SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

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MEXICO AND MYSTERY

This is a tale of the adventures of Buck Williams, an American mine-owner in Mexico; therefore it must be stirring. The mystery is the magic of the East as practiced by a Hindu; therefore it is very mysterious indeed. Buck is a lucky fellow. He saves a curious little Hindu from a train wreck and thereupon wins his undying love. The little Hindu forthwith attaches himself to Buck, follows him into Mexico and works seeming miracles in his behalf. And Buck needs all the help he can get, for his mine is worth millions and is a rich prize for the Mexican bandits. All eyes are on Mexico these days and the stirring adventures of Buck and his little brown friend are illuminating as to conditions in the Outlaw Nation.

CHAPTER I.

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The Wreck of the Limited.

Tom Davenport's curiosity overcame his discretion. He jumped from the cab of the giant Atlantic-type locomotive and ran over toward the disused freight shed beside the Lordsburg station. Five minutes before he had been an irreproachable, well-poised railroad passenger engineer; but the suspicious oft-repeated trips of a diminutive, sepia-colored man carrying milk between the station restaurant and the old shed excited him to a pitch where rules, regulations and even demerits counted for nothing.

There was something peculiarly furtive and wary about the little brown man's stealthy look around—a mysterious, unexplained air of watchfulness—as if guarding some secret, the nature of which Davenport could not imagine.

"Why should that sneaky-looking little devil be carrying milk into that shed?" Tom asked himself at the first trip. "Why don't he drink it in the restaurant if he's so all-fired fond of it, or go back in the diner and guzzle it down until he busts—if that's his game?"

The second journey between the two points was even more mystifying to the engineer. As the door to the ramshackle structure closed behind the milk-bearer Tom itched to follow him.

"I'll bet a 'dobe dollar to a centavo he ain't drinking it himself," he grunted, sliding from his seat to the roomy gangway between the boiler and the tender. "But somebody's drinking it—that's a cinch. He ain't buying milk down in this desert country to spill it around promiscuous like. But if he ain't drinking it himself, who is? And if somebody else is drinking it, why is he hiding out in that old shack?"

The stoical figure was padding back again toward the restaurant, evidently intent on procuring still more lacteal fluid. Then it was that Tom dropped to the ground and shot over to the disused building.

He popped his head into the open door and withdrew it with a celerity which would have made his train on a straightaway two-per-cent down-grade resemble a handcar climbing a hill propelled by a lone section hand.

His fireman, Patrick Mahoney, from the opposite side of the great machine observed Davenport's action with profound amazement. It was not only against the rules—it was unprecedented, unheard-of.

"What's matter?" demanded Mahoney, as his obese chief climbed back into the cab with a speed as marvelous as unwonted.

Davenport swung to his seat without deigning a reply. His face was very pale. He did not look toward his running mate—instead, his horrified gaze might be said to have been frozen to the door of the old freight shack, allowing, of course, for the intervening distance.

He intently watched the return of the brown-skinned atom of humanity with something between apprehension and awe and studied him intently as he again entered the tumble-down building for the third time.

The conductor emerged from the telegraph office, clutching a train order simultaneously with the reappearance of the sepia-colored gentleman from the former freight house. Tom saw that he was now carrying a small, round, covered basket of odd shape.

Not until then did the engineer seem to rouse from the fascination which the little brown man had thrown over him, and even as he waited the starting signal he leaned from the cab window so far, as he followed the stranger with his eyes, that Mahoney feared he would fall out.

As he turned to look across the cab at the fireman Davenport did not have the appearance of a man who is still possessed of curiosity; but what he had seen he evidently had no intention of revealing.

"Give her the gun, Paddy," said he in a harsh, unnatural voice. "We're fifteen minutes late now, and if we don't want to be dancing on the carpet in the super's office in El Paso we've got to make up that time if we burn out a crown sheet to do it."

Mahoney nodded as he reached for the firing-valve and shot another powerful jet of oil against the sides of the "wrinkle-belly" firebox, while he opened the blower to its fullest capacity. He was debating what had come over his phlegmatic superior.

The thick, black smoke roared out of the short stack as Tom leaned again from the window, wondering why he did not get the starting signal. The conductor was standing expectantly on the platform fidgeting with his watch.

Impatiently the engineer was reaching for his detention card to note the new loss of time as a partial measure of self-protection, when a tall, lithe, athletic young man rushed across the platform and leaped up the steps of the Pullman. Simultaneously the air-whistle sounded, and Tom yanked his throttle-lever with obvious disgust.

He was now eighteen minutes behind his schedule, and his whole run was over one of the worst railroad divisions in America—so difficult, in fact, that the crews covering it had dubbed it the "Stormy."

The Pacific Limited trailing behind him—crack train of the great transcontinental system—was usually a six-car affair. Today it was seven, and all Tom Davenport's finesse as a locomotive engineer had been called upon to make Lordsburg with only a quarter-hour delay.

Up to Mescal he had climbed from Tucson, then dropped down a terrific grade around "Dead Man's Curve," into Benson; up again the sharp ascent into Dragon, then down through Cochise and San Simon upon the only few miles of straight track the entire division boasted.

Once more Davenport set his teeth as he jammed the cut-off lever far down in the corner and nursed his train up through Stein's pass, over the summit, and down again into Lordsburg.

He had still one hundred and forty-eight miles to go in two hundred and fourteen minutes, besides making up that lost eighteen, to maintain his schedule.

The grade was not so nerve-racking into El Paso, and once at Separ, the summit, Tom calculated on the long, gradual drop down through the valley of the Rio Grande to the terminus to aid him in considerably exceeding the usual running time of a mile in a minute and a third, which was the average of his particular schedule for the entire division.

Back in the swaying, lurching Pullmans a realization of the unusual speed began to communicate itself to the minds of the passengers, now streaming forward to the dining car in response to the first call for dinner.

Buchanan Williams, whose hurried rush across the platform at Lordsburg had enabled him to make a connection which saved an eight-hour delay, stopped in the vestibule of the diner to pass his ticket to the conductor.

"Some class to this," he chuckled as he tendered the bit of pasteboard. "Do you think we'll make El Paso on time?"

"Within a few minutes of it," smiled back the other reassuringly. "Tom Davenport's up ahead, and he hates to make explanations at either end of the division. Going to Chicago, Buck?"

"No; Mexico. Trouble down Culiacan way. Another revolution; and every man in my mine, I suppose, is out trying to make himself president with a shotgun instead of using a direct primary to get the nomination. Wish they'd settle down. The El Tigre is beginning to pan out big—but we need men to work it."

"Some mine, that El Tigre, according to the talk of the boys coming out of that section."

"Fair," drawled Buck, with a whimsical smile. "She paid out more than a half-million last year, and we've only scratched her back so far. Wait until we get down to the five-hundred-foot level and drift. Then we'll make Johnny Rockefeller's wig take on a marcel-wave effect."

He swung into the diner and seated himself in the only vacant chair. Opposite sat a small, dark, unobtrusive little man whose skin was a trifle too tawny for either a Mexican or an Indian.

His coal-black hair, large, luminous brown eyes, and general appearance of intellectuality were unusual, but offered a strange contrast to a certain humility of manner, Williams thought rather contemptuously.

Buck scanned the card while the waiter brought the meal his vis-a-vis had previously ordered. The mining man's interest in his fellow passenger increased as he noted that his meal consisted wholly of vegetables and that he drank nothing but milk.

The limited was snorting up the grade toward Separ when his own dinner was brought in.

Williams ate voraciously, as only an American can whose life is spent in combat with the apparently sterile and antagonistic country which they were traversing.

He glanced curiously over at his traveling companion. The brown eyes seemed to take on a half melancholy, brooding look, as if the owner were peering into a future pregnant with events.

He laved his hands in the silver finger-bowl, wiped them carefully, and, while waiting for the check, drew from his pocket a sheet of paper and began to peruse it.

"Traveling far?" queried Buck, with the bluff heartiness of the West.

"To New England, sar," smiled back the little man.

"You don't belong in these parts, then," laughed the miner, scrutinizing the brown atom of humanity with a half-humorous, half-pitying expression.

"I am from Bombay, sar," was the polite reply.

"Oh, India. I was wondering what country you hailed from. May I ask your name?"

"I am called Jalisingrao Jitendra, sar," he said in a low voice, but singularly clear. "And yours?"

"Buck Williams," smiled back the stalwart chap across the table. "Sorry I'm leaving at El Paso. I should like to talk with you about your country—some day I hope to visit it. It must be very interesting, from what I have heard."

"Yes." The monosyllable suggested more than mere acquiescence, especially when combined with the enigmatic smile which flited over the Oriental's intelligent face, then vanished, leaving his features emotionless save for an expression of polite inquiry.

"I've heard some wonderful stories about India," observed the mining man reflectively. "Some of them strongly resembled conscientiously told triple-plated lies; but they were indorsed by persons who I knew were usually conservative. For instance, is it true that in your country people can disappear and reappear almost instantly miles away?"

Jitendra's answer came hesitatingly.

"There are many things, sahib, which I may not discuss save with those who have prepared themselves by the Hatha-Yoga or the Ragah-Yoga. The wisdom of our people is old—very old. Their ways are not your ways, sahib, and what they practice is for some purpose which we are taught is right and in necessary preparation for our next reincar—"

His unfinished sentence was drowned in a horrible, grinding roar. The dining car, directly behind the swaying engine, seemed to rear up in the



ory of Winter Coats

Styles in winter coats, launched at the beginning of the winter season, proved so altogether satisfactory that there has been no need for the introduction of new departures in them. Manufacturers had only to feature and emphasize the points that appealed with such success to the buying public, as they turned out new examples of established modes. Using the softest of thick and pliable materials they have exaggerated the big muffler collars, the roomy sleeves and the general ample appearance of the top-coat of the early season. In everything (but price) the coats of today suit the smartly dressed woman down to the last detail. She grumbles at the unheard of prices—but she pays them.

The story of winter coats draws to close with the introduction of interesting new ways of putting them together; tricks of cutting and shaping sleeves or of adding decorations that are unusual, or varying the shape the huge collars. The two handsome models pictured bring out these points in coats of approved materials made up on approved lines. But the coat at the left reveals a yoke and sleeves cut in one piece and a muffler collar that is shaped differently from the original and much-copied model. It is made of silvertone, with big patch pockets and depends upon narrow braid and buttons for a striking embellishment. It seems like painting the lily to add any adorment to a cloth so rich—but it is done, by way of variety.

In the handsome coat at the right the outlines are much the same as those in the coat of silvertone, but the designer pursued a different path to arrive at the same goal. Uncut Bolivia is the cloth used and the sleeves are covered by a braided pattern that enriches even this luxurious material. The most voluminous of all muffler collars snuggles up about the throat and a narrow belt of the fabric draws attention to the fact that there is such a thing as a waistline, without getting very near to it.

Resort Hats Do Their Turn



There is a continuous performance in the drama of millinery, and now the milliner is due to appear. Resort hats are about to enter and to take the center of the stage, eclipsing the gay company of dance and theater hats that preceded them. Never have they lived in such force or such variety before—for at least half the world appears to be going a-touring, bearing with it the most beautiful millinery that money, spent recklessly, will buy. The genius of designers blossoms into its loveliest creations in these resort hats. They are made for people who are discriminating and appreciative, to whom price means little but style and distinction everything, and they set the pace for spring in several lines. For the term includes several classes of hats, with sport and sports hats holding first place among them and fragile, short-lived but lovely dress hats flashing into and out of existence in a brief but glorious career. Some of these leave novice in the styles that follow for spring and summer, while the street and sports hats just about decide this matter of styles.

In the group shown above, a sports hat, two dress hats and one that will do for various occasions offer an amazing variety for the consideration of the younger tourists. Row on row of narrow ribbon with a picot edge covers the sports hat at the left of the picture. Its broad brim, faced with a cross-bar pattern in crepe, assumes the responsibility of standing between the sun and the face of its wearer. Many hats, similar in shape, are made of organdy in light colors, and there is a fad for angora embroidery on these dainty affairs.

The large and picturesque hat at the left appears to be made of plaited faille silk with plain facing of georgette crepe. It can be imagined in any of the favorite colors, as orchid, pink, ecru, blue—making a background for the bouquet of small wild flowers tied with narrow ribbon that rests at the right side. Opposite it a wide-brimmed hat of net has a crown almost covered with roses posed flat against it and many rose petals partly cover the brim. The small hat at the bottom appears to be covered with crepe, although there are several fabrics at hand for the milliner that could be used as effectively. Its wreath of large silk pansies, without much attempt at being true to life, complete a very unusual and beautiful hat. Unusual and beautiful—these are the most desired of all things in resort hats. They give a zest to the parade which passes in unending variety along the paths that lead through sunny lands.

Julia Bottomley

Laces Easily Draped.

...s are being used again on some more dressy gowns, but it is a ...able fact that they are always ...ench laces, which are soft and draped. Chantilly is used lavor draperies on skirts where a ...al of fullness is allowable.

Use for Old Tab...

...damask tablecl... ...at are ...round the edge w... ...ey have ...on the edge of ...le may ...ized by cutting ...re yard from the center, hemstitching the hem and using it as a luncheon cloth. From the ends of the old cloth napkins of breakfast size may be cut and hemmed. If there is enough good, firm material left at each side they may be turned into tray cloths.

A Three-Tier Sleeve.

Unusual but pretty is the triple sleeves seen recently on a smart blouse of georgette. The sleeve is elbow length and is in three-tier effect, like little capes.

Love and Br...

By SHIRLEY M...

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While the dew was still on grass and the sun not yet full-orbed over the eastern hills, there came down the steep, narrow path which led, between thickets of sweet fern and bayberry, to the pebbly shore below, a maiden fair as any queen of fairy tale fame. Her slim little frock seemed to have borrowed its color from the rosy dawn.

A wandering ray of sunshine found her hair and transformed it into a crown of fine-spun, virgin gold. Her daintily shod feet appeared to barely touch the ground, yet they brought her quickly down to the beach. There she threw wide her sun-browned arms and took long breaths of the sea-washed air.

"Everything is perfect this morning—yes, everything!" She spoke aloud. A kingfisher successfully camouflaged against the rain-bleached limb of a dead tree near by turned a startled eye in her direction for the thousandth part of an instant, perhaps, then concentrated again on the sparkling water beneath him.

The girl looked at the tiny jeweled disk bound to her wrist. She seated herself, carefully smoothing out her frock that it might not be wrinkled, and, picking up handfulls of the shining pebbles, let them trickle slowly back to the ground, talking to them meanwhile.

Her happiness was of the sort that demanded expression, and at first glance there was no animate thing nearer than a lonely osprey which circled high over the bay.

So the pebbles and sedge grass heard her wonderful news—a tale as old as the spectacle of the dawn, yet ever as new and marvelous to one who experiences it for the first time.

Only the evening before had it happened—the miracle—when he had taken her into his arms and of a sudden it had come and she knew that she loved him! It would end in marriage, of course; but she didn't want to think of that now, only of the utter perfection of her prince and of the beautiful, beautiful world, which was such a happy place to live in.

On parting they had agreed to meet on the secluded beach, out of sight of the hotel, before breakfast. She had anticipated the time set, for the night had been sleepless and the glorious morning called. But at any moment, now, there might come the sound of footsteps down the narrow path.

Instead of a sudden step there was a splash in the water a few feet from shore. The girl turned in time to see a fountain of rainbow-hued drops and emerging from it a gray bird with a white collar around his throat, carrying in his beak a small silver fish. The bird flew straight back to his perch on the rain-blanched limb of the old dead tree, swallowed his booty and resumed the watchful waiting.

"Why—you horrid thing!" exclaimed the girl, startled from the tale she was relating to the shining pebbles, "to eat up that beautiful little fish who wasn't doing you one bit of harm—and on a glorious morning like this, when every living creature must be filled with joy at being alive!"

In the sedge grass, a few feet away, a lump which she had taken for a brown stone moved cautiously forward, step by step. There was an indescribably quick motion of a sinuous neck, a glitter of silver, then a lump moving down the long throat as something was hastily swallowed. It took but an instant for the tragedy; the murderer resolved again into a brown stone, ceaselesly watching its chance.

In disgust the girl turned her back on the kingfisher and on the marsh-hen and, after a fleeting glance up the steep path, turned to the sparkling waves breaking almost at her feet.

At least there was one creature on that beach who could enjoy the fair beauty of the morning without thinking eternally and only of eating, she soliloquized. Something grotesque and horrid of form was moving sideways and with difficulty out of the water. With one ugly claw it was pushing before it an object almost as big as itself, which feebly struggled.

As the girl gazed, fascinated, the thing took a great mouthful of its living prey in its free claw and crammed it into its mouth. It was only that common occurrence, one crab eating, with relish, a disabled brother; but to the girl looking on there came a nauseating revulsion of feeling and she stoned the cannibal till he dropped his victim and scurried away.

"How perfectly awful! Why, I'll never eat another crab as long as I live—they're too disgusting. Nor another fish, either! Poor things; they have enemies enough! Oh, why need

must ...

"Why, ... strong protest, ... face your father ... account. Just gi... months, though, an... make some killing! ... married."

A charming blush su... of the girl. To cover it s... he meant by "a killing."

"Why, everlastingly wa... rivals in business, catching ... ping and swooping down up... like—like that kingfisher cha... there—and coming home with ... spoils." As he spoke, prompted by an instinct he didn't stop to analyze, one hand gently detached itself from the hand of the girl and sought his watch. With a start an arm was withdrawn from a slender waist and with a nimble movement the prince was on his feet.

"But why need you go so soon?" the girl objected.

"Breakfast, darling! And I forgot to tell you! I got out at four this morning and caught some snapper blues for you. That's what made me a little late here. Gosh, it was great; getting up at that hour and killing meat for my mate like a regular primitive cave man!"

The girl gazed up at the glowing countenance of her prince and many things ran through her mind in the second that she hesitated. He had felt a need for food, with his arm around her! He had killed innocent living creatures, even as the kingfisher had, and the marsh hen—but not, thank goodness, not like the crab! And he had killed them for her—because he loved her!

After all, what did it matter? There were many things she didn't understand, and nothing mattered but that "He loved her." The girl sprang up with a happy smile.

Artistic Buying.

Ethel Newcombe, the American pianiste, has a beautiful summer home at Whitney Point, up New York state. During the time not spent in pedagoging she is teaching herself domestic science.

It has been a long time since the concert artiste enjoyed the sensation, and since her last essay into this field there have been many charges, including a decided change in the cost of things.

She visited a local fruitery and ordered some fruit. "Send me some mixed fruit," she handed the man a piece of money. He looked at it a moment, handed her a peach and a banana.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "here are two of them. You can mix them yourself."

One Consolation.

There were three candidates for a British constituency in which an election took place recently, and the portraits of the trio were posted up liberally all over the town.

"Well, what do you think of them?" asked a wily canvasser of William Briggs, who had been studying their lineaments and their addresses for some time.

A shrug of the shoulders was the only reply.

"Who're you going to vote for?"

"I dunno, mister, that's a fact; but I say—" with a burst of ... "ain't it a thundering ... one of 'em can get in?"

Explorers on Floe for Five Months.

Scientific data of considerable value were obtained by a party of 15 men who returned to civilization recently after spending about five months on a drifting ice floe in the Arctic ocean, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. Special attention was given to the currents in Beaufort sea, that part of the ocean which stretches north of Alaska and Canada as far as Banks Land, and numerous soundings were made in the cold water. The floe on which the strange voyage was made was seven miles wide and fifteen long. Many seals, polar bears, ducks and land birds made their homes on the floating block of ice.

Bedroom Farce.

"That there troupe of show people wuz in a wreck down the road a piece an' I don't believe they'll be able to play at th' opery house tonight."

"Was anybody hurt, Hiram?"

"Nope, but th' pink and white bed they wuz bringin' along got smashed to kindlin' wood an' th' property man says he can't find another one like it in th' hull blamed village."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MADE GOOD ON THE SIGN

Restaurant Promised Quick Service and Customer Is Witness That It Was Lived Up To.

A traveling man tells of one trip wherein he was obliged to pass several hours in a certain small town in which there was no hotel. Late in the afternoon he observed on a window the words, "Restaurant. Quick Service," and he was so hungry that he decided to take a chance.

He entered a very long, low-studded room, evidently occupied at one time as a bowling alley. A broken, dilapidated showcase stood on the cheaply built board counter. Two or three dirty glass jars contained some broken candy. A few ancient-looking cookies lay in a box with a glass front. Two tables with eight chairs each and a few poorly printed signs that bore the bill of fare comprised the furnishings of the place. No one was visible. He sat down at the table and instantly a harsh voice appeared to proceed from the solid wall behind him. "What'll yer have?" it said.

From the eatables announced on the different signs the guest chose "cold beans, ten cents," and as the inquiry was evidently aimed at him, he shouted, "Beans for one!" He had scarcely uttered the words when out of the door in the partition at the lower end of the room shot a tall man on roller skates. He wore a red undershirt and corduroy trousers.

With a grinding, roaring noise, he bore down upon the guest. As he shot past his table he slid the plate of beans within an inch of the visitor's lap, at the same time shouting "pay me!" Still skating on, he reached the front of the room, described a figure eight near the door and started to return. The guest had the dime ready and as the man flew past he scooped it up, and would no doubt have taken the table cover, too, were it not for the fact that it was made of oilcloth and nailed down.

Vital Step.

"I have crossed the rubicund," murmured the woman who had just quarreled with her red-faced cook.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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