tim,
And they chased him away when he
threatened to tell,
And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence,
And her face wore a joyful smile
When Harold Percival Marmaduke said
He'd play with her "once in a while."
—St. Nicholas.

BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

THE deep, bright blueness of a
Mexican sky bent low over its
favored children, as if it would shut
away from them, on this one day,
every shadow of seriousness or care,
and must have been gratified by the
gorgeous pageant of the Plaza Zocalo
flashed back in return. Since early
dawn the vendors from the hill dis-
tricts had been pouring into the city,
and tiny booths, like mushrooms, had
been springing up all over the market
quarter. Long before the first sleepy-
eyes in the town had begun to open,
the Indian had started on his journey
to dispose of his wares as his Toltec
and Aztec ancestors had done a
thousand years before. For this was
the great feast-day of the spring-
time, and it is only on such a day the
variegated City of Mexico is seen in
all its glory. It is then the market-
place is the most brilliant scene the
all-beholding sun looks down upon in
all his course. Out of doors, the bril-
liancy of the colorings is somewhat
tempered by the atmosphere, but even
so the brain is assailed by such
rude blasts of color as almost to
make it reel. Gay awnings, bright
rebozos, many-hued serapes, embroid-
eries, spangles, flowers, deep skies,
burning suns, brilliant verdure, all con-
spire to intoxicate the eye. And the
rank, primary hues of their chosen
colorings suggest, to the thoughtful,
something of the primitive nature of
the Children of the Sun-shine.

And yet, amid all this exterior glad-
ness, hearts were aching, eyes were
weeping, hopes were falling in the
stately old house of Cardenas. The
warmth of the sunshine and the
brightness of the skies could not
penetrate the gloom in the heart of
Dolores. Her great dark eyes looked
out on an altogether bleak and cheer-
less world.

The great old house of the Car-
denas family had been the home
of generations of beautiful Car-
denas daughters from time imme-
morable. Since the first Senorita Do-
lores, the women of this house had
held their stately heads at the pre-
scribed angle, had felt the weight of
dignity of belonging to the oldest fam-
ily in Mexico, had preserved the family
feuds and friendships unquestion-
ably, had dutifully married the suitor
chosen by their parents; and had
lived, died, and been gathered to their
fathers, with never a thought of re-
volt against the family traditions.

But Dolores, the youngest of the
family, the erstwhile petted darling
of the household, with the blood of
such an ancestry in her veins, the ex-
ample of countless progenitors be-
fore her eyes, now arose in open re-
volt against every tradition of the
family.

The assembled hosts stood aghast
at this unexampled waywardness, and
declared she was not worthy to bear
the sacred name of Cardenas. The
suitor they had chosen for her was,
to the mind of the family, in every
way a worthy alliance for a Cardenas,
and, as they argued, if he pleased
them, why should he not please her?
Miguel, who since the death of the
old senor, his father, had taken the
reins as the head of the family, had
no thought of being overridden by a
slip of a girl; but the old senora,
when she realized her daughter's will
was as inflexible as her own, was al-
most at the point of being lenient.

Now, however, when it was dis-
covered that Dolores Cardenas had
defied them all—not because she was
too young to marry or had any tan-
gible objection to the choice of her
family, but because she had claudes-

tinely met, loved, and pledged her-
self to an American, a miserable up-
start Gringo—it was decided she
should be promptly sent into a con-
vent to take the veil.

As a consequence, this beautiful
holiday world was a bleak and cheer-
less place to-day for the little Senorita
Dolores. As she stood at her win-
dow, seeing nothing but the horror
of convent walls closing in upon her,
she clutched within her hand her
only hope, a tiny, crumpled scrap of
paper, on which she read over and
over:

"Go straight to the Plaza Zocalo. I will
know you under any disguise if you will
wear a white cross on your shoulder. I
will wait for you at the pottery stall of
old Pancha. Then Mexico adios!"

The girl watched the shadows set-
tling down over the festive city, and
summoned all her courage for this
fateful step. As she looked about
her, she felt the very walls that had
sheltered so many dutiful Cardenas
daughters must cry out against her,
but what else could she do?

The old bishop of Arezzo, the fam-
ily confessor, was holding a solemn
conclave in the room below with
Miguel and the senora. So, slipping
into her disguise, she waited for the
noises of the household to settle
down into a twilight quiet.

"The only safeguard is a convent,"
she heard her brother saying as she
crept toward the half-open door.

But as they sat so calmly deliber-
ating upon her fate, little did they
dream that at that moment, that
very instant, not three yards from
them, the little rebel was stealing
past them out into the world. Once,
in the course of their discussion,
something had caused the old senora
to stop and listen. Was it a door
creaking on a rusty hinge, she asked
herself, or a rat scampering through
the thick adobe wall? On the other
side of the partition the little fugi-
tive stood breathless. The noise was
not repeated, however, so the voice
of the senora arose again and droned
on in its argument as to the respect-
ive merits of the different sister-
hoods.

The fugitive daughter wondered if
these old souls, who could dispose so
calmly of another life, had forgotten
the joys of the heyday of their
own youth, or if the good rich blood
had ever caroused through their veins
as hers did now. She crushed her
toy-basket close to her heart to still
the tumult of its beating for fear its
loud knocking must arouse the house.

The shadows had wrapped the city
in a merciful monotone of gray as
she slipped out the door, under the
armorial bearings of the house of
Cardenas, whose name she was no
longer to bear. Never before had
she been out in the street alone. Old
Carmela had always been as close as
her shadow; but, as she remembered
she was no longer herself, but for
the nonce a mere peon toy-vendor,
she held her basket close, and turned
toward the plaza. The tide of travel
was still set in that direction, for
the evening was the gayest time of
all. So, falling in with the throng,
she was soon an insignificant atom in
the crowd.

Arrived upon the plaza, the eyes of
the Senorita Cardenas widened with
excitement. This was the first time
in her life she had mingled so closely
with the market-place rabble. The
laughing of the buyers, the solicit-
ing of the vendors, the babel of
tongues, the yelping of the dogs, the
curious-looking foreigners, made up
as strange a sight to the carefully
brought up little Spanish girl as to
the rankest outsider. Her cheeks
glowed and her eyes burned with the
thrill of novelty, and, forgetting
about her toys, she stood lost in won-
der at the life about her. The plaza
with its people, its booths, its
groups of bull-fighters, flower-girls,
and grandees, all jostling shoulders
in good-natured haste, might be a full-
dress rehearsal of "Carmen," she
thought.

At every step deeper into the crowd
her safety became surer. She began
to wonder what would happen at
home when they discovered her
flight. She smiled to herself at the
consternation that would ensue when,
after deciding finally upon which
convent she should enter, they found
their bird had flown.

Just then, a rude party of Mexi-
can youths, seeing the smiling little
toy-vendor, stopped with a familiar
jest and tried to talk with her. Now,
for the first time, she realized her
forlorn position. A sudden fear
seized her that she might in some
way miss Randol in all this great
crowd. Then a new fear clutched
her heart. What if, after counting
the danger her abduction would bring
upon his head, he had failed her!

The next instant she banished the
thought, for straight beyond, tower-
ing above the crowd, she saw the tall
erect figure of Randol peering every-
body out of his way in haste to reach
the stall of old Pancha in time. The
girl watched him with already the
pride of possession. How different
he was from the other men she saw!
How handsome and fine! The man's
keen eyes were scanning every face
that passed. Purposely, she drew in-
to a corner to watch him and realize
the fact that it was for her his eyes

were so intent and his face so eager
She could wait and prolong the joy
of the coming moment, for when they
did meet it would be for always.

As she turned her eyes for an in-
stant to follow the surging crowd,
she caught, or fancied she caught, a
sight of Miguel's retreating figure.
Was it possible her escape had al-
ready been discovered, she wondered.
There was no doubt in her mind as to
the measures he would take when he
found she would not return home
with him. To Miguel the honor of
his house was dearer than anything
in the world. He would not scruple
to kill Gringo to preserve his family
escutcheon from a blot. And well
his sister knew that when his pride
and anger met, there would be no
quarter.

With this thought the little vendor
shrank deeper into the shadow.
When her flight was discovered there
would be only one explanation of it.
The whole city would be aroused in
an instant, and their escape made im-
possible. Randol, in his straightfor-
wardness and self-confidence, could
not be made to realize their danger.
But as the little peon vendor stood
alone and unbefriended in this great
city, she felt the force of her help-
lessness against her brother's power.
And her lover! As she looked at
him she felt the danger she had
brought upon him with a new poignancy.
Why should she let him risk
his life for her?

Randol, meanwhile, stalked up and
down in front of the stall, growing
restless and impatient. Suddenly, as
if drawn by the intensity of her long-
ing, he turned and walked straight
toward her. With an instinctive cry
of joy she turned to spring toward
him. But the next instant the cry
was stifled. Instead, she flattened
herself against the wall and held her
breath. The white cross she had
pinned upon her shoulder in such
ecstasy was turned to the shadow
and her rebozo drawn close about
her face.

Straight on he came. Crouching
against the wall, she waited. He
brushed so near she almost felt his
breath upon her cheek. She clasped
her hands tight over her heart and
dog her nails so deep into her palms
the blood came to the surface in
tiny crescent-shaped gashes. But she
made no sound.

Her life was of no great conse-
quence, she told herself, but Randol
was dearer to her than a thousand
lives. She could not let him risk
himself so recklessly for her.

As Randol, disappointed and baffled,
reached the corner, the lights
flared in his face and she saw the
eagerness in his eyes had given place
to suspicion. He must think her
false! He who had believed so im-
plicitly in her faith that he had glad-
ly risked everything for her, would
now think she had put her family
pride above his love.

The gay holiday throng surged
around her. Girls with glowing eyes
looked up into the faces smiling
above them, happy voices rang in
her ears, passing singers trolled gay
love-songs, while the forlorn little
toy-vendor stood motionless in her
corner.

Would he go? Had he given her
up? She strained her eyes after him
as he mingled with the crowd. Per-
haps he did not care so much after
all!

No, he was coming back! If she
could only tell him she was true, she
thought. If he could know all the
long years that were to follow that
she had failed him only to save him,
then he would think kindly of the
nun in the Spanish convent.

He was again almost within reach,
peering, searching, wondering. She
could stand it no longer. Dropping
her basket quietly to the ground the
piteous little creature turned and
fled.

When Randol reached the angle of
the wall where the shadows grew
deep and thick he looked carefully
but found it empty.

Back through the streets the little
peon fled, alone. No one tried to
speak to her, for every eye was filled
with the lights and pleasures in the
plaza beyond.

She reached the frowning house
she had so lately left forever, and
found it still in darkness.

It was early yet, but she had lived
out all the joys and sorrows of her
life in this one hour. She slipped
quietly around to the servants' en-
trance, then into the great hall. The
door was still half open, and the
bishop's voice was still explaining to
the senora the penance her daughter
would have to go through before she
could enter the sisterhood.

Again the old senora thought she
heard an unusual sound in the hall.
Was it a door creaking on a rusty
hinge, she asked herself, or a rat
scampering through the old adobe
wall?

Again the little figure on the other
side of the partition stopped and held
her breath till the voices took up
their argument.

When at last the unsuspecting
senora came to Dolores' room, and
said, sternly, "My daughter, we have
decided," the little senorita meekly
acquiesced like a worthy Cardenas.—
San Francisco Argonaut.

KIOWAS PLAYING AT CARDS.



Find the Loser.

The present home of the Kiowas is in Indian Territory, where they occupy a reservation with the Comanches. When they were first known by the white men they lived along the headwaters of the Platte river. They were at that time, 250 years ago, as now, neighbors of the Comanches, the two tribes occupying the territory between the Black Hills and the Yellowstone river. The Kiowas are inveterate gamblers, their favorite games being monte and cuncan. They will stake everything they own on the turn of a card, and if they lose they leave the game without a word of complaint. The Kiowas were great buffalo hunters and did not give up their wild life on the plains until 1877 when they were removed to their present reservation.

FIRST PATRIOTIC SONG.

The Generation Preceding the Rev-
olution Produced a Musical
Tanner.

The Puritans of England held
music in no very high esteem. They
held in abhorrence "piping with
organs, singing, ringing and trowling
of psalms from one side of the choir
to the other," as complained of in
their protest to parliament. In fact,
writes Helen Brown, in American
Queen, their fanaticism bred so much
hatred for such things that they
came to look upon music as posi-
tively unchristian. So the pilgrims
brought to America with them the
style of music that prevailed when
they left the mother country, which
goes without saying that it was not
of the most inspiring, cheering kind.

The generation preceding the rev-
olution is referred to as the "psalm-
singing generation." The colonists
were absorbed in the task of reviv-
ing and republishing the psalms.

In 1713 an organ was introduced
into Boston, but the prejudice was so
great that the instrument remained
unpacked in the porch of the church
for seven months.

Up to this time there had been no
native compositions, but a little later
on the first compositions were the
work of one William Billings, a tan-
ner by trade. As psalm-singing still
prevailed his first production was the
"New England Psalm Singer," which
was followed by "Singing Master's
Assistant" and "Music in Miniature."
His later works were of a patriotic
order and it is due to this fact that
they became so popular. His "Lam-
entations Over Boston" breathed
the spirit of the revolution, as also
did his "Retrospect," "Independ-
ence" and "Columbia."

Mamma's Consent.

The Count (old enough to be a grand-
father and after Miss Moneyton)—I
had asked your mamma and she giv-
her consent; and now I—er—

Miss Moneyton—I am so glad! But
would it be funny to call you papa?
Lippincott's Magazine.

"Going to Boston."

The latest guy is "I'm going to
Boston." When a man cannot say
"No," and does not want to say
"Yes," to an invitation, he compro-
mises by expressing the profoundest
regret and announcing almost in tears
that he is going to Boston.—N. Y.
Press.

Vulgar Breeze.

"Gracious," exclaimed Miss Blagore,
as the yacht went about, "this breeze
makes me feel quite uncomfortable."
"No wonder," replied Miss Toady; "I
just heard one of the sailors say it was
a 'trade wind.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Embryo Mosquitoes.

Certain species of mosquitoes hiber-
nate in the adult state, others in the
larvae state and some in the egg.
Larvae live through a winter in solid
ice.

Business Failures.

The inspector general shows that
in London the losses from unsuccess-
ful companies during the last ten
years have exceeded \$2,690,000,000.

The Normal Eye.

The normal eye can read letters
seven-twentieths of an inch high at a
distance of 20 feet.

A GLIMPSE OF GIBRALTAR.

Disappointing After the First Glimpse
Because of Demeaning
Associations.

It is just possible to be impressed
by the first glimpse of Gibraltar; but
soon the recollection of the innum-
erable petty and criminal uses to which
it has been applied, in literature and
in picture, crowds in to disenchant and
belittle. It is hard to keep yourself
to the thought of what must have
been its effect on those who saw it
first. It is a rock which conceals a
town in one of its folds, and contains
a fortress which is still formidable;
it may, one day, look down upon and
participate in the greatest sea fight
that ever the world saw. And yet
there seems to be something little
about Gibraltar; so vast for a rock, it
is not much for a mountain.

I much prefer to stand upon Gibrat-
tar and look across the strait toward
Morocco, land of hidden treasure, mys-
tery and danger, and so lovely to the
eye that it fairly makes the heart ache,
writes Julian Hawthorne in the Book-
lover's Magazine. And then turn to-
ward the east and sail on in imagina-
tion down the matchless, historic,
immemorial sea, with a coast on either
hand which nature and man have com-
bined to make the most attractive on
earth. The glory that was Greece and
the grandeur that was Rome, the
Arabs, the Carthaginians, the un-
known progenitors of our race, the
Gothic invaders and destroyers and
rebuffers—all came from yonder.

Wasps Devour Spiders.

Dr. Dallinger describes the ruthless
destruction of spiders by the ichneu-
mony and by certain wasps. The
young of some wasps can live only on
live spiders and the mother wasp,
therefore, renders the spiders power-
less by her sting—after which it can
live a month—and then deposits it in
the cocoon where she has laid her
egg. On hatching out the wasp grubs
feed on the bodies of the living spi-
ders. Another wasp deposits her egg
in the body of the spider, which is
then buried alive and is fed upon by
the wasp grub.

Education and Physique.

Prof. Mosso calls attention in the
Nouvelle Revue to the curious fact
that whereas in Italy the educated
classes are physically greatly inferior
to the peasants, in England members
of the learned societies are physically
superior to the laboring classes.

One the Less.

Sunday School Teacher—How many
commandments are there Willie?

Willie—Ten.

Sunday School Teacher—And sup-
pose you were to break one of them?

Willie—Then there'd only be nine.—
Philadelphia Bulletin.

Waiting for the Elders.

Manager—Here, John, why are you
always late? You never arrive until
after I get here.

Office Boy—Well, sir, they told me
at grandmother's always to wait for
older folks to enter first, an' that's
why I don't like to come too early.—
Boston Globe.

Accounting for His Madness.

He—I love you, Miss Peach, ardently,
passionately, madly.

She—Nonsense, Mr. De Sever; you
are hardly acquainted with me.

"I know; but then—why, perhaps
that's the reason."—Stray Stories.