

# Out on the Pampas

By G. A. HENTY

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Very quietly the troop crept along, Tawaina leading the way, until he approached closely to the village. Here they halted for a moment.

"Only six of us will go in," Mr. Hardy said. "There will be less chance of detection—Jamieson, Percy, Herries, my boys and myself. The others take post close to the hut we are near. If you find that we are discovered, be in readiness to support us. And, Farquhar, two or three of you get matches ready and stick a blue light into the straw roof of the hut. We must have light, or we lose all the advantage of our firearms. Besides, as we retreat we shall be in darkness, while they will be in the glare."

Thus speaking, Mr. Hardy followed his guide, the men he had selected treading cautiously in his rear. Presently they stopped before one of the huts, and, pointing to the door, Tawaina said, "Little White Bird there;" and then, gliding away, he was lost in the darkness.

Mr. Hardy cautiously pushed aside the skin and entered, followed by his friends. It was perfectly dark, and they stood for a moment uncertain what to do. Then they heard a low voice saying, "Papa, is that you?" while at the same instant they saw a gleam of light in the other corner of the tent, and heard a rustling noise, and they knew that an Indian had cut a slit in the hide walls and had escaped; and as Mr. Hardy pressed his child to his heart a terrific war whoop rose on the air behind the hut.

Ethel had lain down without taking off even her shoes, so strong had been her hope of her father's arrival. She was therefore no impediment to the speed of their retreat. For a short distance they were unopposed. The Indians, indeed, rushed from their huts like swarms of bees disturbed by an intruder. Ignorant of the nature of the danger, and unable to see its cause, all was for a minute wild confusion; and then, guided by the war whoop of the Indian who had given the alarm, all hurried toward the spot, and as they did so several saw the little party of whites. Loud whoops gave the intimation of this discovery, and a rush toward them was made.

"Now, your revolvers," Mr. Hardy said. "We are nearly out of the village."

For a few minutes the contest was terrific. The rush of the Indians partially broke the line, and the whirl of gleaming hatchets, the heavy crash of the blows with the rifles, the sharp, incessant cracks of the revolvers, the yells of the Indians, the short shouts of encouragement from the English, and the occasional Irish cry of Terence, made up a total of confusion and noise which was bewildering. Scarce a shot of the whites was thrown away, and a heap of dead lay across the pass.

The Indians in front were mown down by the long rifles like grass before the mower, and those behind, after one moment's hesitation, broke and fled; in another two minutes the fight was over, and the Indians in full flight to their village.

The party now crowded round Ethel, with whom not a single word had yet been exchanged since her rescue, and warm and hearty were the congratulations and welcome bestowed upon her.

The morning broke over the white men occupied in the burial of two fallen companions, and upon the Indians assembled at a short distance beyond the village. The men sat upon the ground in sullen despair; the women wailed and wrung their hands.

Now that it was day, they could see how terrible had been their loss. Upward of sixty of their number were missing. The chief had fallen, as had several of the most valiant braves of the tribe. Presently Tawaina rose from the midst of the warriors. His absence the preceding evening had not been noticed.

"My brothers," he began, "the Great Spirit is very angry. He has hidden his face from his children. Yesterday he blinded their eyes and made them foolish; last night he made them as water before the white men. Why were the ears of the chiefs closed to the words of Tawaina? If he had set out with little White Bird, the great white chief would have been glad, and the hatchet would have been buried in peace. But the chiefs would not hear the words of Tawaina. The Star said Kill! and the war chiefs shouted Kill! and where are they now? Their wigwams are empty, and their women have none to bring in the deer for food. The Great Spirit is angry."

Tawaina took his seat; but, as he had anticipated, no one rose to speak after him. After a profound silence of some minutes' duration, he again rose.

"What will my brothers do? The flying fire will burn down our village, and there is no retreat. The guns that shoot without loading carry very far. We are as water before them. We are in the hands of the white chief, and our bones will feed the crows. What will my brothers do? Let there be peace between us. The men who would have harmed the Little White Bird are dead; there is no more cause for quarrel. Let us bury the hatchet. Take horses and cattle for your journey, and forgive us if we have done wrong. If the white men were on the plains Tawaina would say, Let my young men charge; but they hold the pass, and the guns that shoot without loading are too strong. Have I spoken well?"

There was a low murmur of applause. The feeling that the position of the white men was impregnable was general; and they felt convinced that those terrible enemies would devise some unknown scheme which would end in the total annihilation of the tribe.

Tawaina then laid aside his arms and,

attended by six of the principal chiefs, carrying green boughs in token of amity, advanced toward the mouth of the gorge. Mr. Hardy, with five of the whites, and with Perez to interpret, advanced to meet him.

The address of Tawaina was a very politic one. He already knew that Mr. Hardy was willing to grant terms, but he wished to show the other chiefs that he supported the honor of the tribe by boasting of their power and resources and by making the peace as upon equal terms. When the gaucho had translated their proposal, Mr. Hardy spoke, using the phraseology which would be most intelligible to the Indians:

"Tawaina is a great chief; he has spoken wisely. The little White Bird has sung in the white chief's ear that he stood by her side when bad Indians would have hurt her. The bad Indians are dead. The Great Spirit frowned upon them. The white chief has no quarrel with Tawaina and his friends. Let there be peace."

A general expression of satisfaction pervaded both parties when it was known that peace was arranged; and one of each side hurrying back with the news, the rest went into the village, where, sitting down before the principal hut, the pipe of peace was solemnly smoked.

The two parties then mingled amicably, mutually pleased at the termination of the hostilities; and no one would have guessed that a few hours before they had met in deadly strife. Mr. Hardy advanced toward Tawaina with one of the boys' carbines in his hand.

"Tawaina is a great chief," he said. "He has a great heart, and stood by the side of the little White Bird. But he has not a good rifle. The white chief gives him a rifle which will shoot many times. Let him promise that he will never use it in fight against the white men."

This gift Tawaina received with great pleasure, and readily gave the required promise, adding, on behalf of his tribe, that the hatchet which was buried should never again be dug up against the whites. An extra chamber and all the spare ammunition was given to him, and a further supply promised when he chose to send for it; instructions were also given to him in the use of the weapon, then a solemn farewell was exchanged and the party of whites turned their faces toward home.

## CHAPTER XVII.

With this memorable conflict, and the lesson taught to the Indians, that even in the heart of their own country they could not consider themselves secure from retaliations and from the vengeance of the white settlers, the Indian troubles of the Hardys were over. Occasionally, indeed, raids were made upon the outlying settlements, and the young Hardys were summoned to beat off their savage foes. Upon the estate of Mount Pleasant, however, hostile foot was not again placed. Occasionally Tawaina, with two or three of his braves, would pay a visit for a day or two, and depart with presents of blankets, and such things as his tribe needed.

The return of the expedition, after the rescue of Ethel and the chastisement of the Indians in the heart of their own country, caused quite a sensation throughout the republic. Of Mrs. Hardy's and Maud's joy we need not speak, but the adventure was considered a matter of congratulation and joy throughout the whole district. It was felt that a signal blow had been struck to the Indians, and that for a long time life and property would be secure. There was, in consequence, quite a rush to the neighborhood, and land was taken up and occupied in all directions.

It was well for Mrs. Hardy and the girls that they were to sail by the next mail for England. The effect of those terrible four days upon Ethel, and of that week of anxiety upon her mother and sister, had so shaken them that the change, even if it had not been previously determined upon, would have been imperatively necessary. They were all sadly shaken and nervous during the short time that remained for them at Mount Pleasant; but the sea voyage and the fresh breezes soon brought health and color into their cheeks, and none of them ever felt any bad effects from that terrible week.

And now our story is drawing to a close. The stormy period of the Mount Pleasant settlement was over. The hard work, the difficulties and dangers of the life of a new settler on the extreme edge of civilization, had been passed, and nothing remained but to continue to devote attention and energy to the estate, and to reap the fruits of the labor.

For two years after the departure of his wife and daughters Mr. Hardy remained at his post. It was now nearly six years since he had left England, and he longed to return to it. He felt that he could do so without any uneasiness as to the future. Rosario was, according to his anticipation, rising into a large and important town; the country was fairly settled for leagues beyond the estate; land was rapidly rising in value; and there was now no fear whatever of Indian attacks. His flocks and herds had multiplied greatly, and were doubling every two years. The income obtained by the sale of cattle fatted on the alfalfa, and upon the sale of wool and other farm produce, was considerable. Charley was now twenty-two, Hubert a year younger; both were as capable of managing the estate as he was himself.

He one day unfolded his plans to them. "As you know, boys, I am going to England shortly; and, although I shall

perhaps now and then come over here, I shall make England my permanent home. You boys will therefore jointly manage the estate. The income this year will reach six thousand dollars, and would be much more did you not keep the greater portion of our animals to increase our stock. I have now twelve thousand five hundred dollars in the bank. After the busy life I have led here, I could not remain inactive. My present intention is to take a large farm upon a long lease, with the option of purchase. My object will be to obtain a farm of large acreage and poor land, but improvable by better drainage and an outlay of capital. I shall risk my twelve thousand five hundred dollars in this, and also the income I draw from here for the next two years. The profits will increase each year. I shall therefore in two years have sunk twenty-five thousand dollars in the farm—a portion being devoted to building a suitable house. You will, of course, during the two years spend whatever money you may require; but, in fact, it is impossible for you to spend much money here. At the end of two years I propose that first you, Charley, as the elder, shall come to England for a year, and then that Hubert shall take his turn. You will then stay a year here together, and again have each a year in England, and so on regularly. From the end of this two years I shall draw half the income of this estate, and you will take the other half between you, to invest or use as you may think fit. At the end of six years I calculate that the estate will be stocked with as many cattle and sheep as it can support. Fifteen thousand cattle, say, and thirty thousand sheep. You will then sell all your annual increase and the profits will be greater every year. At the end of ten years from this time, if, as I think probable, you will have had enough of this life, we will sell the estate. By that time it will be the center of a populous district, the land will be greatly increased in value, and will be equal to any in the country—so much so, indeed, that it will probably be out of the question to find a purchaser for the whole. We could therefore break it up to suit purchasers, dividing it into lots of one, two, three or four square miles, or a square league, and dividing the stock in proportion. The house would, of course, go with the arable land and a mile or two of pasture beyond it. My share of the yearly income I shall devote to buying my estate. Say the price is fifty thousand dollars. This I shall, with my income from here and my income from the estate itself, probably be able to make in ten years. You will consequently, boys, at the age of thirty-one and thirty-two, be able to settle down in England in very comfortable circumstances. Your sisters will, of course, be provided for out of my share. Do you approve of my plans?"

The boys warmly expressed their satisfaction at the plan, and their gratitude to their father for his intentions.

And so things were carried out.

Six months after Mr. Hardy's arrival in England, the boys heard of Maud's marriage to Mr. Cooper, Charley, during his first visit to England, also married—an example which Hubert followed the next year.

The two now took it by turns to manage the estate—the one in England always passing a considerable portion of his time at Mr. Hardy's, and spending the rest in traveling.

Ethel was married the year after Hubert to a rising barrister in London.

Hubert lives in London. His income is sufficient for his wants, he has become a member of a number of scientific societies and his collection of the fauna of the pampas of America is considered to be unequalled.

The girls are very happy with the men of their choice; and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have always some of their children or grandchildren staying with them, and often amuse the young ones with tales of how their fathers or mothers fought the Indians on the pampas of South America.

(The end.)

**Ice-Cream Sandwich.**  
For any social entertainment the following will be a novelty: Prepare a white ice cream for foundation, color one-half pink, violet or green, and flavor with strawberry, violet or pistachio. Flavor the white with vanilla, as this will bring out the other flavors and not interfere with them. Pack into pound baking powder cans and set in ice and salt for two hours. When ready to serve, wipe outside of cans with a hot cloth and creams will slip out. Have at hand sponge cake cut with cover of baking powder can. With a warm knife slice the moulded cream; put two colors on each side of a cake dish; garnish some with blanched almonds, others with English walnut meats and fruit.—What to Eat.

**French Omelet.**  
Break three eggs into a bowl, add three tablespoonfuls of water or milk, a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper, then beat with a fork until well blended, no longer. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan and when hot turn in the egg mixture. As it cooks lift up the uncooked egg with a fork, letting the uncooked run under next to the pan until all is of a creamy consistency. Then let it rest on the stove for a few seconds to brown slightly underneath, lift to one side, slip a knife underneath and carefully roll the omelet to the center or fold one-half over the other. Place a hot dish over the pan, invert them together, garnish the omelet with parsley and serve at once.

**Raspberry Vinegar.**  
Put two quarts of fresh, ripe raspberries in a stone or china vessel, and pour on them a quart of vinegar. Let stand 24 hours, then strain through a sieve. Pour the liquid over two quarts of fresh raspberries and let stand again 24 hours. Then strain a second time. Allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pint of juice. Break up the sugar and let it melt in the liquor. Put the whole into a stone jar, cover closely and set it in a kettle of boiling water, which must be kept at a quick boil for one hour. Skim, and when cold, bottle the vinegar for use. Poured over cracked ice with a little water added, it makes a most refreshing summer beverage.—Good Housekeeping.

**Roast Quails.**  
Draw and truss these the same as pheasants; cut some thin, square layers of fat bacon, just large enough to cover a quail, spread a vine-leaf over each of these, cut it to their size, and then tie them neatly on the breasts of the quails. Run an iron skewer through the quails, fasten this on to a spit, and roast them before a brisk fire for about a quarter of an hour, then dish them up with the watercrosses around them, glaze the layers of bacon, pour some of the gravy under the quails, and serve.

**Fish Chowder.**  
For fish chowder fry some slices of salt pork in an iron pot. Put in a layer of fish, cut in slices on the pork, then a layer of thinly sliced onions and one of sliced potatoes. Repeat until the quantity desired is obtained. Season each layer of onions with salt and pepper. Split hard biscuits and place them on the sides and top. Add water enough to come into sight. When the potatoes are tender the dish is ready. Add half a pint of milk or a cup of cream and serve.

**Devilled Pigeons.**  
Cut into small pieces three onions, three green peppers, and pound in a mortar. Add to them a teaspoonful each of chutney and mixed mustard, with a little salt. Put into a saucepan and put in half a pint of claret. Cook the pigeons in water till tender, arrange in a dish and pour this sauce over them.—The Epicure.

**Venison Mutton.**  
One cup cooking wine, one cup vinegar, one grated nutmeg; pour over a leg of mutton of six or eight pounds; let stay a couple of days, turning two or three times. Roast from one and one-quarter to one and one-half hours. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour; add a little hot water, baste every fifteen minutes; currant jelly sauce.

**Canned Corn.**  
Put ripe corn over the fire in boiling salted water and cook for twenty minutes. Take from the fire and cut from the cob. Put into jars on the stove in a broad pan of water. Bring this water to a boil and seal the jars immediately. Keep in a dark, cool place.

**Frosted Cherries.**  
Dip the cherries—with the stems on and, if possible, the green leaves—in the white of an egg first and then in white sugar. Keep on ice, and serve for lunch in a glass bowl garnished with green leaves.

**Free Newspapers in Hotels.**  
"What a brute!" I heard a lady say as I rose from the dinner table in the hotel.

I did not know that I was the person to whom she referred till afterward, when a friend of mine who was sitting at a table near by spoke of the matter.

"The lady at your table last night thought you were a brute," he remarked laughingly.

"I heard her use the word, but it never occurred to me that I was the person alluded to. What did I do?" I asked.

"You carried off your newspaper."

"Well," I asked, "what of that? It was mine."

"I gathered from what she said to the waiter," continued my friend, "that in the town where she lives the hotel furnishes its guests with the daily papers. They are placed on the tables in the dining-room, and are free to all. She supposed all hotels did the same, and that you were carrying off a paper that was common property. She considered you a brute, because she was not accustomed to seeing hotel guests buy their papers."

The enumeration of 1900 shows that there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country, and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 76,303,387. The excess appears more distinctly, perhaps, when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every 1,000 people in the United States.

A remarkable commentary on the introduction of western studies into the Orient is the announcement that the Crown Prince of Siam, who has been studying at Oxford, is about to publish a volume of essays on the war of the Polish succession.



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