

THE GRAY FALCON

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE market boy stood at the gateway with his square basket, and Jules had brought out the tray of bouquets, one clear, bright morning, while Chlotilde's white fingers arranged them in the most tempting show; when the three were startled by the sudden appearance of a man who, throwing open the folds of his cloak, which had concealed his face, stepped forward from a hidden nook, and spoke gaily:

"Good day, my fair gardener! Sell me one of your bouquets, I pray you." Jules saw the deadly pallor which overspread his companion's face, and dextrously bending between them, himself singled out a bouquet and held it toward the stranger.

The sharp, keen eye of the latter roved over his features triumphantly; but without remark, he accepted the bouquet, and again turning to the girl he inquired the price.

She had summoned resolution enough to answer without sign of trepidation. He hunted up the money, took his bouquet, and marched away, never once turning to glance behind.

Chlotilde—as he called her—seized Jules' arm, and drawing him aside, she whispered:

"We must fly! not an hour, not a moment, not a second can be lost. It was M. Pierre; he knew me beyond a doubt; I read his malignant triumph on his face. Oh, Jules! let us get to Emile—somehow, as speedily as possible."

Jules perceived at once the dangerous emergency.

"Get your hat and cloak, Chlotilde; we will go with the boy to find Emile. What can we find to fill our baskets, to give us excuse for reaching him?" Chlotilde pointed to her plants. Without another word, Jules hastened to dig them up, and set them in the basket; while she entered the cottage for the few articles she dared take with her.

Side by side they followed, breathlessly, the lead of the wondering peasant boy, and went on into the crowd and stir of the city. They were too excited and eager to be aware of the dark browed, villainous looking man, who followed stealthily in their steps never losing sight of them for a moment.

The virago perceived it, and exclaimed angrily:

"What ails that simpleton? does she dare to sympathize with the proud tyrants? She's an aristocrat, I'll swear!" Lady Felicie trembled from head to foot; her fortitude seemed entirely to have forsaken her.

Jules hastily pressed her arm in warning, and began to rail angrily.

"Yes, yes; she's a silly thing. She's been sick and lost all her sense. She was always afraid of blood; I'm in hopes to teach her yet the difference betwixt aristocratic blood, which deserves to be spilt, and the honest tide of the people's pulse."

"She looks like one of 'em. Stand out, here, wench, and let us make sure; that's too doll-like a face to belong to a citizen's daughter. And she shows her gull; I'll swear she's one of them."

She cleared a little space around them as she spoke, and dragged Felicie forward.

The poor girl, white as any statue, turned her eyes appealingly to Jules, as the iron fingers left their cruel print upon her tender arms.

"Nay, nay; she's a good girl, citizeness, only for being so frightened," cried Jules; "let her go, I beg of you."

By this time other attention was drawn to the scene, and the hurrying crowd paused to gather around the group, and question the cause of their agitation.

"An aristocrat; she would save the Austrian woman!" cried the Amazon, with her grasp still tightening on the arm of the terrified girl.

"Away with her then; to the prison with her!" shouted a dozen fierce voices, as the angry eyes glared upon her.

"Leave her to me!" exclaimed Jules, pressing forward to her side. "I shall punish her well for this silly terror."

"Make her look on and see the haughty queen's proud head rolling in the dust," shouted another.

"Bid her about with us, Death to the aristocrats! Liberty and equality forever!"

"She can do that. Come, Chlotilde, about with me!" cried Jules, swinging his cap and sending up a cheery huzza for "Freedom and equality forever!"

A man in the crowd stepped forward and looked eagerly and scrutinizingly into the pallid, but handsome, clear-cut features of the youth.

"I'll swear to that face!" muttered he, "it's him, and no mistake."

Jules himself caught that searching glance, and though his face gave no sign, his heart sank in despair.

PRESIDENT OF CUBA.

GENERAL MASSO ELECTED TO CHIEF MAGI STRACY.

He Has All His Life Been a Hater of Spain and Her Policy—Son of a Noted Patriot—His Mother a Congo Negress.

GENERAL MASSO, the newly elected president of the Cuban Republic, has all his life long been a defender of Cuban independence, and his countrymen are heard frequently to say that no better fitted man for the presidential office could be found, and that no man has accomplished services to the island which could better entitle him to the honor.

Masso is one of three brothers who learned from their own father undying hatred to Spain, and who got their first lesson in warfare in their father's company during the ten years' war that ended in 1874. The father was a half Spaniard and the mother a Congo negress. Despite the partial Spanish descent there is not a drop of blood in Masso's veins that flows in sympathy with the Spanish cause.

While Virginia womanhood is as glorious as ever, Virginia manhood is to a degree disappointing. But the explanation is not altogether just. One need not be long a traveler in this land to discover that, go where he will, North, West, or South, he will find the male Virginian filling positions of mark in the community.

General Masso is a naturalized American citizen. He secured his papers while working for Colonel Figuerado at Tampa some years ago: Although possessed of little education, and unable to read English, Masso is a man of considerable intellect, and he has picked up a vast amount of information on all subjects through conversation. While able to talk well on many topics he is deficient in arithmetic, and

education, their manners, are developed with that some scrupulous attention of detail their great-grandmothers received. The system has been handed down from mother to daughter. It has undergone no change. It is preserved in all of its purity. We are very proud of our women. I think if the whole country could view this scene to-night it would be conceded that we have occasion to be. But our men—"

Once more the long lines formed and swept down the room. The gentleman of the old school forgot to finish his sentence as he joined in the vigorous applause.

"What is the matter with the Virginia men?" was asked of a lady in whose veins flow the best of the Cavalier strains, but who has lived long enough to have grown blunt of speech.

"Whisky," she replied without hesitation or qualification.

The gentleman of the old school shook his head regretfully as he added: "I fear the mint julep is too popular in Virginia."

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ILLINOIS NEWSLETS.

RECORD OF MINOR DOINGS OF THE WEEK.

Seven Days' Happenings Condensed—Social, Religious, Political, Criminal, Obituary and Miscellaneous Events from Every Section of the State.

Chicago has been selected as a recruiting station for the enlistment of men for the United States navy.

Shelbyville.—Mrs. Mary Hambleton has begun suit in the Shelby County Circuit Court for divorce from her husband.

Marengo.—A public memorial library building is to be erected here, to cost about \$10,000. Elgin architects are preparing plans.

Chicago.—William Deering and twenty other prominent Methodists have issued a call for laymen of the Rock River conference to meet and form an association.

Jacksonville.—Interest in the famous Draper-Hastings murder case has been revived in this city by the visit of Col. Pat Dyer of St. Louis, chief counsel for the defense. It is thought he will try for a change of venue, though this county has a record for never hanging a person.

Springfield.—The executive committee of the Illinois Democratic Editorial Association met in this city today and arranged for a meeting of the Democratic editors of the state to be held at the Tremont House, Chicago, Oct. 22 and 23, for the purpose of consultation and discussion of state and national policies. A program was prepared, including an address of welcome by Mayor Carter H. Harrison and response by James F. O'Donnell, editor of the Bloomington Bulletin.

Chicago.—When Congressman George E. White hastened to Washington last May to help along the cause of his constituents he forgot all about renewing his license for the lumber business he transacts in West Lake street. He subsequently received notice that he was in arrears, but the letters of notification passed through the regular course of his official mail and his private secretary did not think them of sufficient importance to turn over to his chief. Yesterday Congressman White paid the penalty of his procrastination by having to submit to the indignity of arrest. He will be given a hearing before Justice Doyle this morning.

Joliet.—Ernest Semper, age 47 years, a butcher and sausage maker in this city, committed suicide early this morning by shooting. He leaves a widow and four children. Mrs. Semper said she had not the slightest idea why her husband had killed himself. Their home life was a happy one in every way. Business has been poor lately, but Mr. Semper rarely talked of his business affairs at home. Meat was high and the profits in the sausage business were very small. Mrs. Semper said her husband had been greatly interested in Luetzert's trial, as he was acquainted with the Chicago sausage maker, but she does not think his interest in that trial has affected his mind.

Milford.—A. W. Welch, William and Mrs. Lyons were arrested at this place Monday night, charged with committing a murderous assault upon James Parkes, a resident of the west side. Parkes and the Lyons family live on adjoining property. Friday night Welch, Lyons and his wife lay in wait for Parkes and assaulted him on the streets within two blocks of his home, stabbing him through the left lung. He died this morning. It seems that Parkes had been forewarned of the trouble and had passed through the yards of two neighbors to avoid the trio, but the woman headed him off and held him until the men came to her assistance. The defense claims that Parkes had assaulted the woman, when the men came to her assistance. Parkes was 67 years old and is a man of family.

Chicago.—Mischievous children caused the wrecking of a street car at West Chicago and Home avenues last night, and though no one was seriously injured, fifteen passengers received a scare they will not soon forget. The car was badly wrecked, a lamp post was ground off its foundation, and the lives of two persons were saved by the car coming in contact with the obstruction. Workmen have been repairing the street in the vicinity of Hoyle and West Chicago avenues during the past few days, and the children of the neighborhood have found amusement in placing gravel on the street car tracks to find the dust after the cars had passed. Last evening a crowd of youngsters adopted this form of pastime, and one, more daring than the others, found some paving stones and a couple of them were placed on the tracks.

The Modern Woodmen war between Fulton and Rock Island ended in a sensational manner yesterday. The records of the head office were moved to the former place after Judge Gest had dissolved the latest injunction. Lieutenant-Governor Northcott and Adjutant-General Reece, who were actively engaged in the removal, were mobbed by a crowd of Fulton people and locked up in a depot, and five companies of state militia were ordered out to rescue them, but they were released before any of the troops arrived on the scene.



GEN. MASSO.



THE SPINSTER. (Sketched from Life.)

skirts, carries an umbrella and believes in woman's suffrage.

Petaluma, Cal., has a horse abattoir, the product of which is used for chicken feed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOST MINE.

Much Time Spent in Seeking for Secret Treasures.

An usual feature is that a particular Indian (sometimes with a companion or two) used to return from the west every year at a certain moon, ostensibly for the purpose of honoring the graves of his fathers and to use again his ancestral right of hunting the deer and bear among the wild but verdurous hills, says Lippincott's; yet gossiping tarheels hold that really the visits were for the purpose of opening again the concealed mine of lead or silver, whose rich spoil the sons of the forest have been seen bearing off in their packs.

Another form of the story relates that a certain hunter (always "won't tell," or now "dead," or "moved west") got all the lead for his bullets from the foot of a mountain above a cove on a certain creek; or an old counterfeiter (now "in the penitentiary" or "fed") into parts unknown) used to coin quarters and halves of good silver (still seen in circulation), yet was never known to buy silver in any form. Weeks and months were spent each year in searching for these secret treasures. Occasionally the enthusiasm would mount to the height of sending far off somewhere to fetch back the "old hunter." More than once such a one has been persuaded that there was more richness in his bullets than he had supposed; and, regretting vainly the many pounds of good silver lead that he had shot away at deer, coons, geese and other game, he has been brought back to his old haunts. Then, with many a keen eye tracking his goings with his persuading friend, weeks would be spent in bush-beating, cliff climbing and laborious search along rocky shores, about cavernous hills in fens, bogs, and dismal dells in the deep woods, but only to the utter disappointment of all their fond anticipations. The "old hunter" finds that time has obliterated his way-marks; bush and tree and rock and hill lack the familiar aspect, and he whose confused recollections formed the basis of vast schemes of gain returns to his distant home dispirited and disheartened.

An open foe may prove a curse, but a pretended friend is worse.—Pope.

CHAPTER XX.

THese two sensitive, refined natures, transfixed with utter loathing and horror, could give no outward sign of their detestation of the scene. A dozen pitiless eyes were watching every shade upon their faces.

They had each other's icy hands, and sternly bore it with all the heroism