DENTON JOURNAL.

1845 A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1895.

VOL. 49. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1895. NO. 12.

Peach Plows,
Grub Plows,
South Bend,
Oliver,
Gale, and
Syracuse Plows.
Blankets,
Lap Robes,
Harness,
Whips,
Dearborns,
Carriages,
Daytons,
Corn Shellers,
Force Pumps,

The McCormick Daisy Reaper, Especially Adapted for Saving Buckwheat and Scarlet Clover.

RICHARD T. CARTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL HARDWARE
AND
BUILDING SUPPLIES.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS,
TUNIS MILLS, MD.

The Largest Plant on the Eastern Shore.

LUMBER
—AND—
BUILDING MATERIALS.

Offers
GREAT INDUCEMENTS
FLOORING, SIDING, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE
LUMBER - BUSINESS
Estimates given and orders filled promptly.
Those who expect to build will find it to their advantage to deal direct with us. Our treasurer, R. S. Fountain, will call to see you and give an estimate any time if you so desire.
W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER CO.

S. B. SEXTON & SON,
Established 1839.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.
Inventors and Manufacturers of the original
Baltimore Fire-Place Heaters.
Foundry, Nos. 511 to 527 W. Conway St.
Warehouse, No. 23 E. Lombard St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
SEXTON'S GRAND HEATER
Is the Original, Grand and the most perfect Fire Place Heater ever made, and is so acknowledged by the Trade and Public in this and other cities. Sold by the principal Stove Dealers. Send for testimonial book and be convinced.
S. B. Sexton & Son, Baltimore.

Christmas Books of Every Sort.
For old folks, young folks and middle aged people are here just now in plenty. We've never made such Holiday preparations as this year. When you visit Baltimore visit us;—or if you can't come, write for list of some of the publications we show.
Wm. J. C. DULANY CO. BOOKSELLERS STATIONERS 8 E. Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Roofing Material, Building Paper,
Two and Three Ply READY ROOFING,
Tarred Felt, Rosin-sized and Water-Proof Sheathings, Coal Tar, Roof Paint, Black Gloss Varnish,
Creosote Oil, Disinfectant Lime, &c., &c.
Estimates Furnished. Send for circulars, samples and price-list.
16 W. CAMDEN STREET. BALTIMORE, MD.

J. O. TAYLER,
—WITH—
T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,
FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
214 LIGHT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
Fruits and Vegetables, Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

Harper's Magazine
IN 1895.

THE SIMPLETONS, a new novel by Thomas Hardy, will begin in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist of fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not enferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieu Louis De Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of *Harper's Magazine* will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the *Magazine* a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the *Magazine*.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

The Volumes of the *Magazine* begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid. *Title-page and Index sent on application.*

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year,	$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " " "	4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " " "	4.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, "	2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

In Poor Health
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.
Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.
Brown's Iron Bitters
If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.
It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Neuralgia,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.
Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Scientific Dentistry at Moderate Prices.
$8 VERY BEST
Up-to-Date Dentistry.
Our prices are moderate because we have the latest methods and every appliance to save time and pain; a corps of expert operators, each working at the thing he can do best, and therefore quickest; a large business at a small profit.
Come in and see for yourself. Consultation costs nothing.
Extracting 25c. With ZONO or gas, 50c. Cleaning, 75c. Silver fillings, 75c. Platinum, $1.00. Gold, according to size. Solid gold crowns, $7.50.
$8.00—VERY BEST TEETH—$8.00
Sole owners of ZONO, for painless extracting without sleep or danger.
U. S. DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
1 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE.
Washington Office, cor. 7th and D Sts., N. W.

The Sun.
The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.
The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.
Daily, by mail - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, $8 a year
The Weekly, - - - $1 a year
The Sunday Sun
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.
Five cents a copy, by mail, $2 a year
Address THE SUN, New York.

TERESA

BY EDWARD L. BUTTS U.S. ARMY

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IV.

The horses, frightened by the coals running between their feet and scorched by the burning hay, plunged frantically about, endangering the limbs of the men and women and adding to the din of the whooping red men. The eyes of all were smarting painfully, and they felt themselves strangling and choking in the thick and poisonous atmosphere.

To remain in the house was to be burned alive or killed by the plunging animals. To leave it was to perish perhaps in a still more horrible manner. Just as Raymer and his companions were on the brink of despair the clear, musical voice of the young lady rang out:

"They are here—the soldiers! Hark! Hark!"

Ping, ping, ping, ping, ping! They heard the sound of rifle shots. The war-whoops ceased and were followed by a good, honest cheer. Was there ever sweeter music?

The blanket was quickly snatched from the chimney top, and two thuds on the east side of the cabin showed the Indians had left the roof. A general scurrying of feet and other thuds down the perpendicular bank to the spring showed the besiegers were in full retreat.

Doors were flung open, the rescuing party rushed in, and before a greeting was said feet and butts of muskets were sweeping brands, coals and burning straw into the fireplace, and the roaring draft was fast clearing the air.

There was joy all around and a cordial shaking of hands. Snatched from the jaws of a cruel death, the rescued were exuberant in their sense of relief. The horses were led outside and picketed, and the men looked about to see what casualties had befallen the Indians. Only four had been killed—two by the defenders and two by the rescuers. There were evidences that some had been wounded and escaped. A fire was kindled on the open space, a guard posted and the cabin given up to the sisters and their charge. A lunch was prepared and eaten, and after an exchange of adventures the soldiers and priest wrapped themselves in their blankets and went to sleep.

At daybreak the lieutenant and his men ate a cold breakfast and made preparations for a return march to the valleys. Padre Gutierrez and the women also made ready, and all took the trail together.

About a mile north of the butte the trail forked, the one to the right going to the town of Pena Blanca on the Rio Grande. At this point Padre Gutierrez and the two sisters took leave of the lieutenant and sergeant, with many thanks for the protection they had received and generous commendation of their soldierly bravery. The priest declared his intention to take an early opportunity to visit the valley and urged Raymer to come often to his house at Jemez.

During this exchange of courtesies the young lady, still closely veiled and shawled, sat on her pony a considerable distance away. When her companions joined her and all were riding away Vic began behaving in a curious manner. She would run after her master, leap and circle about him for a moment, then dash after the departing Mexicans, leap and circle about the young lady and then return to her master. This she did again and again, the lieutenant halting to watch her.

When the Mexicans had reached the crest of an ascent and their features were still plainly visible, Vic being now with them, the girl slipped out of her saddle, threw back her veil, and stooping took the dog in her arms and pressed her face against the animal's. In rising again the shawl fell away, and Raymer recognized Teresa Valencia.

As he gazed, lost in wonderment at this revelation, Padre Gutierrez sprang to the ground, assisted the young lady to remount and hurried her away. Not one of the four again looked back, and shortly afterward Vic joined her master, appearing dejected and disappointed. Raymer urged his horse into a gallop and overtook the detachment.

"Well," thought he, "if the old saw, 'Love me, love my dog,' could be transposed into 'Love my dog, love me,' I might have reason to congratulate myself on some of the incidents of this trip to Jemez."

The lieutenant's party reached camp at noon and the detail from Jemez a little later. After a few days' rest the old routine was resumed, the time being spent in scouting, hunting, fishing, watching Indians and the cutting and hauling of fuel for the fires during the coming winter.

In this duty the young officer had seen the leaves turn from green to brown and yellow, fall to the earth and whirl through the valley, driven by the autumn wind. He had seen the green surface of the broad basin ripen and bleach and the mountain slopes and ravines again more plainly to view, the evergreen trees appearing more dense and dark as their deciduous companions were stripped of their foliage.

Fall had passed and December was in its last week when the lieutenant one evening sat by his fire reading the periodicals which the cavalry expressmen had brought a few hours before. He was alone, for his companion, Vic, had been lent to his friend Reed and sent to Santa Fe to accompany him on a hunting trip. He was about to light a candle when his attention was attracted by running footsteps, followed by a sharp tattoo on his door. To his "Come in!" First Sergeant Cunningham entered, removed his cap and stood at an attention.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked Raymer.

"There is a Mexican boy outside wants to see the commanding officer," answered the sergeant.

"Bring him in."

"That's not so easy, sir. His leg is broken, and he appears to be badly cut up in other ways. He fell from his pony as he entered the parade."

"I'll go to him, sergeant," said the lieutenant, rising and throwing on his cape. "Has he said anything?"

"Nothing, except that he wants to see el comandante immediatamente."

The sergeant led the way to the first cabin to the left, occupied by himself as quarters and orderly room. Before the entrance stood a small, wiry mustang, with saddle and bridle of Mexican pattern, and upon the ground, resting on a soldier's mattress and pillow, lay a boy of about 16 years. He was nearly as dark as an Indian, and his glossy black hair fell low over his shoulders. His dress was made up of buckskin and coarse flannel, and a sorry felt hat covered his head. Dirty russet leather botas, or gaiters, protected his calves. The left leg of his trousers had been slit down the thigh by an intelligent looking soldier who knelt by his side skillfully adjusting a ligature and compress above a ragged gunshot wound.

"El comandante?" asked the boy as the lieutenant approached and the men opened a way for him.

"Yes; I am the commandant," replied Raymer in Spanish. "How came you here in this condition?"

"Quick—don't delay! Las senoras and three attendants are shut up in a hunter's lodge by a band of Navajoes three leagues from here on the Abiqui trail!"

"The cabin at Los Ojos Frios?"

"The same, senor."

"How long can they hold out?"

"Quien sabe—perhaps an hour, perhaps more; perhaps they are dead now! Never mind me. My life is nothing. Save my dear mistress!"

"Sergeant Cunningham," said the lieutenant, turning to the first sergeant, "detail 20 men with three days' rations and 40 rounds for immediate duty. Saddle and bridle the horses and lead and swing mules and pack the two wheelers. Give the Mexican boy's mustang a feed of corn and let him be eating while we are getting ready. We shall need him. Select good horsemen and marksmen for the mounted party." Then, turning to the soldier who waited upon him, he added: "Cain, get my horse ready, with my arms and field-glass, and tell Sergeant Cunningham to include you in the number of mounted men. You can ride the Mexican pony."

The wounded boy was then taken into a vacant cabin that had been used from time to time as a sickroom, and an examination of the wound was made by the soldier that had stanched the flow of blood. The examination revealed a compound fracture of the thigh, the femur being splintered and the flesh lacerated by a bullet.

"Looks bad, doesn't it, Mason?" the officer inquired.

"It does indeed, sir," replied Mason. "I think if we had a surgeon here it would be a case for amputation. A compound fracture, as the lieutenant knows, is a difficult thing to treat, even with the best surgical appliances. Pyæmia is to be feared."

In rising again the shawl fell away.

"It may prove fortunate for the boy that we have no surgeon," said the lieutenant. "Do the best you can for him. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Not well, sir."

"Then I will tell the first sergeant to detail Richards as an assistant. He is a good nurse, and he can interpret for you." Turning to the boy, Raymer asked:

"What is your name?"

"Ramon Vaca of Albuquerque, senor."

"Well, Ramon, keep up a good heart. Mason was for a long time in a hospital in the field in the east and has a good, practical knowledge of surgery. He will do all that is possible to make you well again in time."

"Thank the senor teniente. I will try to be patient, but don't delay to go to the help of las senoras in the mountains. Help them quickly, or it will be too late."

"We shall be off in a few moments. Goodby!" and taking the wounded boy's hand for an instant Raymer went out to oversee the preparations for the march.

In the army men are accustomed to sudden surprises, and they learn to act promptly in emergencies. Consequently in a little time four of the mules were made ready for riding, and two soldiers skilled in packing were filling the pack saddles of the other two with rations, ammunition, cooking utensils and other necessary articles. The two bronchos mentioned in a previous chapter as kept for emergent service and the boy's pony were ready to be mounted.

Telling Sergeant Mulligan to follow as rapidly as possible with the pack animals and the 12 men on foot, Lieutenant Raymer and seven mounted men started at a rapid pace on the Abiqui trail. As the soldiers passed round the headland into the northern half of the valley they saw the shadows cast by the western range were creeping fast up the forest clad slopes of the valley and the middle basin already deepening into darkness.

A flock of ducks nestling in the reeds by the brookside, alarmed by the galloping column, fluttered noisily across the stream; a hare leaped out of a tuft of grass and disappeared in the gloom, while a coyote, disappointed at the loss of a dainty morsel, slunk sullenly away into the same screening obscurity.

A star gleamed here and there in the sky when the detachment reached the northern limit and plunged into the heavy pine timber, the shadows of which nearly hid the path from view. The trees stood so near together that the trail made frequent turns between the trunks and rose and fell over the undulating and gradually ascending ground, making it impossible to proceed much faster than a walk.

The soughing of the wind in the pines added gloom to the night. In the forest "the voices of the night" were unlike those of the open valley. There were mutterings and whisperings, sighs and groans, cluckings and chatterings and scampering of feet, suggestive of the supernatural, but caused by the moving foliage and branches or disturbed animal life.

The darkness increased as the distance to Los Ojos Frios lessened, and the foliage became so dense that Raymer could distinguish no objects beyond his horse's head. Depending upon the animal's better vision or instinct to keep the trail, he rode on, followed closely by the men, when suddenly his horse stopped short and became so restive that it was with great difficulty he could be controlled. Turning to the men, the lieutenant commanded:

"Halt! Dismount! Hold your animals as still as possible and listen!"

With the silence of the marching party there broke upon the stillness the sound of scampering footsteps, moving to the right and left, accompanied by the rustling and crackling of dry twigs and leaves. After the sound had ceased there arose the unmistakable chorus of the gray wolf. With this positive evidence that something had frightened the horses and mules—for all had become restive—Raymer ordered Cain to light a pile of dry pine spines and twigs, with which the ground was covered.

A fire was quickly kindled, and when the officer's eyes became accustomed to the light he peered into the darkness and saw an object lying across the path a few rods in advance. What it was he could not make out, but he determined to ascertain its character.

A few moments later splinters cut from dead trunks of the pitch pine were blazing in the hands of the lieutenant and three of the men advancing to examine the object in the road. It proved to be a horse lying across the trail. It was dead and much lacerated by the teeth of wolves. The body was still warm, and a Mexican saddle and bridle attached to it indicated the nationality of the missing rider. The wolves, grouped at a safe distance on each side of the trail, now and then broke into a chorus of howls and snarls, accompanied by a fierce snapping of jaws.

"Corporal Coffey, have you any idea where we are?" asked the lieutenant of a soldier who stood by his side holding a torch.

"I think, sir, from the sharp turn we made a few rods back, that we have passed 'seven mile pine.'"

"Then we are still three miles from the springs. Go back to the bend, corporal, and see if you are right. You know the tree?"

"Yes, sir. It has a cross cut on the west side, and a sandstone bowlder leans against the opposite side."

"That is right. While you are gone I will look for the rider of this horse."

The corporal went back, while the officer and a soldier continued in the opposite direction. A few steps brought Raymer to the body of a man lying dead in the road. His dress, features and complexion were Mexican. An arrow wound in the back had caused his death. His arms, ammunition and a large parcel enveloped in a blanket still remained intact. He had evidently been wounded some distance from where he fell, and his enemies, thinking him unhurt, had not pursued.

Upon examination the bundle was found to contain food, tobacco and a rich silver inlaid mahogany jewel case. Opening the case, Raymer was astonished to find a rosary of gold and jet and a Maltese cross of Mexican filigree—exact duplicates of the ornaments worn by Dona Teresa when he first saw her at the windows of the governor's palace in Santa Fe. In another compartment were rings, bracelets and other ornaments, richly set with gems. No initial, monogram or device by which the owner could be identified was found on the casket or its contents.

Raymer examined the features of the dead Mexican more closely. He was undoubtedly a griso and bore no resemblance to the caballero whom the wagoner punished in Santa Fe.

The thought had flashed through Raymer's mind at sight of the trinkets that Teresa might be one of the ladies shut up by the Navajoes in the cabins at Los Ojos Frios. A portion of it was either hers or exact duplicates of hers. Of this there could be no doubt.

It was by no means impossible that Miss Valencia might have been visiting relatives in the rio ariba. That such journeys were not unusual in New Mexico had been proved by his adventure on the Jemez trail in October. The possibility of again meeting her renewed hopes he had in vain been attempting to banish and aroused a resolution which lent new tension to nerves and muscles, preparing him for any struggle necessary to rescue the girl whose image filled his thoughts. Closing the box, he returned to his horse and deposited the treasure in a pouch attached to his saddle.

Directing the men to throw the end of the lariat over the limb of a tree, that the body of the Mexican might be drawn above the reach of the wolves, and receiving the report of the returning corporal that the halt had been made at "seven mile pine," Raymer ordered the torches to be extinguished and the march resumed.

The moon was just clearing the eastern mountains, and its rays, filtering through the screening foliage, made the trail visible once more and permitted the gait of the animals to be greatly increased.

Half an hour later the detachment reached the border of a level opening consisting of about a dozen acres. On the farther side were the cabins in which the women and their attendants were reported as being besieged by a small band of Indians. While yet a considerable distance from the edge of the opening a halt was made, and the lieutenant advanced alone and on foot to make an observation.

All was still. Not a hostile sound broke the silence of the night. If the Navajoes were still there, they must be in ambush awaiting the approach of the soldiers, or else, as seemed more probable to Raymer, they had overcome the Mexicans and left. The finding of the dead man in the trail was good evidence that the travelers had left the cabins, but how?

A terrible dread seized Raymer as this thought took shape. The familiar jewelry in his possession suggested that Dona Teresa was one of the prisoners at the springs. If she had been there and was not there now, she must be captive or dead. His knowledge of the horrible atrocities perpetrated upon captive white women by the Navajoes made the thought almost maddening.

The lieutenant reached the edge of the forest, and placing himself behind some low bushes looked across the opening toward the two cabins, but saw no signs of the occupants. Patient fingers he disengaged his glass from its case and swept the whole scene. He swept the whole scene, the interval, in vain. Not a sound nor a sign of life rewarded his patient watch.

Not seeing an Indian. He removed the glass from his eyes and stood gazing at the silent, moonlit scene. Suddenly he started. A figure had risen on the roof of the cabin to the left—another—two more—a fifth and—last! Using his glass again, he saw they were Indians, half concealed by the walls which rose like a parapet two feet above the flat, earth covered roof. They were stooping and busy with something at their feet. Watching them closely, he made out that they were digging a hole in the roof.

This evidence that las senoras were still prisoners in great danger caused Raymer's heart to bound with joy and a resolve to rescue them. He did not doubt the result. Success in his former contests with the red man had given him confidence in himself and his comrades. He turned his glass once more along the border of the opening, and looking more closely than before discovered, directly opposite, a party of men and horses concealed in the wood.

Presently a flame lit up the painted faces on the cabin. They had ceased to dig and were grouped together, holding bundles of something in their hands. They held something in the flame, and its volume increased a hundredfold. They were lighting billets of pitch pine! Yes, they were at their old game—dropping the blazing brands into the interior! Something must be done, and that quickly.

"Corporal Coffey, Clary, Evans, Sattler!" called the officer in a stage whisper, "come this way! Stand on my right in line and take aim at those rascals on the roof. Fire when I do."

Four of the oldest soldiers of the company passed the reins of their animals to their comrades and advanced softly to the point indicated. The click of five locks was heard, and at the same moment the Indians on the roof broke out in a blood curdling warwhoop in which they were promptly joined by the main body in the wood. The five savages on the roof were plainly visible.

"Now, corporal," said the lieutenant, "you take the tallest fellow, Clary the shortest, Sattler the one with his shoulders bare, Evans the one sitting on the wall, and I will take the one with the three feathers. Ready! Aim! Fire!"

At the simultaneous discharge the Indian sitting on the wall toppled backward and fell to the earth never to stir again. A subsequent inspection of the roof showed that two others had been killed, and the trailing blood to the rear wall proved that the rest had been wounded.

Immediately upon the discharge of the rifles the door of the cabin was opened, the fiery brands were thrown out, and the door closed again. The Indians in the wood were seen to mount in hot haste and disappear. Raymer waited a few moments, during which Sergeant Mulligan and the foot party arrived. Making some dispositions to guard against surprise, he crossed the opening to the cabins. Halting a few yards away, he called, "Hello!"

"Who is it?" asked a man's voice in Spanish.

"Friends—soldiers from the great valleys!"

The door was opened, and two men ran out into the moonlight.

"Are the ladies safe?" asked Raymer.

"There is but one. She is safe, praise the Virgin!"

"Your messenger, Ramon Vaca, said there were two ladies and three men."

"There was but one lady and her maid. When we arrived here, Jose Valdez and the maid went into the other cabin with the animals. Some time in the night they ran away, and we saw them pursued into the forest by los barbaros."

"They were mounted, of course?"

"Si, senor, they took the best horses."

"Was the man's horse a pinto branded 'T. V.?'"

"The same, senor."

"Horse and rider lie dead in the wood."

"Valgame Dios! Where is Juana?"

"Quien sabe? We saw nothing of her. She must be a captive of the Indians."

"Pobrecita Juanita! She has paid dearly for going with that rascal Jose."

An examination of the packs showed that the runaways had robbed their mistress of her jewelry and other property. During the examination Raymer learned all the particulars concerning the events of the day.

The Mexican party originally consisted of two old ladies, a maidservant and an escort of three men and a boy. They were journeying from Abiqui to Jemez by way of Los Valles Grandes. All were mounted on horses, and their luggage was borne on three pack mules. When the party reached a small hamlet a league north of Los Ojos Frios, one of the ladies fell sick and was left there.

The journey being resumed, the travelers were approaching the cabins at the springs when a band of Navajoes attempted to cut them off. By a vigorous use of spur and whip the Mexicans succeeded in reaching the cabins without receiving a shot. They then sent Ramon Vaca to the camp in the valleys for aid. They saw him disappear in the forest beyond the opening, followed by two Indians. As the two pursuers soon returned trophyless, the Mexicans supposed the boy had accomplished his errand. Not long afterward Jose and Juana made a dash for the great valley's trail and appeared to have escaped without injury.

Then the siege began. Bullets were fired through doors and window shutters, but without effect. The house, being built of adobe, with earthen roof and chimneyless, was literally fireproof. Its only vulnerable points were at the door and windows, and those could not be approached without exposing the besiegers to the fire of the besieged. After a long lull in the firing the occupants of the main cabin were startled by hearing a tramping upon the roof, followed by digging.

Had these hunting lodges possessed chimneys the savages could have thrown their brands and leaves down them and by covering the tops with blankets [illegible] occupants. their pack and saddle animals ready for the road. A woman, clad in black, her face concealed in a hood, mantle and veil, walked feebly out of the cabin, leaning upon the arm of an attendant and apparently bowed by the weight of years. She was speaking to him in a low voice, and at the conclusion of her remarks he turned to the lieutenant and said, "La Senora Vieja wants to know if you found any of her property on the body of the rascal Jose?"

"Yes, senora; I found this casket," replied Raymer, offering her the box which he had taken from his saddlebag. The old woman made a gesture to the man beside her to receive it, at the same time murmuring something too low for any one else to hear. When she had finished, the man said, "La Senora Vieja returns her thanks."

The frequent repetition of La Senora Vieja—the Spanish for old lady—struck the lieutenant as odd, but reflecting that it might be a custom of the class to which the lady's attendants belonged he dismissed the matter from his mind and gave his attention to preparations for the return march. The column then left the cold springs and entered the wood.

The moonlight enabled the party to keep the road without difficulty and make good progress. At the place where Raymer had caused the body of the "rascal Jose" to be suspended in a tree a halt was made long enough to lower and bind it to the back of a mule, that it might be taken to camp for burial.

Arrived in camp, the lieutenant first proceeded to make the lady comfortable for the remaining hours of the night. He offered her the use of his own cabin, intending to move into the unused kitchen before referred to, but la senora positively refused to accept the courtesy and asked through her spokesman if there was not a more retired cabin which she could have, or could she have a tent pitched a short distance from the parade. Raymer replied that he could not consent to her using a tent; that his quarters were at her service, but if she would persist in refusing them he would fit up the other cabin for her use. This was finally agreed to, and soon the little cabin was carpeted with blankets, and a bright fire blazed in the fireplace. The windows were curtained, a bedstead, with mattress, pillows and linen from the hospital stores, was set up and the luggage taken in. The Mexican escort built a fire a short distance before the door, and after caring for their animals and making them secure for the night curled up in their blankets before the warm blaze and were quickly asleep.

Lieutenant Raymer, after seeing to the preparations for the entertainment of his guest, divested himself of his arms and marching gear and went to the cabin where the wounded boy had been placed. He found him asleep, with Mason in attendance. The soldier reported that he had set his patient's leg satisfactorily, but that the lad had been restless until the return of the rescuing party. When he heard of its arrival and that the lady was safe, he sank into a quiet sleep. He was exceedingly weak from the loss of blood. But Mason was not very hopeful of the boy's recovery, fearing his limited knowledge of surgery and medicine would avail little if the case proved complicated. The lieutenant assured him that he had confidence in his skill as nurse and thought he was doing all that could be done under the circumstances. He made a few suggestions and returned to his quarters.

Walking along the path to his door, he noticed thick clouds were gathering in the northwest and a decided chill in the air. He entered his cabin, and seating himself before his hearth raked a few coals out of the ashes and placed a couple of pine knots upon them. A flame burst forth that bathed the room in a flood of light. He sat there a long time reflecting upon the happenings of the night.

His hopes had been fulfilled at appointed. The expedition to Los Frios had resulted in success, so ft the defeat of the Indians and the re of the imprisoned Mexicans were co cerned. But that other hope, born of the discovery of the jewelry on the body of the dead thief, a hope that had grown with every heartbeat as he neared the location of the cabins—that hope had been dispelled utterly, and he felt that there was nothing to be done but to dismiss it forever. It was a dream never to be realized

He confessed to bitter disappointment and found a bitter pleasure in dwelling upon what his hopes had been. He took from the table the missal which had fallen from the Valencia ambulance in Santa Fe, turned its leaves listlessly for a few moments, laid it aside and went to bed, burdened with the unpleasant reflection that the projected union of the houses of Ortega and Valencia was inevitable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE ROOM.

This is the little room where she
Walked beautiful for love and me.
Here, on the window sill, her flowers
Woo all the winds in daylight hours
And sweetly breathe, when breezes
Of the dear, lovely face of her!

This is the little room—so lone!
My soul, into the silence grown,
Starts at each leaf that taps the pane,
Low listening for her step again!
How creaks the stairway and the gate!
Why lingereth my love so late?

Here, on the little fireplace mat,
Lie two blown ribbons from her hat,
And there—a messenger of love—
A tinted, tapered, scented glove!
What tender memories cluster o'er it,
For I have kissed the hand that wore it!

From dawn until the shadows fall
I dream before the lonely wall
Where hangs her picture, and I yearn
To kiss the golden curls that burn
Above her womanly, sweet brow—
Would she could come and kiss me now!

All things speak of her—all the place
Hath a remembrance of her face.
The last flower that she wore, the last
Dim pathway where her footstep passed,
The morning glories near the door
Seem whispering, "Will she come no more?"

This is the little room where she
Walked beautiful for love and me!
But, oh, the utter loneliness!
The flowers that miss her sweet caress!
Only the night wind creaks the gate.
Why lingereth my love so late?

—L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

'd Be More Sensible.

he loved me once, and
nother. How can I

t do you