

THE ANGEL OF HEAVEN.

By James Oliver Curwood.

"Cuban villages" are of little importance as we measure things. There is nothing about them in architecture or human activities to make them worthy of account. They are almost populous and never busy. In them and between them, enterprise, industry, aspirations are unknown. There is never any labor done in a way that fatigues. Even the winds blow in soft and soothing breezes, and the birds sing in subdued notes as if half asleep. There are just enough people in them to make human presence an agreeable consciousness, and every animate and inanimate thing seems at rest. But despite your own contempt for Cuban innuities, after a little your best efforts are overcome; you yield to the insensible charms of scene and scent and sound, and the enthralment possesses you wholly. On this great earth are no other spots so full of simplicity, honest hospitality, and lazy enjoyment as a Cuban pueblo.

It was near nightfall of a beautiful day in June, soon after the battle of Sag Negro, that a heavy vehicle drawn by four jet-black horses, drove up the main thoroughfare of San Diego and halted before the Regina, sometimes nicknamed the "House of Cuba." Evidently the cumbersome conveyance had seen considerable travel; a thin coat of stifling gray dust, so characteristic of Cuban roads adjacent to San Diego, covered it from the driver's seat to the back ledge, obliterating all traces of its designation. The space on top, originally intended for the cheaper class of passengers, was occupied by a long object slipped surprisingly like a coffin, and concealed, as well as protected from the dust, by an ample strip of brown canvas. This coffin, if our surmise is correct, was of unusual size, the disparity being not so much in the length as in the breadth and height of the object.

San Diego, at this season, is one of the sleepiest of the sleepy pueblos of Cuba. Life merely lives. They rise in the morning because if they lay longer their blood will cease to flow

through their veins. It would be nothing less than paralytic to expect one's self during this and the two ensuing months, the yearly harvest dictated to the Cuban guajiro. With the senoritas it is vastly different. When the strange vehicle halted before the Regina, a score of dark eyes shot inquiring glances from the weathered portico to the strange arrival, and many nimble fingers halted for a moment in their task of weaving broad sombreros and artistically designed fans. A murmur of disappointment fell from a dozen pretty lips as a veiled woman alighted. It was a woman, and they resumed their work, singing gaily snatches of Spanish ballads, bandying back and forth harmless jests, and overflowing with the buoyancy of youth and joy.

The stranger, as she stepped upon the veranda, lowered her veil, disclosing a marvelously pretty face, framed in a wealth of wavy brown hair that curled low over her beautiful brow, and was gathered in a soft coil at the back of her shapely head. Her soft dark eyes were deep and expressive, and mirrored faithfully the least transition of the soul, appearing like twin diamonds beside her cheeks, paled by fatigue. She was attired in a pretty traveling costume of American style, with white gloves upon her little hands and a sailor hat, artistically trimmed in blue, adorning her head. In exquisite contrast to the delicate beauty of the girl was her proud, graceful deportment. She crossed the veranda with the grace of a Guinevere entering the court of Camelot.

When she had disappeared a soft twittering arose among the senoritas. Bantering, stinging, and jesting disappeared for the time; though a woman, the stranger had aroused their innermost curiosity. They watched with increased interest as the coachman and an assistant carried the long box up the steps and into the house. Evidently a long estranged feeling of concern had suddenly entered into their existence, and long after the yellow moon had lifted its peaceful face above the fair island that had so cruelly been discredited to a campy ground and battlefield, the senoritas, with their pretty faces and rippling brown hair, sat conversing in whispers. O, if the beautiful stranger had only been a man!

The heavy vehicle with the four

through their veins. It would be nothing less than paralytic to expect one's self during this and the two ensuing months, the yearly harvest dictated to the Cuban guajiro. With the senoritas it is vastly different. When the strange vehicle halted before the Regina, a score of dark eyes shot inquiring glances from the weathered portico to the strange arrival, and many nimble fingers halted for a moment in their task of weaving broad sombreros and artistically designed fans. A murmur of disappointment fell from a dozen pretty lips as a veiled woman alighted. It was a woman, and they resumed their work, singing gaily snatches of Spanish ballads, bandying back and forth harmless jests, and overflowing with the buoyancy of youth and joy.

"O how shall I have done!" she murmured pathetically. "Will it break—will it break? Is he superstitious? O God in heaven be with me! If I succeed—life, and with him. If I fail—death, and with him. His fate mine. God has been kind to us thus far. He will not desert me in my hour of need!"

A low sob escaped the girl, and she tottered to the bedside, burying her tear-stained face in the coverlet. An hour passed and she arose, very pale, but with a stern resolve written in her dark eyes, the quiescence of Hope defying the face of darkest Despair. The terrific battle had been fought and won, a soul, tender and loving, had been securely fettered to its mission. If the fetters broke the soul broke, if the soul burst at last, the golden chains remained.

The vital part of the heart of San Diego had been touched. An electric shock had suddenly awakened the "House of Cuba," a shock that pierced the sluggish Cuban natures with the pang of an arrow entering the heel of Achilles. The beautiful stranger was missing. A letter had been left upon the table, containing an amount of money more than sufficient to meet all expenses, and a note addressed to the landlord. In this note he was requested to find the long, black box to its proper address, which was written upon its front in large, official letters:

Inspection Room, Morro Castle, San Cristobal de la Habana. (La Siempre Fidelissima Ciudad de San Cristobal Habana.)

At first the landlord was astonished, then he looked upon the incident as a temerity. The stranger had recompensed him well, she was a government functionary—very well, he would do as she wished. The night stage for San Felipe was on time,

the night stage for San Felipe was on time,

The upper part of the building was a fine example of the architecture of the city. The part of the narrow entrance to the harbor is the same, however, with the exception of a work known as Morro Castle, which lines of low and ornamented by wooden walls of the indications stretching eastward. It is an ancient pile of masonry built about 1640 by the Spanish warrior, Pedro de la Roca. Old Morro is hardly recognized as a point of defense any longer, but it is used for the confinement of political prisoners, and others, dangerous or suspicious, to the despotic government. The interior is a network of dungeons, some damp, rustlerous, and infested with rats, others comparatively dry and healthful.

Near row No. 3, under surveillance of a single guard, for some cell in this division was occupied, was the inspection room, in other words the room where everything was examined by the inspector before it was allowed to leave the prison. It should have been as black as Erebus in this department, for it was midnight, and the guard outside had cried, "Twelve o'clock, and a-l-l's well!" Contrary to strictest regulations and ill-founded assertions, a flickering spark of light suddenly appeared in the farthest and darkest corner of the inspection room. It oscillated to the right and the left for a brief moment, then took form and leapt into a bright flare of light.

It unveiled a strange scene. The burning candle was held aloft by a beautiful girl, half kneeling, half reclining, in a long black box. The maiden's dark hair fell about her shoulders in long waves, and gave her the weird appearance of a lovely spectre rising from the tomb. Her eyes gleamed and flashed with the brilliancy of a maniac's in the white glare, and every nerve seemed stretched to its highest tension as she stealthily brought her graceful form to an upright position. In her left hand she carried a small, square box, with a gleaming little window in its center.

Reaching the closed door of the inspection room she extinguished her candle, and partially opened it. The

the night stage for San Felipe was on time,

The beautiful face shone again with a sterner look than before, the white hand rose from the darkness, beckoned twice, and disappeared for the last time. Two minutes later a muffled step sounded along the stone floor, and the tall, graceful figure of a man approached the inspection room. He entered—a loving clasping-of-arms,

The face was smiling and the red lips were parted as if about to speak. The soldier was silent until a woman's hand was extended toward him, which he cried out in a low, hoarse voice, "Speak, angel! What have you to do with me?"

The glorious halo of light wavered for a moment, and grew fainter and fainter, until at length only the radiant face remained visible, which in turn became gradually unrecognizable. Darkness reigned supreme once more, and the Spaniard pitched himself to feel assured that he was not dreaming. A brief instant after the disappearance of the mysterious face, the same low, sweet voice sounded through the lonesome corridors, emanating from the blackness above the sentinel's head.

"Guard, you have under lock and key a Cuban, who has fought bravely, and is about to die for his country. It is the wish of the Angel of Heaven that he may be released, for five short minutes, that he may converse with a departed soul to whom his welfare is dear. At the termination of that period he will return to his cell. The heavenly friend awaits him at the inspection room. Mortal, dare you not to refuse our request!"

The beautiful face shone again with a sterner look than before, the white hand rose from the darkness, beckoned twice, and disappeared for the last time. Two minutes later a muffled step sounded along the stone floor, and the tall, graceful figure of a man approached the inspection room. He entered—a loving clasping-of-arms,

Who hymnated me
Until my heart was
With love and
To be like lightning
Leaving me

Who listened to me
And warned to turn
Until she called me
I'd sort of turned to
My sweetie

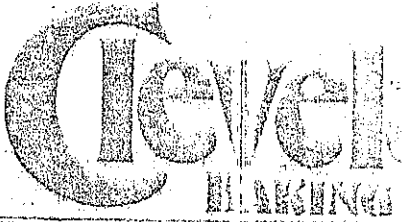
Who let me kiss her
Beneath the moon
And said she's even
As clings the bark
My betrothed

Who left the altar
Dressed in the tropic
And said again
I was the king of all
My wife

And now who often
Upon her face a
And if to answer
Entwined her fingers
Same girl

Why not profit
Others who have
Care for catarrh
That

Monday
2/15/1897



New York Hotel Arrivals. H. Owen, C. Huntington, Imperial; J. P. Lockwood, Grand; H. B. Pollock, S. Brady, Park Avenue; F. W. Adams, Barrett; C. O. McGee, Astor; G. A. Leiba, Lincoln; T. T. Dray, J. H. Moore, Union Square; Miss Bennett, O. N. Bennett, Broadway Central; W. Hofmann, Boulevard; J. Nicholson, G.

Cass farm sink has elegant skating today.

but still unexcused reading light, the first man student lamp, will do well occasionally to subject it to a very thorough cleansing. From its peculiar construction it separates in a place not readily reached the oil segment that, heated, gives off an offensive odor and also affects the light. The lamp should be slipped from the standard stem, and every part of it submerged in boiling water. The burner and attachments may be left in the water on the above for fifteen minutes, the other parts needing only the complete washing. - New York Evening Post.

Bank of England Notes. Bank of England notes are made from bank white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared, that even the number of cuts into the pulp made by each workman is registered as a trial by machinery.

HEAVEN.

James Oliver Edwards.

through their veins. It would be nothing less than sacrilege to exert one's self during this and the two ensuing months, the yearly holiday dictated to the Cuban guerrilla. With the scorritas it is vastly different. When the strange vehicle halted before the Regina, a score of dark eyes shot rapid glances from the wreathed parties to the strange arrival, and many nimble fingers halted for a moment in their task of weaving broad casacaes and artistically designed fans. A murmur of disappointment fell from a dozen pretty lips as a veiled woman alighted. It was a woman, and they resumed their work, shingling dainty smokes of Spanish ballads, bounding back and forth harmless, fresh, and overflowing with the buoyancy of youth and joy.

black horses disappeared in a cloud of dust, and its former passenger watched it from her window with a heavy heart as it rumbled away. She was the lone occupant of the best spare room in the house, and though undoubtedly greatly exhausted by her journey, paced nervously back and forth from window to window. In one corner of the room was the long box, and upon it lay another object, toward which the Cuban, for such she was, cast many anxious glances. That part of it which was exposed might have resembled an infernal machine, and again nothing finer than a coffee mill. Whatever it was, it occupied the lovely girl no little anxiety.

"O how shall I save him?" she murmured pathetically. "Will it break—will it break? In his sister's case? O God in heaven be with me! If I succeed—life, and with him. If I fail—death, and with him. He's brave—God has been kind to us thus far. He will not desert me in my hour of need!"

A low sob escaped the girl, and she tottered to the bedside, burying her tear-stained face in the coverlet. An hour passed and she arose, very pale, but with a stern resolve written in her dark eyes, the quietness of hope defying the face of darkest despair. The terrific battle had been fought and won, a soul, tender and loving, had been securely fettered to its isolation. If the fetters broke, the soul broke, if the soul lasted at least, the golden chains remained.

The vital part of the heart of San Diego had been touched. An electric shock had suddenly awakened the House of Cuba, a shock that pierced the sluggish Cuban natures with the pang of an arrow entering the heel of Achilles. The beautiful stranger was missing. A letter had been left upon the table, containing an amount of money more than sufficient to meet all expenses, and a note addressed to the landlord. In this note he was requested to send the long, black box to its proper address, which was written upon its front in large, official letters:

Inspection Room, Morro Castle, San Cristobal de la Habana. La Siempre Fidelissima Ombra de San Cristobal Habana.

At first the landlord was astonished, then he looked upon the legend as a fraud. The stranger had accompanied him well, she was a respectable lady—very well, he would do as she wished. The next stage of the drama was the...

and the train would not leave Havana until six hours. The long box would be at its destination within 24 hours. The pretty scorritas laughed and threw kisses at it as it passed them. "Ah," cried one, "some handsome patriot shot dead beneath the walls of Morro will lie in that tomorrow."

The approach of Havana from the sea has but one thing about it peculiarly noticeable or attractive. On the left of the narrow entrance to the harbor is the small fortress, with its light-house on a rock, known as Morro Castle, with lines of toy hills surrounded by winding walls of fortifications stretching eastward. It is an ancient piled-up mass of masonry, built about 1640, by the Spanish warrior, Pedro de la Rosa. Old Morro is hardly recognized as a point of defense any longer, but it is used for the confinement of political prisoners, and others, dangerous or obnoxious, to the despotic government. The interior is a network of dungeons, some damp, malarious, and infested with rats, others comparatively dry and healthful.

Near row No. 8, under surveillance of a single guard, for only one cell in this division was occupied, was the inspection room. In other words the room where everything was examined by the inspector before it was allowed to leave the prison. It should have been a black as Erebus in this department, for it was midnight, and the guard outside had cried, "Twelve o'clock, and a-PA well!" Contrary to strictest regulations and ill-founded assertions, a flickering spark of light suddenly appeared in the darkest and darkest corner of the inspection room. It oscillated to the right and the left for a brief moment, then took form and leapt into a bright flame of light.

It unveiled a strange scene. The burning candle was held aloft by a beautiful girl, half kneeling, half reclining, in a long black box. The maiden's dark hair fell about her shoulders in long waves, and gave her the weird appearance of a lovely spectre rising from the tomb. Her eyes gleamed and flashed with the brilliancy of a man's in the white glare, and every nerve seemed stretched to its highest tension as she stealthily brought her graceful form to an upright position. In her left hand she carried a small square box, with a gleaming little window in its center. Reaching the closed door of the inspection room she extinguished her candle, and partially opened it. Its...

tening attentively for a full minute, she glided out like a shadow, and with noiseless steps approached the angle in the wall, below which the sentinel stood guard.

"Here is the reflective glass—all is ready!" Now (God be merciful and allow me full control of my powers) My heavenly Father, in the grace of God, lead me your aid!"

The sentinel stood leaning against the stone wall, staring longingly about his vague confinements, and sadly dreaming of loved ones on the other side of the sea. From his variable visions of love and home, he was suddenly awakened to the stern realities of his post, by a voice, indistinguishably low and sweet, calling him. He grasped his carbine and raised his head to confront, instead of a mortal foe, the angel of heaven. From above him, seemingly from the very pit of chaos, shined a ruddy light, and centered in it, with light, waving hair curling about a polished brow, was a face—a face so tender and sweet that fear was driven from the soldier's heart in a single breath.

The face was smiling and the red lips were parted as if about to speak. The soldier was silent until a white hand was extended toward him, when he cried out in a low, hoarse voice: "Speak, angel! What have you to do with me?"

"The glorious halo of light wavered for a moment, and grew fainter and fainter, until at length only the radiant face remained visible, which in turn became gradually unintelligible. Darkness reigned supreme once more, and the Spaniard pitched himself to feel assured that he was not dreaming. A brief instant after the disappearance of the mysterious face, the same low, sweet voice sounded through the lonesome corridors, emanating from the blackness above the sentinel's head.

"Guardman, you have under lock and key a Cuban, who has fought bravely, and is about to die for his country. It is the wish of the Angel of Heaven that he may be released for five short minutes, that he may converse with a departed soul to whom his welfare is dear. At the termination of that period he will return to his cell. The heavenly friend awaits him at the inspection room. Mortal, dare you not to refuse our request!"

a low moaning sob, an odorous click, click, click, and all was quiet.

"Ho, Lorenzo, a long black box! Does it go? Yes—'suspect', that's the governor's mark. It's heavy, lend a hand, sport!"

"An awful weight for two men, Pedro! Whew, put it on the truck!"

"There's a load for you, Lorenzo! I wonder what's in it—bombs or dead Cubans?"

"Inferno! Old Morro knows, not I. Shot to death, perhaps, in the inner court!"

State Civil Service Reform.

Many signatures have been obtained to a call for the formation in Wisconsin of a state civil service reform league, similar to those in operation in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other states, and looking for its object the abolition of the merit system in the state service.

HEATH'S AVENUE.

Who hypnotized me with her ways Until my heart was all ablaze With love, and every nerve appeared To be like lightning, double geared? Lucinda.

Who listened to my earnest plea And warded toward me by degrees Until she called me Sam, and said I'd sort of turned her little head? My sweetheart.

Who let me kiss her on a sweet night Beneath the moon's white metal light, And said she'd ever cling to me, As clings the bark onto the tree? My betrothed.

Who left the altar at my side, Dressed in the rappings of a bride, And said again and yet again I was the king of all the world? My wife.

And now who often calls me now, Upon her face a pensive frown, And if to answer her I dare Entwine her fingers in my hair? My girl.

Why not profit by the experience of others who have found a permanent cure for rheumatism in Wood's Peppermint Cure?