

THE WIFE'S REVERIE.

From a Saxe Holm story—"Farmer Bassett's Romance."
O heart of mine, is our estate—
O sweet estate of joy—assured?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Brought by such bitter pains endured,
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more?
With fearful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair;
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one—to love him more!
I see each day he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eyes
In many things where others shine.
O heart! can we this loss restore
To him by simply loving more?
I often see upon his brow
A look half tender and half stern;
His thoughts are far away, I know;
To fathom them I vainly yearn;
But ought it ours that went before,
O heart! we can but love him more!
I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later, feebler moved
His soul to mine. O heart! O heart!
What can we do? This hartsch sore,
Nothing my heart but love him more!

A CUP OF WATER.

Youth's Companion.
The Apaches are the most subtle Indians on the American Continent. Time and again they have outwitted the veteran campaigners sent against them; and the skillful scouts, who have won their spurs elsewhere, have been completely unhorsed by those peerless knights of the plains.
Some years ago, when a lieutenant of cavalry, I commanded the escort of a little train on its way through the eastern portion of Arizona from New Mexico. We were in the Apache country, and consequently were without any excuse for being taken of our guard. When I add that we rode over a perfectly dry and level prairie, with only the blue line of the Zuni Mountains visible against the distant horizon, it will be supposed that the last danger we had to fear was from the red men. All our company were Indian fighters; but while we were passing across the parched plain, with the cattle train a half mile to the rear, and with ourselves on the alert, we are utterly outwitted, and our friends disastrously ambushed.
We rode within a hundred yards of a large force of dismounted Indians without once suspecting the astonishing fact. Some time later, when we were startled by sudden firing behind us, we looked back and saw our friends engaged in a fierce fight with a party of Apaches. Where the swarthy assailants came from passed conjecture. The country, for miles in every direction, as I have said, was a blasted plain. A jack rabbit would have been detected, as he whisked like a ray of light across the yellow surface, and yet more than a score of warriors had hidden themselves from our sight when scarcely a stone's throw away.
We dashed back to the help of the undangered horsemen, but before we could reach them several were badly wounded, and the cattle were skurrying southward in a cloud of dust. We kept up a running fight for several miles, but the raiders, a number of whom had secured horses, got away without losing a stolen animal, or leaving a wounded warrior behind.
The Apaches, as we afterward learned, knowing the route we were to take, stretched themselves on the ground along the trail. Their scant clothing, and their bodies were the color of the earth upon which they lay flat and motionless. The dry, stunted grass was gathered about their heads and shoulders with such deftness that, as I have shown, we rode by the party without the slightest suspicion of danger.
In the autumn of 1882, Captain Arthur Burnham and fourteen cavalrymen, accompanied by the young son of the officer, were riding at a leisurely pace along the foothills to the west of the San Francisco mountains, which for many miles extend between New Mexico and Arizona. The Gila range lay far to the west, and the destination of the little company was Fort Apache, half a hundred miles to the northwest.
The squad was fired upon from the rocks, and one of the soldiers was wounded. Suspecting from the sound of the guns, that their assailants were weak in numbers, Captain Burnham and his men wheeled their animals, charged as far as they could be forced, and then, leaping to the ground, dashed among the boulders.
The warriors numbered only six who, finding they could not hold their ground, turned and fled. Several were struck, but all escaped, excepting one, who was made captive.
The taking of Indian prisoners is not a popular occupation on the border, and it may be doubted whether Captain Burnham would have followed the course which he did, but for peculiar reasons. The Apache upon whom he fixed his attention was an Indian lad no more than 15 or 16 years of age. He was crouching behind a rock, which partly sheltered him, and remained there until the captain was within twenty paces. He then rose to his feet, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger of his gun.
An extraordinary occurrence saved the life of the officer. During the brief but lively skirmish, the hammer of the young Apache's rifle was broken by a stray bullet, without the owner discovering the fact. His companions had fled, when he coolly levelled his piece and attempted to fire. The soft click of the hammer followed, but there was no report. With the same won-

derful self-possession, he lowered the weapon, glanced down, and observing the cause of the failure, flung it aside and turned to run.
"Don't shoot!" shouted the captain. "He's mine!"
The officer was unusually fleet of foot, and having leaped from the saddle, he ran after the young Indian with the impetuosity of a panther. Yet with all his cleverness he would have failed, but for another curious mishap. The moccasin of the Apache slipped on a stone, which rolled under him, and he fell on his side. He was up again like a flash, when the captain struck him between the shoulders and sent him sprawling on his face. A second time the lad bounded to his feet, but the iron grip of the pursuer was on his arm. He struck a vicious blow at the captain with his knife, which narrowly missed slashing the captain's face, but the weapon was wrenched away, and the writhing young wildcat was helpless.
The prisoner expected no mercy, and he would not have asked it had he known it would have been granted. When he was pinioned, and could struggle no more, he submitted with the sullen stoicism of his race.
"There's no trusting the pitfire," said the captain, retaining his hold and assuring himself that no weapons were concealed about the prisoner. "We'll bind him fast."
His arms were securely tied, and he was forced, with very little gentleness, upon the horse of the officer. A rope was then looped tightly around each ankle, joining under the belly of the mustang, and with one arm around the prisoner's waist, the captain and his men set out on their return.
Young Jack Burnham was greatly interested in the captive. He was about the same age as the Indian, and despite their different blood, more than one remarked a singular resemblance between them. The Apache, who was christened Zidda by his captors (because an exclamation which escaped him sounded like that word) wore his long, coarse, black hair loose about his shoulders, had very fine teeth, was swarthy of complexion, and his eyes were as dark as midnight.
The wife of Captain Burnham was a Spanish lady, living in San Antonio, Texas. The son inherited her dark color and handsome features. His hair was long and silken, and his movements were as easy and graceful as those of Zidda.
The Apache, however, was bare from his shoulders to his waist. Below was a pair of gaudy Mexican trousers, brilliantly beaded moccasins, while a heavy golden bracelet adorned his right wrist. A faded silken sash encircled his waist, and, as a rule, the handles of a couple of knives protruded therefrom, while a cartridge box was suspended from his shoulder by a string. The rifle which he cast aside, like most of those used by the Apaches, was a breach-loader of the latest improved pattern.
Jack wore a stiff-brimmed sombrero and a short cloak such as are often seen in Spanish and Mexican countries. When mounted on this fleet mustang and speeding over the prairie with his long hair and his cloak fluttering in the wind, he formed a picturesque figure.
The novelty of Zidda's company wore off in the course of an hour or two, and the general opinion prevailed that the best thing to do was to despatch him, thus creating one vacancy at least in the horde of untamable red men. Captain Burnham felt no disposition to show the savage little fellow any mercy, and there can be little doubt that Zidda would have been shot but for the intercession of young Jack. He saw the proposed crime in its true light, and begged his father that Zidda might be held a prisoner.
The Apaches have white women and children, and we can exchange him for some of them. Such a daring boy must be highly valued by his people.
We have been discussing the matter," said Capt. Burnham, "and under some circumstances we might try to turn him into a Bland dollar, and force him into circulation; but it may be several days before we reach the fort, and more than likely he will give us the slip after all."
"Let him do so."
"He will pay us by leading a party who will take every one of our scalps."
"We run that risk so long as we are on the plains."
"You'll get over this sentimentality before many years, but on your account, I'll consent that he shall be kept a prisoner until to-morrow. Then we'll toss up to see how the bother shall be ended."
Camp was made in an open spot that had been used for the same purpose more than once before. It was close to a stream of running water, where enough succulent grass grew for the horses, and where, with the bright moon riding high in an unclouded sky, it was not believed that the Apaches could surprise them.
Jack Burnham stood in front of the captive while talking with his father. The young Indian's eyes flitted from the face of the parent to the son, with an intenceness of interest that the others remarked. The words were in the mongrel Spanish of the Southwest, and though it was unsuspected at that time, Zidda understood everything said. Turning his back upon him, the captain walked to where the soldiers were grouped. They talked over the events of the day, and expressed their opinions about their fiery little captive who sat cross-legged, with his hands held forcibly behind his back.
"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Jack, in the same mongrel Spanish, scarcely expecting that he would be understood.
"Si, senor," was the answer, in a low voice.
"What is it?" asked the amazed Jack.
"I am thirsty," answered the Apache lad.
"You shall not be thirsty long!" exclaimed the other, running to the stream, from which he dipped a cup of roiled water. When he returned, his father and friends watched the proceedings with amused interest. They saw him advance to where Zidda sat on the ground, and place the cup

to his lips. The Apache met with considerable difficulty in drinking without the aid of his hands. At first the good Samaritan did not incline the cup enough; then he tipped it too much, and the contents ran down the copper breast of the captive.
"I suffer for water," said he, looking up; "I cannot drink from the hand of another."
Without hesitation, Jack whipped out his knife, and bending over the lad, began carefully cutting the thongs between the hands.
"What are you doing?" demanded the captain.
"He can't eat or drink with his hands tied," called back the boy, looking sideways over his shoulder at his parent, while he continued work with his knife. "I am not going to unloose his feet."
The instant the young Apache felt his hands freed, he caught the knife of his friend, and, with a single lightning-like sweep, cut the cords between his ankles, threw himself backward, landing upon his feet, and whirling about, was off like a shot.
Two of the cavalry snatched up their guns and fired at him, but the young Apache vanished with such swiftness that no time was given to aim. The astounded Jack clambered to his feet just in time to catch a glimpse of his new acquaintance as he dissolved in the moonlight.
"My gracious!" exclaimed Jack, with a quizzical look, "I didn't suspect he meant to do that."
The others laughed over the discomfiture of the boy, and assured him that in case of attack, Zidda would take particular pains to claim his scalp. As for gratitude or friendship among the Apaches, or, indeed, among any tribe of Indians, the mention of the thing was enough to excite laughter.
The bronzed campaigners took such precautions that, although in a dangerous country, and with unmistakable evidence that the Apaches were hovering in the neighborhood, they were not disturbed during the darkness.
On the morrow, at an early hour, they were in the saddle, heading towards Fort Apache, which point they left three days before. By easy riding (in case no interference took place), they expected to make the post at nightfall.
Some twenty miles from the camp, the trail approached a rocky spur of hills which put out from the mountains. The place had been the scene of more than one desperate fight, and was always viewed with misgiving by those acquainted with its associations.
As the front is generally accepted as the post of danger, Captain Burnham placed himself there, compelling young Jack to keep well to the rear.
On the left, the ground was so rough and stony that a mountain goat could not make his way over it with anything like comfort. It will be seen that it was inviting cover for Indians, though the hiding places were by no means numerous.
At the critical point, fire was suddenly opened on the troops. The Apaches aimed so well that three of the horsemen were struck, though they kept their saddles. Capt. Burnham and his men wheeled, and leaping to the ground, dashed in among the rocks, routing out the treacherous red men, and shooting as fast as the targets presented themselves.
The Apaches were not numerous, but they fought fiercely, as they always do. Captain Burnham and his men had been taught in the school of General Crook, and they speedily scattered their assailants, who leaped or dodged from boulder to boulder with an agility that saved many a dusky marauder for future forays.
The troopers left in charge of the horses called to the others, who instantly returned. The red men had regained their own mustangs and by a dextrous manoeuvre, separated Jack Burnham from the others. When the captain and the rest of his men sprang into their saddles again, they saw the boy trying his best to get to the most and pursued by a dozen mounted Apaches, who were forcing their animals to the highest notch.
"That's all on account of the cup of water given that young imp," muttered the officer, compressing his lips; "they have singled out my Jack for capture that they may put him to the torture; come, boys, hot work awaits us!"
Leaving their wounded comrades, who could not stand the terrific riding, the troopers dashed after their leader, as eager as he to save the imperilled youth.
The picture was a thrilling one. In the distance could be seen the black mustang of Jack Burnham stretching away on a dead run, head extended, mane and tail flying, while the cloak and hair of the rider streamed in the wind.
Less than 200 yards behind the flying fugitive, were the Apaches thundering after him. All were splendidly mounted, and there are no finer horsemen in the world.
The singular double race had continued only a few minutes, when the fearful truth became manifest; the Apaches were better mounted than either the fugitive or their own pursuers. They were steadily gaining upon Jack Burnham.
The boy was seen to glance affrightedly over his shoulder several times, but he, too, kept his mustang running as he never ran before. His flight drew him into a narrow valley in the mountains, which led, no one beside the Apache could tell where.
Jack inherited the coolness of his father. Seeing that he was losing ground, he abruptly wheeled almost at right angles, and dashed into a still narrower valley or gorge which presented itself. This manoeuvre shut him from sight of friends and foes, for a minute or two, but the latter felt that the struggle was already decided, and gave utterance to many shouts of exultation as they thundered after him.
A groan escaped Captain Burnham, whose face was white as death. No one spoke, but with the same resolve in every heart, they plunged into the gorge after both parties.

A brief, fierce run and the race was decided; the Apaches had overtaken the fugitive. The troopers saw the mustang and its rider, his hair and cloak no longer flying, surrounded by the red men who had captured them beyond all chance of escaping.
Still Captain Burnham and his men pressed forward, but in a short time not an Indian was visible; their matchless mustangs had carried them and their captive beyond reach.
There was much of the Roman sternness in the character of Capt. Burnham, when, finding it was a hopeless chase, he wheeled his horse, and gave the order to withdraw. The troopers galloped down the gorge in silence, their mustangs streaming with perspiration and foam, for the day was a scorching one, even for that latitude, and the beasts had been forced to the uttermost verge of endurance.
"Halloo! halloo!"
The squad of cavalry were near the point where the gorge reopened into the valley, when they were halted by the sight of a barchanded figure, standing motionless and waving its arms as if to attract their notice. A second glance made known the astounding fact that it was young Jack Burnham. A minute later he was clasped in the arms of his overjoyed father, and his wonderful story was told.
Despair was in his heart as he wheeled his mustang into the gorge, but at the critical moment, Zidda, the young Apache, ran out from behind the rocks, and, flinging up his hands, called to him in Spanish to halt.
In a twinkling, Zidda explained that he meant to take the place of the fugitive. The cloak of Jack was transferred to his shoulders, his sombrero clapped on his crown, the young Indian vaulted upon the back of the panting steed, and called out:
"Hide yourself! I do this for the cup of water!"
In what manner Zidda made his explanations to and peace with his vengeful country-men will probably never be known, but that he succeeded is proven by the fact that he was seen and spoken to by Jack Burnham himself more than a year later.
EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Personal Mention.

Ex-President Hayes is said to be much annoyed by the frequent letters he receives asking for information on questions about poultry and eggs.
There are over fifty ladies in Minneapolis who each pay taxes on \$100,000 worth of property.
Washington Irving, so the story goes, once said to a lady friend: "Don't be too anxious about the education of your daughters. They will do very well; don't teach them so many things; teach them one thing; teach them to be easily pleased."
"For fifty-three years," says Gen. Toombs, "my dear wife was my constant friend, companion, and adviser. We traveled four continents of the world together and visited many islands of the seas. Now she is waiting for me, with the same sweet faith she so well illustrated here."
Lord Dufferin, says the Calcutta Herald, is of opinion that the diplomacy of the world will soon be in the hands of Americans. Nearly every member of the diplomatic corps who gets to Washington, tries to bring home an American wife.
Mrs. Lockwood, who ran for President last year, announces, by authority, that "woman is coming to the front." Where in the world has woman been all this time, before Belva came?
Mrs. Langtry is said to pay her husband a monthly salary for keeping his distance. A good many wives would be glad to be able to secure an apartment on the same terms, though not, it may be hoped, for the same reasons.
It is related of the late Stanley Huntley, humorist, about whom there has been much newspaper gossip, that while a mere boy he set about cultivating his imagination, adopting devices that were sometimes decidedly startling. One of his favorite methods was to smoke through the bones of a skeleton. The skeleton stood upright in his father's study, and young Huntley putting a pipe between the jaws of the thing and his own arm around the bony waist, would puff at the pipe by means of a stem twining down among the ribs. Seated thus, he would read such tales as the "Gold Bug," but he never became an Edgar Allan Poe.

Diseases Absorbed by Cholera.

I have inspected sites where cholera has prevailed, and so far as my limited knowledge informed me I could come to no definite conclusion as to the causes producing the disease in one place and not in others. I could not find it in surface and visible filthiness, in polluted water, nor in impure rivers, nor in over-crowded and filthy dwellings. There were all these conditions, but no cholera. Then, as to individuals, some of the cleanest men I have ever known have died of cholera. It has, however, been noted by medical men that cholera, like the rod of Aron when thrown down before the rods of the Egyptian magicians, produced a serpent which devoured all the other serpents. So with cholera. When this is prevalent all minor diseases are absorbed into it. What in ordinary times would be a simple bowel complaint merges into cholera. An excess in living which would pass in a bilious headache ends in cholera. Over fatigue and a disordered stomach which would be mollified by an aperient and rest, if neglected, results in cholera. A consideration of these facts should induce extra caution and immediate attention to any disordered state of the stomach, and for more serious ailments consultation with the family doctor.—Sir Robert Raminson in the Pall Mall Gazette.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Sights That Can Be Seen By the Curious at Coney Island—The Season at the Beach well-nigh over.
Mrs. Dolores and her fair young daughters Rosetta and Zelica decided to start for Coney Island on a summer's day, so off they started, and upon entering the boat were disgusted with the sight of so many common people, and turned up their nose in disdain at the motly assembly.



"O, my, how I wish Cholly and Freddy, and George were here, and that elegant fellow, Augustus Dusen-whopper."
Thus sighed Rosetta, from the bottom of her No. 2 French heeled kid slippers.
"Alas, yes, I agree with you, my love. But what is that little boy doing looking so intently into the ocean. Methinks he seemeth unhappy, from the background. Perhaps he has never been on the ocean beach, 'simper mamma.' Evidently he hadn't."



The sight was too much for the nerves of the sympathetic Zelica, and they beat a hasty retreat to the sylvan shades of the upper deck, where the sad sea breezes blew gently from the ocean. The sight that met them there was very refreshing, but breezy.



and to escape from the zephyrs they returned to the cabin, and didn't leave it until they landed at the Iron Pier.
"Oh, mamma. Do look at those wicked boys in the surf. They look dreadful happy. Ain't they enjoying the bath?" Zelica was right. They were.



At the entrance they were met by a missionary from the Cannibal Islands, who for the small sum of ten cents offered to show them the elephant. Proceeds to go to the poor starving Africans on the banks of the Congo. He looked at them so sweetly and discoursed so beautifully that it cost thirty cents to get away, and the heathen in Africa got it all.



Method of Thought.
All, from the humblest to the highest, need to cultivate a careful and accurate method of thought in all things. The cause of things and their true relations to each other do not lie on the surface waiting to be picked up, but are often far down out of sight, and must be dug for to be discovered. We shall find them, if at all, in the nature of the thing themselves, and not in some chance coincidence having no bearing but that of association. Prejudices, when sifted to their real origin, will often disappear, fears will dissolve, rooted aversions will be pulled up as weeds.—Ez

John Ruskin's Home.

Three miles away from the village of Coniston, and on the opposite side of the lake, lies Brantwood, the home of Prof. Ruskin—a large, beautiful, rambling house, with spacious rooms and low ceilings, commanding a view which is certainly unsurpassed in England for picturesqueness and poetic beauty. Down the grassy slopes and across the placid, mirror-like lake the spectator looks up at the Old Man of the Coniston, rising majestically from among the lesser hills which form the middle distance. The village lies away to the right on the opposite shore; to the left no habitation interrupts the view for four miles or more, save the ivy-grown Coniston hall. On such a picture, rich with ever-varying color, fascinating and peaceful, the great art critic loves to gaze throughout the summer twenty times a day.
Mr. Ruskin was walking in the extensive grounds adjoining the house when I arrived, and pending the announcement of my visit I was shown into the drawing-room to await his coming. Dwarf and other book-cases stood against the walls, which, moreover, were adorned with beautiful examples of Prout, D. G. Rossetti and others, as well as Mr. Ruskin's well-known drawing of the interior of St. Mark's at Venice, one of the most important variety, and of minerals revealed another and less generally known phase of Mr. Ruskin's taste, and a volume of "Art in England"—his last series of Oxford lectures—lay upon the table. I was still examining the handsome bindings upon the shelves (for the professor delights in worthy examples of the bookbinder's art) when the door opened and he entered the room.
With his usual genial smile and engaging manner he said, "I am very glad to see you; I wish you hadn't come to-day, though." I was preparing to offer apologies when he continued: "It was beautifully bright and clear yesterday and the view was perfect. To-day it is very black and you can see nothing. But come with me into the library; we can talk better there and see better, too, if the sun will only shine." And he preceded me into the chamber which was enriched by even a greater profusion of works of art than the one I had just left. Numerous exquisite water-colors of Turner hung around the room, a marvelous example of Luca della Robbia's faience ("fashioned by the master's own hand and absolutely perfect," Mr. Ruskin said) decorated the chimney-piece, bookcases and drawers full of mineral lined the room and beautiful books were scattered about in artistic confusion.
Bandit Frank James at Home.
From a Letter to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"Do you belong to any church, Mr. James?"
"No, sir. I was reared a Baptist, but my inclinations now are towards the Southern Methodists, probably because they were so kind to me when I was in jail."
He said he spent his days in currying and looking after his horse when he has one at the farm, and when he has nothing else to do reads the newspaper and pays an occasional visit to town.
It was easy to understand that Frank James yielded more possibly to the demands of his wrecked constitution when he surrendered himself than to the demands of law and order. He is in very poor health, and there seems from his appearance some foundation for the photographer's statement that he is dying with consumption. He has not been well for several years. A few days ago he visited his mother in Clay County, and when he got back home complained greatly of the physical torture he was enduring. His hair is thinning on the top of his head, his face is sallow and the bones show, his long nose is almost of the same hue with his yellowish mustache, and his hands and fingers are almost like that of a skeleton. The veins that are seen in the hands are small, frail threads of blue. It is not easy to believe that these hands for twenty years kept close companionship with deadly revolvers and that the swift movements of their forgers have cost probably a hundred men their lives. It is not easy to think that this fading head, with its then sicken crop of hair, is the one for which the State three years ago kept open a standing offer of \$20,000; nor that this frame, now so shrunk that the clothes almost flap against the limbs, has seen the bitterest hardships and faced the fiercest dangers. If it were not for the unmistakable "bad eye" and the unusual development of the lower facial features, one might easily mistake Frank James for a preacher suffering from a heavy dose of malaria; but the cold glitter of the desperado's eyes is still there, the slow measured speech and the defiant set expression of the countenance which belongs to men accustomed to value other's lives lightly as they value their own. He looks no longer like the "wrath of slaughter" that he has been described. He says he is only forty-two, but his appearance makes him as old as sixty. He is a sick and dying man, and he needs just such rest as he finds under the cedar trees around the Raiston dwelling, with the comforting hand his faithful, loving wife, who was often with him in the saddle, to soothe his closing hours, and the bright faces and glowing eyes of his little seven-year-old boy to cheer and lighten the dark moments that are gathering over him.
General Cheatham, says the Atlanta Constitution, was a good soldier, but he was not much of a politician, and still less a speaker. Several years ago, when he and Andrew Johnson were canvassing the state of Tennessee for election as congressman at large, Johnson would deliver speeches of fiery eloquence, while Cheatham would shake a little manuscript at the crowd and then read from it a statement of his political creed.