Donna Froila.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

We had just left a noble mansion upon the citadel heights of Jesu del Monte. Our aged host and hostess were still waving us pleasant "Adios!" from the pillared portico, half hidden behind surpassing wealth of tropical luxuriance, at the end of an avenue of lofty palms. Before turning into the mountain calle we seated ourselves beside a restful fountain, whose tremulous descending showers glittered like beads of gold through the saffrony Cuban air. There lay the quaint old city of Havana beneath us, like a shining nest within its frowning battlements. Beyond, the sea, white with plumes of surf at the shore, a wondrous green beyond, and a bed of glowing purple beneath the northern horizon.

Old and venerable Don Miguel, my friend and companion, in a ruminative mood, first broke the silence with "Ah, strange are the unwritten romances of life! Who would credit our serene and happy Senor and Senora of 'El Parisio,' this lovely 'Paradise villa,' with any life chapter that had not passed as sweetly as the murmuring of this gentle fountain?"

And so it came about that, still sitting beneath the lofty palms by the songful fountain in the languorous Cuban air, this true love tale of Donna Frolia was told.

At the conclusion of the convention of 1839 between the victorious Esparatero, commander-in-chief of the forces of Maria Christina, and Moroto, the defeated Carlist commander-in-chief, which gave distracted Spain a few years of feverish peace, there were returned to private life great numbers of the younger members of the Spanish nobility who had adhered to the cause of their queen, as well as many of aristocratic blood who had cast their fortunes with the defeated Carlist leader. The romantic experiences of war had illfitted the former class for a resumption of drowsy life at lonesome mountain palacios, the threadbare experiences in students' gowns at the University, or even for the dull intrigues of a waning court at Madrid. Of the titled Carlist lieutenants there was scarcely a score who were not ruined. Some, following their chief, fled to France. Others, in sheer despair, joined the banditti of Andalusia. And others, more desperate soldiers of fortune still, swarmed about the trente-et-quarante tables of Monaco, Monte Carlo and Homburg.

One evening in December of the year named, the rooms of the great Casino at Monte Carlo were crowded with the habitues of the place. Among these was a young Spaniard, Don Enrique, a brave officer in the recent mobilized forces of Queen Christina, heir to vast estates in Arragon, whose father, the aged Duke of Teruel, being at deadly enmity with the Queen, had practically disowned his son for engaging in her service. Nor was this the only cause for silence and estrangement between noble father and son. The latter had been destined for the priesthood. The ambition of the old duke even fondly fed itself in a dream to sometime see the purple mantle and scarlet hat of a cardinal take the place of the black student's cloak, and the black hat which all too jauntily sat upon Don Enrique's fair and girlish head. But the boy's nature was warm, poetic, adventurous. He fled from the irksome University. Joining a band of strolling musicians, he wandered for several years through the provinces, much in Catalonia, greatly beloved by the peasantry, and especially by the Gitani, or Gipsies, who never forgive an enemy nor forget a generous friend.

Don Enrique had been that friend to many of them, and one, Francisco, falsely accused of petty crime, he had saved from the greatest disgrace which can ever befall a Gipsy, imprisonment, as he was being dragged through the streets to the carcel of Lerida. This Gipsy, Francisco, called for good fellowship "Pancho" among his companions, was a stocky, brawny fellow, with a huge, shocky head, and a neck nearly as big, on which, above his open shirt, the cords and veins lay like ropes half hidden beneath black and matted hair. Sleepy and sluggish of appearance, he was keen, agile and strong as an ox.

Pancho's home was at Barcelona. He followed a sea-faring life; was the best of sailors; knew all the secrets of the ocean; and as a fisherman possessed wonderful knowledge and craft.

Shortly after the rescue of Francisco at Lerida, came the Carlist's victorious advance beyond the Ebro in 1837. Don Enrique hastened to Madrid to serve his Queen. From the position of a subaltern, he had been advanced, on merit, to the rank of Colonel; but at the conclusion of hostilities had left the army, and, still unreconciled to the Duke of Teruel, in a wild and vagarious mood of adventurous unrest, found himself, like hundreds of others, abandoning true courage and his few remaining pesetas at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo.

Don Enrique was deathly pale as he sat there, playing with feverish hesitance, now winning and now losing, until at last, with a quick, impetuous motion, he laid coin to the value of 200 pesetas upon the red. He was directly opposite the croupier, upon whose dark, almost oriental and ordinarily impassive, face the faintest shadow of interest might have been visible.

"Rouge! perd et couleur," called the croupier.

"Jesu-Maria! Black, and it is all!"

Don Enrique, half fainting, rose from his seat. His hands, resting on the table's edge, were trembling and bloodless. If these had not, all unconsciously to himself, sustained him, he would have fallen upon the stone floor. The stir of departure seemed to arose him. With a startled look of piteous apology, and yet a courtly gesture of deprecation, he murmured:

"Ah, yes. Your pardon, gentlemen. Goodnight and—Adios! Que talle otro!"

In an instant he had drawn a pistolete. In an instant more its barrel was against his splendid head. But the same instant the agile croupier had vaulted the wide table and struck the weapon from the desperate man's hand.

II.

"Come with me," said the croupier gently, but in a tone of kindly command.

They left the Casino; walked silently for a time in the cooling outer air; and finally passed beneath a quaint old arch through an open patio or court, in which were a tiny fountain and many perfume-laden flowers, to an upper gallery, where the croupier graciously bade the Don enter his apartments. Some simple food and wine were brought.

"Now, Don Enrique," said the croupier, with a gentle shrug and a winning smile. "I'll never talk to a man's empty stomach. Eat, drink; then you will become a reasonable being."

The would-be suicide complied mechanically enough. But the diplomatic croupier was right. He touched a bell. A young woman with dark, restless eyes and sweet, but hunted, haunted face, whom he called Griselda, brought more wine and a few cigars. The place soon took on the glow of comfort and good fellowship. Don Enrique could bear it no longer. He said, impulsively:

"Senor, friend and stranger, no words can express my sense of thankfulness and humiliation; thankfulness for your interference in so degrading an attempt upon my own life; humiliation at my utter powerlessness to requite you. Gratitude is indeed a sorry coin without the royal signet of power behind it. I am shorn of all power. I am a homeless, objectless, ruined man!"

"You are not, Don Enrique. I say you are not!" returned the croupier warmly. "You are heir to great estates in Arragon. You have youth, courage; grand courage, Senor!" he continued with a meaning look, "as we of Don Carlos' cabelleria knew to our loss from your heroic charge in the canon beyond the Elbro!"

"You were a soldier, then?" exclaimed Don Enrique, springing to his feet and approaching his new-found friend. I implore you to reveal your real character, my more than friend!"

The croupier arose and gently forced Don Enrique into his seat. The action had delicate protest in it that commanded obligation; and it had obligation in it that hinted of command.

"To reveal one's true character is sometimes more than the greatest will do, Senor. But I am only another one ruined by the fortunes of war. That is all. Since you, Don Enrique, unhorsed me at the head of my own command at Ebro, and rode over my wounded body, and since my leader, Don Carlos, is a fugitive in France, 'Le croupier de Monte Carlo' is a title which, at least, gives me my bread. The other," and here he turned his face away for a moment, "cannot do even so much as that!"

"And that title was?—"

"Count Basil de Orense, at your service!"

Don Enrique flew to the man and clasped him in his arms. A thousand recollections of brave tales of the house of Orense, told him at his own father's knee, flooded upon him. The sense of his great obligation to one so reduced; indeed every high, chivalrous thought which would prompt trust, admiration and gratitude, swept over him; and it was no mean thing that he wept.

"Count, we are brothers forevermore!" cried Don Enrique.

"With all my heart—amen!" responded Count Basil with great solemnity; but with a sudden start, for something like a sigh came from behind the swaying cortina, followed by the rustle as of a woman's gown. Count Basil with sudden excuses stepped hastily to the gallery. Had not his guest's overwhelming bewilderment at his own changing fortunes rendered him oblivious, he would have heard the sound of a sharp scuffle and a blow, and a low voice full of deadly menace hissing at some detected listening culprit:

"Begone, you Gipsy witch! or I'll grill your itching ears and babbling tongue for breakfast. Cursed was I when I took you from the roads of Catalonia!"

As the man who spoke these words re-entered, his face was all blandness and compassion.

"Don Enrique," he resumed with seriousness, "there is good fortune for you, but nevermore for me, beneath this very roof. But yesterday, a courier with escort, arrived at Monte Carlo. Being related to the serving-woman of this place, they lodge below. The idle garrulousness of these folk made it easy, and, as events have proven, wise, for me to know that this very courier was in search of a wayward son of a noble house. That son was rushing headlong to total ruin at the Casino. I determined to save him if in my power, and make what I easily found by this wine-drinking courier to be a new lease of life's possibilities, serviceable to him. I saw by his play to-night that he was near his reckoning. He played his last peseta and—lost. Do you understand me?"

"Maria Purissima! Do you mean?—"

"That your father has let a tiny stream of his rivers of gold flow your way; but a tiny stream, Don Enrique. Yet that and what it may furnish, are better than the flash of the pistolette and the last sleep."

Don Enrique still sat in stupefied silence at the turn affairs were taking. The girl, Griselda, entered in response to the bell of Count Basil, who, indifferent to her flashing eyes and crimsoned forehead, which disclosed that a recent brutal blow had been struck, coarsely ordered her to bring the courier and escort from below to the apartment, if not too drowsy from the fumes of wine to make their appearance. They came, and ranged themselves against a wall stupidly. Don Enrique with difficulty repressed his emotion on seeing before him his father's old servitors. But he answered their low bows of recognition with self-possession and reserve.

"Notwithstanding your drunken riotousness about the place," began the Count with a frown;—"your swilling of wine and your brawls with the cocheros;" and each guilty courier bowed humbly as his individual sins were recited; "you will see I have brought you to your young master, as I pledged. Dispatch your business and begone; or I will have each of you shot from the Casino plaza at sunrise!"

With much ado and trembling, begot of a great mission and greater dereliction, the simple souls from Arragon delivered a sealed package into Don Enrique's hands; received with great thankfulness his receipt for the same; and with many bows and supplications for "Peace upon this house!" jangled and clattered down into the court, with a hearty "Diablo le a compane!" from the Count, who stepped out upon the moonlit gallery to make sure of their departure. Returning he found his guest in possession of cheques for 50,000 pesetas; a command that he should continue to remain away from Spain; and a brief postcript expressing the hope that the writer, his father, might never be permitted to look upon his face again. The letter, which contained no superfluous words was signed, "Geofredo, Duke of Teruel."

III.

Perhaps three months had passed without special incident to the sworn friends. The young noblemen, with ample means, yielding to Don Enrique's spirit of unrest, were now the honored guests of the aristocracy of Havana. For Don Enrique there had been but joy in leaving hated Spain, and in the new life and beauty of the Cuban metropolis. If there were clouds behind the placid features of Count Basil no one could know it. Two trifles to such as he, might have haunted his inner life. One was that a black-eyed serving-woman, or querida, or what-not, called Griselda, of Monte Carlo, had been found dead at the house of an absent croupier with a stiletto in her breast; whereupon some Catalonian Gipsies had stolen the body away, and buried it over the border in Spain after their own barbaric fashion. Again, as the vessel upon which the young noblemen embarked sailed from the harbor of Barcelona, a shaggy fisherman, whom the sailors knew as "Pancho," was found secreted on board. In his possession was noticed a blood-stained stiletto, whose make and ornamentation showed it to have been the possession of a different man than he; for such as Pancho are never lastidious about a knife. He was put in chains. Then a storm arose. He was liberated, for his giant strength was serviceable. But his freedom was of short duration. Count Basil, restlessly walking the deck late one moonlit night, had seen his face and eyes full of Gipsy vengeance, as the stowaway had crept stealthily toward his cabin. A word to El Capitano from a Count was enough. The rest of the way to Cuba Pancho sat in the hold, with mighty iron links riveted to huge grillos upon his legs. But Pancho, in the hold, forgot nothing. Nor could the Count forget some things. But the difference in the temporary relations of these two men to society, at debarkation in Havana sent the man from the hold for a brief period to the chain gang of Cubana, and the other, with Don Enrique, his generous banker and loyal friend, to the splendid homes of the Spanish nobility in Cuba.

The Island of Cuba is the odor-laden garden of the American continent. Havana is the concentrated Spain of Cuba. You are within the influence and charm of 300,000 souls given up wholly to delicious dalliance, melodious words and sounds, to the half-tones of coquettish pleasure, to the eloquence of bright eyes, and the passionate passiveness of night in tropic-land, where nature glows beneath, as glow the stars above.

In this atmosphere Don Enrique and Count Basil lived; and five years flitted away as in a delightful dream. The placid count, ever serene and courtly, never left his friend's side. The impulsive, grateful heart of Don Enrique had never openly doubted. At times a sense of oppression came; oppression and dread, as if the very cords of late were binding him to a revolting presence and companionship. Events had occurred that had also touched a deeper sentiment; a sentiment of compassion. Attempts had been made upon the life of Count Basil de Orense. In one of these he was badly wounded. The name of a fisherman outlaw had been whispered about as concerned in these mysterious affairs. But nothing came of investigation save this: A Catalonian known as Marti among the pescadores, had gained strange and secret power among all the lower classes in the Cuban seaport cities. No one knew just when he had come to Cuba. He had stepped from the Cabana chain-gang to a harbor guadana; from thence to a fisherman's coaster; and, while he had made rich hauls of fish in the coves and inlets, his wife, the negress Tomasa, fried the sweet-meated robalo and the juicy guaguancho, and sold them at homes and upon the streets. Marti finally disappeared; when the wildest tales of his subsequent sea piracies were everywhere told. But Tomasa remained. In her hut in the Baluarte quarter were often seen the Gipsies of Cuba. Her own life was blameless; and secretly dreaded as were her companions, "old Tomasa," as she was always called, went and came without hand or voice being raised against her; while in one noble quinta of Jesu del Monte, where lived the family of Tomasa's one adored human of all the world, Donna Froila, she was still the beloved Cuban "mammy" of the ravishingly beautiful being she had nursed from the cradle, and whose own fair hand had signed the document that freed the old black nurse.

In the nightly carnivals in Havana, ten thousand equipages filled with richly attired and merry occupants may often be seen. Officials and nabobs in the saddle loiter at their sides, exchanging greetings with friends and acquaintances. On such an evening when Don Enrique and Count Basil were thus engaged, the latter suddenly exclaimed:

"Santa Maria! All Spain has not such loveliness!"

Don Enrique following his friend's look and gesture of admiration to the stream of carriages coming from the opposite direction down the Prado, saw the object of the exclamation, and with that glance he lost his heart; for at the same moment the most beautiful and lovable senorita of all Cuba raised her lustrous eyes to his own. Involuntarily Don Enrique saluted her. She turned her face away, but could not hide the blushes of not displeased recognition with which her face was suffused. Following the carriage at its side, a common sight in Havana then, was "old Tomasa," looking adoringly into her former mistress' face; and Donna Frolia's gracious hand rested kindly upon her former slave's shoulder.

"Jesu!—Maria!—That dream of fair women shall be mine!" passionately cried Don Eerique to his companion, searching the Count's eyes for responsive accord and chivalrous proffers of assistance.

There was a strange pallor in the man's face, but he spoke no answering word to his friend.

In the early evening of a February day, in 1845, a celebrated American statesman sat upon the broad, pillared portico of the old Hotel Almy, overlooking the beautiful waters of Havana Bay. As the nominee of a newly created political party, himself defeated of election as President of the United States, and exhausted with the turmoils of party warfare, he had for a time escaped them all, and, unaccompanied, was recruiting his exhausted energies in this sweet Southern clime. The Madrid Government had directed the highest honors paid him in Cuba. Firmly refusing all official and private entertainment, he had accepted a single attendant and interpreter, at the courtesy of Governor-General Tacon. This man, a brilliant young Virginian named Belt, a tutor in many of the noblest families of Cuba, had become the eminent American's inseparable companion; and just as, around from the lookouts of Moro tower to the heights of El Principe the evening challenges of the sentinels had begun, a light of welcome came into the hollow cheeks and great, deep eyes of the American statesman, as he noticed his young friend's approach.

A few low words of greeting passed between them, in which the elder man might have been heard to express an unalterable determination to accompany the Virginian upon some strange adventure. The surprise, delight and gratitude, yet shamefaced protests, of the latter were boundless. After a perplexed silence he timorously inquired:

"But in heaven's name, what kind of a Gipsy can we make of you?"

"Make me a dumb Gipsy fiddler!" sententiously retorted the other. "I have 'jinked and diddled' my elbow a thousand times in old Kentucky; and if there's to be any trouble at El Dique to-night, although I'm getting along in years, Belt, my finger is still pretty quick and sure at the trigger!"

They sat there for perhaps an hour in earnest conversation. It it could have been overheard these interesting facts would have been gathered: The Virginian, Belt, was the English tutor of the most lovely and loveable senorita of Havana, who was betrothed in marriage to one Don Enrique. The latter, who had but lately, on the death of his father, the Duke of Teruel, fallen heir to vast estates in Arragon, had, through some strange influence, plunged into a most dissolute life. The don and donna were madly in love with each other. The marriage day had been repeatedly set. But at each approach some hideous contretemps occurred. This had at last become a scandal to Havana society. Thereupon Belt, like the chivalrous Virginian he was, took the field in the donna's behalf. He at once discovered the secret destructive influence. It was the mysterious power of Count Basil de Orense. The Virginian had sought his acquaintace, charged him with his perfidy, flung at him repeated insults and challenges; only to see Don Enrique become more and more helpless and complicated in the calmly remorseless adventurer's clutches. All this time Count Basil was paying insidious and persistent court to the donna herself. Though she surmised his wretched power and loathed him, her tutor, fully in her confidence, counseled her to permit these addresses through hope of discovering some means of saving to her the man she loved. But no good came of it. Emboldened by his successes, the patient and devilish plans of Count Basil were rapidly maturing.

Half way between Havana and Guines, on the great calzada that trails between, stood the famous gambling-hell of El Dique, then conducted in royal fashion. Here Don Enrique was entrapped, plied with wine, tempted by the most brilliant lascivias of Spain, and enchalned by the human devils around him. Rumors of plays and losses in fabulous sums over the tables of El Dique, flew from lip to lip in the city. But the Count meantime was back in Havana, the social hero of the day, his agents prompting the spread of tales of Don Enrique's ruin, and himself pressing his attentions upon poor Frolla with increasing fervor. Over half a million dollars had been lost by the don and won by the Count and his confederates. No bank in Havana dare dishonor the checkes drawn in favor of the proprietors of El Dique. The Count's determination was to drive his victim to ruin and from ruin to suicide.

But the love of a noble woman is subtler and mightier than all the forces of darkness. The brave and heroic Froila sought the Virginian, bringing with her the devoted old Tomasa and a parcel of Gipsies from the canons of Limyano. "I will go disguised as one of these with them. He shall return with me," said the desperate maiden. And so this was the adventure. The Virginian was determined to share the fortunes of the band. And an American statesman's heart was so soft and tender that he, too, could not be prevented from joining, in the guise of a dumb Gipsy fiddler, the novel and dangerous mission appointed for that very night.

At the same moment this singular meeting was in progress at the Hotel Almy, Governor General Tacon sat alone in the State Department of the palace, over against the Plaza de Armas, poring over new plans to rid the islands from the increasing depredations of the contrabandists and pirates, under the leadership of the all-powerful outlaw, Marti, when he suddenly discovered a man of commanding presence standing silently before him.

Tacon sprang to his feet in fear, but a gleaming weapon at his head prevented an outcry.

"If you raise an alarm, I will kill you!" Resume your seat," quietly remarked the stranger.

"In the name of the Virgin, who are you that can pass my guards unannounced?" gasped Tacon.

"No matter. I am here with information you wish. You have offered a reward of $50,000 in gold for the capture of Marti, the contrabandist, and a guaranty of pardon and protection to any one of his band who will betray him?"

"Yes!" faltered the terrified Cuban ruler.

"That was months ago. No man lives who dare attempt to earn that reward. Marti has many ships and desperate men. All your revenue cutters and men-of-war have not suppressed him. He rules the Caribbean. His chests hold more gold than your treasury. Your administration is disgraced. Are the reward and guaranty of protection meant by you in good faith?"

"They certainly are. Are you one of Marti's band?"

"Have patience, your excellency. Supposing I were Marti himself?" Tacon paled visibly at this. "Would this reward and guaranty apply to me?"

The Governor General was both overcome and perplexed. Even great and powerful men sometimes grasp at mean expedients.

"Yes—yes, even were you Marti himself, the reward and pardon should be yours."

"Under the Queen's seal?"

"Yes, under the Queen's seal." Tacon looked at his herculean guest for a moment and timidly resumed: "Will you now reveal your secret?"

"Not just yet. We will speak of another matter." The Governor General writhed under the enforced diplomacy. "Supposing, barely supposing, I were the famous outlaw himself, would not peace with still greater concessions prove a triumph to the Tacon Government?—providing those concessions could harm no one, and would prove of public benefit?"

"Come straight at the bargain you would make," almost pleaded the Governor General.

"It is," said the stranger coolly, "additional guaranty of the sole control of the fishing privileges of Havana while I live!"

The Governor-General paced the apartment for a time nervous and distraught. Finally turning to the mysterious stranger, he said: "And if this is granted, how can you assure me of your power to execute such trust creditably to my government and to the public?"

"I will satisfy you on that score before I leave the palace."

"Then I unreservedly grant all you ask!"

"General Tacon," said the stranger rising, "on your knightly word of honor do you promise this?"

"I do solemnly. And now, in the name of the Virgin, who are you?"

"I am—"

"Marti!" exclaimed Tacon trembling with fear.

"Francisco Marti, sometimes called 'Pancho,' your excellency, and no other."

Tacon was overwhelmed with the consciousness of the tremendous concessions granted, and the sudden realization that he stood defenseless and powerless before the most dreaded and dangerous of men. Noticing his alarm Marti said, as he gave his weapons to the astonished official:

"Preserve these as mementoes of an easy conquest. Your Excellency will accept the $50,000 in gold as a first token of Marti's friendship and loyalty. Much more shall be at Tacon's command, that he may make his administration greater than that of any other who ever ruled Cuba!"

With this the famous pirate strode out of the palace. Tacon saw that the guards whom Marti had passed were shot in the plaza of Moro Castle within an hour; after which he enjoyed the first night's sleep he had ever known since he had become Governor-General of Cuba.

V.

On this night a motley crew of Gipsy musicians from the canyons of Limyano, led by an enormous Gipsy of shaggy beard and breast, appeared at El Dique. Among them was a slight, frail, Gipsy girl, who often seemed ill and fainting beneath the bold gaze and the heartless sallies of the habitues. But altogether they enlivened the luxurious place with their gay melodies, one awkward fellow playing with tremendous vigor a strange and unknown melody upon the violin. They were well paid, well fed, given liberty under escort to stroll among the rippling fountains and dazzling corridors musical with birds, and, sometime after midnight, after performing a sweet Andalusian air, the picturesque folk passed reluctantly out of the huge portal, having, after much diplomacy, secured the privilege of camping upon the edge of the open highway, against the massive walls of El Dique.

Neither Don Enrique nor the Count had been seen. The one had lost heavily, and, staggering blindly to his apartment, had flung himself upon his bed, unkempt, unstrung, distraught. The other, satisfied with his own splendid gains and progress, had also retired. But this night Don Enrique could not sleep. His mind was in that super-acute state that is sometimes, even when drowned in drink, superior to all conditions, and is marvelously sensitive to influences infinitely remote from its own immediate surroundings. He had heard strains of music that night which to an extent took off the awful influence them upon him, and swept in upon his soul immeasurable remorse and love, and with them consciousness of its ruinous and fatal surroundings, like a flaming tempest of fire.

At intervals that music again floated upon him from out of the night. In it at times was a tender madrigal, "La Piedad," only now living being sung and played. That one was Donna Froila.

He staggered to the balcony. No—there were only a dozen wandering Gipsies huddled together beneath him against the wall of El Dique. He again tried to sleep. He fought the demons of drink and remorse and poignant love until, exhausted, he sank upon its couch. Then in fitful dreams, that one who had made the little madrigal was in every imaginable human form, hovering above, about him. He saw her in her sweet home ways; yes, a wandering Gipsy minstrel, skulking in the mountains and canons, even playing before him and the devilish lascivias who held him enthralled. The maddened man even heard his name called by her, whispered by her, moaned by her:

"Don Enrique! "Oh, Don Enrique!"

He leaped to his feet in an agony of fright and remorse. The frail Gipsy harpist was in his alcoba. She flew to him; clung to him even in his loathesomeness.

"Don Enrique! Oh, Don Enrique! It is I, thy Donna Froila! Come with her! Come!"

Then the Gipsy girl, sobbing, moaning, pleading, dragged him to the balcony.

Bewildered, yet clinging to the half-wild thing who held him as in a dream he suffered her to force him down a cumbrous stair her companions were holding in the calzada below. He found himself surrounded by a wild Gipsy band, and clung to madly by this the slight maiden who still sobbed and pleaded piteously.

"Don Enrique!—Don Enrique! It is thy own Froila! Fly, oh, fly with her from this wretched place!"

Suddenly a light shone from the alcoba above. A form appeared at the balcony. With a curse the man, divining the rescue, swiftly descended the stair. He was confronted by a giant Gipsy with shaggy face and breast, and with vengeance gleaming from his awful eyes. A slender shaft of light quivered a moment from a stiletto blade. Basil de Orense fell dead, without an outcry, back upon the massive walls of El Dique; while one called Marti spurned him with his foot and muttered:

"Sleep, El croupier!—Tentador y asesino por mes Griselda!"

They got Don Enrique back to Havana as swiftly as their fleet horses would go. He was nursed again to reason and right by this brave and devoted woman of Cuba; and a few weeks later found them, man and wife, upon the broad Atlantic, bound for dear old Castle, from whence they returned from Arragon to their own lovely quinta in Havana.

"And of their future, Don Miguel?"

The stars were shining through the palms above the murmurous fountain as the old Spaniard replied with a backward gracious wave of his hand: "You have left them within the hour!"

"And of Pancho—and Marti?"

"They were one—afterward, His Excellency, Chevalier de Francisco Marti, the richest, the wiliest and the most beneficent man who ever lived in Cuba, whose wife, the negress Tomasa, was decorated with 'La Bunda de Marie Louise,' the highest honor conferable by Spanish royalty upon woman!"

"And what of the American statesman who masqueraded as the dumb Gipsy fiddler?"

"He was none other than your own immortal Henry Clay!"

THEY ARE BOUND TO VOTE.

Washington Territory Women Will Cast Their Ballots Whether or No.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WALLA WALLA, WASH., September 8.—There will be lots of fun at the polls in the coming State of Washington on election day. The women propose to vote, and if their ballots are rejected by the stony-hearted election judges they will vote anyhow. At a large and enthusiastic meeting on Thursday night of the Equal Suffrage League it was determined to establish separate polling places throughout the State, and if their votes are rejected by the men to deposit them in their own boxes, and keep a complete record for the purpose of contesting the matter before the Supreme Court of the United States.

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MARRIED.

CAVETT—MUDDELL.—At Camden, N. J., August 6, FANNIE M. MUDDELL to JOHN B. CAVETT, of Allegheny.

KENNEDY — McGERVEY—Sunday, September 8, at St. Paul's Cathedral, by Rev. Father Molineaux, JOSEPH KENNEDY and ELIZABETH M. McGERVEY, both of Pittsburg.

DIED.

AIKEN—At Colorado Springs, Col., on Friday afternoon, September 6, 1889, GEORGE F. AIKEN.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

ALLEN—Sunday, September 8, 1889, at 9:30 A. M., CHARLES ALLEN, aged 29 years; member of Mansfield Council No. 66, Jr. O. U. A. M.

Friends and members of the Council are respectfully invited to attend the funeral at his late residence, Idlewood, P., C. & St. L. R. R., at 2:30 P. M. TUESDAY, 10th inst.

FITZGERALD—At her residence, 2829 Jane street, S. S., on Sunday, September 8, 1889, at 10:30 P. M., MARY, wife of Richard Fitzgerald, aged 39 years.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

HANNY—On Sunday, September 8, 1889, at 9:30 A. M., Mrs. JENNIE S. HANNY, daughter of Morris Craven, aged 19 years.

Funeral to be held from the residence of her parents, No. 2 Montgomery alley, Allegheny City, on MONDAY, 9th inst., at 2 P. M.

LEPPER—On Sunday, September 8, at 4 A. M., JOHN H. LEPPER, son of Margret Lepper, aged 26 years, 6 months and 2 days.

Funeral services on TUESDAY AFTERNOON at the German M. E. Church, on Fortieth street below Butler, at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. 2

LAUTNER—In Bad Weissenburg Schweitz, August 19, WM. J. LAUTNER, son of Joseph and Friederecka Lautner, in his 23d year.

Funeral services from the residence of his parents, No. 278 Locust street, Allegheny, TODAY at 3 o'clock. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

McCURDY—Saturday, September 7, at 8:30 o'clock P. M., at the residence of F. A. Reisker, Castle Shannon, Mrs. NANCY A. McCURDY, daughter of Thomas and Oliva Frame McClintock, deceased.

Interment private MONDAY, September 9.

[St. Louis, Mo., papers please copy.]

McELVENNY—On Saturday, September 7, 1889, at 8 P. M., JAMES McELVENNY, in the 37th year of his age.

Funeral from the residence of his parents, Spring Garden borough, on TUESDAY, at 9 A. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. 2

MULVIHILL—On Saturday, September 7, 1889, at 10 A. M., JOHN MULVIHILL, in his 23d year.

Funeral from his late residence, McClure avenue, Ninth ward, Allegheny, on MONDAY, 9th inst., at 2 P. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. 2

QUIG—On Sunday afternoon, September 8, 1889, at 2:10 o'clock, ANNA MARGUERITE, youngest daughter of Lucy C. and E. M. D. Quig, aged 6 months and 28 days.

Funeral services at the residence of her grandfather, Dr. E. S. Czarniecki, 110 Liberty street, Allegheny City, TUESDAY, at 2 P. M. Interment private. 2

SHANNON—On Sunday, September 8, 1889, at 9 o'clock A. M., SUSANNA SHANNON, widow of the late James Shannon, in her 77th year.

Funeral from the residence of her son-in-law, Charles F. Leonard, Brushton Station, P. R. R. Notice of funeral hereafter. 2

TESH—On Sunday, September 8, at 4 P. M., PETER TESH, aged 98 years.

Funeral on TUESDAY, September 10, at 2 o'clock P. M., from his late residence, Herr's Island, Allegheny. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

VETTER—Suddenly on Saturday, September 7, 1889, at 7:15 P. M., STEPHEN A., Jr., son of Stephen A. and Mary A. Vetter, aged 27 years.

Funeral from the residence of his parents, No. 100¾ Forbes street, on TUESDAY MORNING, the 10th inst., at 8:30 o'clock. Services at St. Paul's Cathedral at 9 A. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. [Hollidaysburg and Altoona papers please copy.]

WENZEL—On Saturday, September 7, 1889, at 5:10 A. M., BARBARA, wife of Richard Wenzel, in the 44th year of her age.

Funeral takes place from her late residence, No. 108 Colwell street, on TUESDAY MORNING, September 10, 1889, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

WERTHEIMER—On Saturday morning, September 7, 1889, MORRIS E., only son of Emanuel and Sophie Wertheimer, in his 24th year.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his parents, 233 North avenue, Allegheny, THIS (Monday) MORNING, 9th instant, at 10 o'clock. Please omit flowers.

ZIEG—On Saturday, September 7, 1889, at 7:30 P. M., GEORGE W. ZIEG, aged 47 years 3 months 10 days.

Funeral on TUESDAY, September, 10, at 2 P. M., from his late residence, 72 Third street, Allegheny. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. 2

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These cannot fail to interest and attract the attention and admiration of the ladies, and the gentlemen as well, who have had their taste cultivated up to the point of appreciation for the beautiful in this line. In the opposite side from the laces we make a display of

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So arranged and applied on stands as to give an idea as to the manner of using these really artistic and beautiful goods. Our line of new trimmings, consisting of Fringes, Fronts, Panels, Gimps, Galloons, Ornaments, Girdles, etc., are now ready. As usual our stock is large and contains every variety and style of dress and wrap trimmings, in medium and finest goods made. In the center section of the case a small exhibit of

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