ch 6, 1894, at the sum of 107,446,-
Its depletion however, was im-
diately thereafter so accelerated that
June 30, 1894, it had fallen to $64,-
,025, thus losing by withdrawals,
r than $42,000,000 in five months,
dropping slightly below its situa-
when the sale of 50,000,000 in
was effected for its replenish-
. This depressed condition grew
, and November 24, 1894, our
reserve, being reduced to $57,-
,701, it became necessary to
engthen it. This was done by an-
sale of bonds, amounting to $50,-
,000, from which there was realized
,338,500, with which the fund was
reased to $111,421,021 December 4,

Again disappointment awaited the
tion hope for relief. There was
even a lull in the exasperating
thdrawals of gold. On the contrary
y grew larger and more persistent
ever. Between December 4, 1894,
early in February, 1895, a period
scarcely more than two months
the second reinforcement of our
reserve by the sale of bonds, it
lost, by such withdrawals, more
$69,000,000, and had fallen to
,340,181. Nearly $45,000,000 had
withdrawn during the month im-
diately preceding this situation.
in anticipation of pending trouble I
, January 28, 1895, addressed a
municaton to congress, fully set-
forth our difficulties, and danger-
position, and earnestly recommend-
that authority be given the secre-
of the treasury to issue bonds
ring a low rate of interest, payable
their terms in gold, for the purpose
aintaining a sufficient gold re-
ve, and also for the redemption and
ncellation of outstanding United
tes notes and treasury notes issued
the purchase of silver under the
of 1890. This recommendation
not, however, meet with legisla-
approval. In February, 1895,
efore, the situation was exceeding-
critical. With a reserve perilously
and a refusal of congressional aid
erything indicated that the end of
l payments by the government was
minent. The results of prior bond
es had been exceedingly unsatisfac-
y and the large withdrawals of gold,
mediately succeeding their public
in open market, gave rise to a rea-
able suspicion that a large part of
gold paid into the treasury upon
e was promptly drawn out again
the presentation of United States
es and found its way to the hands
those who had only temporarily
ted with it in the purchase of bonds.
In this emergency, and in view of
surrounding perplexities, it be
me entirely apparent to those upon
om the struggle for safety was de-
lved, not only that our gold reserve
st, for the third time in less than
rteen months, be restored by an-
er issue and sale of bonds bearing a
h rate of interest and badly suited
the purpose, but that a plan must
adopted for their disposition promis-
better results than those realized
previous sales. An agreement was
erefore made with a number of finan-
rs and bankers whereby it was stip-
ated that the bonds described in the
emption act of 1875, payable in coin
rty years after their date, bearing
erest at the rate of 4 per cent per
num, and amounting to $62,000,000,
uld be exchanged for gold receiv-
by weight, amounting to a little
re than $65,000,000. This gold was
be delivered in such installments as
uld complete its delivery within
t six months from the date of the
ntract, and at least one-half of this
ount was to be furnished from
ad. It was also agreed by those
plying this gold that during the
ntinuance of the contract they would
every means in their power protect
e government against gold with-
wals. The contract also provided
at if congress would authorize the
ue of bonds payable by their terms
gold and bearing interest at the rate,
4 per cent per annum they might
thin ten days be substituted at par
the 4 per cent bonds described in
agreement. On the day the con-
ct was made the terms were com-
nicated to congress by special ex-
utive message, in which it was
ted that more than $16,000,000
uld be saved to the government if
d bonds bearing 3 per cent interest
re authorized to be substituted for
se mentioned in the contract.

Congress having declined to grant
necessary authority to secure this
ing, the contract, unmodified, was
ried out, resulting in a gold reserve
counting to $17,671,330 July, 1895.
e performance of this contract not
restored the reserve, but checked
a time the withdrawal of gold and
ught on a period of restored con-
dence and such peace and quiet in
siness circles as were of the greatest
ssible benefit in every interest which
fects our people.

I have never had the slightest mis-
ving concerning the wisdom or pro-
iety of this arrangement, and am
ite willing to answer for my full
are of the responsibility for its pro-
tion. I believe it averted disaster,
e imminence of which was fortun-
ly not at the time generally under-
od by our people.

If a fixed and stable standard is
intained, such as the magnitude and
iety of our commercial transactions
d business require, the use of money
self is conveniently minimized.
ery dollar of fixed and stable value
s, through the agency of confident
edit, an astonishing capacity of mul-
plying itself in financial work.
ery unstable and fluctuating dollar
ils as a basis of credit and in its use
gets gambling speculation and un-
rmines the foundations of honest en-
rprises.

I have ventured to express myself on
is subject with earnestness and
ainess of speech because I can not rid
yself of the belief that there lurks in
e proposition for the free coinage of
silver, so strongly approved and so en-
thusiastically advocated by a multi-
tude of my countrymen, a serious
menace to our prosperity and an in-
sidious temptation of our people to
wander from the allegiance they owe
to public and private integrity. It is
because I do not distrust the good faith
and sincerity of those who press this
scheme that I have imperfectly, but
zealously submitted my thoughts upon
this momentous subject.

I cannot refrain from begging them
to re-examine their views and beliefs
in the light of patriotic reason and fa-
miliar experience, and to weigh again
and again the consequences of such
legislation as their efforts have invited.
Even the continued agitation of the
subject adds greatly to the difficulties
of a dangerous financial situation al-
ready forced upon us.

In conclusion, I specially entreat the
people's representatives in congress,
who are charged with the responsibil-
ity of inaugurating measures for the
safety and prosperity of our common
country, to promptly and effectively
consider the ills of our critical plight.
I have suggested a remedy which my
judgment approves. I desire, how-
ever, to assure congress that I am pre-
pared to co-operate with them in per-
fecting any other measure promising
thorough and practical relief, and that
it will gladly labor with them in every
patriotic endeavor to further the in-
terests and guard the welfare of our
countrymen, whom, in our respective
places of duty, we have undertaken to
serve.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Lord Chancellor's Purse.

When the lord chancellor enters the house of lords to preside over its deliberations, he is accompanied by his "purse bearer." This functionary, however, does not carry the purse of the lord chancellor, which would be a weighty responsibility, as his lordship draws a salary of £10,000 a year. The purse the "pursebearer" solemnly carries, as, arrayed in court dress, he precedes the lord chancellor to and from the house of lords, is a gorgeous satchel, embroidered with the royal arms and other heraldic devices in white and gold and lined with the richest silk. It is supposed to contain the great seal. As a matter of fact, that emblem of a mighty sovereignty is never in the satchel. If it were, the responsibility of the "pursebearer" would be great—much greater indeed than if he had to bear a purse that carried a salary of £10,000 a year.

The ceremony of carrying the purse in the house of lords is but one of the many venerable fictions which play a picturesque part in the parliamentary procedure. The purse is placed on the woolsack. It indicates that the lord chancellor is in possession of the great seal and therefore entitled to perform his duties as speaker of the house of lords. —London Globe.

Making Old Potatoes New.

This is the way new potatoes are manufactured in Paris: Old potatoes, the cheapest and smallest that can be purchased, are bought by the rafistoleurs de pommes de terre, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trousers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satinlike appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper and arranged in small baskets, which are sold at the marchands des comestibles for 5 francs apiece. The oddest part of the whole business is that the rafistoleurs make no secret of their trade and may daily be seen at work near the Point Louis Philippe, within sight of the Hotel de Ville.

Quite Possible.

A correspondent asks if it is not practicable for a person to carry enough stored electricity and use it for the purpose of heating the body in cold weather by means of a system of electric heating apparatus placed under the clothing. We presume it is. A few 200 ampere hour cells scattered among the pockets, connected in series, ought to do the business. They would probably weigh 500 pounds or more, and to this must be added the weight of heat apparatus. The latter need not necessarily be in the form of a street car heater. It could be spread out on a flat surface. It would not look well, for instance, to carry a box shaped heater across the stomach. Care must be taken to prevent short circuiting, which might result in roasting to death.—Electrical Age.

A Man of Destiny.

Mr. John Vevera, one of the survivors of the Elbe disaster, was elected county commissioner in Cleveland, and was the only Democrat elected in the county. There were 17 persons saved from the Elbe, and there were 17 Democratic candidates in Mr. Vevera's county, of whom he was the only one rescued from the engulfing billows of political disaster. There is no telling what fate may yet have in store for this remarkable man.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Promising.

Bob, an ambitious boy, a little more than 6 years old, has only one wish—to become a journalist. The other day he entered the room of his mother, a look of triumph upon his face:

"Well, mother, as I told you, it was Marcella who ate the large peach."

"How do you know it?"

Bob (drawing himself up to his full height)—How! Because I have "interviewed" her.—From the French.

One watch set right will do to set many by; one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood, and the same may be said of example.—Dilworth.

DEATH.

Miscall me not. Men have miscalled me much.
Have given hard names and harsher thoughts to me,
Reviled and evilly entreated me,
Built me strange temples as an unknown god.
Then called me idol, devil, unclean thing,
And to rude insult bowed my godhead down.
Miscall me not, for men have marred my form,
And in the earthborn grossness of their thoughts
Have coldly modeled me of their own clay.
Then fear to look on that themselves have made.
Miscall me not. Ye know not what I am,
But ye shall see me face to face and know.
I take all sorrows from the sorrowful
And teach the joyful what it is to joy.
I gather in my landlocked harbor's clasp
The shattered vessels of a vexed world,
And even the tiniest ripple upon life
Is to that calm sublime as tropic storm.
When other leechcraft fails the breaking brain,
I only own the anodyne to still
Its eddies into vistonless repose.
The face distorted with life's latest pang,
I smooth in passing with an angel's wing,
And from beneath the quiet eyelids steal
The hidden glory of the eyes to give
A new and nobler beauty to the rest.
Belie me not. The plagues that walk the earth,
The wasting pain, the sudden agony,
Famine and war and pestilence and all
The terrors that have darkened round my name—
These are the works of life; they are not mine;
Vex when I tarry, vanish when I come,
Instantly melting into perfect peace
As at his word whose master spirit I am
The troubled waters slept on Galilee.
Tender I am, not cruel. When I take
The shape most hard to human eyes and pluck
The little baby blossom yet unblown,
'Tis but to graft it on a kindlier stem,
And leaping o'er the perilous years of growth,
Unwept of sorrow and unscathed of wrong,
Clothe it at once with rich maturity.
'Tis I that give a soul to memory,
For round the follies of the had I throw
The mantle of a kind forgetfulness,
But canonized in dear love's calendar
I sanctify the good for evermore.
Miscall me not. My generous fullness lends
Home to the homeless, to the friendless friends,
To the starved babe the mother's tender breast,
Wealth to the poor and to the restless rest.

—Herman Merivale.

A PLAINS MAID.

In the year 186— I set out with a party of speculators bent on making their fortunes by mining for metals among the mountains of New Mexico. At the time of this adventure we were approaching Santa Fe, where we proposed to indulge in a few days' rest. Our party consisted of ten persons, a couple of scouts (old Indian fighters), an army sergeant, who had been detailed with three soldiers to this duty by the colonel commanding the last military station we had visited, and two capitalists from St. Louis, together with a lady and myself.

It was an evening in early May, and we were cozily ensconced in camp for the night and near the center of the continent. Everything about us was enjoyable. It was a clear, bright night, although the moon was only half way through its second quarter, and the stars shone white and twinkling in the skies of those highly rarified altitudes—a fairy night for waking dreams, in the poet's mind of love, the artist's of entrancing landscapes, the plainsman's of his flocks and herds and the military hero's of gore and glory amid the glitter of golden epaulets.

Sangaree, one of the scouts, was roasting on a spit a brace of prairie hens, while Colorado Charlie, the other scout, was broiling a savory vension steak on the opposite side of the open fire. The sergeant, the capitalists and myself were sociably seated together drinking something stronger than water out of tin cups, while the lady had withdrawn to the privacy and sanctity of her solitary tent. All were ready for a meal, with appetites sharpened by the bracing breath of the springtide breeze. No adventure of consequence had befallen us since we had left the frontier fort—all had run smoothly as a train on down grade. Perhaps we were a little bored by the uniform serenity of our lives. Man is an adventurous animal.

The lady honored us with her company at supper, which proved entirely satisfactory, after which meal the scouts, the sergeant and myself fell to at cards. The soldiers went busily to work smoking short clay pipes. The speculators puffed cigars and sipped weak whisky and water, and all was soothing and serene. Presently the lady brought from her tent a Spanish guitar, and flinging herself rather negligently on the verdant field grass pleasantly proceeded to regale us with both song and music. She was a striking and peculiar girl. Young, lithe and graceful as a gazelle, yet strong as she was supple; of almost Hebraic type, still her tawny skin and straight, black hair, loosely falling to her shoulder, her coal black, flashing eyes, her full red lips, her low, broad brow and her high cheek bones, aglow with color—all these bespoke her half breed origin.

We had eagerly accepted her proffered companionship at Denver, a high official there having sent to us a message the day before we started for the plains that he was anxious to avail himself of the opportunity of placing under the protection of a band of gentlemen a young lady traveler, who, having completed her education in St. Louis, was on her journey homeward to Santa Fe, where her father, a wealthy Indian trader, had long resided. This young lady had been visiting the governor's family in Colorado. The message added that her father would meet and welcome his young daughter at a well known trading station some distance east of Santa Fe, at which point he would then be sojourning upon business.

Of course we all fell in love. I am not the last or least even probably to the pack mule. The lady's loveliness and good nature had wrought us all up to a state of idolatry and devotion. Her name was Pouchee—Pouchee Bloomingdale. Of course she never alluded to her pedigree, which was evidently mixed. Nor did we, but it was known to the scout Charlie, who had imparted it to us, that her father was a rich old Hebrew of Dutch extraction—Judah Blumenthal (his daughter having Anglicized her name), and it became gradually understood among us that her mother, who had been a Pawnee squaw, was long since dead.

On the fine spring evening of our tarrying the wiry ring of a guitar and mellow strains of song filled the air with rapture. Miss Pouchee had sung for us some opera songs, an Irish melody and a wild Spanish drinking song, which had warmed our blood like wine. One of the capitalists, named Abelson, succumbing to the music, had thrown away the stub of his cigar and drawn up close to the musician, seating himself, half reclining, upon the ground at her feet in dreamy admiration. He was a brawny, handsome man of 30, with brown mustache and auburn hair, a fearless, unflinching sort of fellow, with nerves of steel and eyes of liquid blue. None of us liked him. He was too supercilious and self satisfied. He had the glare and glitter of a gambler.

"You're a grand player," he said at a pause in the singing, "and know lots of good pieces. Did you learn the guitar at school, may I ask?"

"Oh, no!" was the listless answer. "I learned when I was a child. A Mexican taught me. His name was Sanchez. He could play anything on the guitar from a waltz to an opera. He was hanged for stealing horses."

"Served him right, the beggar! What music do you like best?" persisted the intruder.

"I like Italian serenades the best. They are entrancing."

"Won't you sing me one?"

"Listen to this little song," she answered willingly, "of Guiliani's."

She sang it soft and low, a simple serenade, which might have been a lullaby, we all enthusiastically applauding at its conclusion. Abelson began to clap his hands, then checked himself, and sighing raised his light blue eyes to her dark orbs.

"Curse his impudence," said I almost aloud.

"I'll play no more," said Sergeant Maberly, throwing down his cards. "Let Mr. Breitman take my place if he likes. Will you, sir?"

"Thanks, yes," said the second speculator, a slim, gray bearded man of 50. "What are the stakes?"

"Cigars," said I, with a laugh.

The sergeant got up, walked off a way and stood gazing at the moonlit landscape. In a moment he strolled carelessly over toward the fair guitarist and dropped down likewise a short distance from her feet, but with great respect and reverence of manner.

Of course we watched him.

The other, Abelson, was obviously annoyed at the intrusion. He shifted himself restlessly and said with irritation:

"Fine night, sergeant, for a raid. Hadn't you better keep a sharp lookout for savages and skunks and something of that sort?"

"I can scent 'em with my eyes shut, and scoundrels, too," said the noncommissioned officer with asperity.

Abelson gave him an angry glance, but made no answer, while the lady, laughing gayly, rippled forth:

"Don't let any of them into camp, sergeant, or we shall have to feel for our scent bottles and our purses."

"To save our scalps," said Abelson, with a sneer, "for all the good the soldiers would be."

"We look to the civilians for protection," said the sergeant.

"One scout is worth ten of them," replied the other.

Miss Bloomingdale seemed suddenly to awaken to a realizing sense of the situation. Blushing, she said with grace:

"Doubtless you would all do the most doughty deeds in my defense, for you are brave men and Americans."

No words were spoken by the knights errant of the camp, though many eyes flashed fire, and judging by my own every heart beat high.

As I have said, our party was a mixed one. Sergeant Maberly was a short, clean limbed fellow of 26 or 28, well browned by the sun, frank, yet fierce of eye, powerful of build and bold as a lion.

Pouchee liked him. The character of Seth Abelson, capitalist, prospector and speculator, was a complete contrast to that of the young soldier.

Crafty, stealthy, calculating, he seemed to possess the cruel and cold blooded instincts of the native savage. Yet the man was a product of crowded cities. Colorado Charley, our chief scout, was a familiar and numerous type in the far west. A son of the plains, tall, graceful, slim waisted, with Saxon blond hair and pink complexion, he was athletic as an acrobat.

We sat at our game, Charley, Sangaree, Mr. Breitman and myself, while Maberly and Abelson knelt at the leonine beauty's feet and scowled defiantly at each other. Pouchee kindly smiled upon her worshipers. Charley could bear the situation no longer. Throwing down his cards, he said:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, I have had enough. Let one of the soldiers take my place and play my hand."

Calling up one of the privates, Charley strolled straight over to join the group of courtiers gathered about the pretty half breed queen. She had struck the strings of her guitar again and was spiritedly singing a popular Mexican war chant, "The Hymn of Maximilian."

At that moment the horses, which had been tethered back of the tents, broke in upon the harmony with loud whinneying and restless movements, while Sleuth, our bloodhound, uneasily whined and growled by turns, as the mule set up a most discordant bray. Simultaneously we all sprang upright and stared inquiringly about us, but neither eye nor ear was able to distinguish a single sign of any interloper. Charley and the sergeant, however, caught up their rifles and paced 100 yards about the camp without discovering the slightest cause or pretext for alarm. Still the sentries were doubled, firearms were examined and placed handy, our bowies were unsheathed and kept by our sides, and it was decided that none of us should undress for slumber.

Sleuth was unchained and allowed to stray at large about the camp. Every precaution against surprise by either animal or Indian had been most promptly taken.

Bidding us good night, Miss Bloomingdale withdrew to her tent, while we loitered awhile and smoked before retiring. After a time I turned in on my blanket with the others and fell speedily asleep, for one soon becomes indifferent to peril where perfect safety cannot be assured. I had slept perhaps an hour or two, when the sudden crack of rifles ruthlessly aroused me. I well knew what it was, what it must be—Indians! Instantly we were on our feet, weapons in hand and hurrying outside the tent. The crescent moon had set, the night was pitch dark, so that nothing could be seen, but wild, curdling noises broke on the ear. They came from Pouchee's tent. With an involuntary impulse I rushed toward it. Already it was filled with savages, grunting like swine together and brandishing their knives about with wildness. What was the excitement?

The savages were bluffed—the lady was not there. Had she spryly made her escape ere the firing of rifle or pistol which I had heard? I had no means of knowing, not much time to think, for the Indians turned on me like madmen rather than red men, knocking me down ere I could fire a shot. One of them ran at me, I suppose to take my scalp, when the snap of a gun and the yell of another of their number occasioned them all to rush precipitately out of the tent. So dazed was I and blinded with blood from the blow on my forehead that for the moment I could be but of little assistance, but as soon as I could sufficiently recover my senses I contrived to crawl out from under the canvas and creep along, hidden by the tall grass of the prairie. Not a thing to be seen. I heard the sound of hoofs, however, becoming more and more distant and indistinct, and soon realized that the survivors of the struggle, together with our stock, had been scooped and carried off as spoils and prisoners for ransom. The Indians had eluded us completely.

It may scarcely be believed, but so weak and weary was I from my wound that, not caring whether I was safe or not, I sank into a deep sleep or swoon, awaking not again till sunrise. Then, with a start, I sat bolt up and stared about me. All traces of the camp, the tents, utensils, equipage, were gone. Two of the soldiers, together with Mr. Breitman, were lying stiff, stark and scalped amid the grass where they had fallen. A dead horse was stretched at length upon its side, with a great gash in its flank, while a litter of damaged articles belonging to our company cumbered the trodden sod. My companions were all gone, and, my God! where was Pouchee?

Struggling faintly to my feet, I groaned aloud with agony of heart. Was Pouchee murdered or far worse? Immediately a loud cry made my blood run cold, and peering in every direction over the plains to my almost hysterical delight I saw the graceful girlish form of Pouchee coming at a run toward me. Fairly throwing herself into my arms, she managed to say, between a laugh and a cry:

"Mr. Vincent, you are left alive. I thought I was all alone in this waste desert. But you are spared to me, thank heaven!"

Full of unutterable emotions, I pressed the dear girl to my heart with rapture.

"Are they all killed?" I finally contrived to ask.

"All but we two, I fear."

"And how did they chance to leave you?" I said.

"I could not get to sleep last night, and after awhile got up to look outside the tent, when I saw dark shadows stealing along the ground. At that moment the sentinels fired at random, and flying blindly straight ahead I contrived to dodge the savages and escape, thanks to my Indian blood. Afterward, from a distance, I saw them spring upon the horses, and yelling like fiends ride rapidly away."

"They are far enough off by this time. Miss Bloomingdale," said I, "so let us look about and see what we can find for breakfast."

"Are you much hurt?" she asked, with trepidation. "You are all covered with blood."

"I'll soon fix that," said I.

There was a pail half full of water which had been left for the horses standing a little way off, and, without ceremony plunging my head into its sparkling mist I presently emerge quite clean and refreshed, but my clothes were badly stained and injured, and I had to laugh aloud, for poor Pouchee was already clad in a buckskin hunting shirt and chaperelles, which I recognized as having lately belonged to Sangaree. There were no guns or ammunition to be found, but a long bladed bowie was lying in the grass, badly nicked and bloodstained, which I stuck in my belt for our mutual protection before we fell to at some hard tack which was scattered around, and which we washed down with a bottle of beer that had fortunately escaped detection. That was our breakfast.

Of course we could not stay there to starve, although I could have remained under such pleasant circumstances forever—for was not Pouchee with me? So we decided to walk on toward the sunset in hopes of something turning up. First, however, I arrayed myself in a full United States cavalry uniform, which the Indians had overlooked, and which I stripped from off the body of one of the dead soldiers. Then away we started on foot—quickly and cheerfully over the plains.

I need not describe the ten happy days of that strange tramp. We lived sparsely enough on succulent grasses and drank at stagnant pools. I contrived to surprise and capture a few jackrabbits in their holes, which of course we were obliged to devour raw. At night we slept within hail in the thick grass, and in the morning we went on again as blithely as two half starved, thirsty, tired and wholly contented wretches could ever expect to do. It seemed like a dream at the time, and looking back a dream of bliss and peace and perfect love—for Pouchee and I were irrevocably attached to one another and engaged to be married before a week was over.

She was a noble girl, no manner of complaint or exclamation of impatience passing her lips throughout the term of our joint trial. She seemed to scorn privation, defy hardship, dare every danger and thrive, even revel, on fatigue. She toughened visibly under the stress of that rough life, with all the vitality of her vigorous constitution. As she marched over the boundless waste of barren land, hour after hour and day after day, she brought to my mind, in her ripe suppleness and rich splendor of physique, the image of a Pocahontas and a Pharaoh's daughter rolled into one. Such was her Indian and Israelitish inheritance.

At the eleventh hour of our wanderings, when we had dined dry on the roots of gramma grass which we had picked, and at a moment when I believed that it was all up with us in this world, Pouchee suddenly jumped to her feet and pointed off in a westerly direction.

"See there," she whispered hoarsely, "there, there! It is the dust thrown up by horses' feet. I know what it is. Rouse yourself, Robert. Oh, God, this strain is killing him!"

I thought her head had been turned with the sufferings of hunger and thirst she had undergone and was stricken dumb with agony of mind; but, glancing in the direction Pouchee indicated, I clearly discerned a little cloud of dust rising upward in the air.

"Let us hurry on," I cried.

Tottering forward, supported by the tireless arm of my companion, I pressed along until we were enabled to distinguish the growing outlines of a cavalcade. I know not how long a time it occupied to reach the cortege. I only know that I was rallied from a sort of stupor by hearing Pouchee shout and receiving a hail of joy and gladness from a distance.

"Are they Indians?" I whispered, clutching at my knife.

"No Indians about them," cried Pouchee gleefully. "They ride as only white men do. Bear up, Robert; they are here."

Some horsemen galloped up. I felt a whisky flask put to my lips, while a swarthy little chap, with a blue black beard and wearing spectacles, grabbed my affianced to his broadcloth bosom, singing out vociferously, "Pouch, my jewel, thank the God of Abraham, I find you safe!"

"Dad," she sang out lustily, "I'm all right. It is this young gentleman who is nearly done for. The dear, brave fellow, he has saved my life. We're engaged."

There was a pause.

"I see how it is," said Jacob Blumenthal, pulling her by the ear. "I know how it is myself. I've been there. What's the young man's name, my dear?"

"Robert Vincent," she replied, with downcast eyes.

"Where's he from, my dear?"

"From New York, father."

"Tell your father how much money he's got."

"I haven't a rap," said I coming boldly to the front.

"Very well," said the old gentleman, with a funny chuckle. "I see you are master here. You are boss of this job. Tell the truth and shame the devil. Do you want my girl?"

"I do, with all my soul," I cried in ecstasy.

"I'll sell the hussy cheap," said the playful old fellow, "and pay a big bonus down to boot. Holy Moses! I feared I had lost her. I'm glad to get her back on any terms. You brought her home to me, my son. But take me up quick, or I may change my mind. Oh, you little tramp," turning to his daughter, "ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Three hearty cheers resounded from the surrounding group of mounted men, and, for the first time looking in their faces, I was more than thunderstruck to recognize the beaming countenances of my old friends, Maberly and Colorado Charley, who instantly rode forward and clasped me warmly by the hand—and honest hands had both—in order to congratulate me upon my happiness, while Sleuth, our bloodhound, sprang up and licked my face.

To cut the story short, I may tersely state that both brave fellows had been wounded and captured by a roving band of Comanches, those Arabs of America, whom Seth Abelson, maddened by Pouchee's marked indifference to his suit, had instigated to that night attack upon our camp. Having met while straggling away in search of game a wandering warrior of that wicked tribe, he had induced him to influence his chief to sack the camp, with the design that he himself should kidnap the only daughter of the wealthiest man in Santa Fe and thus eventually obtain, perhaps, possession of his money. However, summary retribution overtook the traitor, for he was subsequently murdered by the Comanche chief for the sake of the gold which he was carrying about him in his belt.

By a strange providence the Indian band had afterward attacked the rescuing party on its way from Santa Fe. A desperate skirmish had ensued. The savages were signally defeated, and thus the sergeant and scout had been restored to liberty. They had set the father on his daughter's track and saved us in the moment of extremity.

It may be supererogatory to add that we were wed when safe at Santa Fe, and prosperity followed Pouchee's footsteps. —Washington Post.

Her Sick Spell.

An old lady of Massachusetts was famed in her native township for health and thrift. To an acquaintance who was once congratulating her upon the former she said: "We be pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailin' time for 50 years, 'cept last winter, and I ain't never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over so's how it shouldn't be wasted."—Interior.