THE IDEAL WIFE.

Somewhere in the world must be
She that I have prayed to see,
She that Love assigns to me.

Somewhere Love, her lord and king,
Over her is scattering
Fragrance from his purple wing.

By the brink of summer streams
I have dreamed delicious dreams;
What I will, my sweet one seems.

In the sheen of autumn skies
I have pictured sunny eyes,
Till the thought too quickly dies.

When the winter fire burns low,
Lovely faces come and go
As the dying sabes glow.

'Tis her voice I hear so oft
In the music low and soft
That the western breezes waft.

Tell her, Love, that years fly fast,
Bid her come to me at last,
Ere her golden days are past.

Shall we ever, ever meet?
Shall I find in thee, my sweet,
Vision true and life complete?

Whisper low to Love apart,
Whisper, darling, where thou art,
Perfect wife and noble heart.

—J. Williams.

HUNTING APACHES.

The following extract from "The Colonel's Daughter," a romance written by an Army officer stationed in Arizona, a review of which was recently printed in the San Francisco Bulletin, reads very much like the recent experiences of Gen. Crook with the Apache renegades in the Sierra Madre, south of the Mexican boundary:

"Send Sergeant Winser here with scouts," is the low-toned order that falls from the captian's lips, as he and Mr. Truscott stand, watch in hand under the tall cottonwood at the edge of the glade; and, obedient to the summons, a tall splendid built soldier with bronzed face, clear-cut features, and dark, thoughtful eyes, steps forward, and, quietly saluting, stands in silence before his commander. Following him came half a dozen Apache scouts, their coarse, matted hair, bead-like glittering eyes, and snaky movements giving them, despite their temporary and enforced allegiance, an indefinable something that makes the beholder wary and distrustful. These fellows, though, have been proved in many a trying scout and skirmish through the mountains, and their strange Apache names have long since been dropped for the shorter, less romantic, but far more pronounceable titles given by their soldier comrades. Toyah has become Popcorn, Kithaymi, Hopkin (after a discharged soldier to whom he had become very much attached). Tomawarecha is "Whiskey," though he doesn't know the taste of the article, and a villainous looking young scamp with the appalling name of Ulyakoshorah, is dubbed Jocko for short. And here, too, is Arahawa—Washington Charley—and he takes his place by the sergeant's side as interpreter, should interpreting be necessary.

"Lieutentant Truscott will lead you and the scouts, sergeant. He found signs six miles down the valley, and we will follow the trail wherever it goes. Ready, Jack?" he asks. Truscott nods, throws his carbine over his shoulder, and without a word strides off down the brook side. Sergeant Winser beckons to his Apache scouts and away they go at his heels. Then Tanner turns to his troopers.

"All ready, sergeant?"

"All ready; sir."

"See to it, men, that your canteens don't rattle. Keep in the shade as much as gossible. Come on." And with Ray, Dana and the doctor close behind him, the captain follows on the trail of the scouts, and after them, in no tactical order whatever, but in perfect silence and readiness, the men of the two troops trudge along briskly. For a little while the trail is so narrow and winding that they move in single file, but little by little the valley opens out, broader glades appear, the trees sparse, except close along the bed of the stream, and soon they are able to spread out to the right and left and see about them. To the right the foot hills roll off northward in wave like undulations. To the left only a short distance from the valley down which they are rapidly marching, high, jagged precipitous cliffs and "buttes" rise against the southern sky, all dark and forbidding.

For over an hour they plunge along, and the pace is beginning to tell upon some of the heavy weight towards the rear; but Truscott and his Apaches way to the front know well that there is no time to be lost in getting on the trail of the Toutos They must be followed to their lair before daybreak. If it be far from the valley whither they had come for their supply of water, then every hour will be needed. If near, then there will be plenty of time to rest after they get there. At last, toward eleven o'clock, some time after leaving the banks of the stream, and while pushing ahead among the foot-hills of the tall cliffs to the south, the rearmost men find themselves closing upon the leaders, and now the command is feeling its way.

* * * * *

Before them lies the dark ravine. To the left front towers a rugged slope that seems to reach to the skies. Across the ravine to the right there lies another, and right between these, into the gorge itself, the scouts are noiselessly, stealthily creeping. Tanner motions his men to keep back under the trees, and taking Ray with him, crouches forward to where Truscott is kneeling among the rocks.

"In there, do you think?" he whispers.

Truscott shakes his head and points upwards.

"They are much higher than this, I take it, and farther in; but the trail seems to lead this way."

Under the rocks the darkness is intense, and only slow progress is made; but every now and then patches of moonlight are found, and these are eagerly scrutinized. Two of the Indians, Kithaymi and Wawamecha, seem to hunt in couples. Side by side they crawl along, pointing their bony fingers at objects that seem fraught with deep meaning to them, but that would never attract the attention of a white man. At last an opening appears in the rocks to the left of the deep ravine in which they are working. A broad sheet of moonlight streams across the front, and Washington Charley, his eyes gleaming with excitement, his white teeth flashing through his lips, points aloft.

"Got 'em,—plenty Tonto," he whispers to Tanner.

"How far up?"

"No sabe,—mebbe so top," is the answer.

"Go ahead anyhow. Ray, bring up the men."

And now the climb commences in earnest. Noiselessly the scouts swarm up over rock and boulder, peering cautiously ahead all the time, creeping on all fours to every ridge or projecting point, and warily studying the objects beyond before venturing farther. Close behind the foremost Indians Truscott and the sargeant slowly follow. Back some distance down the jagged slope comes Tanner with the command, as noiselessly as white men can. In the darkness some one's foot slips, a stone goes rolling downward, and the metallic clink of a canteen is heard, whereat one or two profane remarks are growled about among the men, and Tanner orders a halt in a whisper. "Take off your canteens, men," is the next word, and they are noiselessly deposited under the trees, only the doctor and his attendant being allowed to retain theirs. Then on they go again. Twice Ray has to turn and caution his men to take it easy. All are eager to get to the front. All know that somewhere, probably at the very top of the rugged mountain they are climbing, a band of Apaches are hidden; for only on the summits of these isolated buttes have they of late dared to build their rancher as, so untiring has been he search for them, so sudden the attack. Presently they come to ledges of rock so steep that only by using both hands and helping one another can they climb up. Carbines and rifles are passed from man to man, and slowly, warily the ascent is continued, and still, far aloft, the summit stands before them. They have been climbing fully an hour in this way when the word halt is passed, as those in advance hold up a warning hand. Tanner and Ray again creep forward.

"What is it, Jack?"

"Can't tell. There's a deep hollow round that point. Charley said wait."

Tanner looks at his watch. "Nearly one," he mutters, "and we're not at the top yet. Did you ever see such a country?"

Well might we ask! Clinging along the side of this huge spur from the main range, his men could look for miles and miles over a sea of tumbled rock and ravine, of jagged precipices and stony heights, of barren wastes or pine crested slopes. Softened as it was by the silvery touch of the moon, there yet was in the entire scene the very abomination of desolation. Below them yawned a black gorge whose depths no eye could penetrate; before them an almost impracticable ascent of rock and tangled underbrush; around them nothing that was not savage and inhospitable. Already the keen night air begun to cut in to the very marrow, and the men huddled together for warmth. "What stops us?" is the muttered query.

Back comes Charley Toyah. They are wild with excitement now, and breathlessly the former makes his report. Broken as is his English, his hearers readily understand him. They have found the hostiles, and it is a big rancheria. "Mebbe so two hundred Tonto. No can tell," says Charley. "Come captain; come see." And noiselessly as before the three officers creep forward beyond the scouts, following the lead of the agile young chief, who, nearly as naked as on the day he was born, knows neither hunger, thirst, nor cold in the face of such a glorious prospect as lies before him. His savage soul thirsts for war, and here is his opportunity.

Some two hundred yards they half climb, half creep, and at last arrive at a ridge or point, over and around which they are bidden to look, but not to expose head or hand, and to preserve intense silence. Peering, they see a shallow depression in the mountain. It lies between the rocky ridge on which they are crouching and a corresponding ridge some six hundred yards beyond. It is well filled with pines and stunted oaks, is walled in on the east by an almost precipitous cliff, while to the west the mountain-side slopes abruptly down into the depths of that unfathomable gorge. Save the glistening tree-tops and occasional outcropping of boulder, all is darkness. Yet Charley has said that there lay the rancheria; that in that hollow were probably over a hundred hostile Apaches. How does he know?

Truscott points beneath them. "Look!" he says.

The mountain breeze is beginning to sigh through the pines and to stir the dead leaves among the crevices of the rocks. As a little gust flutters the branches below them, from a dozen different points, deep down in this mountain fastness, little showers of sparks fly forth, and are as quickly lost to sight. They spring from the smoldering embers of tiny fires, invisible except from above, and this it is that now betrays the position of the hostiles, who, sleeping in fancied security, have not a sentinel to oppose to the coming foe.

For five minutes Tanner and his two comrades study the situation in silence. Some of the fires are away off to the left under the cliff, others to the right nearer the ravine, more directly in front, and around them all they know the Apaches to be huddling. It is a large rancheria, very probably Eskiminzin's, the very one they are after. Now come the dispositions for attack.

* * * * * * *

Very slowly and cautiously has this been accomplished. Hardly a sound has been made that could be heard more than a few yards away, and now, as a grayish pallor spreads over the heavens above, and the tree-tops rustle in a wind that grows chiller ever minute, Tanner's little command, copying the tactics taught by long experience among the Indians themselves, lies crouching in readiness for its spring. Near the center of the line and in front of all is the captain himself, kneeling beside a huge boulder; with him, prone upon the ground, lies Truscott; behind them crouch one of Tanner's sergeants and "The Kid." Every man has his orders,—silence, not a move, not a shot until the captain gives the word, then one volley and a rush in. The nearest fire opposite Tanner's position seems three hundred yards away, perhaps not quite so far. Little by little a wan light is stealing over the scene, and the men can begin to distinguish one another's features; but in the hollow no forms are visible. Tanner looks impatiently at his watch again.

"Quarter-past five," he mutters, "and dark as Erebus down there yet."

Truscott makes no reply. His eyes are fixed on the glow of one particular fire near the middle of the hollow. He puts out his hand and lays it on Tanner's arm, pointing with the other.

Something shadowy and dim is moving down there about that fire. Twice it has passed between them and the blaze. Five minutes more and the blaze leaps upward, as though freshly fed, and the snap and crackle of burning twigs is heard. Distinctly now two human forms can be seen, and along all the watching line there runs a thrill. Some men cautiously bring their carbines to a full-cock and ready; others shivering 'twixt cold and excitement, look eagerly towards their silent captain but stir not.

And now it is growing so light that objects beyond the rancheria are distinctly visible, and along the outskirts of the Indian bivouac before them the men can detect the outlines of rude shelters. Once again Truscott touches Tanner's arm and points to the right front. Between the trees in the hollow and the edge of the deep ravine a level shelf or bench, covered with broken rocks, is now to be seen, and close to the edge of the trees stands the figure of an Indian. For a moment he is motionless, then, gun in hand, he comes lightly stepping along the bench straight to the point of the ridge, straight to where Ray is crouching with his men.

"Quick, sergeant! slip down there and caution them not to fire," whispers Tanner. "Get him alive, if possible."

Then follows a moment of intense strain and excitement. Almost every man in the command can see that Indian coming. Every one knows that a few steps more will bring him right in among Ray's people. Then what will be the result? On he comes, unconscious of danger, nearer, nearer to his foes. Now he is clambering up the rocks, now he is among the stunted trees. Bang!

"Fire!" rings the command. A crashing volley answers, a wild cheers echoes along the hillside, and from their cover, scouts and troopers, officers and men, come rushing into the hollow, firing as they run. Of just what follows no one man can give accurate account. A few minutes of hot, blasting, raging work, of shrieks, shots, and uproar, of wild dismay among the startled Indians, of screaming squaws and children, of rallying cries among the warriors, who spring to arms and open rapid but ill-aimed fire. In rush the soldiers among the "wickyups;" carbine and rifle, revolver and arrow, for two desperate minutes are dealing death in every direction. Even in their surprise the Indians fight desperately, like rats in a corner; but though their numbers are superior, they have no leadership, no organization, no time to think, poor devils! In two minutes they are swept from their camp and are scattered in flight and terror along the mountain-side, abandoning everything.

For ten or fifteen minutes the noise of the pursuit continues, shouts and cries and scattering shots, but there is no such thing as catching these fleet-footed Apaches, and the soldiers, fatigued with their long climb, and stiff with cold, soon give it up and straggle back to the rancheria they have won. The scouts hang longer at the heels of the fleeting Indians, but by seven o'clock the entire command has reassembled amid the ruins of the Apache camp, and the fight is over.

Herodotus and the Nile.

Relatively to the bulk of water, the amount of solid matter transported annually by the Nile must be far less than that which is carried down by the rapid streams of mountainous countries in temperate climates—such, for example, as the Upper Rhone. We have no very satisfactory estimate of what that amount may be, but I am disposed to think that the ordinary computation, according to which the average deposit over the delta amounts to not more than a layer one-twentieth of an inch thick annually, at any rate, not under the mark. But this is a very interesting question, for it is obvious that, if we may assume that the deposit of the Nile has taken place uniformly at a known rate, it becomes possible, given the thickness of the alluvial deposit in the delta, to circulate the minimum time occupied in its formation. The borings made under the direction of the late Leonard Horner in the upper part of the delta, and those subsequently conducted by Figari Bay, favor the conclusion that the natural loose soil which fills the flat basin of the delta nowhere exceeds sixty feet in depth. Assuming it to have this thickness in any spot, it follows that, at one-twentieth of an inch of deposit per annum, it must have taken at least 14,400 years to accumulate to that thickness at that place. And if so, Herodotus seems at first, to have made a good guess when he said that the Arabian Gulf and, by implication, that of the delta might have been filled up in "20,000 years, or even half the time." I am afraid, however, that any such modern estimate has not a much surer faundation than the ancient guess. For, in the first place there are many reasons for believing that the action of the Nile has not been uniform throughout the whole period represented by the deposit of alluvinm; and, in the second place, if it had been, the simple process of division of the total thickness of the alluvium by that of the annual deposit does not, by any means, necessarily give the age of the whole mass of alluvium in the delta, or, in other words, the time which elapsed during the filling of the delta, as it is sometimes supposed to do. According ro Figarl Bay, the deepest, and therefore earlieat, alluvium in the delta contains gravel and even boulders; so that, if these are fluviative beds, which is not quite certain, they indicate that, at the time when they were deposited, the current of the Nile in this region was much more powerful than it is now, and consequently, that its annual additions were much more considerable.—Professor Huxley.

A DOUBLING BENJAMIN.—The ex-Attorney-General and ex-Secretary of State of the defunct southern confederacy, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, does not take a hopeful view of affairs in America. He is sure the Union will some day fall to pieces on account of its own inherent weakness. That some day is probably a long way off. Benjamin once before thought it inherently weak, and did all in his power, aided by great enemies, to pull the structure apart, and yet he and they hopelessly failed. The Union is stronger to-day than ever, and Mr. Benjamin is an exile from his country.

A MAIDEN'S RETREAT.—The palatial villa of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe at Newport, R. I., is rapidly approaching completion. It is at Ochre point, on a piece of land which cost Miss Wolfe $192,000. The land was bought of the heirs of the late William Beach Lawrence. The house alone will cost $100,000. The furnishing, grading, stable, trees, etc., will cost at least $75,000 more. The house will have but one equal, that of George Peabody Welmore. Miss Wolfe's grounds are being tastefully laid out.

A Montreal clergyman who was too ill to preach on a recent Sunday wrote a sermon and had another minister read it while he listened to its delivery by the telephone.

Hired girls are generally given "excelsior" beds to sleep on.—Boston Courier.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

The San Francisco gallery, corner of Morrison and First streets, Portland, has an advertisement in this issue to which we direct the attention of our readers. When you visit Portland a call at this gallery will convince you of the merit of the pictures made by Mr. Towne. The attendants of the gallery are always civil and make strangers feel perfectly welcome. At no place in the city can our readers pass a more pleasant hour than by a call at this popular gallery, and we would advise them not to miss it.

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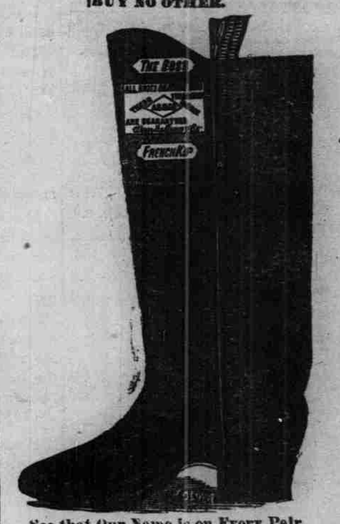

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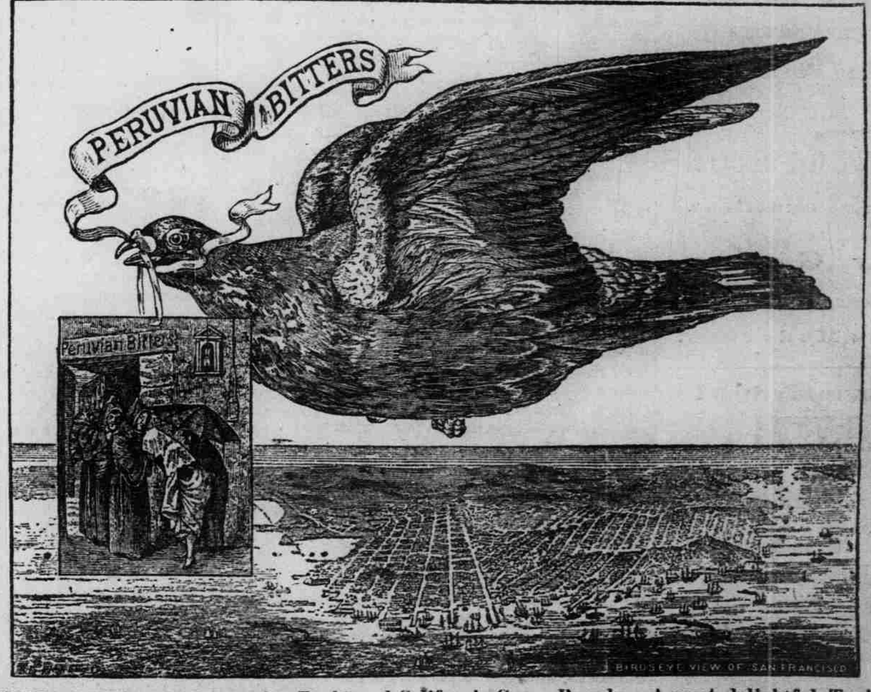

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