

ON THE BORDER LINE.

The Tour of Two Tenderfeet Through the Territory of New Mexico.

A RETREAT OF GERONIMO.

Rough Experiences of the Travelers in the Mountains While

TRYING TO FIND A LOST TRAIL.

A Land Where Water is Really Far More Precious Than Gold.

SERENADED BY THE MUSICAL COYOTES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] We had been working on the Cyclorama for 12 months, and we were dead tired; there was no doubt at all that we needed a rest. I had had over and over again to the "Crow" (he used a crow for a signature in his sketches): "When we get through with this I am going off on a vacation before I go back to New York."

Perhaps it was the Crow that said this to me first. At any rate, we had each said it so often to the other that it had become quite a settled fact between us that, as soon as the picture was completed, we should go off on a vacation together. We were through by the end of March, and the daily question changed from "When are we going?" to "Where are we going?" March and April, in Chicago, are not suggestive of a very pleasant time out of doors anywhere. It was getting to be too late for duck shooting, it was too early for fishing—the weather too disagreeable for anything. We wanted some place where we could be out of doors. Wisconsin? Michigan? Illinois? Indiana?—all too wet or too cold. Florida?—or the South? Too many people. California? We had been there just at this time of year, and didn't care to repeat the experience. Where should we go? We asked everybody we knew; they all told us different places—some few irreverently suggested Sheol. But at last we struck a man, and an inspiration, "New Mexico."

The Kodak Sign of Peace. We were soon ready. We left Chicago on the 8 P. M. train, and as we were going to rough it, we secured the solutions of a sleeper and took a seat in the chair car. When we started the car was pretty well filled, and an uneasy movement among the passengers made us realize that the more timid among them imagined from our warlike appearance that we intended to hold up the train as soon as it had pulled out of the city limits. But the cooler headed concluded

available hour out of doors. About four miles from Columbus in Polomas, in its turn a frontier town of Old Mexico. Here is located the custom house and a mob of tramps, called by courtesy a company of soldiers, assist the collector in guarding the Mexican frontier against smugglers. There is nothing to smuggle. On the American side the Government is represented by one man, and he, I should judge, is by no means overworked. The band of soldiers which represents the Mexican army at Polomas reminded me very much of the chorus of a s'teenth-rate comic opera company, and looked as if it hadn't very good credit with the customer. They are the raggedest lot of rascals ever dignified by the name of guards. When they are dull and hard up for amusements, they pass the time by killing one another. Nobody cares; and it gives the officers occupation in the shape of court martial. They aver-

surprise party at the campfire of a gang of "tenderfooters." He invariably brings his voice along. He sings by ear, and seems to do his best, when accompanied by a Winchester rifle. Our experience with Mr. Coyote began on the evening we camped out. We had seen him before, but had not been introduced. We had shot a few jack-rabbits, and some quail, and had not looked them on account of not having any toast with us, but we had a good supper of (oh, prosaic fact!) bacon and coffee. We had smoked our pipes and pulled down our nightgowns, and felt at peace with the whole world.

A Most Interesting Evening. It was a pitch dark night. The game we had killed was under a bush near our heads; a dog, which we had brought with us from the house for company, lay at our feet. We had said our last good night, and had drawn



TRYING TO FIND A LOST MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

age one corpse and two deserters per week, but the force is kept up by recruiting from the various prisons. It is a fine body of men. Geronimo and his Apaches spent considerable time in this section, and the Tres Hermanas particularly was a favorite resort of his, on account of its inaccessibility. Here, we were told, was a cave to which he used to retreat when the neighborhood became too warm for him. He would go there and stay "out of sight" for the "heated term." We found the cave, the opening to which is away up near the summit of the highest peak. From the entrance one can command a view over the plain, almost unrivaled in the sense it gives of unlimited distance. The cave seemed to descend perpendicularly into the bowels of the earth. Really a Miniature Gibraltar. It's no wonder that nobody ever attempted to dislodge Geronimo from this

where were plenty of cattle tracks, but what the distinguishing difference would be between cattle track and a burro track was something we did not know, and had forgotten to ask. Then we skirted to the right, plenty of cow tracks, but none that we could decide on as indicating burros, and finally we concluded to make a dive into the first gully that promised accessibility. So we did, and we had a great time of it.

In two or three places we had to almost drag up the horses, especially old Cinnamon, who showed an alarming inclination to lie down. We stumbled, and fell, and tripped, and swore, and dragged, and pushed the horses, and sweated away with a perseverance worthy of some lofty ambition. We began to feel serious. It was growing late. We were nearly dry. Our journey from the last water we knew of—the windmill—and there was, as yet, no sign of any water

where we were. We hunted diligently. We went several miles in every possible direction, but for some reason or other we missed just the right one.

The Retreat to the Windmill. At last we surrendered. We saddled up the horses, and made up our minds to get out of the mountain while we were able to walk, and to get as far as we could on our way to the windmill without giving up. My throat was all swollen up, and I found it not at all easy to speak much louder than a whisper. We neither of us wanted to eat—what we wanted was water—barrels of it. It seems an awful waste of good material, when you remember that the State of Illinois is estimated to have violated its agreements, and is now asked to pay \$40,000 damages in consequence.

At nightfall we just dropped down in our tracks and went to sleep. We were still a long way from the windmill, and the night was too dark and the horses too tired to attempt to go much further. We took the saddles off the horses, and did not pretend to prepare any supper for ourselves. We just pulled our blankets over our heads and tried to forget our sore throats and swollen tongues in sleep. We awoke just as dawn was showing the sky. We staggered to our feet, saddled up the horses and tottered on. In half an hour we could see the windmill, still a little way off. By 8 o'clock we were within a mile, every foot of that mile seemed a league; then, as we came nearer, we saw that not a breath of air was stirring, and the windmill was still. But there was a reservoir in the center of every windmill, into which the overflow of the trough runs, and we felt sure that there would be plenty of water in this. Eagerly we pressed on, the horses seemed to realize we were nearing water, and required less dragging. Soon we could see that several hundred feet were standing around the windmill, evidently on the same errand as we were. We called out the faithful dog—like a horse, he succeeded in getting the water to run. I filled our tin pails and took a long drink—surely the sweetest draught that ever passed a man's lips. Then I gave the dog a drink, and then I filled up the buckets and gave the horses a little. By this time the Crow was tired, so I went up and took his place, and so by alternately pumping and drinking, and firing a shot occasionally, to keep the steers away till we were done, for they were nearly frantic when they saw the water trickling from the pipe, we succeeded in quenching our own thirst and our horses', and got enough water in the canteens to make some coffee. For by this time we were hungry; we wanted coffee, and the coffee we made (though we should probably have killed a waiter if he had brought such stuff to us in

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A Man of Expedients. "There surely must be a way out of this," said the Crow, "yes, there must, there ought to be. There is a ladder down into the well, but it is 60 feet deep; we might go down and get a drink, but in the state of the sky, I don't think I could carry it that distance." But the Crow, a man of expedients. He climbed up the ladder leading to the mill, and watching for the almost imperceptible breaths of air, he started the windmill by hand. Working like a horse, he succeeded in getting the water to run. I filled our tin pails and took a long drink—surely the sweetest draught that ever passed a man's lips. Then I gave the dog a drink, and then I filled up the buckets and gave the horses a little. By this time the Crow was tired, so I went up and took his place, and so by alternately pumping and drinking, and firing a shot occasionally, to keep the steers away till we were done, for they were nearly frantic when they saw the water trickling from the pipe, we succeeded in quenching our own thirst and our horses', and got enough water in the canteens to make some coffee. For by this time we were hungry; we wanted coffee, and the coffee we made (though we should probably have killed a waiter if he had brought such stuff to us in

drive into the coyote. We fired 16 shots into him before he realized he was not well, and he let us in high dudgeon. But not for long. He was back again in 10 minutes with the glee club to which he belonged, and for the rest of the night they kept up one perpetual howl, or rather several sleep did we get all night. Every time we could locate one particular voice, we would let drive at it, but we got no satisfaction out of it, and the excessive Coyotes are not good to eat, and their skins are no good; but if they were as good as mince-pie, and their skins worth \$500 apiece, it would have been the same to us, for we did not seem able to hurt them at all. But we had an interesting evening.

An hour or so before dawn they left us; but we didn't get any sleep—we didn't seem to want any. But the sun came up, and we felt as refreshed as if we had slept in a feather bed, we forgot all about the coyotes, and were soon busy getting breakfast. We had brought a large canteen with us on our pack saddle, and we were careful to fill this up before we started for the mountain. The horses had a good long drink, and we felt able to go till night, if necessary, without striking water. We had a long tramp before us. Taking turns to ride kept us from getting footsore, but it was long past noon before we had climbed the deceptive foothills skirting the mountains, and which, for several hours, kept two or three hundred yards ahead of us, without allowing us to get near them. Then we started to the left and couldn't find any burro track;

him to pieces and scattered him over the mountain. I found the part of him with the rattles on, which I secured in triumph. Next day I cut the rattles of another snake without killing him. Everybody I have told this to seems to think this was a risky thing to do, but it did not strike me so at the time, for a wagon had passed over the snake's head and smashed it. At the time I met him he was lying so still and so quiet that it seemed quite unnecessary to kill him again.

Did you ever spend an evening with a coyote? We have. The coyote is not a very sociable bird, is somewhat diffident in the daytime, and prefers to hold communication with you after dark. It is not he (she they are of all genders) has a fine merzotto voice of considerable (cattle) range and compass. He lingers to make us in a

restaurant) tasted better than any coffee I ever had.

A few days after, we had to say goodbye to Columbus. The two tenderfooters who finished their tour, still tenderfooted and with an additional soft place, this one on their hearts for the people they met on their pilgrimage. May their shadows never grow less. To anybody who wants a rest, and an enjoyable vacation when the weather has made almost all the rest of the country unavailable—they say, unanimously and with one voice—"Go to New Mexico."

The new railroad will be finished then, and you can go down on that.

E. J. AUSTIN.

Two cases of men's fine flannel shirts by Estimote underwear, \$1 per piece. Special value. LITTLE'S, 303 Smithfield street.

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DELARTE DOCTRINES.

An Enthusiast on the Benefits Which Will Accrue From Them.

FACTS LAID AWAY IN ORDER.

Instead of Being Promiscuously and Uselessly Garbled.

NO OPPORTUNITY TO BE NEGLECTED.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

It is often said that no kind of sense is so rare as common sense, and this is true, simply because common sense is attainable by all far more, and is a natural gift far less, than most other traits of character. Common sense is the application of thought to common things, and it is rare, because most persons will not exercise thought about common things. If some important affair occurs, people try to think, but to very little purpose; because, not having exercised their powers on small things, they lack the development necessary for great ones.

Hence, thoughtless people, when forced to think on an important subject, blunder through it with no more chance of thinking of it as they should than one would