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Flower of the Crazed.

By John Adams. *******

AURENCE KIRBY was young, good-looking in a fair sort of way, a great favorite with women and one of the best constructing engineers that the "Pacifico" ever had in their employ. At home in New York he was a club member, one of the bright and shining lights in the Engineers' union, and, lastly, engaged to marry Miss Kent, daughter and heiress of old "Duff" Kent. Kirby had her picture, and once, in a fit of unwonted friendliness, showed it to me. She was not so very pretty-too thin and fragile for that. But it was a sweet, purespirited face, and I thought then that Kirby was a lucky man.

At that time we were traveling along at a pretty rapid rate in the Acapulco direction and surveying out more miles per day than you would believe, were I to tell you. Under the circumstances, all the tents and equipment, including the commissary department, of which old Tomas was chief, with his wife Juana as cook, were moved along with us each day. This quick work only lasted, of course, so long as we were in good surveying country; soon we got to the Sierras, or Guerrero, mountains, and then we had to call a slow-down and take things more quietly.

Old Juana, in spite of her age and flesh (she weighed close on to 250), had held out pretty well, considering the amount of cooking she did and the way in which she had been hustled across the state of Guerrero. No sooner had we reached the "Buena Fe" canyon, however, than she gave out completely and said that she must have an assistant cook. Kirby turned the matter over to me. I asked Juana if we should bring her down a man cook from the City of Mexico. "No. senor;" she would have no rude, awkward man pottering about her tent and braseros. If the senor would give leave, Consuelo would willingly come. Consuelo was her niece, and a very good and simpatica girl, too. She was now in Chilpancingo with her mother, but would surely come to her old Tia at the word. How much would the senor pay for the services that Consuelo would lend? Fifteen pesos? Good; then the girl should be notified

About a week later Consuelo arrived. She was not much on the cook -though her frijoles refritos were good-and I do not think she ever did more than wash the dishes and keep the brasero going. But she was, out and out, the handsomest savage I have ever seen, with her six feet of strong, beautiful body, and the eyes and face of a leady queen. Lots of such women are to be seen throughout Guerrero, but I do not remember a grander woman in all my trips than Consuelo. Not that I am much in favor of big, handsome, black-eyed women; they generally have the devil in them somewhere, and sooner or later it breaks out. But, even so, you could not help admiring Consuelo.

Our total force comprised about 30 men, over half of whom were Mexicans and peones. Being pretty well careless during the last few days; she, up on the genus Mexicano, I had long ago informed old Juana that we would have no flirtations in camp; if Consuelo wished to remain and gain her \$15 per month she must have nothing to say to the men. It was against discipline, and Senor Kirby would not have it. Juana smiled quietly and went on with her work. "The senor need have no care; he does not know Consuelo. It would be a brave man who attempts to molest her in her work." So I went away, convinced, in spite of my knowledge of the Mexican character.

At this time we had emerged from the canyon and were surveying across a swampy, malaria-breeding bit of country. We had our breakfast and turned out every morning at sun-up. and I can tell you that it was bitter cold work, at that. In spite of our heavy clothes we all shivered steadily until the sun got up well beyond the mountains, after which we would bake until sun-down. (There is no great fun in railroading over tropical countries, I assure you!) And then soon the rainy season burst on us, which added to the discomfort of things. Many a day we worked in slimy, unhealthy water, up to our knees-sometimes up to our waists. This, quite naturally, was not conducive to good health, and the men began to sickenparticularly the Mexicans, who have no stamina, anyway. We "white men" got along all right, even though we had slight touches of chills and fever, and we worked along steadily, doing double work to each man, and covering ground nicely, in spite of all the

Soon we drew out of the worst country; the Mexicans got well enough to work again, and Kirby bustled us along at a good rate, in spite of the fact that he was even then shaking and burning. by turns with the Guerrero fever. argued with him, but to no avail, trying to induce him to slow down a bit and get himself well before going on at the old speed. I could do nothing with him; it seemed that upon the expiration of his contract, which did not cover many more hundred miles, he was to go back to New York and marry Dorothy (that was Miss Kent's name). Even so, I could not understand his sudden feverish desire to rush over his work and get back to her. I suppose now that he had begun to relize the seriousness of his " the flirta-

als purn t

flirtation with a half-savage Indian girl is not exactly the fun that some people might imagine it-so far as results are concerned. It is all right to say "I love you" to a girl of your own race and education; she will possibly laugh at you, or tell you the same thing, and you both know that it's only in fun. But a woman of Consuelo's type would never so understand it: savages have strange ideas about these things, and they have very matter-of-fact opinions as to veracity.

It was not very long before what I had predicted came to pass, and Mr. Kirby was raving and groaning, flat on his back, with the worst case that I have ever seen of Guerroro fever; a good deal of malaria being mixed in with it, just to even matters up, I suppose. Not that there was any particular danger, for people rarely ever die from attacks of Guerrero fever and chills (you only wish that you could die). The usual remedy is to take quinine, lie quietly with plenty of blankets over you, and take more quinine! If you are delirious and insist upon leaving your bed to cool off, outside the tent, it is well to have a strong person to hold you down, and clamp the blankets over you. This is where, in Kirby's case, Consuelo proved to be of use and help.

In point of fact, no one else could be spared to look after the sick man. There was Juana-but Juana had the food of 30 men to look after; very natrally she could not be spared to do nursing. Kirby would not let a Mexican come near him, and we few Americans had to keep on with the surveying and track-pinning, else the contract would run out, with our work half finished. Under the circumstances, we simply had to turn Kirby over to Consuelo's care. One good point was that she was a careful and very devoted

nurse. In two weeks or so he was up again and working a little, every day. He seemed to have lost his former desire to hurry our work to its end, and took things a little more coolly. No doubt Consuelo's constant care and devotion had some effect on him. As for the girl, she followed him about like a log; bringing him quinine at various hours during the day, cautioning him, in her broken Spanish, about the necessity of wrapping up well, or else making up savory hot drinks, such as the Indians use "for the taking away of the chill."

And so it went. I was sorry both for the girl and for Kirby, and let him see it. For which I naturally received no thanks. Meantime, she was as happy as a woman ever gets to be in this world, and he obediently took the quinine and hot drinks, and wrote fewer and fewer letters to Miss Kent. Which eertainly was rather hard on the latter lady.

Well, we were working along briskly at only a few days' distance from Pu-eblo de Maria, our stopping point, when late one evening I received a message that Kirby wanted to see me. I was having my supper and sent the mozo back to him, saying that as soon as I had finished I would be with him. Somehow, I spotted at once that Consuelo was at the bottom of his mescareless and off-hand treat ment of the girl had grown even more on her part, had never seemed to wish for more than the privilege to fetch and carry for him. A servile, savage sort of love, to be sure, but that is the way Indian women are.

Kirby was sitting at his writing-table, worried, nervous look on his face, and Miss Kent's picture and a just-opened letter before him. As I sat down, I glanced lightly at the letter. It was a very thin one, covering only two pages, and the signature was visible; I shamelessly read it. "Your very sincere friend, Dorothy Kent," is not the way in which a fiancee usually signs Kirby's letters that he was making love to some other woman, and, being a girl of spirit and pride, had at once written to break off the engagement.

Kirby, however, had little to say, He merely wished me to notify "Consuelo. old Juana's niece," that her services were no longer necessary. Her wages would be paid two months in advance, and she was to be furnished an escort to her own home in Chilpancingo. "And, by the way, Jackson," he finished up. give her this \$50 bill, and tell her that I send it. I really owe her more than that, for her attention to me when I was sick. I think that's all. Will you please see that she goes to-morrow morning early? We'd better get out pretty early with the instruments, too, for we ought to be in Pueblo de Maria

by the end of next week." Consuelo was not in the kitchen, and my interview, therefore, was with old Juana-for which I was not sorry. Who knows how the girl would have taken the news? The aunt was in a boiling rage. She called down the wrath of God and all the saints upon me; how had I the heart to so discharge and send away a good girl, who had always behaved herself properly? The old woman was hard to pacify, and finally waxed so abusive that I took strong measures with her; after which she quieted down, and said that Consuelo would leave early next morning. And then I went to bed, wondering if the thing was really over with, and thinking that I did not in the least envy Mr.

Kirby. We saw nothing more of the girl, and and old Juana was always ominously quiet and busy. Meanwhile, work was booming along nicely, and we expected to get to our terminus within four days. when our chief was suddenly taken, one day, with a part of sunstrake, and

was both scared and dumfounded. He had been working busily all the morning, when, all of a sudden, he burst out into insane weeping. Then followed fits of wild laughter, then silly, maudlin ravings, then more weeping. I put him to bed and gave him an opiate. It had no earthly effect; so, frightened and puzzled out of my wits, I sat in the tent all that evening and night, listening to the raving and pitiful crying of what

was evidently a crazed man. Well, if you will believe me, that same thing was repeated every day for a week. Fortunately, I was able to finish up the remaining few days' work, and we entered Pueblo de Maria on time, thereby completing our contract. Kirby was still in the same mysterious condition, save that now he would sit motionless for hours brooding, overtaken by fits of awful melancholy, and oftentimes crying in a piiful, wailing fashion that nearly drove me wild.

There was a Mexican doctor in Pueblo de Maria, and I had him come over and examine Kirby, who wept and moaned during the examination. I could see that the Mexican was frightened, but he merely shrugged his shoulders, and, having pocketed his fee, and said a brief and heartfelt "Quien sabe," the investigation ended. So far as he could see, the senor ingeniero "was suffering from a bad attack of the sun; with care and perfect quiet be should be over the illness within a few

days." A day or two later I left the poor fellow in Juana's care, and rode over to the pueblo to get some opiate; I wanted him to have one night's rest, anyway, for next day I intended to take him, as best I might be able, back to civilization and doctors.

The trail which I was following led along the slopes of the hills and Sierras. all covered at this time of the year with dank, dense shrubbery and tropical vegetation. There was no sign of life anywhere about, and I was thinking sadly about poor Kirby, when suddenly I saw a woman slip noiselessly into one of the dark glades just ahead of me on the trail. It was, if not Consuelo, very much like her, and I wondered what was up. She was supposed to be many days' travel away from our camp; what, therefore, could she be doing here, sneaking about in the mountain glades? I began to suspect mischief; she had not seen me, I felt sure, and I would proceed to find out what she was

after.

I tied my horse, loaded my revolver (for I was taking no chances with a savage of Consuelo's sort), and crept noiselessly on her track. Soon I caught a glimpse of her, kneeling with her back to me. Her occupation seemed innocent, for she was merely plucking the brilliant red blooms that grew densely around on the mountain side, and talking to herself as she did so. Wondering what she could be saying, I stealthily slipped closer and closer, hidden by the shrubbery. Nearing her, I saw that her face looked years older, lined, wicked and hideous-the face of a crazed woman or a devil! Over and over again she murmured, as she tossed the little red flowers into her rebozo: "Flor de los locos! Florecitos de los locos!" (Flowers of the crazed-little flowers of the erazed!") Then I understood. She bad sage, and I thought things over as I been giving the deadly, crazing flower drank my coffee. I had noticed lately (made into some sort of tea, no doubt. through old Junana's arts) to poo Kirby. With the wish to torture him beyond belief, she was gradually crazing him; it would have been too merciful to kill him outright.

I drew my pistol and called to her. With the spring of a wounded tiger she was at me, and, before she caught sight of the pistol, had buried her sharp teeth in my arm. Then, seeing the revolver, and before I had time to make up' my mind to murder a woman, she was off like a flash, the red "flowers of the crazed" strewing the ground. I followed on a dead run; mounted my horse and galloped back to camp, boping to be in time to circumvent her further evil work. But she had evidently hidden letters, and I at once understood. Miss herself somewhere on the mountains, Kent had doubtless gathered from and, though a search party worked diligently to find her, we never saw her again. You may rest assured that I did not again leave Kirby's side until the Mexican police from the Pueblo de Maria had arrested and locked up old

Juana, after I had forced her to confess. As I had thought, Consuelo had never gone home, but had hidden herself in some mountain cave, whence she had come to our camp at night, bearing at each visit a fresh supply of the "flowers of the crazed." These our cook had faithfully made into tea, which was given daily to Kirby. "The first dose." the old wretch stated, calmly, "had been a little too strong," for which reason it had so seriously affected the 'poor senor!'

We carefully conveyed Kirby first to the City of Mexico, where every imaginable scheme was tried to restore his sanity. Nothing did any good. Hestill remained in the same melancholy, morose, weeping condition, refusing food, and fighting furiously when we endeavored to give him nourishment. The physicians were unanimous in saying that nothing could be done for him; the maddening flower had eaten too deeply into his brain and blood to be eradicated, and they declared he would never again be a sane man.

I took him to New York and placed him in a private asylum, after which a called upon Miss Dorothy Kent, and told her the whole truth of the case. That was a long time ago. Often, when I am in New York, I go to St. Mark's hospital to see Kirby. He is still there, and in the same hopeless condition. He does not know me, and it is difficult to recognize the stooped, gray-baired, melancholy man as my friend of bygone days. He receives all the care and attention that money can buy, and the great, pure wealth which no wealth can

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of no avail, how-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

son in the International Series for February 4, 1900-The First Disciples of Jesus.

GOLDEN TEXT.-They followed Jesus THE LESSON TEXT.

(John 1:35-42.)

(John 1:30-42)

25. Again the next day after John stood, and two of His disciples.

36. And looking upon Jesus as He walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!

37. And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus.

28. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following and saith unto them. What seek lowing, and saith unto them. What seek ye? They saith unto Him, Rabbi (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), where

dwellest Thou? 29. He saith unto them, Come and see They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day: for it was about

abode with him that day; for it was about the tenth hour.

40 One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew. Simon Peter's brother.

41 He first findeth his own brother Simon and saith unto him. We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.

42 And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone. NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

The Place.-We are not told just why Jesus went from the place of the temptation to Bethany, or Beth-abarah, where John was baptizing, but it cannot have been far out of the way he would naturally take in going back to Galilee, and it would probably be there rather than elsewhere that He would find disciples. The place is now generally believed to have been a ford called Damieh, not far from the place where the boundary between Samaria and Galilee comes to the river. Tradition has pointed out two places farther down the river, in the vicinity of Jericho, as the probable locality, but the tradition is so late and so variable as to be of little value.

The Inquiry of the Deputation .-- It was just about the time of Jesus' arrival that the deputation from the rulers at Jerusalem came to examine John. This deputation was doubtless sent by the Sanhedrin, which was the only body having authority to send an official inquiry. It was the duty of that body to investigate and pronounce upon any such claims as John seemed to be making. As a matter of fact they never did make such a decision, a point of weakness of which Jesus afterwards took advantage (Luke 20:1-8). It is possible that the words "in the midst of you" (John 1:26) are to be taken literally, as many people must have pressed among the visitors from Jerusalem to hear what they were saying. Note that John's answer to the question: "Why then baptizest thou?" implies that his baptism symbolized the work of the coming Messiah rather than anything merely personal.

The Testimony of John.-John's first utterance of the words: "Behold, the Lamb of God," was apparently some-

utterance of the phrase "the Lamb of God" was made before a small audience who seem to have taken it as a hint INVESTORS! \$10 for \$1. that they should attach themselves to
that they should attach themselves to
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camps. Send us \$1 for a year's subscription to men was Andrew and the other was in all probability Himself. The words:
"He findeth first His own brother" are phrased in such a way as to suggest that the other disciple was also seeking His brother, and we suppose the writer to have been the unnamed disciple on account of such details as that ciple on account of such details as that mentioned in John 1:39.

Personal Influence.-Our Lord's parable of the leaven illustrates the power of personal influence in making disciples. The details of the leavening process are instructive. The leaven, introduced into the flour, divides in order to conquer. Each minute particle of the leaven attacks that tiny molecule of flour which it touches, separates it into its chemical constituents, expels the carbonic acid and transforms the rest into leaven like unto itself. The rest into leaven like unto itself. The new particle of leaven thus formed at once assails the flour next to it and repeats the process, until, molecule by molecule, "the whole is leavened." Here we see the disciple seeking his brother or nearest friend and bringing him to Jesus to become a disciple and in turn go forth to seek another. Along these lines of kindred and friendship the Gospel spread until in three centuries it had conquered the world.

The first law of increase in the kingdom of God is thus the law of contact: every disciple must win the one nearest to bim.

A second law is also illustrated here the law of integrity. The disciple must be so securely and thoroughly Christlike that he shall win his neigh bor and not be drawn away by him. The snow must cling to the ball, and not be pulled from it by the snow upon the ground; the leaven must turn the flour into leaven, and not itself become lifeless and inert. A shingle or piece of bark thrust in the snowball will make a hole about it; it cannot attract and hold the snow as it revolves; a piece of dirt in the forming crystal mars its symmetry. A selfish and unlovely disciple makes no additions to the growing kingdom and mars the symmetry of its development .- Rev. E. M.

PRACTICAL. Christ is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Has He

taken your sin away? To take your sin away, the Lamb of God was sacrificed. "Ye were redeemedwith precious blood."

It is by following Jesus that one can become sure that He is the Son of God. He speaks to the soul.

It is by the testimony of those who have found Christ that others are to be brought to Him.

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COLORADO INFORMATION BUREAU what public, though we do not know just what audience he addressed. It is interesting to observe that John did not know Jesus as the Messiah except by special revelation.

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