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### THE **YAQUI** DEATH LINE

Meals to Order at All

Meals to Order at All guaras should keep each other awake. If the twelve Yaqui prisoners were to be shot at sunrise, as el capitan had ordered, it was necessary that they should not escape from the corrugated iron ore-shed, the use of which, as a temporary prison, had been grudgingly granted by Mr. Tom Bird, the man in charge of the Sahuaripa Mine. One guard, in his muffling serape, leaned with infinite languor upon his rifle at one end of the shed, and now and again yawningly bawled "Uno" through the still night; on which the other, to show that he was not asleep, called back "Dos!" from the other ond of the shed and the very borders of dreamland. Occasionally, the order of calling was reversed. As for the Yaqui, they were quiet nough.

versed. As for the Yaqui, they were quiet nough.

Now Mr. Tom Bird's window was thirty feet away from the nearest guard, whom he was execrating vehemently from under the covers.

"Thank the gods, they'll be moving on to-morrow!" he breathed forth from amid a very constitution.

ing on to-morrow!" he breathed forth from amid a very ornamental set of curses incited by a particularly loud challenge. "It will be Sunday, and I can sleep all day." He lay very quiet for half an hour, and was just dropping off, for the night wind had come up and the palms were whispering their mystic secrets. "Unext" share and shock produce. "Une!" sharp and shock produc-

"Dos!" quickly on its heels, with a "you don't catch me napping" note. a 'you don't catch me napping' note.

"That settles it!' gasped Bird.

He got up, lit his lamp and a big, black cigar, and stood gazing into the night. Presently there came a quick spasmodic knock at the door.

Of course, none of the mozos was awake, so Bird had to go see what it meant.

When he opened the door, a Yaqui woman, with a three year old child in her arms, fluttered past him in her loose black gown and mantilla. He slammed and barred the door and strode after her into the patio.

"Oh, senor!" cried the woman, her high voice a-quiver, "mi nina-she high voice a-quiver, "mi nina—she is so—so sick. I bring her to you to make her well again. Los Americanos they have the power. I carry her here from La Puerta—it is two miles. I have done all I can—everything. But the yerbas buenas do not help her, nor the rosary."

"Come in!" Bird took the tender little bundle from her arms, led the way into a side room, and deposited

way into a side room, and deposited his unexepected and embarrassing charge upon the couch. "The rosary. It was glass and very

beautiful. I ground it, oh, so carefully, put it in the taza sagrada which the good padre gave me last year, with a little water, and gave it all to the child. Porvida, there was not one drop left. She is a good nina—she swallowed it all."

"Ground gless" general. Pied. 'Ground glass!' gasped Bird.
"And she swallowed it all!"

"And she swallowed it all!"

"It was enough to kill her," said Bird, in his own speech. "How the devil do children ever live to be twelve years old in this country. Let's see—let's see." He went to his own room and stood reflectively before the medicine chest he had brought up from Mazatlan the summer before. He read the labels: "Quinina? No good, Glicerina?" He hesitated. "Acete de Castor? That's the stuff. It isn't very fresh, but—""

"Quinina? No good, Glicerina?"
He hesitated. "Accte de Castor? That's the stuff. It isn't very fresh, but—"
He grasped the bottle, and ran back to the bedside. The child took the medicine from his hand willingly. She was a good ninita, as la madre had said. Then, too, she had lapsed into a lassid, indifferent state.

state. "No, senor. It was not the calentura. It was the agua mala. We come many miles—from San Esteban, on the Rio Yaqui. The soldiers 'No, senor. among them—my husband, my child, and I. They put the women and children away from the men. They would send us on the long voyage to Yucatan. But I escaped, with the public. It was one good senore. age to Yucatan. But I escaped, with the ninita. It was one good senora who helped me. I come here. My husband—I do not know where he is. Perhaps the soldlers have killed him. They kill all—all but the women and children.

"From San Esteban," thought Bird. "That's where that crowd in the ore-shed are from. Of course, her husband is there with them. And she doesn't know he's within forty miles of her. There's tragedy. But this poor little nina—what can I do for her? The pain she's in from that ground glass! Morphine? If I only dared."

He looked at the child. She seemed a little quieter. There was less of the rubbing of the clenched fists against the round little stomach. The palm leaves whispered outside. The lids of the tired eyes that had been staring so hard at the ceiling drooped drowstly.

"Uno!" barked the first sentry.
"Dos!" barked back the second

"Hang those chaps!" muttered Bird to himself, "If I could only stop their seaseless explosions. But the no use. Think I'll have to use

the morphise. A very small infection in that little arm, and they eas have at each other all night."

The morphine worked so magically that its results alarmed him for a time. But the breathing was strong and regular, and there was no growing paleness nor other bad symptom. The travel worn mother fell nodding in her chair in spite of herself, and so Bird had the watch all to himself. He was glad of it, too. He wanted to smoke again. Smoking had become very essential to him down in this country, as it does to every man, white or brown. But it was not to be thought of now. He fixed a shade on the lamp, fanned He fixed a shade on the lamp, fanned the gnats away from the child, and after the guards had called again and again to each other, sometizes awful weight of sleepiness in their tones, and as the roosters shrilled from a corner in the corral and the quick dawn of the tropics began to spread its rose burst over the palms, there was a bustle about the ore-

"Pretty near sunrise. they're getting ready to lead those poor devils out."

pcor devils out."

The woman was awake now, looking at the child, and he left it in her charge while he went out to wash and get a cup of coffee. He was gone longer than he thought. When he returned the child was alone and a frenzied woman was flying toward the place of execution.

"God!" groaned Bird. "And I could have saved her this. Poor, wretched, tortured soul! Soul? Of course, she's got a soul, just as much of a soul as el presidente him-

much of a soul as el presidente himself, who is ordering all this butchery, or his wife, or anybody. And I
can't—I simply can't look out there
and see this thing done."
But he did, just the same. He
saw the clam-faced Yaquis in their
poor, gray cotton clothing, bare feet,
and old straw somberos, their arms
tied behind them, standing in the
death line.

He saw the soldiers in their dirty

death line.

He saw the soldiers in their dirty duck suits, with their absurd little caps on heir heads, fasten the cheap gaudy bandanas over the faces of the doomed men. All but one face was covered. It was a quiet brown face, with eyes that looked straight toward the firing squad, now resting on its rifles. The woman had run a little way toward the man with the uncovered face—he stood at the end of the line—and stopped there looking toward him appealingly. Once she put her hand to her forehead, but she did not venture to call aloud to him, nor even to wave her aloud to him, nor even to wave her hand. If he saw her he made no

sign.
"And that's the father of the nina. He's a brave father of the nina. He's a brave father, little girl," he said to the sleeping child—"a brave father to meet death with clear eyes. I suppose he sees la madre, but he won't look at her for fear he'il finch."

dre, but he won't look at her for fear he'il flinch."

The firing squad was moving back to its place.

"What can I do? What can I do? groaned Bird. "I might speak to the captain and have the thing postponed, even for a day or two. But after all, he wouldn't listen to any Gringo interference. Useless!"

As the men leveled their rifles he saw the woman move forward, and just before the word was given she flung herself toward her husband and between him and the squad. There was a breath-cutting racket of shots, the smoke puffs cleared away in stantly, and there, with their arms and legs sprawled any way, lay the line of men who had faced the squad a moment before, and, a little nearer the breeze ruffling her cheap, thin skirt, lay la madre

Bird leaned over the child's couch

Bird leaned over the child's couch reverently and touched his lips to the brown little forehead. Before he could straighten up two salt tears fell upon her pillow.

"I'm not much in the father line,"

om to hide them away forgreat bosom to had them away for-over. Bird looked at the straw som-brero lying under the head of la nina's father, and glanced down, over the slim form of the poor, bare feet, the soles of which were hard-ened by many a weary tramp over the desert.

He begged the two bodies from the captain, and had them buried very decently in one grave, with a coyote-proof pile of stones upon it and atop of the pile a little wooden

wondering how his bride of the com-ing October would take the idea of having a three year old Yaqui in the family. Ah, well, when that little brown hand should reach up for Dorothy's, it would be sure to catch at her heart.

at her heart.

"She won't be as much worried about that as she will be about lots of other things—the heat and the gnats and the centipedes and all that," he thought. "What a country it is for a white woman to live in! What a cruel country!"

The palms rustled quietly while

The palms rustled quietly while The paims rustled quietly while he looked down at the inna, who had curled one little arm under her head while her long black lashes lay upon her cheek.

"Or a brown one, either, for

that matter," he added.

The bicycle boom is so big in England that the factories cannot keep pace with the demands.

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Somerset and State of Pennsylvania.

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lowing said Ord street in the center thereof, to the Borough like on the West side of said Borough.

SEC.3. This is not an exclusive grant, but shall extend to, and be valid for a period of Fifty (6) Veners from the date of its passage. Fifty (6) Veners from the date of its passage, the comply with or carry out all or any of the provisions and conditions of this ordinance, and is given under the following conditions and estrictions: All rails within the Borough limits are to be seven-inch girder rails, sixty (6) foot lengths, and placed hik below the level of the street outside the rails, and to have a flange on inside of sufficient width to accommodate the wheels of wagons, buggles and ordinary vehicles (of standard 4f. 8½ inch gauge used in said Borough); said rails to be approved by the standard 4f. 8½ of the gauge used in said Borough); said rails to be approved by the grant of the said of the said of the condition of the Burgess and Council as near the curb as possible.

SEC. 4. The said C. H. Jennings, his associates or assigns, shall lay their tracks to conform to the present and future grades of the Borough streets which they pass over a constance of the Burges and council, their own proper cost and expense, and if the said C. H. Jennings, his associates or assigns, elect to change any of the grades given by the Burgess and Council, they must make all outs and fills from curb to curb on opposite sides of the street at their own cost and expense, and in such they must make all outs and fills from curb to turb on opposite sides of the street at their own cost and expense, and in such they must make all outs and fills from curb to curb on opposite sides of the street at their own cost and expense, and in such they must make all outs and fills from curb to curb or opposite sides of the street at their own cost and expense, and in such they must make all outs and fills from curb to curb on opposite sides of the street at their own cost and expense, and in such the borough of the street at their own cost and

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## McClure's Magazine

and conditions of this ordinance, the ordinance to be null and void.

ORDAINED AND EXACTED into a law this 7th day of February, 1906. C. A. WILT, Attest:—
President of Council.

IRA F. HAY, Clerk of Council.

Approved this 7th day of February, A. D. Approved this 7th day of February, A. D. Burgess.

JER. J. LIVENGOOP, Burgess.

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