

over heels, the llama simply gets up and runs.

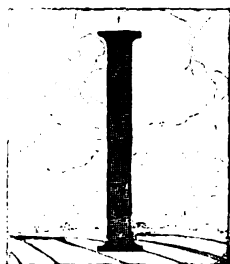
By the time the president of Toluca was shaking hands with Tim Lloyd and congratulating him as the conqueror of Dacco the Marquis de Lafayette was pretty well along on his way to his childhood's home. He had a heart-felt, whole-souled way of running that would make an automobilist, out to break a record or a speed-law, ashamed of himself. He stretched out his neck and shut his eyes and simply made his

legs go. He was traced afterward by the visions of him that inhabitants gained as he passed by. They saw only a streak of black—which was the marquis—and a streak of metallic color—which was the gun—and he was gone beyond the horizon. He ran through South American nations like a ready spender through a ten-dollar bill, and in 1856 a mariner reported him standing on the tip end of Patagonia with his forefeet in the sand and looking longingly in the direction of Tierra del Fuego.



## The Desolating Adventures of Jean Baptiste

By Virginia Berkley Bowie



**I** RECEIVE a letter from America offering me a position in the city of New York. My mother is inconsolable at the thought of being separated from me; my sisters weep upon my neck, fearing lest the ocean engulf me. I embrace them tenderly and depart.

Of the voyage I have no wish to speak. I find myself embarked upon an ocean, immense and sinister, which, with a terrifying motion, rises into great waves. Prostrated, I remain below in my cabin, praying for a death which does not arrive.

After many days we reach land. I am made giddy by the clamor which surrounds me on all sides. New York astonishes me.

I have never before seen such bustle, such agitated life, varied and extraordinary.

I establish myself in a pension which my employer recommends. Madame herself presides over our table at meals. I, Jean Baptiste, am seated between Jim Maddigan, professor of boxing, a man silent and powerful, and Silas Higgins, doctor of patent medicine, who converses with loquacity. There are others present, but with them I do not concern myself.

Madame is large, fat, and a little brusque, but the daughter of madame is entirely charming. She is called Mamie, and sometimes Mame. She is blond, with hair of a beautiful red, her eyes blue, her skin of an incomparable whiteness. One seeing such perfection of feature, a shape so sumptuously rounded, the poise of the head so gracious and noble, would have believed himself

gazing upon Hebe. Her eyes—very blue, the blue of the periwinkle—are, at the same time, lively, caressing, thoughtful, intelligent, and good, revealing a character and a soul. Her high and rounded forehead betrays her seriousness, her elevation of intellect. She loves greatly the works of Marie Corelli, and reads continually "The Sorrows of Satan."

I adore her, as do all those in the pension, but I fear to lay my heart at her feet. Already Maddigan looks upon me with an eye of coldness, fearing lest I become a rival successful for the hand of Mame; but Higgins seeks daily more and more the honor of my presence.

To-day Mame has smiled upon me, and, in the afternoon, we go together to the park. I have then the intention of declaring my love.

Higgins has called me aside. He departs suddenly from New York to attend the funeral of his grandmother, and he begs me to accept from him this gold watch and chain, engraved with the crest of Higgins, and long an heirloom in his family, which he wishes to bestow upon me in token of his great friendship. I am deeply moved by this proof of affection, and embrace him with tears.

Accompanied by Mame, I stroll toward the park, my heart suffused with joy. We pause at a corner drug-store for the purpose of drinking a soda. Even here we find new evidences of our affinity of soul. At the same moment, we together demand an essence of strawberry.

We reach the park, and seat ourselves on a bench beneath some trees. It is a beautiful summer afternoon, full of sunshine. Everything seems touched with golden light, the clear blue sky, the heavy foliage, and even the neatly graveled walks. Little boys and girls tumble about on the grass and call to one another from a distance, while squirrels run nimbly along the ground, without fear, and eat from the hand.

I am stifled with emotion. I believe it possible for Mame to hear the palpitation of my heart. I attempt to speak but can only stammer with awkwardness.

All immediately, I gather courage to lay my devotion at her feet, to express the violence of my hidden love. I impart to her that, since knowing her, my sun has risen and set in the heaven of her cerulean eyes, and that my life will be filled with everlasting darkness should she not consent to

smile upon me. No longer will it be possible for me to live!

She replies, very modestly, that she can wed no man whose soul is not exalted above the sordid interests of modern society. A soul congenial to hers must be filled with a burning desire to benefit one's fellow-creatures, and must resemble, in all respects, the heroes depicted by that great authoress, Marie Corelli.

I hasten to assure her that my character conforms to her ideal in every particular; and we linger until so late that Mame is apprehensive of the anger of madame.

On again reaching the steps of our pension, a hand is laid suddenly upon my shoulder. I find myself in the grasp of a gigantic officer of police. Behold the infamy! I am arrested, I am taken into custody, charged with larceny of the watch bestowed upon me by the generous Higgins! A gentleman has been robbed, the thief is tracked to the pension, and, behold, I am discovered with the missing property!

I declare my innocence. I implore them with tears. I entreat them to spare me. In vain! I am torn from the arms of my adored one, and am incarcerated in a prison!

After a time, I am brought up for trial. I am overcome, and they are obliged to support me to the dock. I tremble as I look upon the man who is to decide my fate.

But fortune is with me. I behold the face of my employer, who comes to testify concerning my good character, and the face of madame, who will declare the perfidy of Higgins. I tell my story. The judge, deeply moved, conceals his visage. He believes in my innocence, as he knows familiarly the record of Higgins. That infamous man has already been many times in jail!

"You are discharged," says monsieur the judge.

I am innocent, I am free, I fly home to my adored one; but, alas, she looks upon me with an eye of coldness! Since yesterday, she is the betrothed of Jim Maddigan!

Behold the perfidy of woman! A true coquette, she has destroyed the illusions and broken the heart of Jean Baptiste! I am desolated; I have no longer a wish to live! Unhappy one, I go to destroy myself!

To-day, I saw a beautiful blonde behind the counter of the confectionery shop. She is truly adorable, with superb hair and a dazzling complexion. Perhaps, after all, I am not entirely desolated.