

APRIL.

They promised me a flower-bed That should be truly mine, Out in the garden by the wall Beneath the ivy vine.

The boxwood bush would have to stay; The daily rose bush too; But for the rest they'd let me plant Just as a choice to do.

Though not a daffodil was up The garden smelted, spat, or sang, And in the trees beyond the wall I heard the blackbirds sing.

I worked there all the afternoon; The sun shone warm and still; I set it thick with flower seeds And roots of daffodil.

And all the while I dug, I planned, That when my flowers grow, I'd train them in a lovely bow, And cut a window through;

The visitors who drove from town Would come out there to see; Perhaps I'd give them each a bunch, And then how pleased they'd be!

I made my plans—and then for weeks Forgot my roots and seeds, So when I came that way again They all were choked with weeds.

—K. Fyle, in April St. Nicholas.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY EVELYN THORP.

It was a February day without; but within the high, wide studio building there was color in plenty and movement, and an animated hum of voices. It was an artist's reception. All the studios were open and in all there was a crowd. But in none was there so great a crowd as in Roderick Roth's studio. For Roderick Roth was talked about; talked about incessantly. There had been such original work shown as his had been, that year or any year. It had the touch of genius. Roderick Roth was a star of the first magnitude just breaking upon the horizon. People wanted to see him. Of course, his studio was besieged.

There were those who looked at him quite as much as they looked at his two or three exhibited pictures; and quite as admiringly. He was like the figure of some youthful Viking, with eyes as blue as seas in Summer and a yellow mane against his velvet coat collar.

Some of Roderick Roth's fellow-artists arched their lips at the yellow mane. They pronounced it, among themselves, a pose. But prejudice alone could not have found Roderick Roth guilty of any pose whatever, once it had seen one of his frank smiles. This young man, who measured six foot two and was so athletically deep of chest and wide of shoulder, had a most disarmingly sunny, and honest, and good-tempered, and gently smile. It was quite free from any artifice. It was the sort of smile that on a man's lips causes the mothers of daughters to wish that "they might have such a son-in-law!"

It was quite surely with no such sentiment, however, that Mrs. Ritchey now stood, smiling also on her side, and benignly, in front of the young man.

"The sittings may be arranged to suit your own convenience, of course, Mr. Roth. I should like them to begin as soon as possible, however, as the portrait is destined for a certain purpose, at a certain time. By the way, you have not seen your sister yet, Ethel."

Mrs. Ritchey turned, seeking at her elbow the daughter who, however, had become a little separate from her in the crowd.

"Ethel, this is Mr. Roth. He is going to paint your portrait." Roderick looked at the young girl and caught his breath a little. She must have been capable of hiding it well. Beneath that exquisite exterior there was a simple, flexible moral strength, like the strength of a delicate steel blade. Poor, proud child! She had been foolish enough—the world would call it folly—to lose her heart to the young artist, and now she must suffer. But Croft knew that she would suffer bravely.

"Ah, well, simply enough, poor fellow," he replied. "She used to keep the boarding-house where Roderick took a room. That was some years ago. It was a little room, but Roderick could not pay for it. He painted night and day in a bare loft somewhere, but he found no purchasers for his work. Roderick would sacrifice his art to nothing, you know. He might have daubed pot-boilers and sold them, but he wouldn't. He preferred to die. And when things got very bad he did prepare to die. He spent the last piece of money in his pocket, for laudanum enough to kill ten men. Yes, this is a sad chapter in poor Roderick's life. You did not know that such things actually occurred in real life, Ethel? Alas, they are all around us. But they are not made for such household flowers as you to hear! Well, Lavinia Peck discovered his intention. She has lost her youth, and she is neither pretty nor attractive. But she is a noble, tender-hearted woman. Perhaps she loved him even then. In any case she helped him. Roderick's is one of those rare natures which can accept rare favors without loss of self-respect. He asked nothing but to be allowed to paint to work out his conceptions. But he was grateful—profundly, honestly, loyally grateful. He could do but one thing in return. And he did it. He asked Lavinia Peck to marry him. Now he has been famous a year. But if one should ask me whether I think he has ever allowed himself to regret his engagement I should say no. Yes, he is a loyal fellow, is Roderick Roth."

"When he stopped Ethel stood upright, her hands tightly clasped before him. "Thank you for telling me," she said in a whisper. Her eyes shone. "Are you going to paint that young girl's portrait, Roderick, the one with the large hat?"

"Miss Ritchey? Yes. Croft was telling me about her the other day.

He has known the family since she was a child. It was he who suggested to Mrs. Ritchey that perhaps I could paint the portrait she wanted of her daughter. He said she was the most beautiful creature in the world. And she is, she is! Did you see her well, Lavinia? She is perfect, perfect! He stopped with glowing eyes.

"Yes, I saw her," answered Lavinia. The door opened and she went rather quickly in.

She did not usually take leave of him thus abruptly, and as Roderick retraced his steps along the moist, black pavement he wondered a little. Had he offended Lavinia? Could it be that she was hurt at the enthusiasm with which he had spoken of that beautiful young girl? Impossible! Lavinia was the largest-hearted, and noblest of women. She was incapable of a small, a suspicious or a jealous thought.

Several times during the evening, although his studio was again invaded by a coming and going, a pushing and talking throng, a vision of the faultless face under the brim of the large hat rose up before Roderick's mental eye, and his fancy busily worked at the pose he should give it, the light he should bring to bear upon it.

When everyone had gone and the studio was dim and quiet he chose a canvas and placed it on his easel and for a moment stood lost in thought.

He aroused himself from his reverie with a light sigh.

"Yes," said Croft, "You have made a great success of it, Roth, a great success. It's your best portrait. I don't know but that it is your very best work." He glanced over the canvas on the easel to the original of the portrait, and as the glance left Ethel Ritchey's face it sought that of Roderick, standing beside him.

"Ah!" said Croft to himself. "Ah!" "Will there be many more sittings needed, Mr. Roth?" remarked Mrs. Ritchey, her gratified smile beaming patronizingly on the artist between the two big diamonds in her ears. "It would be a great pity not to have the picture quite perfect. It is such a very, very good likeness."

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a great wrong to the other. She put out her hand and Croft took it with firm gentleness.

"You always were a good little girl, Ethel!"

"There should certainly be one sitting more, at least, Ethel," urged Mrs. Ritchey.

"No, mama. It is really not necessary."

Mrs. Ritchey had never quite understood her daughter; nevertheless she was apt to give away before what she termed Ethel's quiet obstinacy.

"Very well. I should suppose you would like to have the portrait perfectly finished and complete. But you are a queer girl. I wish you were not!"

Left alone, Ethel sat down rather wearily. Was she queer? Ah, well, it did not matter much. Nothing mattered much, except the keeping of this one resolution. She must never again see Roderick Roth if she could avoid it; never allow him to see her. For he loved her—he loved her! That bitter-sweet thought made a tumult in her veins, however much she might try to drown it. They had never been alone together; he had never spoken a word that the whole world might not have heard; he had never looked at her but a guard had been in his glance, that it might do no injustice to the woman who had a sacred claim to all his truth and allegiance. Yet he loved her! And Ethel knew it, as the blind may know when the sun shines. As she sat there, fighting her first glorious battle in the depths of her soul, a servant came quietly in.

"There is a lady, miss, who would like to see you. She did not give me a card nor yet her name."

When Ethel first entered the room she did not recognize the figure that halted in the doorway. Then the full light touched her face.

Lavinia Peck!

Forty, perhaps, she was, but to-day she looked many years more. There was a woman without any sort of assurance, either of speech or manner. Even at this moment, the most critical of her life, she had no outward dignity save that which comes from simplicity. She might be a heroine wearing a crown of thorns as sharp as ever stung a martyr's flesh, but in aspect she was only a faded little spinster in an unlovely bonnet and with nervously twitching hands.

"I wanted to see you," she began; her voice died away, but she rallied and commenced anew. "Perhaps you will think it strange, what I am going to say. But it seems best. Perhaps you did not know that I was engaged to Mr. Roth?"

"I did not know it until yesterday."

"I was engaged to him three years ago. It did not seem so wrong then, though, of course, people might think it strange. We understand each other very well. I think he was fond of me. Yes, I think he was. But—ah! it is gone." She suddenly lifted her eyes to Ethel's pale, beautiful face. "Roderick loves you."

"No, no!"

Lavinia Peck went on with growing quiet.

"Yes; it is so. I felt that it would be, the first day. He could not hide it from me, though he has always tried. He would marry me to-morrow and be a good husband, and just because I happened to be a friend of his once. But I see now that it is all a mistake. That is all I wanted to tell you. He is quite free."

She rose and Ethel rose too. In a novel the girl would have thrown herself into this poor woman's arms. But real life witnesses no such scenes between women. Ethel could not speak. She dared not even put out her hand.

Yet each knew what was in the other's heart.

Perhaps that meeting with Ethel had been the bitterest phase in all Lavinia Peck's sacrifice. When she left Mrs. Ritchey's house she knew that the last step was consummated. To Roderick, the man she had loved so well and renounced so nobly, she could not speak, but she had written; and when she was gone the letter, according to his order she had left, was taken to him.

An hour later Roderick Roth, white and trembling, burst into Croft's room. He flung the letter on the table.

"Read it!"

Croft read it slowly, then folded it and put it back in its envelope.

"Well—she is a noble woman!"

"Noble! Oh, Croft, I can't bear it! She shames me; she shames me! What would have become of me had it not been for her? And now, now!"

Croft reflected a moment.

"I know how you must feel, Roderick. But—undoubtedly it is the best. It seems brutal to say so, and yet the engagement was a mistake. Yes, a mistake. You can't make a marriage like that right, gratitude or no gratitude. Yes, women are capable of noble things. Ethel Ritchey would not have stretched out her proud little finger to win you if she knew you were bound to another woman."

"Miss Ritchey?" The color flamed up in Roderick's face. "Lavinia thinks that she, too—but no, no, it cannot be!"

Croft nodded quietly.

"Well, Miss Peck is right. Ethel Ritchey loves you."

"Good God, man!" Roderick sprang to his feet.

"Yes, and you can have her, even though her mother may object a little at first. Your being poor won't matter to Ethel. You will be rich enough one of these days. Not that it would make any difference with Ethel in any case. You may believe me, I know her well." He got up. "Yes, yes; go on and be happy, both of you. Youth—love! There is one season only for them; enjoy them while you may."

He smiled with a slight sigh at the same time. "Poor Miss Peck knows that now; and so does a man of my age."

But Roderick Roth stood there unheeding. Heaven had opened a vision before his eyes.—N. T., Mercury.

THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind of the North, Wind of the Northland snows, Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars.

Blow cold and keen across the naked hills, And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films, And bid the easement-squares with glittering ice, But go not near my love.

Wind of the West, Wind of the few far clouds, Wind of the gold and or moon sunset lands— Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,

And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens, And sway the grasses and the mountain pines, But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East, Wind of the sunrise seas, Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains— Blow most and chill across the wastes of brine, And bid the sun sets of the moon and stars, And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves, Yet keep them from my love.

But thou, sweet wind! Wind of the fragrant South, Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose— Over magnolia glooms and lily lakes And flowering forest come with dewy wings, And stir the petals of our feet, and kiss The low morning where she lies.

Squelched the Gay Traveler.

"That 'freshness' sometimes gets its reward," said William H. Hunt, a guest at Huff's, "was never so unmistakably demonstrated as in an occurrence which took place on the through train of the Vandalia railroad yesterday. The facts are these:

"As the train approached Indianapolis the seats in the car were occupied except two. A lady sat in one and a man from the west, with a big sombrero occupied the other. He was a fine-looking, manly fellow and was taken by those around him for a lawyer.

"When the train stopped at Indianapolis an unattractive drummer got on the car. He sized up the situation at a glance. The lady was sitting in one and a man from the west, with a big sombrero occupied the other. He was a fine-looking, manly fellow and was taken by those around him for a lawyer.

"She tried to avoid him and looked out of the window, but the fellow's gall was immaculate, and he maintained the one-sided conversation.

"The western man was calmly watching the proceedings and stood it as long as he could. Going up to the lady he said:

"Madam, I see you are annoyed. Would you not prefer to have my seat?"

"Oh, thank you," she replied, "certainly," and the big man helped her to transfer her valise while the passengers tittered at the drummer's discomfort.

"The latter was boiling over, but kept his wrath until the train reached Terra Haute, and then he demanded satisfaction for the insult. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the western man banged him on the face, and then with his boot kicked him around as a football.

"Stand back," yelled some of the tickled passengers. "Kick him harder," they shouted together, and that drummer finally sneaked away to escape further punishment, a wiser and sadder man.

"Everybody wanted to know who the westerner was. He turned out to be Philip Hoffman, of Leavenworth, Kan., since who he is engaged in the general contracting business. He was much praised for his action and was cordially greeted by the passengers, which shows that 'freshness' and impropriety do not always win."

Pedagogue Presidents.

Andrew Jackson did not teach school in his youth. He studied some law in Western North Carolina and then crossed the mountains and located at what is now Nashville, Tenn., then a frontier settlement surrounded by Indians. Miles and Fillmore, who was elected Vice-President and became President by the death of President Taylor, taught school while studying law. Franklin Pierce also taught school for a few months while at college. James A. Garfield was a teacher in a country school during the winter of 1849-50, after his first term in the seminary at Chester. He taught classes at Hiram College during his student course there, and after taking an additional course at Williams College he became a professor in the Hiram Institution. The next year, 1857, at the age of twenty-six, he was made president of this college, which position he held until he entered the army in 1861.

Charles A. Arthur supported himself in part during his college course by teaching, and after his graduation continued in that occupation several years, meanwhile devoting himself to the study of law. Grover Cleveland also taught for a time, becoming in his seventeenth year a clerk and assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind in New York City, in which his elder brother, William Cleveland, was a teacher. He held that position nearly two years.—St. Louis Republic.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Boil a third of a package of macaroni in salted boiling water twenty minutes and cut it into quarter-inch lengths. Melt in a small saucepan a tablespoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of flour and cook a minute, and add a cup and a half of milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, salt and pepper. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and add the beaten yolk of an egg. Cook a minute, but do not let it boil. Stir in the macaroni and spread the mixture in a buttered pan. When it is cold shape into croquettes with a knife and spoon, dip in cracker crumbs, in beaten egg and in cracker crumbs again, and fry.

NOT A HARD HINT TO TAKE.—Mr. Faintheart—Are you fond of champagne Miss Rosa?

Miss Rosa—Moderately so, but what I most admire about a bottle of champagne is the cork.

Mr. F.—Indeed! and for what reason, pray?

Miss R.—Oh, merely because it pops so delightfully.

ONE OF THE BEST MINDS.—Mr. Jayne—Mrs. Clayton has one of the best minds of any woman I know.

Mrs. Jayne—Best minds, indeed! I don't see how you make that out.

Mr. Jayne—She so perfectly minds her own business.

A Daring Feat.

Capture of a French General by a Young English Officer.

An English exchange has at this late day discovered authority for an incident of the Battle of Waterloo that has probably never been in print. It says:

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French General, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade Major, anxious for an advantage.

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general over here dead or alive. Who'll take me by the neck?" "Done, done!" shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then, shouting "Good-by!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant, he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider they dashed after him, but he had a good start and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of hitting the general.

Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns. Amid the maddest cheering Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled, and in reply to the comrade's simple, "Praise my horse, not me."

The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

"Pay John Williams."

At a prayer-meeting "down East" a man noted for his failures to meet business obligations, arose to speak. The subject was: "What shall I do to be saved?" He commenced slowly to quote the words: "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, looked around, and said again: "What shall I do to be saved?" Again, with more solemn tone, he repeated the question of questions in clear and distinct tones, replied: "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen."

The incident stirs up a solemn thought. A great many people before they can be saved, or guide others to the Saviour, will have to "go and pay John Williams" the money they honestly owe him. Shrewd and successful men in the world are not shrewd enough to be dishonest at heart and retain the favor of God, who "loves purity in the inward parts." Neither can a hope of the world to come be like a sheet-anchor in the soul of anyone who robs God by being dishonest to his fellowman.

Thousands read no other Bible than the lives of those who profess to be following its precepts in their daily lives. The greatest need of the church is true, pure, upright living—living epistles, known and read of all men. The square man is the best shape. The tree is known by its fruit. "Go and pay John Williams."—Mid-Continent.

CARAMEL CUSTARD.—A quart of milk, a scant teaspoonful of salt, five eggs, five desertspoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven in a buttered dish, and set in a pail of boiling water until, trying it with a spoon, you find it firm in the centre. When quite cold run a knife around the edge and turn the custard out into a shallow dish. Pour the sauce around it. For the sauce stir a cupful of sugar over the fire until it is brown, but not burnt. Add a cup of boiling water and cook slowly fifteen minutes. Cool it before using.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Peel eight large potatoes, carefully removing all eyes and specks; boil quickly in salted water until perfectly done. Remove at once from the water, put into the bowl with a quarter of a pound of butter, salt and pepper and a gill of cream. With an egg-beater whip to a cream, remove to a hot dish and serve immediately.

BEEN THERE HIMSELF.—A policeman, who was investigating a dark hall way on Grand River avenue, heard someone snoring in the darkness, and he rapped with his club and called out:

"Now, then, who is it?"

"It's me," replied a voice, as the snoring ceased.

"Who's me?"

"Oh, I used to be on the police force. Go along—It's all right. There's only room for one here!"

IT SEEMED STRANGE TO HER.—A wife—You don't tell me that Professor A. has been struck dumb?

Husband—Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages.

Wife—Is it possible? And was he struck dumb in all seven?

A Bandit's Last Fight.

Jaurégui, the Scourge of Jalisco, Conquered at Last.

During the last six months the State of Jalisco, Mexico, has been the field of operation for that unscrupulous bandit, Demetrio Jaurégui. The authorities have made many efforts to put a stop to the robberies and murders which Jaurégui and his band have been committing, but in spite of these efforts burglaries, abductions, and murders by the score, were committed by the daring desperado, according to the Mexican newspapers.

Things finally came to such a pass that the people of Jalisco grew desperate, and decided that a supreme effort must be made to rid the county of Jaurégui. Accordingly a company of infantry was put in readiness to pursue Jaurégui at a moment's notice and capture him and his band.

The soldiers did not have long to wait, for they were soon informed that Jaurégui intended to rob the plantation of El Carrizo. The chief of gendarmerie was authorized to station his forces in the vicinity of the plantation and to capture the bandits, alive if possible.

While Col. Jurra and Lieut. Celso Gomez of the Seventh Infantry were stationed with their soldiers in the vicinity of the plantation, they saw Jaurégui and his band of six men entering the residence of the owner, whose name is not given in the reports of the affair.

The soldiers at once surrounded the house and demanded the surrender of Jaurégui's party. This demand was answered by a murderous volley of bullets from the repeating rifles of the bandits. The soldiers at once returned the fire. The shooting continued till midnight, when the bandits ceased firing. By this time the soldiers, who were convinced that discretion was the better part of valor, decided to wait till morning before reopening the battle.

The following morning, however, the soldiers, led by Col. Jurra, effected an entrance to the house and there found six of the bandits dead. Their leader on seeing the soldiers, fled to the attic and barricaded the door. He was followed by two soldiers. One of these was killed instantly by a bullet from the bandit chief. The other quickly fired at the port hole from which came the bullet which had killed his companion, and his shot was answered by a groan that showed that it had been effective.

Thinking that the coast was clear, the soldiers made their way to the attic and found the bandit chief lying on the floor behind an old bed. He was nearly exhausted from loss of blood, but he managed to hold a large revolver in each hand and at once opened fire.

Suddenly he fell back apparently unconscious