

A BOY'S CALENDAR.

Down on their knees in the schoolyard, marking a ring in the ground. Poising the prizes of battle each on its little earth mound. Breathing, for luck, on the shooter, playing by time-honored laws. Silently eyeing the glasses and moving backward to taws; Slick'ries and cloudies and agates, all in a gorgeous array. Shooters all nicked up with half-moons—April, and soon to be May. Bringing up mud from the bottom, holding one arm up with pride. Floating and diving 'way under, coming up on the far side; Clothes on the bank quite forgotten, spring board all slippery and wet. Cries from the door of the kitchen—coming—right soon but not yet. Trousers and waist wet and muddy—home and the woodpile high. Silence—and suspense—and supper—June, and along to July. Game of the Terrors and Tigers; blue shirts, white pants and red socks. Hearts almost stilled in their beating, eyes on the man in the box; Swish of the swift-wielded willow, thud of the ball in the mitt. Cries from the bleachers. "Oh, Reddy! Bring in that run with a hit!" Crack! Where the bat meets the baseball, swells such a turbulent cheer, Reddy's the hero of Sandlots—midsummer, August quite near. Nut stains and berry-brown fingers, freckle and stone bruise and tan, My! How the time has flown from us since the vacation began! Oh! but the summer was splendid! Oh, but the June-time was glad! Wish it could be that way always—what a vacation we had! Legs lagging on to the schoolhouse—whistle nor birdcall nor cheer—Comes melancholy September, sorrowful end of the year. —J. W. Foley.

LA ESTRELLA

The way of a woman when she loves, I aver to you, is past knowing; this Luis Sal, called the "Tiger of Jalisco," under whom I rode and raided and plundered in his time, should have known if any did. Yet behold what came to him at the hands of La Estrella, though she had followed him from the capital on a turn of his shoulder and the flashing of his cruel black eyes! Ay, ay, ay, if only God had given me the voice of a cavalier and the guile of a gallant, instead of bandy legs and the paunch which earned me the name of "The Squirrel"! Should I have turned aside on that road into Paraje Seco, forgetting Estrella—diverted by nothing more than the quick, frightened look of a slim girl? Madre de Dios, there is better stuff in me than that! I give you my word, Senor, that to Luis Sal, our chieftain, this Mercedes Baca was one more bird twittering in the chaparral, and nothing more. Yet because he was always to be turned from his way by a woman, our Tiger bade us ride on to where we had friends and our own women waiting, whilst he himself spurred into thicket, setting to flight the two timid servants who rode with this high-headed girl he had seen. We heard her voice, quick and proud and angry, but it was no affair of ours, in truth. I have heard a saying of Alicante: "Even the lion may find a thorn in his foot." In truth, the weakness of this bold, resourceful leader of ours whom Mexico feared, was his vertigo at sight of a rustling skirt! You will not be able to credit this, but ere we had gone on toward Paraje Seco by half a kilo we heard a rushing horse behind—saw Sal on his white stallion make a sharp detour where a ravine cuts down to the little river there, and with the other ear caught sounds of pursuit. Straightway there rode into our midst, as boldly as though he were a teniente with a platoon at his back, a straight, tall youth crying out a challenge. "No farther, you!" he shouted, in such a voice as men obey. "Is your party complete, or does one lag behind?" "Not so," I answered glibly. "We are all here who have not gone before. What is the need?" "Por Dios!" he cried. "It is very well that you are above suspicion, whoever you may be. For I am Ernesto Arrelanes, son of the alcalde of Paraje Seco, and I have just come upon one who checked Senorita Mercedes Baca off the public road and would have done her harm." Porfirio Paz, a surly and impatient one of us, uttered a rough oath. "Did, then, the two of you gallants drink at one spring?" he demanded, spurring in. For answer the youth who accosted us leaped his own mount forward and with open hand slapped Paz on the nose so that the blood spurted. "There are many answers may be made a gentleman, quoth Arrelanes coolly, "but only one to give a cur." Paz roared with his quick rage, but Juan Borega, the one whom we called "Clown," rode swiftly between. "Draw in your sting, scorpion!" he said to Paz. "This youngster was in the right." He laid a hand on the taut arm of the boy. "We are not men to put shame on a defenseless girl," he said. "Beyond doubt your enemy has escaped. If you would pursue your chase, God speed you; Manuel Castro and I, who are honorable, will retrace our road until we find this lady, and will escort her safely to Paraje Seco." And so it was. That payaso—that jester, Juan Borega, had a head on his shoulders, though he often played the fool. For there we were descending into a friendly town, in a state and at a time when friends were not too many for the renegades

of Luis Sal; this boy, as we recognized, was indeed the son of the alcalde, and discretion were better than the brawl into which Porfirio Paz would have pitched us. Therefore, as Juan Borega had proposed, I rode back with him and came on the girl, whom we escorted into Paraje Seco and delivered to her father and brother. A torch lighted her face for a moment, and I saw that she would be of a quick and deadly temper if she were affronted, for she held her head high and flickered with her quirt the soft silk of her falda. It seemed to me then that our Tiger of Jalisco had, perhaps, fled as much from the furious claws of his quarry as from the baying of that pursuing hound, young Ernesto Arrelanes. I would have said that the leaves of that incident had all been turned, but not so! Within the hour, while we sat in a tavern with our women on our arms and good drink before us, the door was flung wide and in our circle strode no other than the Arrelanes. He was in a black mood, and he ordered drink in short words, casting his eyes on us with suspicion and giving only a slight nod to Juan Borega and to myself for what we had done, which was nothing. I, watching all, saw that two of our number were drawn to him and that, perhaps, there was to be more of this tale told. For with us, lolling, was our jefe, Luis Sal, and at his side, questioning, mocking, alluring, mercurial, was La Estrella, his mistress. Sangre de Jesus, she was a dangerous woman! Her skin was cream; her lips the gateway to paradise; her eyes little cats to play with men's hearts. She missed nothing that went on in that low-ceilinged room, thick with smoke and the incense of steaming food; she did not miss Ernesto Arrelanes. Neither, in truth, did Luis Sal. I saw the chief scrutinize the lad closely; beyond doubting, someone had told him already of the encounter on the road, and it was plain to me that some design against this young man revolved in his black head. La Estrella was the first of them to catch the sullen gaze of Ernesto. Across his glass he glanced her way; smiling, she raised her glass slightly and drank, so that the drink became at once a challenge and a toast. Luis Sal, instead of flaming out with jealousy, straightened on his bench against the wall and spoke clearly, so that laughter and love-making were quieted and all could hear. "I, too, salute you in wine, Senor!" our bandit said, lifting his goblet. "Will you do the great honor to share our meal?" Arrelanes looked at him straight. "I am in a mood for anything, my friend," he said. "Nothing matters to me, for I ride with Death." "A joyless companion, young sir!" Sal, exclaimed. "Yet will we drink to him!" They drank, and La Estrella was looking through half-closed eyes at the handsome, flushed face of the boy. Then, "We are only credulous children from the mountains, Senor," said Luis Sal. "Perhaps you would tell us the story of your companionship. Or no?" Arrelanes shrugged. "It is soon told," he said. "Behind a lady whom I loved I rode but a little way, so that some bear took opportunity to track her down and try to catch her in his embrace. When I had driven off the squealing beast, my lady turned on me with reproaches she might have framed for him. He struck the table with his hand. 'That bear, when he is found, must pay twice: once for his affront and once for those unjust recriminations that were turned on me!'" La Estrella looked at him along her white shoulder. "Are you, perhaps, and experienced bear-hunter, Senor?" "I have stuck pigs!" Arrelanes flashed. Our jefe, Luis Sal, extended an open palm on the table. "My friend," he said, "hunting the bear is a sport at which I excel. By the martyrdom of San Pablo, I should like well to join you in this chase." Arrelanes hesitated but a breath, then he dropped his slim hand into the treacherous fingers of Luis Sal. "The hunt may be a long one, companion," he said. "But I promise you that the death will be worth it!" On the morrow, then, we left Paraje Seco with a new recruit, who rode his high gray horse straightly, and who would not raise his eyes as we clattered past the hacienda at the edge of town where lived Francisco Baca, breeder of fine cattle, and father to that Mercedes of the stinging tongue. He did not raise his eyes there, but I had seen him at the tavern door, raise them to the window from which, daringly, La Estrella, the woman of our chieftain, had peeped out, with her glances darting amongst us like a hummingbird in manzanita and lighting a moment to draw sweet from the troubled eyes of this Ernesto Arrelanes. You must observe that our leader had as yet but slight hold on this impetuous boy; before the day was spent he had tightened that grip so that he held him, for the time being, fast. Not eight kilometers out of Paraje Seco lies a little mining camp called, I believe, Paradones. Stopping us in the road forks, Sal cried: "Fifty pesos to the first man over yonder threshold; and my knife in the first who draws back!" He fell behind us. "Adelante!" he shouted, and like sheep were we driven to the attack, with Ernesto Arrelanes lagging and looking at us all with a new understanding. "I did not subscribe to riding with a pack on such a business as this, Senor Sal!" he said to the chief. "Ride apart, then," said Sal, "if your fear is so great." "Fear?" the boy exclaimed. "What is fear? Let me go with the vanguard, if there is, doubt of my courage." His big gray leaped forward, pres-

ing us others aside, until he was riding neck and neck with Porfirio Paz in the lead. And so we came to the house of the superintendente—Paz first, the boy behind him, and myself last, watchful to see what might befall. The mine boss leaped up and back, reaching for a rifle; then his eye fell on Arrelanes and his hand forgot its purpose. "Caramba!" he cried. "Is this some prank, Ernesto Arrelanes?" "Si, Morena," our recruit rejoined; "but it has a bitter point!" He stood aside, biting his lip; Paz was at the loot already; I myself followed by instincts. When we had gone through the place like rats through a cupboard Paz turned to Arrelanes. "Where next, faithful spy?" he demanded. "Espia!" So he saluted Ernesto in the hearing of the pallid little superintendente, who had known the boy for years, and was, past doubting, a friend of the boy's father, the alcalde of Paraje Seco. "Espia?" the superintendente echoed. "So leading bandits to the house of our friends is the new trade of your friends, is it? It shall be remembered of him!" With a sigh and a shrug Ernesto Arrelanes turned on his heel and walked out, and when all was finished he rode thence with us, studying Luis Sal, who met him with an approving word. It was plain that the boy was of two minds whether to abandon us, whom he plainly despised, or to see the thing out. And I think perhaps his decision was reached because of his anger against his lady, as much as in the hope that, in very truth, Luis Sal would help him find the assailant who had confronted her in the trees out of Paraje Seco. Ay de mi, there were, also, it is not impossible, the eyes of La Estrella shining before the eye of his mind, heightening his mood of bravado! Quien sabe? On the eighth day out of Paraje Seco a chance meeting with an old companion of Sal's, one Valentino Suarez, led us on a wide detour; under the guidance of this Suarez we came to a hidden rancho where the sheepshaggers were at work and there was some money and a great warehouse bursting with fleece. Against us, when we came roaring upon the place, where only a slack-nerved major-domo, the fumbling sheepmen, and an aunt and uncle of the master's with their comely daughter. Straightway, when we had sheared the shearers and sold the wool to a buyer who asked no questions, the old aunt and her daughter were taken into the hills whilst Juan Borega was sent, with the uncle, to the nearest town to communicate with the master and demand ransom. We made camp in a secret spot in a high canyon, awaiting the ransom, and while we idled there our leader—that tiger with the thorn in the pad of his foot!—began to cast his eyes upon the timid Ynez, our hostage. I pledge you my word that his new purpose sickened me, for the girl was but a child, yet a leader must be a leader, and the follower must be deaf and blind and dumb lest all things come to a futile end. It was so with me, but it was not so with this Ernesto Arrelanes. Sitting by my camp fire one night, he gave ear to a sharp cry that arose from the wretched abode where our unwilling guests were housed. It came to our ears muffled—and the laugh of our jefe, Luis Sal. Ernesto started up. "It appears to me that coyotes are in our camp!" he said. "Do we plunder virtue as well as treasuries, Manuel Castro?" "We follow our inclinations," I said. "And this seems to be a business of our chief." "By the heart of Mary," he cried, coming to his feet. "I am not made of your clay that can hear those cries unmoved!" And he set off at so great a pace that I had difficulty in keeping near him. For I pledge you my word that, while I had sympathy for his motive, I questioned his discretion, and I remained in the background, only venturing close enough so that, through a chink in the wall, I could observe what went forward. I made out that the old Tia Ysabel was confined in a small room behind; Luis Sal stood over a table at which the young girl cowered, her face pressed to her rosary and her prayers rising thickly. Sal turned to confront Arrelanes. "You come to the wrong place, my friend," he said, mildly enough. "You will find the door behind you." "We find the door together, Luis Sal," Ernesto replied, taking the chief's quiet tone. "It appears that we intrude." Sal laughed. "Come jovencito!" he said, still in good humor. "You may pluck you the aunt in yonder room." "Neither that game nor yours has any flavor for me!" said Arrelanes. "And while I remain in this camp it will not be played." Luis Sal took two steps and his face was gray. "There is room outside," he cried, "and both of us can remain within!" "Good!" said Arrelanes, matching Sal's steps with two of his own. "Then both of us will go. Buenas noches, senorita!" He made a bow to the girl, who was watching those two fearfully and hopefully. Sal struck his thigh. "Por Dios!" he exclaimed, his anger now complete. "I have come a long way since I was young enough to be taught my obligations! Vamos!" His gun was a heavy one—his hand swift. The flame and smoke of the fire and the loud shout of the shot came to me together, yet not slower had been the lightning thrust of Ernesto Arrelanes, who leaped aside and lashed out after the fashion of the americanos, with his clenched hand, so that Luis Sal's bullet went harmless into the wall and he himself was sent crashing to the floor. As though he had been a calf, then, Ernesto dragged him from the adobe by one heel, making the girl a courteous farewell. "Por San Juan, I would not then have given my share of a divided

cinco-centavos piece for the boy's security! But Luis Sal had a longer thought than mine, and before morning I was awakened in my blanket to see our leader and our young recruit making fiesta by a camp fire, with a jug of wine between them, and the exchange of many vows of undying friendship. So it was, as I give you my sacred word! The ransom came at last, and hot on its heels—as we had wit enough to expect!—a troop of Federalists from Paraj, so that we ran like deer, losing two that had been told off as rear guard, and the rendezvous we had made with our women and our camp followers and to return to it two weeks later, and then only for a night. Thence, before dawn, with our women stumbling after and La Estrella riding the horse Luis Sal had provided for her, we renewed our flight and for a long time were hid out in the mountains of Chihuahua. Waiting and idling about are not good tonics for men of action; you may credit that we were soon sick of our own society and hard put to it to keep the peace one with another. Only two of our band seemed always amicable: Luis Sal, who clung to Ernesto Arrelanes, who was the very shadow of our leader, Sal. The first, perceiving that Sal had some hidden purpose with the boy, I could accept; the second, seeing that they had little in common, I was sorely tried to comprehend. But the truth came to me in the end. In one of those dark nights there in the place of hiding that clown, Juan Borega, and myself, Manuel Castro, had stolen a red gamecock with which we hoped to humiliate the white gallo of Diego Corral; we made a secret business of this training, the more completely to undo Corral, and so it happened that whilst we were grooming our bird one day in the chaparral above the camp voices came to our ears and we peered out to see, walking toward our hiding place, Estrella de Dolores Hidalgo and young Ernesto Arrelanes. It was an amazing pairing! And first to our hearing came clearly the words of the woman. "I am the heart of Luis Sal's life," she cried, "yet I lie against his side panting to have you touch my hair! Do you know that there are many would envy you, hearing me make such a confession, Ernesto?" He moved away from her, and I saw that he trembled. "All the story is bound up in this, Senorita!" he said hoarsely. "I know full well what envy would be given me, if all were published. But I am betrothed and my heart is in the keeping of Mercedes Baca, of Paraje Seco, as I have given you to believe before now." "In the name of Mary, then," she said piteously, "abandon this camp and go to your love! Do you stay here, so close to our Luis Sal, the Tiger of Jalisco, because you divide with him the love you bear your Mercedes?" "Yo niego formalmente!" he said, with tense throat. "I remain in his band because he promises to help me find mine enemy; I cling thus close to his side, La Estrella, because when he is by I am armed, perforce, against your fascinations!" With those words I beheld that he wiped his brow. The woman could have bent his purpose then with a sigh, a look, a touch of her hand; but she, too, drew back. She pointed along the way they had come. "I know all now, Ernesto mio!" she said. "Go back to the camp straightway; I pledge you my word you shall have no more danger from me." He wavered; he stretched a hand to her. She raised her voice in a cry of agony. "Maria y Jesus! will you leave me? Do you think my body is carven of stone?" He went away with his head bent, and straightway Juan Borega, that good buffoon, and I, Manuel Castro, ignorant bandits and renegades, saw the proud Estrella sink to the ground and heard her heavy sob that seemed as though they would tear her bosom asunder. Shamefaced, we made a stealthy retreat. News came at last that the Federalists had given up the chase and were retired to Paraj again; Luis Sal began to talk of a long viaje por tierra, flanking our enemy and striking unexpectedly far to the west. Whereupon Ernesto Arrelanes spoke with decision. "I for one, have business nearer home," he said. "My mission has languished long enough; as we have been good companions, let us part now as good friends." "Caramba!" cried Sal. "I am cursed, but I had let your errand slip my mind these many weeks!" "Por Dios, we shall not part with you, Ernesto mio, until we have seen you through in your business!" "I am not suing for aid," said Arrelanes proudly. "Nor we offering!" cried Sal. "We shall attend only as spectators, to cheer the conqueror of the bear!" He laughed. "Has aught been heard by any here of the assailant of the gentle girl outside Paraje Seco?" It was Porfirio Paz, that jackal who had named Ernesto a spy at the mining camp in Paradones, who spoke first. "It has come to my ears," quoth he, "that a certain Rodriguez, called 'El Buitre,' of Copalquin, has been known to boast of his encounter with such a lady and at such a time. He promises soon to bring her little velvet chanela—her slipper—from which to drink his wine in a certain cantina in Paraj." Ernesto Arrelanes burst out angrily. "Let him look to himself—this buzzard, Rodriguez!" he exclaimed. "I know him well. Where is he now, Paz?" "I am able to tell only what I have heard," Paz replied, shrugging. "I ride tonight," said Arrelanes, "and not in all Mexico is there a cranny so small that this culture—this buitre, Rodriguez—shall find sanctuary in it!" "Good!" said Sal. "And we ride with you—armed for bear-hunting!" When dusk came and we were

mounted, La Estrella suddenly appeared, mounted on a sturdy nag and wearing under her capa man's breeches, with the butt of a heavy American revolver protruding from the band and with her Toledo-steel dagger in her boot. Luis Sal cried out sharply at this sight. "This ride tonight," he said, "will be no jaunt for girls." "I do not care for jaunts, and I am no longer a girl," said Estrella coolly. "Mount and lead on, jefe, or there will be an old moon rising to light the path of your enemies." "I tell you to go back with the other women!" Sal said, with oaths. "Ay de mi!" La Estrella mocked. "Do you think yourself a maestro de escuela, and me a little pupil, Senor Sal? I tell you in return that where you go tonight I go, or may God take my life before the sun shines again!" Sal cast an eye furtively on us. Some were smiling, others sneered; thus defied, and by a woman, it became necessary for our leader either to advance or to retreat swiftly. He gave a loud laugh, asserting that he had only jested, and bade La Estrella ride at his side. It was thus that we set forth to companion Arrelanes on his hunt for bear. Now I confess to you that I do not know well the lay of the land about Paraje Seco, so that I cannot tell by what route or by what device Luis Sal and his confederates among us, whoever they were, contrived what they did. What I do know is that presently I found Ernesto had become separated from us who rode with Sal, and that either before or after him had gone Porfirio Paz, his sworn enemy, also Juan Roca, a knave if ever one lived, and thirdly a half-caste Indian called Bustamente, who was capable of any treachery. What I know further is that on the third day, before daybreak had come, we found ourselves in the very courtyard of Francisco Baca, the cattle breeder, at the edge of the town of Paraje Seco. We had no more than herded the peons of the rancho quietly into a mud warehouse when there rode straight in among us with his eyes wide and with enlightenment growing upon him, Ernesto Arrelanes hard-pressed on either hand and behind by our three miscreants, Paz, Roca and the Indian! "Welcome, my bear-hunter!" our leader cried, and I saw that the mask of friendliness he had worn had dropped from his treacherous face. He forced his horse into the very flank of the high gray the boy strode and struck Arrelanes heavily in the mouth. "What, are you blind, estupido?" he mocked. "Come, dismount! Unsheathe your knife. My dogs are about to drive out from this house the bear you seek." Ernesto Arrelanes looked all about him; his eyes rested for an instant on the face of La Estrella, sitting quiet on her horse, but she gave him no sign. "Surely you make a jest, Senor Buitre!" the boy said vacantly. "That buzzard Rodriguez, is not here, I think!" Sal laughed cruelly. "Por Dios!" he growled. "I have said it. You are blind! It is a piteous affliction; let me open your eyes." And he slashed out with his keen knife and cut neatly through the bridge of Ernesto's nose so that the blood spurted each way into his eyes. "Now, while you can see clearly, let us drag out our quarry. Come, hombreros!" Ernesto was dragged from his horse by the three who guarded him. Others, too, went into the casa, and presently, into the bloody glare of the torches Luis Sal had caused to be lighted, there were brought old Francisco Baca, dark with anger, his furious son, and that high-headed girl, Mercedes. It was such a play that Sal loved above all others, like the tiger for which he was named it was his pleasure to play with helpless victims before dispatching them. He snatched his prey, mouthing against Ernesto, approving with gloating the swelling bosom and the thinly clad limbs of the girl, Mercedes; he ignored the dignified remonstrance of her father, the Senor Francisco. I, helpless, yet filled with repugnance at this nellish scene and finding others of my companions in the same mood, from their angry eyes and sullen faces, looked for leadership to strike against Sal; there was none there. La Estrella sat apart, missing nothing, yet unmoved, to my judgment, as stone. Sal spoke suddenly. "Senor Baca," he said, "I am called Luis Sal, a gentleman who makes such forts upon the road as God will. Not so long ago he sent me a spy who has pressed me on to this undertaking against you; knowing your great courtness I have the pleasure of introducing him to you, so that your thanks may be expressed to him." He laughed shortly. "I present to your household Ernesto Arrelanes, your former friend and my lick-spittle!" Ernesto was thrust forward. He straightened, dashing the clotting blood from his eyes; but before he spoke a phrase suddenly Mercedes Baca pushed into the open, with a sob, and ran to her lover. With one arm about him, she pointed at our jefe, Luis Sal, and her voice could be heard clearly by all. "It is he, Ernesto!" she said. "That monster—that Sal—is the one who attacked me on the road!" "By Mary!" Ernesto shouted, leaping out. "Thus are all things made clear!" And he would have plunged into the open knife and drawn gun of the leader had he not been restrained by the three ruffians who guarded him. They had a struggle, and Porfirio Paz kicked the boy brutally in the groin with his knee so that Ernesto was again reduced to helplessness. Luis Sal laughed loudly. "Senor Arrelanes, our bear-hunter!" he said. "To you shall be the honor tonight! Let those two Bacas, father and son, be placed against the wall—Good! And now, Ernesto, the riflemen are ready. Speak to them I give my word of a gentleman.

such as I am, that I could not look upon that pitiful spectacle, but covered my face with my hands. For the Indian wrenched the boy from the arms of his sweetheart, whom Luis Sal caught by the wrist, whispering promises to her; the two Bacas stood manfully under the shadow of their own house walls; the riflemen fingered the trigger guards impatiently; to one side, helpless, mocked, undone, was Ernesto, avoiding the sanguinary glances of Luis Sal, and checked by Porfirio Paz and by Roca, that heartless rascal, who whetted a knife, chucking! Sangre de Cristo! my heart withers at the memory! Is it not true, Senor, that no man knows what is in the mind of a woman who loves? They have—those women—a cunning that is from the wolf, a strength that is from the great bull, a quick wit that is from the fox, and, finally, a compassion that is sent down to them from Mary, our Holy Mother! When a woman loves she will do what ever is to be done. Here, por Dios! is the heart of the matter! In that moment of crisis, when one would have said not even God Himself could intervene to save those helpless ones from the cruel vengeance of our treacherous leader, La Estrella, who had been his mistress, rode her horse quietly near him. I saw her white arm whip up and down, pointed with steel that had been made blue and glistening in the smithies of Toledo. I heard a grunt. I saw Luis Sal fling out his arms and reel from the saddle, falling with mighty sound like that a stricken oak makes in the mountains. "Let all honorable men stand fast against the shameless!" La Estrella cried. "What, companeros, are there only jackals amongst us?" I observed that Juan Borega leaped for the warehouse where the peons of the rancho were imprisoned. Arrelanes, that quondam sprang at the throat of Diego Corral, who had always stood with our leader. I myself, in an instant, had my hands on Porfirio Paz, my gun in the stomach of that murderer, Juan Roca, and the toe of my boot in the popa of the handdog Indian, Bustamente. Half a dozen fed, squealing; the rest of us stood fast, with La Estrella shouting approval. And so, while one winks an eyelid, all was ended. The true men and the servants of the Bacas pursued the renegades who had decamped. "Live La Estrella!" they cried. "Vitor Arrelanes! Down with the traitors!" For me, I hung on my turn; I checked my horse. I saw Mercedes Baca sink down in the arms of her lover; he, that brave heart, looked pitying beyond her black head and his eyes rested on those of La Estrella de Dolores Hidalgo. The Star—our Star!—sat her horse silently, steadying him with her little heels where he reared back from the dead hulk that had been the Tiger of Jalisco, Luis Sal. She looked at Ernesto Arrelanes proudly, smiling. With a queen's bearing she made him a bow; smiling, she kissed her hand to Mercedes Baca; then, with her head tossed and a light laugh on her lips, she rode away into the night. That great clown, Juan Borega, and I, Manuel Castro, called. The Squirrel—she followed her, at a distance, loyal to her service in our renegades' hearts; so, for a second time, when she thought she was alone and unobserved, we beheld that Estrella flung herself to the warm earth, and let her broken heart flow out in her weeping upon the fading leaves, under the bright, cold pearl of the dawn.—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan. "GET THE SPOTLIGHTER" GAME PROTECTORS TOLD "Get the spotlighter!" is the terse instructions which have been forwarded from the Game Commission offices to all game protectors and their assistants in the regions of the State where deer are plentiful. Viewed in the course of a real sportsman it would take an act of the Legislature to raise a spotlighter to the level of a game warden; John J. Slaterback, the Commission secretary said concerning the men who used spotlights to kill deer, especially at this season of the year. Killing a doe deer now is certain to result in the death of an unborn or very young fawn, Slaterback said. The Commission in recent months has prosecuted 26 cases on charges of spotlighting in which fines of \$500 or an equivalent jail sentence was imposed. Commission officials cite one Lycoming county case as an instance of their determination to follow the trail of a spotlighter regardless of how far it leads. Horace Sluder, Coatesville, and Lincoln McCausland, Downingtown, recently killed a doe deer with fawn in Lycoming county. Game protectors learned of the killing and the identity of the men. Fines of \$500 were imposed on each. Killing of deer, commission officers said, is done almost exclusively by men who make a practice of it and not because they are needed for food. NEW SYSTEM AIDS IN POLICE WORK During the last fifteen day period of April, 405 automobiles were reported stolen over the Pennsylvania teleypewriter system of the Pennsylvania state police, and 249 automobiles were reported as having been recovered. During this same period 70 persons were reported missing from home. The teleypewriter system, as used in Pennsylvania, has found favor in adjoining States, New Jersey having adopted the system, and a bill is now pending before the Legislature of the State of New York covering an installation of similar type. —The Watchman prints the news