THE BRIDGE OF ELOPEMENT.

How It Figured in the Courtship of Two Mexican Lovers.

ANSELMO REJANO grew weary of Beatrice's reckless mind. "Give me some little soft thing," muttered he.

And Beatrice wrote him thus:

[illegible] I prefer to die. What is the book of life good for? Just two things are worth while. Without them—and the end [illegible] have done. They are love and money. But a false fire may yet keep up life; and this is the false fire, that I know you love another woman.—Beatrice.

He was sick of that. He went to the stables of his father, the rich mayor of Silao, and ordered his best horse saddled. He rode up the gorge to Guanajuato, and arrived in that city of [illegible] and silver in the evening as the moon rose. Behind him, unseen, had ridden some one else, following.

The street over which hung the balcony of Little Soledad, the daughter of Guanajuato's governor, was six feet wide. Soledad's window was on the third floor, she was young, tender, [illegible]. Her father, Senor Sedano, a man of immense wealth and power, was as violent as rich, more jealous than powerful. She longed for [illegible]. He, fearing she might carry her off, had a guard go round the house all night, for the house could not be [illegible], and the governor was morbidly cautious.

Under this balcony in the moonlight rode Anselmo, muffled up. The guard, [illegible] the governor, [illegible] every [illegible] in the [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] Beatrice.

[illegible]

"Not!" [illegible] excited. "[illegible]

He laughed. "[illegible] him. Ha! Ha! You are [illegible] moon [illegible] cloud. I [illegible] each [illegible] window opposite [illegible] six feet from your [illegible] to-morrow!"

She sighed with long rapture. He heard her lips make the faint sound of kissing, and, not daring to stay [illegible] and Beatrice, now on foot, crept round the corner, where, dressed like a street-vender, she had crouched to hear.

The following morning a lady, [illegible] the [illegible] governor [illegible] was the [illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible] of your [illegible]

"[illegible]

"Sir—Soledad [illegible] house in the [illegible] of Silao. [illegible] unfortunate [illegible] because a [illegible] guest."

"What!" cried [illegible] in fury. "[illegible] your [illegible]

"He was run down with me. I heard him [illegible]."

He [illegible] and [illegible] gered. "[illegible] at a stage [illegible] This is [illegible] man!"

She laughed [illegible] Bonita. "Bidy is a little proud," she said. [illegible] this spasmodic [illegible] wriggling.

"Anselmo—[illegible] love?" No [illegible]

"Where [illegible] get this? The son of that [illegible] rather it shall [illegible]

"Never [illegible] Listen. You are hatching a scheme to get him out of the house. [illegible] You trusted my father [illegible] I have been [illegible] I am a cynic when it comes to the hands of life. [illegible] There is the plan for all [illegible] get [illegible] the [illegible] worn [illegible] the [illegible] will [illegible] ways [illegible] any of the [illegible]

"The [illegible]

"That [illegible] Anselmo [illegible]

"[illegible] be cried, [illegible] some exasperation.

"Stay [illegible]

"[illegible]

He stared. His eye was steady and brown. He instantly canvassed the scheme. He would waylay Anselmo and punish him with immediate beatings. She widened this idea with her morning sickness. She proved every other scheme impossible, was for [illegible] and made him submit. The watchman who went around the governor's house was bribed to be careless.

Soledad, all a-tremble, and seeming to melt away because of the blaze in her, liked the new maid. For Beatrice let her have her willful way, and stay awake at night, and run to the balcony in her white night-robe in the small hours to gaze at the faded moon and dream with clasped hands. Soledad's little palpitating heart was mad with love.

At length one night hearing a gentle whistle under her balcony, she crept there, let down a string, and drew up this note:

Tuesday at midnight I shall have horses ready in the rear court of my rented house. Exactly as the cathedral bell strikes 12, take the longest board from under the mattress of your bed, thrust it out of your balcony across the street to my window. Creep out on it, cross the street, and have no fear. Come to my window and tap. You will have seen no one—but have faith.

She could hardly control her fingers to write:

My soul! I shall fly to you. I feel that I hardly need the board. Oh, Anselmo, when I creep out on it, I shall have to shut the wooden leaf of my window quickly, lest the maid run in and see me over the street. And when you shut the leaf, it has a lock which snaps and cannot be opened from the outside. Alas!—thus shall I be shut away and with no retreat, and must commit myself to you!

The string brought this scribbled answer:

So much the better! The window-leaf will shut away the past. I am the future!

She kissed and hugged these notes, and curled up in bed with them. She hid them in a tiny hole in the mattress, where, with much more difficulty than she had anticipated, Beatrice found them.

Anselmo had moved no furniture into the rented house and came there [illegible]. One day at dusk Sedano and the maid, using the duplicate keys, entered. "This door is nearest these rooms in the garden wall to which [illegible]," said Beatrice. "The wine cellar is nearest the stairs up which he expects to bound. Hence, although this door will be seldom opened, [illegible] will be ready for [illegible] him. [illegible] Beatrice there plans to [illegible] witnesses.

[illegible]

[illegible] Anselmo [illegible] the street, and he [illegible] instead you shall [illegible] this second door at half past 11 [illegible] within reach to [illegible] [illegible]

The door was Sedano's [illegible] with [illegible] satisfaction.

"[illegible] Beatrice. "And if there is delay [illegible] to this first door, [illegible] that of the second. [illegible] wait.'

[illegible] the key. 'On Monday [illegible] the watchman,' she said, when they were alone, 'that your [illegible] Anselmo's rented house. [illegible] villain, Rejano, is going [illegible] to-morrow night. You have orders from Senor Sedano to obey me?'

"Yes."

"Then listen. As yet no boys have been delivered to Anselmo save to this one door; therefore through this door will he come.' She pointed out to him the second entrance which Soledad's father would use. 'Before midnight [illegible] I shall station you in this room by this door. A man will there enter. That man will be Anselmo because the energy of your master. You are therefore to spring upon him. Taking him by surprise, you can throw him down, perhaps stun him but not otherwise injure him, put these irons on him, and gag him. Then, barring the doors which communicate with the rest of the house, you will leave him a prisoner. Your master's orders are that you then quickly retire to your own house, and go to bed, leaving the villain to him. Remember all these doors now, that you may know their exits in the dark. You are a powerful man, Anselmo is a slight one, do you fear?'

"Leave the young cock to me. But what am I to get out of it?"

"Ten," came pale him: "and twice ten [illegible] more on Wednesday."

The watchman went away and she sat there in the lonely court on a [illegible]

"I am a cynic," she said. "I would rather define a less cheap plan. But I will not crave house."

Tuesday night was dark. In the street the only lamp was a smoky one half a block away. At 11 o'clock into the deserted court of Anselmo's rented house came Beatrice and the watchman in cloaks. He had wondered at the silken rustling of her dress. She let him in through the door nearest the rings in the wall, and brought him in the dark to the other side of the second door. There she stationed him, put some danger into his hand, laughed some soft gay [illegible] in her ear, and, [illegible] swiftly into the darkness of the garden. He heard her no more.

Anselmo had smuggled his very best horses in Silao at dusk. All the world knew his father was strict on him, so he secretly converted into [illegible] and sewed them in his clothing. At half-past 11 he was riding into the sleeping city. Little behind, trembling and eager, Soledad, was pulling out the board from under her mattress and staring at it in awe.

"It is very narrow," cried she, with a gasp.

At the [illegible] broke the voice of the cathedral bell ringing half-past 11. The watchman in the dark heard the footsteps of a man approaching that second door. A key grated in the lock, the door opened, a breath of night air came in, and the door closed. A man's form was brushing by the watchman. The latter stretched out powerful arms, seized the unseen body, threw his weight upon it, and cast it to the floor. There was a cry, the gag cut it short; there was a struggle, the watchman's heavy knees on the chest of the fallen made it futile. Handcuffs, after a silent fight, overcame the power of the arms of the captured. The watchman bolted the inner doors, slipped through the outer one, turned the key, and crept away. Silence reigned, save for a faint rustling as of silk somewhere in the darkness.

Soledad, in her chamber, turned her lamp down low. The cathedral boomed 12. She threw open her balcony window, raised the plank, and thrust it out. She trembled much, and the board all but fell. She put out all her strength, and it reached the balcony across the way. She gasped, looked at her empty bed, blew out the light and climbed up. Five feet distant at the end of the board was the unopened future. She began to crawl. The board was very narrow, and tears ran down on her hands, and little Soledad's heart was full of yearning.

Anselmo had entered the deserted court and tied his horses to the rings in the wall. He opened the first door and sprang up the staircase in the dark. The cathedral clock was booming 12. He came to the closed inner shutter of the window which was opposite to Soledad's. Only the barest suggestion of the street's light came through the chinks. He put forth his hands to tear it open. They met a woman's face. A woman's arms were about him in the dark, a womans' lips met his, a woman's dress was rustling. Her voice whispered:

"Take me! It is Soledad. I found the window unlocked. I have but just come in. At last!"

He held her an instant in his arms; then together, in love's impetuous, blind flight, they hastened down the stairs, mounted the horses, and rode away.

Little Soledad, full of sweet hope, the past locked behind, the future locked before, was creeping over the board home. She came to the glass, put her fingers on it, hopped, and exclaimed: "Open it, sweet Anselmo!"

But the window remained shut. She waited a long minute. "Love must have faith," she said. "Love is faith."

She tapped again, up there, so high over the street, and there was no response. Five absolute minutes of falling hope gave place to despair. She was cold, too. The irons of the balcony were too near the glass to permit her to enter the balcony itself. She was on her hands and knees on the board.

"I said," wept she, "I feel I did not need the board. But, oh, Anselmo, you might at least have gotten me a wider one."

After a quarter of an hour, when she was in a very pitiable mood, she managed to sit down in the middle of the board, with her feet hanging over the street. She was too ashamed to call for help. She dared not move. A fine mist, almost like rain, began to blow about her. Thus forsaken, she sat, sobbing distractedly:

"You might at least—you might at least have gotten me a wider one."

Down the canon rode Anselmo and Beatrice, both muffled. The night did not give up its secret, and when his speech permitted, Anselmo pressed her hand. He had $100,000 sewed in his coat and vest. At Silao they would take the last express for Mexico. She said nothing, but wrapped her head and shoulders in the mantle.

When they drew up behind the station, the train had not come. He lifted her down, kissed her through the mantle. He tied the horses and drew her into the waiting-room, which was dark. Each sought the darkness. She rested in his arms and buried her face from the faint radiance which came through the ticket window.

"My life!" whispered he. "I have my fortune sewed in my coat. Far away we shall live together!"

The train whistled, and they arose.

"One sight of you!" cried he, and in the light of the ticket window, tore the mantle from her face.

He swore a terrible oath, and would have leaped from her; she clung to his coat.

"Same me!" cried she, broken, but desperate. "I have dared all. Can't you believe and love this—this that is so terrible and strong in me! Think of me!"

The train was thundering into the station; he, raging, wrenched himself free; but he left his coat in her hands. He was gone. She entered the train in haste, and went to Mexico. She carried his coat and found therein $50,000. In her berth she lulled herself to troubled sleep, saying: "Love and money. With half the husk and money, will life be worth the living?"

Anselmo galloped into Guanajuato at half-past five. The day was just beginning to appear. Over the narrow street was the plank, and shivering little Soledad sitting thereon.

"My heart!" cried he, in agony.

"You might at least," she moaned, "have given me a wider one."

He burst into the house. Scarcely had he opened the door when Sedano leaped on him. But the handcuffs hampered the attack. Anselmo hurled him to the floor where, his head having struck the bricks, he lay stunned. The lover sprang up the stairs and threw the window open. She came, damp and cold and weeping, into his arms. He carried her down, and they fled. It is said that they went to Chile. In Anselmo's vest were $50,000.

In Mexico, lives Beatrice, a stern, but mocking woman; and every night, as she lies down, she says: "With half the husk and money, is it worth the living?"—Charles Fleming Embree, in San Francisco Argonaut.

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MR. LOEB PROMOTED.

Appointed Secretary to the President of the United States.

Knows More Public Men Than Any Other Man of His Age and Has Always Been Popular with Mr. Roosevelt.

William Loeb, Jr., who took the oath of office the other day as secretary to President Roosevelt, promises to make as popular and successful a man in the position as Secretary Cortelyou. Mr. Loeb is business-like, discreet, tactful. He probably knows the president and his characteristics better than any man at the white house, and undoubtedly starts out with the complete confidence of the chief executive that his management of his new office will be all that it should be.

William Loeb, Jr., was born October 9, 1866, at Albany, N. Y., of German parentage. He graduated from public school No. 14 and entered the Albany high school, where he remained for two years. He then began the study of shorthand and found employment, first with a newspaper correspondent, and then with several business concerns. He was Bishop Doane's amanuensis for a time. His ambition was to be a law and general reporter, and in furtherance of it he formed a connection with the late Eugene Burlingame, a prominent attorney and the republican leader of Albany county. Mr. Loeb early evinced a taste for politics, and under Mr. Burlingame's tutelage he began to take an active part in political affairs and became his chief lieutenant. He was a member of the republican county committee for several years and was its secretary. He was also prominent in the management of the Unconditional Republican club and was its vice president for two years. At the organization of the legislative session of 1895 he had strong political backing and was elected official stenographer of the assembly by four votes. For several years thereafter, in connection with his business of a general law stenographer, he reported various legislative and investigating committees, and served as private secretary and stenographer for Mr. Fassett, president pro tem. of the senate, Speaker Malby and Lieut. Gov. Saxton. He was Mr. Fassett's secretary when the latter was a candidate for governor against Roswell P. Flower, and accompanied him on his tour of the state. In 1894 he was a member of the stenographic corps that reported the debates of the New York constitutional convention. The year following, on the enactment of the law providing for a district attorney and grand jury stenographer for Albany county, District Attorney Burlingame appointed him to the position, which he held until a few months after Mr. Burlingame's death, in 1898. When Mr. Roosevelt became governor, January 1, 1899, Mr. Loeb was appointed one of the four executive stenographers. His ability and familiarity with public men and affairs soon attracted the notice of Gov. Roosevelt, who made him his private and confidential secretary. When the governor was nominated for the vice presidency and made his memorable tour of the country Mr. Loeb accompanied him, and when he was elected vice president was made his secretary. When Mr. Roosevelt took up the reins as president he appointed Mr. Loeb his assistant secretary.

WILLIAM LOEB, JR.
(Mr. Cortelyou's Successor as Secretary to the President.)

Mr. Loeb has a home at 249 State street, Albany, N. Y., where his father, three sisters and brother Edward live. He was married December 12, 1901, to Katharine W. Borr, of Albany. Their Washington home is No. 1738 Riggs place. He is prominent in masonic circles, being a member of Wadsworth lodge, No. 417, F. and A. M., of Albany, and of Washington chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, of Washington.

Way it Was.

"Doctor, what do you mean by charging me $500 for this operation? I thought you said the price would be only $100."

"But, you forget, my dear fellow, that I had to do it over twice."—N. Y. Herald.

The Surprise Located.

Mrs. Crabshaw—My husband let me pick out my birthday present.

Mrs. Crawford—So there was no surprise in it?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Not to me. But there will be to him when he gets the bill.—Town Topics.

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Where He Caught Him.

One day a man was brought before a judge for stealing a cheese from a grocer's door, and the principal witness, a carter, told how he had seen the man take the cheese and had run up and held him.

"Then you caught him in the nefarious act?" said the judge.

"The what, sir?" said the witness.

"You caught him in the nefarious act, I say," repeated the judge.

"Not me," was the reply; "I caught him by the scruff of the neck."—Tit-Bits.

One Woman.

There is one woman, mild and fair,
Discreet and sweet, comfort and her!
Thank I'm a man's man, I swear
I'd like to love and pound her!
I'd entirely know that climb'ring care
Both hand and foot had bound her,
And yet the pains I take, and bear,
To coax and get around her!
Because, the sorry truth I'll own,
She is my sweetheart's chaperon.
—Town Topics.

SHE FURNISHED THE WILL.

He—So your husband has given up smoking? It requires a pretty strong will to accomplish that!

She—Well, I'd have you understand that I have a strong will!—Der Floh.

Woman.

She knows a secret, but I will not plead;
Patient I wait the leisure of her deed;
Long ere the evening's done I know full well
I'll hear the story, for she'll have to tell.
—Detroit Free Press.

Extortion from the Inexperienced.

"It cost me $1,000 to get my divorce," said the Boston woman.

"You were swindled," replied the woman from Chicago.

"That's about twice as much as I ever paid for any of mine."—Philadelphia Record.

Too Late.

"Can't you hurry a bit, Clara? We must catch the Sawyers and congratulate them on their marriage."

"There's no use hurrying for that—it's too late to congratulate them, anyhow; they've been married a month."—Life.

Must Be a Freak.

"He certainly has a remarkable head on his shoulders."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"Hadn't noticed what?"

"That he hasn't any neck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Burst of Candor.

"I suppose you have some scheme for annihilating the trusts?"

"Great Scott, no," answered Senator Sorghum, "do you suppose I want to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs?"—Washington Star.

The Modern Paradox.

Jaggles—The cost of living is increasing all the time.

Waggles—Yes, indeed! If the necessaries of life keep going up, it won't be long before we'll have to fall back on the luxuries.—Puck.

Peanuts.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell me how peanuts grow?

Johnny—Why, they don't grow at all. I've watched the man at the corner make them with a little tin box lots of times.—N. Y. Times.

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