

THE CABECILLA

By Alphons Davada

The good father was finishing his mass when they brought him the prisoners. It was a wild spot among the Arichulegi mountains.

A fallen rock in which a fig tree had plunged its twisted trunk formed a sort of altar, covered in guise of a cloth with a silver fringed Carlist standard.

Two cracked water coolers took the place of vases, and when the sacristan, Miguel, who was assisting the priest at the mass, arose in order to change the position of the holy book, the cartridges were heard jingling in his cartridge box.

All around the soldiers of Carlos were silently ranged, their guns slung across their backs and one knee on the ground upon the white beret.

The bright sun was concentrating its dazzling heat in this burning and sonorous rocky hollow, where the flight of a blackbird alone from time to time disturbed the psalmody of the priest and the servant. Higher up on the jagged peak sentinels were standing, forming motionless silhouettes against the sky.

What a singular sight it was—this priestly commander officiating in the midst of his soldiers! And how plainly the double existence of the Cabecilla showed itself upon his countenance—the ecstatic air, the hard features, further accentuated by the bronzed complexion of the soldier in the field, and asceticism of the shadow of the cloister; small black, very brilliant eyes, the forehead traversed by enormous veins which seemed to bind the thought as with ropes, to fix it in an inextricable obstinacy.

Every time he turned toward the spectators with open arms to read the Dominus Vobiscum, one saw the uniform beneath the stole and the butt of a pistol, the haft of a Catalonian knife uplifting the rumpled surplice. "What is he going to do with us?" the prisoners asked themselves in terror, and while awaiting the end of the mass they recalled all the acts of ferocity which had been related of the Cabecilla and which had won him a special renown in the royalist army.

By a miracle that morning the father was in a clement mood. The mass in the open air, his success of the previous day and also the cheerfulness of Easter, yet felt by this strange priest, cast upon his face a ray of joy and kindness. As soon as the service was over, while the sacristan cleared off the altar, fastening up the sacred vases in a huge box, which was borne on the back of a mule in the rear of the expedition, the cure advanced toward the prisoners.

They were a dozen of republican carabineers, exhausted by a day of battle and a night of anguish in the straw of the sheepfold, where they had been penned up after the action. Yellow with fear, wan with hunger, thirst and fatigue, they clustered together like a flock of sheep in the courtyard of an abattoir.

Their uniforms full of hay, their belts in disorder, pushed up in the flight and in sleep, the dust which wholly covered them from the tufts of their caps to the points of their yellow shoes, all contributed well to give them that sinister look of the vanquished in which moral discouragement is betrayed by physical dejection.

The Cabecilla glanced at them for an instant with a little laugh of triumph. He was not sorry to see the soldiers of the republic humble, wan and ragged amid wild fed, well equipped Carlists, Navarre and Basque mountaineers as brown and hard as carob beans.

"Viva Dios, my children!" said he to them with a good natured air. "The republic nourishes her defenders very ill. Why, you are all as thin as the wolves of the Pyrenees when the mountains are covered with snow and they come into the plain to sniff the odor of the table by the lights which shine under the doors of the houses. One is treated otherwise in the service of the good cause. Would you like to make a trial of it, hermanos? Cast off those infamous caps and put on the white beret. As truly as this is the holy day of Easter, to those who will show 'Long live the king!' I will give their lives and the same campaign food I give my other soldiers."

Before the good father had finished all the caps were in the air, and shouts of "Long live King Carlos!" "Long live the Cabecilla!" resounded on the mountain. Poor devils! They had been in such great fear of death and so tempting were all those good victuals which they smelled close to them, about to be broiled in the shelter of rocks before the bivouac fires, pink and faint in the bright sunlight, I believe that never was the pretender acclaimed with such good will.

"Give them something to eat at once," said the cure, laughing. "When wolves yelp with that strength, it's because they have sharp teeth."

The carabineers went off. But one among them, the youngest, remained standing in front of the chief in a proud and resolute attitude, which contrasted with his juvenile features and the fine down, scarcely

colored, enveloping his cheeks with a blond powder. His capote, which was too large for him, was wrinkled at the back and on the arms, was turned up at the sleeves over two slight wrists and by its fullness made his look still younger and more slender. There was excitement in his long, brilliant eyes—Arab eyes, intensified by Spanish flame. And this fixed flame annoyed the Cabecilla.

"What do you want?" he asked of him.

"Nothing. I am waiting for you to decide on my fate."

"Your fate will be that of the others. I named no one. The pardon was for all."

"The others are traitors and cowards! I alone did not shout anything!"

The Cabecilla gave a start and looked him full in the face.

"What's your name?"

"Tonio Vidal."

"Whence come you?"

"From Puycedra."

"What age?"

"Seventeen."

"The republic, then, has no more men, since she is reduced to enrolling children?"

"I was not enrolled, padre. I am a volunteer."

"You know, fellow, that I have more than one means of making you shout 'Long live the king!'"

The youth assumed a superb look.

"I defy you to do so!" retorted he.

"So you would rather die?"

"A hundred times!"

"Very well; you shall die!"

Then the cure made a sign, and the execution platoon came and ranged itself around the condemned, who did not wince.

This sublime courage touched the chief with pity. He demanded:

"Have you nothing to ask of me first? Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want something to drink?"

"No," answered the youth; "but I am a good Catholic, and I don't want to go before God without confession."

The Cabecilla still wore his surplice and his stole.

"Kneel," said he, seating himself upon a rock, and the soldiers having withdrawn a short distance, the condemned began in a low voice:

"Bless me, my father, because I have sinned."

But in the midst of the confession a terrible fusillade burst forth at the entrance of the defile.

"To arms!" cried the sentinels.

The Cabecilla gave a bound, issued his orders, distributed the posts and scattered his soldiers. He himself had seized a carbine without taking the time to remove his surplice, when, happening to turn around, he perceived the youth still on his knees.

"What are you doing there?" he thundered.

"I am awaiting absolution," was the reply.

"That's true," said the priest. "I had forgotten you."

Gravely he raised his hand and blessed that bowed young head. Then, before going away, after glancing around him for the platoon of execution, dispersed in the disorder of the attack, he drew off a step, took aim at his penitent and shot him.

Two Extremes.

The smallest and the largest books in the world are owned by the British Museum. The former is a tiny "Eijou" almanac, less than an inch square, bound in red morocco and easily to be carried in the finger of a lady's glove. The largest book is an atlas of the fifteenth century. It is seven feet high. Between its pages a tall man is completely concealed. Its stout binding and enormous clasps make it look as solid as the walls of a room. These two extremes of the printer's art might justifiably stand at the beginning and the end of the bewildering seven miles of shelves filled with books which make up a part of the treasures of the great English library.

Birds and Landmarks.

It is a matter of considerable difficulty to determine at what distance from home a bird can direct its course by landmarks. Trained pigeons can do so for hundreds of miles, and shore birds and those which breed in cliffs near the sea have no difficulty whatever in reaching their homes after once striking the coast line. These birds are conspicuously conservative in the matter of nesting sites, breeding by myriads in a few colonies, to which they return at stated intervals.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

When a girl first gets a figure she is afraid everybody is looking at it; afterwards, that everybody is not.

Some love letters are too soft to file.

It is difficult to believe that everything is for the best, but there is no reason why we should not try to make the best of everything.

The man who is in love with himself imagines that all the world loves a lover.

Ideals are buried in the nuptial couch; they're re-incarnated in the crib.

When a woman cuts a man's acquaintance she looks daggers at him.

A woman always imagines her husband's love is reviving when he forgets to curse the cook for over-roasting the beef.

When a woman cuts a man's acquaintance she looks daggers at him.

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EDWARD SHUTER.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of the Famous Actor.

We are told in one of the garrulous books of eighteenth century memoirs that when Woodward and Garrick and Ned Shuter and old Parsons dined together there was "more hilarity, more quaint and comical development of character, than ever was seen exhibited on the stage."

In Ned Shuter, as in most comedians of any depth, there was a subvocal pathos, even of cynicism. Referring to his origin, which is shrouded in mystery, he once said, "I suppose I must have had parents, but I never remember having friends."

His contemporaries marveled at his keen understanding of character and his irresistible humor, and one verdict was to the effect that neither on the French nor on the English stage could any one be found to whom he could be compared. Diddim quaintly said: "His great fault was indolence, but eccentric qualities will naturally be accompanied by eccentric conduct. Thus we perceive in his acting great inequalities, but those parts of it that were sterling were invaluable to us."

Shuter possessed great brilliance of mind and hated to be called upon by every company he sat with to do some bit of clowning. Upon one occasion of this kind he assumed an air of preternatural gravity and steadfastly refused to "show off" before his host's guests. After the meal was over one of the company who could not bear longer to be deprived of the free performance he anticipated said, "Come, Mr. Shuter, when do you intend to begin to be comical?"

"Gad, sir," answered the actor, "I forgot my fool's dress! However, I'll go and fetch it if you will be my substitute until my return."

The guest accepted this rebuff as a delicious pleasantry, and chuckling heartily, promised to do so. Shuter picked up his hat and cane and went away—to return no more.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bears Like Turtle Eggs.

In the spring the female loggerhead comes ashore and scoops out a pit with her hind legs in the sand on the south side of a shoal. Then she lays from 150 to 200 eggs in the hole and covers them up again with the sand, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Bears are ever so fond of turtle eggs of all sorts, and they dig up the nests wherever they can find them, gobbling amazing quantities.

I have known as many as thirteen nests to be robbed by a single bear in one night. As soon as they are hatched the young ones scuttle into the water. Crabs, fishes and shellfish contribute to the diet of these tortoises.—Exchange.

Curiosities of Heat.

The thermometer marks the temperature, but the bulb of quicksilver and the human body are affected differently. As to what feels hot or cold to one is a matter of conduction of heat. Silver, iron, wood and air at the same temperature feel differently. Silver will burn the skin at 156 degrees F. It will blister the tongue at 150 degrees F. Iron to do that would have to be considerably hotter. Wood can be handled when at a temperature of 200 degrees F., and it is on record that men have stood an oven heat of 600 degrees F. for a short time without apparent injury.

Fit For Wholesale.

According to an Edinburgh paper, a farmer drove a fine bull with a scabby tail into the market recently, and while he was gazing at it reflectively a solemn friend approached. "Ye'll hae to sell the beast wholesale," said he.

The owner came from his reverie. "What fer?"

"Well," assured the solemn friend, nodding his head toward the scabby "pendal scudagee" and pursing his lips, "well, ye can't have him retailled."—London Globe.

Among the Lawyers.

"Parker, what's your opinion of Marlboro?"

"Do you want my professional opinion of him or just my casual impression?"

"Well, professional."

"He's an ass."

"What's your casual opinion?"

"He's another ass."

"What's the difference?"

"I charge six and eightpence for the first."—London Telegraph.

Not a Question of Faith.

Patient.—Although, doctor, I have sent for you at the earnest solicitation of my friends and to please them, let me tell you that I have not the least faith in modern medical science.

Physician.—Oh, that doesn't matter at all, I assure you. The mule has no faith in the veterinarian, yet the latter cures him just the same.

There are a great many promising young men who never reach the paying stage.

You can almost see the cracks in the average man's voice when he attempts to warble.

Even if a man doesn't look like a fool he can easily deceive strangers by acting like one.

A rural citizen in Ohio has cows that laugh. Of course they are the laughing stock of the neighborhood.

REMEMBERING FACES.

Methods by Which Detectives Recognize Men Who Are Wanted.

The ability to remember faces is both instinctive and one of training, says a detective. It would be difficult for me to explain to a novice how it is done. It is a study which we unconsciously pursue all the time. We watch faces in the street. Hundreds pass without exciting more than a passing glance. Suddenly one comes in view which makes us take the second look. I cannot tell you exactly why. We may have never seen the face before, but there is something about it—just what, well, we know it isn't straight. By straight we mean that the wearer of that face either is now or else has been a criminal.

The man never entirely effaces the marks of crime, however earnest may be his effort to reform. The best way to remember faces is to bear them in mind; associate them with some little circumstances that occur at the time of meeting. Notice also the mannerisms of the man, whether his steps are decisive or shuffle; if he looks you straight in the eye or glances furtively about. There are scores of indefinable marks of identity, difficult to explain, as I said, to any one not accustomed to the pursuit of crime, but which every detective will recognize as existing. You may see a man whom you have almost entirely forgotten, but if you have trained yourself to associate faces and circumstances his identity will flash upon you almost with the power of a lightning bolt.

It is much easier to recognize the face of a man whom you have seen in the flesh than to recognize it from a photograph. We receive hundreds of photographs and descriptions of criminals at police headquarters and we must fasten their likenesses in our minds if we hope to identify them in the street. My plan is to notice particularly if any one of them resembles any of my personal acquaintances and to make a mental note of that similarity. If I pass the man afterward I may not know if he is really wanted by the police, but I know that I have seen that face before and finally it comes to me and I act accordingly.

Of course, we often make mistakes, because there are many men resembling each other. Often we take a man to police headquarters because we are satisfied he is wanted, although we cannot say by whom or where. We have his likeness stored away in our mental collection, but it often requires the Bertillon measurements for proof positive that he is a fugitive or a crook.—Indianapolis News.

The Pitcher Plant.

Among the many vegetable wonders the pitcher plant or hunterman's cup is the most interesting. The plant grows wild in peat bogs in northern Ohio and is much valued as a vegetable curiosity. The plant grows in clumps; leaves all radical and hollow, hence the name pitcher. The hollow leaves are most generally filled with water for the purpose of drowning insects. The inner face of the shield is beset with stiff bristles pointing downward, allowing the insects to enter, but by no means allowing them to escape. The victims that fall prey to this plant soon decay and become a liquid form, which is imbibed through the inner coating of the leaf and assimilated. The proof that this plant does feed on insects is that the liquid never becomes very offensive. The plant drinks up the organic matter as fast as it dissolves.

A Crying Stone.

In the yard of Jacob Abbott's country home, a favorite playground for his grandchildren and their friends, stood a large square stone bearing this notice: "If any child gets cross and sulky and cries, he can go and sit on the 'crying stone' just as long as he wants to and cry it out." So whenever a boy or a girl did sulk, Dr. Lyman Abbott records, all the rest of the children would clamor: "To the crying stone! To the crying stone!" And seldom did a child take advantage of that place provided. There are grown people who voluntarily put themselves in such doleful prominence that one longs to try the effect of a public crying stone on them. Stationed in a conspicuous place and ordered to "cry it out," they might be shamed into reforming their dispositions.—Youth's Companion.

The Size of the Earth.

To form some idea of the largeness of the earth one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church steeple and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the earth. Place 500 earths like our side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them. Three hundred thousand earth globes could be stored inside of the sun if hollow.

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A WEAK SOVEREIGN.

Princess Lieven's Description of William IV. of England.

Letters written by Princess Lieven early in the last century give the following picture of King William IV. of England: "In the first place there's the looking; a quaint, kind, good, a bon enfant—with a weak head. At times I think he is likely to lose it, so great is his pleasure at being king. He changes everything except what he ought to change—his ministers. He changes the uniforms of the army and of the navy; he dismisses his cooks and his French servants. He will have none but English. He makes everybody cut off their mustaches; he strolls about the streets and gossips with the passersby. He goes to the guard-room and shows the officer in command his ink stained fingers, tells him how many letters he has signed, and of the audience he is going to give; talks about the queen, his wife, and promises to bring her to the guardroom to make his acquaintance. The day before yesterday he paid a visit to Lord and Lady Holland and invited himself to dinner for next week, to the dismay of his ministers. Asked if he had given the Duke of Wellington (the prime minister) an audience that morning, he replied: "Thank God, no, madam. I am only too happy not to see him." He displays a prodigious activity; he is delighted with court ceremonies and receptions, is constantly showing himself in public, occupied all day long in trifles, eager to reform everything at once—in a word, he is in a state of feverish excitement. The mob adores him—he goes about openly and treats every one familiarly—that is enough for John Bull. Wellington said to me quite truly, "This is not a new reign; it is a new dynasty."

The deathwatch beetle has the invariable habit of feigning death when seized or disturbed. The simulation is so persistent that when immersed in water or even in alcohol the insect remains perfectly immovable and will allow itself to be burned alive rather than betray itself.

The larva of the insect lives in woodwork (framework, old furniture, etc.), which it gnaws in the interior without anything outside betraying its presence. A few weeks after it has been transformed to the chrysalis state the perfect insect comes forth and makes its exit from the wood by boring a cylindrical hole in it, which thereafter shows that the wood has been attacked and is often mutilated to such a degree that it is virtually destroyed.

A smaller species of the same genus works equal havoc not only with wood, but with books, herbaria, natural history collections, cork, dry bread, crackers, etc.

The Discovery of Tea.

By whom or when the virtues of tea as a beverage were discovered is "lost in the wide revolving shades of centuries passed." The famous herb is spoken of in Chinese annals as far back as 2500 B. C., at which time its cultivation and classification were as much of an art as today.

Tradition says that its virtues were discovered by accident. King Shen Nung She, "the divine husbandman," who flourished forty centuries ago, was boiling water over a fire one evening when some tea leaves hanging over the vessel were loosened by the heat and fell into the steaming fluid. Nung She partook of the decoction while it was hot "and felt himself renewed in limb and spirit for seven days thereafter." Then and there he consecrated tea as the sacred beverage of China.

A Land Without Animals.

Japan is a land without domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows and there are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The freight carts in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, there are no sheep and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet—there are no goats or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular bears of enormous size.

The Whale.

The forage of the whalebone whale is jellyfish. He has simply to open his mouth and paddle leisurely along to take them in by the wagon load, says Scientific American. The sperm whale, on the contrary, captures huge devilfish, weighing often several tons. Like his brother, the whalebone whale, he must be constantly on the lookout for food. Otherwise he would starve. As many as fourteen seals have been taken from a third-foot "killer."

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25c.

Having a good time is the most strenuous undertaking a man can attempt.

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues." "Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's."

You Will Be Happy if Well.

Paine's Celery Compound

Bestows that Health and Vigor that Makes Living a Pleasure.

If you are sick and out-of-sorts, it is in your power to make yourself healthy, strong, and happy.

There is not the slightest reason why you should go through life feeling sickly, miserable, languid, and melancholic. To be well and strong, means happiness and true joy.

If you are sleepless, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic, or have the shadows of disease hovering over you if you are not as bright, energetic, and strong as you were some weeks ago, the use of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up and fortify your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct digestion, sharpen the appetite, and conduce to restful sleep.

I have been broken down in health and strength, nervous system shattered, kidneys out of order, had nervous and trembling spells off and on for the last ten years. I have taken three bottles of your Paine's Celery Compound and all of the above-mentioned troubles have left me, and I can now do a good day's work. I go about my business all day long and I don't worry me, and I now feel better than I have in ten years. I have a good appetite, and can eat and get around on foot as active as when I was a boy. My age is 65 years."

DIAMOND DYES

Color Jackets, Coats, Capes, Ribbons, Neckties, Waists...

Somebody Lied.

A certain woman has a husband who has done such a thing as to forget to do what his wife had requested.

The other evening about five o'clock he came home, and she went at him. "John," she said, "did you tell that expressman to come here this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mary," he answered meekly. "Well, he hasn't come."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. Now, how do you account for it?"

John gave the matter a few moments' consideration.

"Well, my dear," he said finally, "either he's lying or I am, and to relieve us both from your suspicions I'll just step down to his place and see what's the matter." And the charitable John went to see the expressman.

Beautiful Thoughts

The sweet, pure breath of the lily is suggestive of innocence and purity. Some children are as light and delicate as the modest flower, some are strong and bright, some are frail and sickly.

A mother's yearning for children is inseparable from love. It is a sweet and noble behavior every woman to bring the sweetest influence to bear on the subject of her maternity.

Make easy that period when life is born again.

Mother's Friend

It is especially useful. It is a pleasant, easily administered and effective remedy. No risk, no experiment, merely a pain removed by Mother's Friend.

Pregnant women are earnestly treated to try this remedy, it being undeniably a friend to her during a term of suspense, tears and anticipation.

Mother's Friend will dilute the breasts, throughout gestation, will soften the breasts, and prevent cracking and sore nipples. All tiras, muscles and tendons straining with the burden will soften, relax, become supple, supple and elastic from its continued application.

It is especially useful in the abdominal region will respond readily to the expanding cover containing the embryo if Mother's Friend is administered externally all day long.

A really valuable treatise on motherhood will be found in "The Mother's Friend" by Dr. J. C. W. Moore, published by THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

CURE BY WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, tea or coffee without patient's knowledge. White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, a "tippler," a social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for any one to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Indorsed by Members of W. C. T. U. Mrs. Moore, press superintendent of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, California, writes: "I have tested White Ribbon Remedy on several of my most obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been made in many cases the moment given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find an economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Druggists or by mail, \$1. Trial package free by writing Mrs. A. M. Fox, Secy. for Free Secy. of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 218 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Sold in Anderson by ORR, GRAY & CO.

Which? A lean and potash-hungry soil, wasted seed, wasted labor and idle gains—A MORTGAGE. Or, plenty of Potash. In the fertilizer, many bales and a busy gin—A BANK ACCOUNT.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Peoples' Bank of Anderson.

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

DIAMOND DYES

Notice to Trespassers.

ALL persons are hereby warned not to hunt, fish or otherwise trespass on my land. Any one disregarding this notice will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Notice to the