WOMEN AND THEIR WORLD.

The Latest Creations of the Rulers of Fashion's Realm.

NEW THINGS FOR HOUSE AND STREET.

A Street Costume That is Very Smart and Quite Novel.

The Newest Things in Bonnets—Hints for the Boudoir—Amelia E. Barr Writes About Lovely Old Ladies—The Beauty of Autumn of Life—Receipts for Easter.

The creators of fashions are busy with the new Spring and Summer styles, and their minds are now exercised trying to look ahead a few weeks. But as their ideas go forward, their thoughts go back more and more to the old pictures, and fashion sheets of the time of Louis XVI. This is noticed in everything, from hat to shoe. Even the quaint little bags and reticules of our great grandmothers are again coming into favor.

Skirts are still worn plain, with either a rouleaux of velvet or narrow fur at the edge; as Spring advances, of course, the fur will be dropped. Black will not be as much in favor in the near future as it has been in the past. The new shades of brown will be the color and light shades in all colors will prevail. Crepons and creped goods will continue all through the coming season among the leading materials. This beautiful and fascinating material comes in the daintiest tints, and of a heavier make than formerly. The edge of some of the goods comes with a crosswise stripe of narrow lace or ribbon, and is usually creped into the material. This year the dresses will be much plainer than for years past and heavy rough materials greatly in vogue for street wear. Among the popular trimmings are galoens composed of leather cut in the form of small flowers. The leather has a smooth dressed surface like morocco, in such colors as cream worked with iridescent heliotrope beads, green with gold, mauve with gold, and so on, according to the wearer's individual taste. The thick white lace insertions are edged with leather worked in brown, gold and the new shade called "mediterranean blue," and these also having the fringes of paillettes are much fancied trimming. Lace and velvet will continue for the demi-season and velvet will be used as trimming for dress-skirts as well, but must harmonize with the shade of the goods offering no noticeable contrast.

The above shows one of the most taking hats of the season. It is made from paroquet's wings, pale blue velvet and pink velvet roses.

The above illustration is a French bodice made entirely of Louis XVI ribbon, vest and broad collar in point d'Angleterre; ruffles of pale pink silk muslin finish the short puffed sleeves. Hair dressed high in pointed knot with pink bow. Skirt accordion pleated of blue gauze. Fan of lace and velvet.

Among the beautiful fabrics seen for summer are sheer muslins, and filmy laces suitable for trimmings, cool looking ginghams, batistes, and wash crepons.

Never have the factories sent forth more beautiful materials than in 1894. Even the cheaper fabrics are durable, beautiful and warranted not to fade. The dimities are as artistic and exquisitely finished in design and color as materials which cost three and four dollars a yard. The array is simply bewildering. Among the novelties offered is the illuminated wool duck, used for tailor-gowns. A decided aid to the ladies who have not perfect faith in their dressmakers, is the almost ready-made dresses, needing but a trifle of putting together to be ready for wearing. The skirts of the latter are cut and gored and the insertions of lace or other woven trimming set in, needing only the band to make them compete. The material for the waist is planned out together with the sleeve and waist trimming.

The handsomest street outfit I have seen this spring was a plain full skirt of black moire, with long paddock coat of same material, white glazed kid gloves stitched with black, patent leather shoes, muff of the moire and black lace, surmounted with a bunch of natural violets, black jet and lace small bonnet, and another bunch of violets under the chin. The *tout ensemble* was the most fetching it has been my good fortune to see in many months.

Among the novelties is an overdress or upper skirt hanging straight to about midway of the underskirt, and gradually sloping backwards towards the back and bottom of the lower skirt. It is a sort of revival of our first overskirts of forty years ago.

No evening dress, or street dress for that matter, is complete without the hair being well dressed. All faces are not suited to the Grecian knot, and often when features and form are in keeping the effect is spoiled by a smoothly plastered head, the sight of which would make even a statue blush. The fine part and fluffy waves now used, will make even a plain face comely. Bangs have disappeared entirely and the fascinating single curl on center of the forehead continues to hold its own. It certainly lends to add youth to any face, chic even to a plain face, and a beautiful one it makes irresistible. The hair may be worn either high or low, or half way between the two.

Among street garments comes the paddock coat of which the above is a good illustration. This is made long, coming within twenty inches of the bottom of the dress. It is tight fitting, double breasted, and tailor finished, with broad revers and big balloon-like sleeves. On a beautiful figure it is more than chic, and greatly improves even a poorly shaped figure.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A new shade of brown is called mordore.

Violets for outdoor wear are the accepted floral favorites.

The new belts are fully 18 inches wide, and made of jet to match the collar. Braid is also made up into these broad belts.

Among the new gowns are those made of swivel silk. The skirts are made plain, being in colors beautiful enough to need no addition.

Sable has become the rage in Paris, and is used upon goods from the thickest to the thinnest material, including street dresses and house gowns.

Jet is certainly taking first place among the new trimmings, and will be used in great profusion on hats and dresses alike. Even the laces are elaborately jetted.

Little girls from two to eight years of age now wear gingham sunbonnets trimmed in lace, and made out of the same material as the quaint little dresses.

One of the prettiest trimmings for light summer goods is lace beading in white or black, with drawn ribbon or velvet to correspond in color with the goods.

The tiny chameleons that have helped to so amuse the ladies for the past few months, are still much sought after. The courts decided they were not a domestic animal, and so could not be interfered with by the Bergh society.

The beautiful zouave jackets still hold their own, and never seem quite to lose their prestige, and the new and varied shapes in which they are seen combine the prettiest points of both new and old, with perfect fit and dainty finish.

The new bonnets are dainty little spring beauties of fine straw, and beautiful flowers, mounted with two dog's ear bows of black or colored velvet to match the costume. Black violets with green foliage, white violets and mignonettes are the favorite flowers for trimming.

The silver, steel tortoise shell and ribbon band tiaras, with pert little ornaments and bows in front, which have adorned the heads of girls all winter, have made way for lace. A twist of cream or white lace binds the wire round which forms the foundation of the ornament, and two beautiful lace butterflies take the place of the bow.

The reigning fad for the present year is fencing. Any woman who poses as being ultra fashionable must now at least try her hand at the manly art. To do this she must begin by joining some fashionable fencing club. Then she must purchase several sets of foils and all the accessories, but, chief of all important things, she must own a fetching costume, in which she can be photographed. Then time, diplomacy, an occasional lesson in fencing, and a generous distribution among her friends of her photographs in fencing costume, soon give her the wished for reputation as a fencer.

J. FLORENCE WILSON.

HINTS FOR THE BOUDOIR.

When a lady finds on consulting the mirror that she is worn, wrinkled and haggard looking, let her first take hot water and pure soap and thoroughly wash her face and neck, then rub the skin hard with a Turkish towel until it is all aglow, then rub cold cream carefully into all the pores, holding the skin smooth and rubbing out the wrinkles. After this thorough rubbing, take a heavy Turkish towel, dip it in water as hot as can possibly be borne to wring the towel out. Unfold quickly and hold close to the face, touching, if not too hot. Repeat this eight or nine times until the face and neck are thoroughly steamed. Then lie down and go to sleep for the night, and I guarantee that one night's work like this will make a vast improvement, and five nights of the same treatment will make one look ten years younger.

Ladies who possess rings containing stone settings, should be very careful to remove them from the fingers upon putting on gloves. The constant friction will loosen the stones more than any other usage.

Walking is more conducive to good health than anything else.

Peroxide of hydrogen rubbed on the face each night, will soon whiten and cleanse the worst complexion. Ten cents worth will last for weeks.

A few drops of listerine in a wineglass of water will work wonders in the way of sweetening the breath. Clear listerine is also good for removing a superfluity of dandruff from the head.

Bangs should be washed at least twice a week in a solution of one part alcohol and three parts soft water, and dried. By attending to this strictly, any lady can always have soft fluffy bangs.

ABOUT LOVELY OLD LADIES.

Some of the Noble Types that are Presented by Old Age.

A Busy, Affectionate Woman Says Mrs. Amelia E. Barr Never Loses Her Youth—The Tender and Graceful Beauty of Life's Autumn.

Lovely young ladies may smile at the term, but is nevertheless quite true, that old ladies may be as charming in their way at seventy years of age, as their grand-daughters are at seventeen—for it is the low sun in life, as well as in nature, that makes the color, and the evening of well-spent days, ought to have the splendor and the peace of the westering sun. At the same time, Age is not exempted from the variety which distinguishes every other portion of life. Beauty, use, grace and value are to be found among aged women, though they may have different aspects from the same qualities in youth, and again, there are those to whom the years have taught nothing, and given nothing, and from whom they have taken away, even that, which in the days of their youth they possessed. The latter class in no way come under the designation of "Lovely Old Ladies." They are the Mrs. Skewtons, and Miss Crawleys of fiction; prattling about the gay places of the world, that they ought long ago to have decently retired from. Out of their place, and therefore out of use and honor, caricaturing youth and beauty, they are fit objects for the scorn of those youthful years they affect; and also of those mature years, they dishonor.

Age has, however, far nobler types than these. Its physical beauty is a thing to be felt, not seen with the eyes; and therefore the thoughtless and unfeeling do not see it. For the beauty of age is *inward* beauty. It is the essence of pain and sorrow and victory, informing the mere flesh and blood, and transfiguring it. Youth thinks sorrow to be an accident of life, which it may escape. On the contrary, it is the very woof, woven into the weft of life. Our nerves were made to suffer; our hearts were made to bleed; and every woman that attains to the highest law of her being, must have been wounded in all her affections, and be able to say of every part of her body "it has its history of suffering." Pain is specially the refiner of women, and it is to its fine graving, they owe in age that clear, passionless face, and that air of patience and serenity, which in itself is a beauty far beyond that of mere form or color.

Nothing has ever so absolutely proved the beauty of age as the "human documents" which are now one of the great attractions of our magazines—the faces of famous men and women from their youth upward. In the great majority of these "documents" the round, pulpy prettiness of youth, steadily grows finer, nobler, more instinct with intellect and feeling; so that no one with a soul, could hesitate a moment, between the beauty of the youthful and the aged face. The first is perhaps only the likeness of a handsome animal; but the latter has been graven by the lessons of life, until it has become the likeness of a living soul.

Looking at such faces in aged women, we are never reminded of their years; for their souls throw a weft of radiance across the pale, or wrinkled lineaments. No amount of mechanical training, no "school" of expression or repression, can teach an aged woman this air and attitude of her years, if her nature is hard, worldly, and unlovely, it is from within, not from without, and even a little child will never need to be told the difference. No! not until the fierce passions of youth and middle age are stilled, not until the eyes lose their fire, and the cheeks their flush, is the "Beauty of the Lord our God upon us"—the beauty of a spirit purified by loss, and yet radiant with a better hope.

For really beautiful old women are of that noble band who are born for adversity, by this token—that they have conquered it. They have been wives and mothers, they have climbed many a hill of Difficulty with the one they loved, they have walked with God in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. They have sent sons and daughters into the world well trained for its many conflicts. They have laid others in the grave. They at least understand in all its variety and fullness "the low sad music of humanity." To them come the young with all their passionate griefs and hopeless losses, and the middle aged with all their anxious perplexities. For the words of such women, especially to their own sex, are wiser and more potent oracles, than any Delphian priestess ever uttered; since they surely, who have come nobly out of deep tribulations, can best tell of the joys and gains of conquest.

It is a foolish idea, that Age cannot advise or sympathize with youth. The world indeed changes and moves onward, but the great essentials and attributes of humanity, change not. What the women of Abraham's time were, in their loves and hatreds, so are the women of the present day; and those who have felt the force, and drank the sweet and bitter wine of both conditions, are for the young, earth's best councillors; since their experience does really, often attain

"To something like prophetic strain;"

while, undoubtedly, the residium of human wisdom, refined by age, is perhaps the best there is in us.

And pray who can sympathize with youth, as well as the aged can? Even in the matter of a love affair, no young woman will give a sympathy so wise, and so warm, as a good kindly old woman. Her own love-life may lie far behind her; but it lies in that glory of memory, which no selfish thought troubles. She remembers that "she too has been in Arcadia." She had no jealousies to warp her counsel, and she has very likely a stronger, and more romantic prepossession in favor of a love match, than the majority of eager, ambitious young women are capable of feeling.

Why not? The past is ours, only when it is gone. The young never understand the meaning of their youth—its love, and joy, and sorrow—until they can look back from a long distance of years. Then only they know the meaning of it all. Then only, they see the blunders they have committed; the opportunities they have wasted; the priceless affections they have flung away. Youth, while passing, is a condition but partially enjoyed and apprehended; but in Old Age, it is claimed as an inheritance, that nothing but annihilation can take from us.

As youth is the season of personal charm, and as woman's influence in this direction, is most easy and evident, there is no wonder that they fear the days, when they will be no longer fleshly, lovely and desirable. Yet in the matter of physical beauty, Old Age is not necessarily ugly. It has its own beauty—the beauty of the autumn of life, and this may last until the eternal spring of a nobler future. Beautiful the faded hair and complexion; the softer smile, the tenderer eyes, the perfect harmony, fair in its order, as the most buxom youth. And a really lovely old lady always knows how to make a picture of herself, by a profusion of soft lace and tender greys. She shades her white hair with whiter laces, and covers her neck with a snowy kerchief, and drapes her form in soft dark colors, and throws around her a final grace, that light lace or crape shawl, which the French call "*le drapeau de vieille femme.*"

Such an aged woman is in perfect harmony with her years, and she affects all our senses pleasantly. She never rouses criticism and dislike, as do those bewigged, befrizzled, painted wrecks, whose grasp on a life that has passed away, makes them hideous. The lovely old lady is wise enough to renounce the world, before it renounces her; for she has too much respect for her own grey hairs, to carry them to theatres, and ballrooms, or into places where only the young and the frivolous have any right to be. But in her home she holds a far nobler court; she becomes there the classic matron of the Romans, or better still, the Mother in Israel whom all the young people of her acquaintance honor. For them she opens the book of her life—she shows them the marks of her tears, of her struggles and her victories, and makes them welcome to the strength and the wisdom she has gained in her many experiences. And this is the natural condition, the best relationship of youth and age; for youth cannot enjoy life rationally, without some flavor of age in its seething must. Or if youth be a brilliant flame, then age must steady it, or we may expect it to flare out, and burn wildly, and do mischief to itself and others.

The world is truly and very reasonably impatient with mere length of days. An aged woman who has "sent no thither in her seventy-five years, and done nothing with them, and who has no more wisdom and patience than a very child, must blame others if they feel her to be a cumberer of the ground. These are the women to whom the adjective "old" may be rightly applied. They have always been mere children of larger growth; they have never cultivated their understandings, and they must expect to sink into an unloved, and unlovely old age.

But no healthy mind, in a reasonably healthy body, ever feels old. To feel old, is to be tired of living, and no woman with her heart and hands full, is tired of living. It has indeed been said, that long life comes to us, immortality, did to Tithonus—at the wrong end. But this is not true, for though youth soon passes, and middle-age quickly lapses into age, and then the years in which "the foolish say—"I have no pleasure in them" appear to lengthen indefinitely out; it need not be a cheerless vista, unless a woman's only hope and business, had been in her own charms and pleasures. If she had been a loving, busy, cheerful woman, these qualities grow; they grow to maturity, *and they remain mature*; for in them there is no inherent principle of decay, as there is in mere fleshly beauty.

A busy affectionate woman never grows old. The springs of reverence, imagination, and love lie too deep in her, to be dried up. Nourished by the dews of her heart, her intellect grows fresher and richer. She lives among "things unseen" and having kept well in practice all the thousand strings of the harp of life, she enjoys her tarrying in the House of Old Age; feeling thankful to know the white that in a long old age, she is becoming, as it were purified of the sins of the body. So with

"No fears to beat away, no strifes to heal,
The past unsighed-for, and the future sure,"

she grows sweetly a little, and a little nearer to that day, when she will become of age, to claim eternal youth.

AMELIA E. BARR.

TIMELY RECIPES FOR EASTER.

Dainty Dishes in Which Eggs are the Chief Ingredient—A Tempting Variety.

Eggs in the Shell.—When properly done, eggs are cooked evenly through like any food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover and then pouring over them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs; cover tightly and set them on back of stove where they will keep hot and not boil for 15 minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs evenly, and they will be found much nicer than the old method of boiling.

Breaded Eggs.—Boil hard and cut in round, thick slices; pepper, salt and dip each in beaten raw egg, then in fine bread crumbs or powdered cracker crumbs and fry in butter hissing hot. Drain off every drop of grease and serve hot.

Escalloped Eggs.—Place in a deep earthen dish alternate layers of hard-boiled eggs and grated bread crumbs, seasoning with salt and pepper and bits of butter; over the last layer pour sufficient milk gravy made rich, to moisten the egg thoroughly. Sprinkle cracker crumbs over the top and bake till brown. Send to the table in the dish in which they are cooked.

Egg Muffins.—Place a dripping-pan as many muffin rings as you desire. Butter them and break an egg in each; put on a little salt and pepper and a bit of butter to each, and put into the oven and brown nicely. Serve hot and they will be found delicious.

Codfish and Eggs.—We have ham and eggs, why not codfish and eggs as well? Properly soak and pick the fish to pieces, to each cup of fish put in two eggs and beat well together, drop from a spoon into hot butter, or half butter and lard or drippings, and fry a nice brown on both sides. Can be fried in pan or on griddle as pancakes. If fried once they will be again and again, which is the best praise that can be given a dish.

Eggs in the Nest (nice dish for breakfast).—Beat to a froth the whites of six eggs, a little pepper and salt; pour into a buttered baking tin, dip upon it six tablespoonfuls of nice cream, one only in a place, upon each spoonful of cream drop one of the yolks whole (being careful not to break them); place in a moderately hot oven to cook and serve hot as omelet should be. This will be found especially tempting if neatly done.

Egg Turbot.—One dozen cold hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, one and one-half pint of cream gravy seasoned highly with pepper and salt, celery salt and a little mixed parsley; mix with the minced eggs the juice of half a lemon, stir them into the gravy and bake with cracker crumbs strewn over the top. Serve hot.

Eggs and Cheese.—Break carefully into an ordinary pie plate five eggs; sprinkle over them pepper and salt, and small pieces of butter, and cover all with a thin layer of grated cheese. Serve hot for luncheon.

M. R. W.

Superintendent Byrnes, of New York, told Major Calhoun that women were more inclined to vice and less inclined to crime than men. They succeed as shop-lifters and blackmailers, but they draw the line where strength and courage are required.

A common snail has 30,000 teeth, and some butterflies have 500 eyes.

THE REALM OF THE CHILDREN

The Thrilling Story of a Daring Young Mexican Horseman.

HOW HE SAVED HIS COMPANIONS LIVES.

They Were Penned in by Apaches, but He Brought Relief.

Littlest Newsboy and How He Sold His Wares—How Toddlekins Was Found by the Milkman When Lost—New Toys and Those Who Make Them—Other Things for the Little Ones.

A DARING HORSEMAN.

BY NELSON THORPE.

"Let no harm befall my boy, Pedro Gomez."

That is what the mother said to her husband Juan Gomez, our guide, and she intended, evidently, that the rest of the party should hear and heed her, for she raised her voice in a way that intimated this purpose.

This was at the little hamlet of Ojo Caliente, where we had spent a few days securing a guide, and preparing for our survey expedition into the then almost unknown mountains of Western New Mexico and Arizona, for this was some years before the coming of the railroad to those wild lands.

At that time, the Apache Indians, although not numerous, were giving a great deal of trouble to our soldiers in the few posts scattered throughout the country, and it would have been downright reckleness to travel without an escort of troops.

We had twenty men of the Fifth Cavalry with our survey party of eight, but as none of us had ever been through the country we were about to explore, a guide was necessary, and Juan Gomez, who knew the route thoroughly, was employed.

As Juan Gomez refused to go unless his son Pedro was taken along, we had reluctantly to agree to the presence of the youth, and, as it turned out, it was well for ourselves that we did so.

Excepting the teamsters, every man in our party was mounted, and as we traveled, our little body of cavalry, under the command of a sergeant, was kept busy night and day guarding against a surprise from the dreaded Apaches.

The only person in our expedition who

"MOUNTED ON A MEXICAN MUSTANG."

seemed to be entirely fearless was that remarkable boy, Pedro Gomez.

Pedro was a handsome lad, slender, dark as an Indian, and the quietest boy of fifteen I ever met, and it has been my good fortune to meet a great many boys of all races. He was mounted on a Mexican mustang, as light, wiry and active as himself, and between the two there seemed to be a perfect understanding.

No horse was so well cared for as Pedro's, and when the other animals were breaking down with fatigue, sore backs and the want of shoes, that wonderful pony—he called him "Don"—continued to be as fresh and bright-eyed as on the day we started from Ojo Caliente.

While the soldiers and engineers always kept within sight and supporting distance of each other, Pedro wandered away at his own sweet will. Sometimes he would start off in the morning and we would not see him again till we were about to make camp at night, but he and Don always turned up as fresh as when they started out.

I spoke to the father about the danger of having the boy wandering off in this fashion, and he said with a shrug of the shoulders "Oh, Pedro is all right; Pedro would ride that pony all about thro' this land by himself, if it was full of Apaches, and no harm would come to him."

Despite this assurance, and the fact that the boy always carried a little rifle, that looked like a toy, and a silver-hilted hunting-knife, I always felt nervous when he was out of sight.

Another thing about this boy, that struck me as strange, was that he never spoke unless in response to a question; and while he often smiled, I never heard him laugh aloud.

It would be a mistake to suppose from this that Pedro was morose or stupid. His bright, intelligent face showed that he was entirely content, and his big black eyes told

A RACE FOR LIFE.

that he was far from being indifferent to what was going on about him.

One day in a fit of confidence, the father told me that Pedro's wanderings were largely due to his orders, as he wanted the boy to learn the country, and so be able to guide when he became a man.

It is said "familiarity breeds contempt;" but I think it would better express it to say, "familiarity breeds indifference." We soon grew accustomed to the boy's ways, and he became a pet of the engineers and of the rough, bronzed soldiers of our escort.

After three months hard work, we reached the northern spurs of the San Francisco mountains in Arizona, and here, for the first time, the recently extinguished fires told us we were in the vicinity of the Apaches, whom we were so eager to avoid. After that our sleep was not so peaceful as it had been.

Judging from the signs our guide thought there were at least two hundred people in the Apache band near by, and he frankly told us that it would go hard with our little party, if the Indians attacked us with all their force.

The nearest point from which we could get assistance was Fort Whipple, ninety miles to the south, the intervening country being hilly and cut up by deep, dry canons.

One afternoon the Indian signs were so fresh about us, that, acting on the guide's advice, we went into camp an hour earlier than usual, and because of the advantages for defence of the place we had come upon. It was a natural wall of volcanic rocks, with a good spring in the center and a clear space in the middle large enough for our horses and four wagons. Behind us there was a canon several hundred feet in depth, up which, it seemed, nothing but a bird could safely come.

If the Indians attacked us here, it must be from the front or flanks, and with our superior arms we felt reasonably sure we could keep back any force they could bring against us.

For the first time since he had joined us, I noticed that our guide was troubled at the absence of his son, and his anxiety was shared by all his associates.

We had hardly completed our defence, when the two troopers, who had been acting as videttes, a hundred yards in front, discharged their carbines to give the alarm, and then came running in with anxiety in their faces. In reply to a question, one of them gasped:

"The Apaches are close by, and the woods are full of them!"

A chorus of shrill yells, and the whiz of arrows falling into the stockade, convinced us the soldier was right.

Each man, rifle in hand, had taken the place assigned to him, we heard Pedro calling from the other side of the canon, which was about two hundred feet across, and, as it seemed to us, entirely impassable for man or horse.

The boy was right as to the place where we could be found, but knowing nothing about the canon, he was not prepared for it.

"Thank the saints!" cried the guide as he piously crossed his breast, "that the boy is on the other side!"

I took a look across the awful chasm and saw the boy coolly stroking his horse, and I imagined that I heard the joyous whistle with which he always announced his approach to camp.

I did not think it was possible that he could come to us to-night, and in view of the danger that confronted us, I was heartily glad he was on the other side, where there was grass for his horse, food enough for himself in his saddle bags, and—safety.

Without doubt the boy heard the yelling of the now swarming Apaches and the occasional crack of a rifle or carbine must have told him the fight was on, a fight which but few men in a safe position would voluntarily care to get into.

While watching the front, I could hear the guide shouting in Spanish to the boy to stay where was for the night, and that if in the morning the Indians were in the stockade, to make his way back to his mother, stopping at Zuni for food, and tell her that he Pedro Gomez, was able to take care of her, and to take his father's place as a guide.

I could not make out the boy's response, but from the tone of his voice I inferred that he was determined to join us.

It grew dark very rapidly, but as it would have been courting death to make a fire to show a light, we had to go without coffee that night and be contented with hard tack and raw bacon.

The Apaches evidently believed they had us at their mercy, for they established a camp out of sight where we could see the glare of their fires and hear what we were told by the guide were, their war songs.

I have said that it seemed to me impossible that any wingless thing could cross that canon. If this was the case by day, the difficulty was increased by darkness; great, then, was my surprise about ten o'clock, to hear the cheery voice of Pedro inside the stockade.

The guide caught the boy in his arms, and after kissing him asked:

"Did you fly across, my son?"

"No," replied the lad, "while it was yet light, I saw how I could get down to the bottom of the canon, and up on this side, and, as soon as it was dark, I did it without any trouble."

"Then you must get back, for it will weaken my arm to know you are in danger," said the guide, and his voice sounded as if he were choking back a sob.

"I am not afraid to stay with you father," said the boy.

"But the mother, what would she do if we were both gone?"

"God would care for her. No, I could not go back to Ojo Caliente without you. People would point at me and say, 'There goes Pedro Gomez, who ran away to save himself when his poor father was facing the Apaches,' said Pedro, with spirit.

During this conversation, which I was forced to overhear, it struck me that we could make far better use of Pedro than keeping him, with his boy inside the stockade.

I knew that if General Grant, then in command of the Eighth Cavalry, at Fort Whipple, ninety miles to the south, knew of our danger he would at once send a force to relieve us.

Turning to the boy, I asked:

"Were you ever at Fort Whipple, Pedro?"

"Once, Senor," he replied.

"Could you find your way there alone?"

"Oh, yes, Senor," he said confidently.

"How long would it take you?"

"Go Don?"

"Yes, on Don," for I knew it would be death for him to try to get out of the stockade mounted.

He looked up at the stars before replying, then said slowly:

"If I start at once, and have good luck, I think I could reach Fort Whipple by noon to-morrow."

"But would you be willing to try it?"

"Yes, senor," he said without an instant's hesitation.

"And do you think you could get back to your horse, to-night?"

"I am sure I could."

"And you are willing to try it?"

"Yes."

Although in command of the party, I thought it better to tell my purpose at once to my companions; then shielding a candle, so that the light could not be seen outside the stockade, I wrote a note to the commandant at Fort Whipple, outlining the situation, and asking for speedy assistance.

This note I gave to Pedro, who concealed it outside his tunic. The cook placed some food in a haversack that could hang from his shoulder, as he made his way back, and then he filled his canteen at the spring and said he was ready.

His father caught the boy to his breast, and I heard his sobs as he kissed him good bye. Those nearest him pressed the youth's hands and his last words were, before he vanished in the direction of that awful chasm:

"Do not lose heart, comrades, I shall reach Fort Whipple before noon to-morrow."

I think I can say without vanity that there was not a coward inside our little stockade, but I am very sure, desperate though our situation was, that any one of us would not have accepted the greatest fortune in the world as an inducement to change places with young Pedro Gomez.

He told us that when he got back to the pony and was again in the saddle, he would announce the fact by a shot into the air from his rifle.

In my anxiety for the boy's safety, I quite forgot the danger in our front. I remained near the edge of the black gorge, fearing every second that I would hear a loosened stone thundering down, and announcing that the boy had lost his foot-hold, or a horrified scream telling of his fall, but no noise, save the melancholy moaning of the wind, came up from the black depths.

After a wait that was painfully long, we saw a flash across the canon, followed by the sharp crack of the rifle, and aloud or in their hearts, all the listeners fervently thanked Heaven that the boy was over.

Our guide did not think the Apaches would attack before daylight, and, as it was necessary that every man should be in as good a condition as possible, the soldiers and the men of the survey corp were divided into reliefs; but those free to sleep, did so with their rifles by their sides.

I had been up till long after midnight, so that I was sleeping soundly, when I was startled into wakefulness by a series of blood-curdling yells, and, as I jumped to my feet and saw the gray dawn gathering about the distant mountain peaks, I did not need to be told that the expected attack had begun.

The Indians did not expose themselves, but from their places of concealment behind the neighboring rocks, they fired their rifles and blazing arrows at such an angle into this for that soon they began to fall into the stockade, and one of our wagons was set on fire. As this contained our ammunition our safety depended on extinguishing it at once, which we did, but not till a number of men had burned their hands so severely that they could not use their rifles.

To avoid the rain of fire and bullets, we carried our saddles on our heads when moving about. As there was no foe to be seen except now and then a dark, shadowy figure flitting from tree to tree in the distance, our men were advised to save their ammunition till such time as it could be used with effect, and for this time the most reckless was not eager.

The long day ended at last, and with night the yelling was renewed, and we could hear outside a rolling, crashing sound, which the guide said was made by the Apaches rolling logs and bundles of wood in the direction of the stockade, to burn us out.

He was right in his surmise, the fires were lit about midnight, at a dozen points, and the fuel being dry, we were soon in a semi-circle of flame and smoke. Fortunately for us, the wind blew from the south, so that we suffered but little heat from any other direction our wagons would have caught fire, and that would mean the end.

Needless here to tell of the sleepless anxiety of that night, the next day and the next night. At length the Indians, manifested to our resistance, formed about us in a great circle, as if about to charge. But their fierce yells were drowned out by the roar of a bugle, and brave cheers and the rattle of flying hoofs from the south. Then the Apaches vanished as if the earth had swallowed them.

At the head of the troops from Fort Whipple rode Pedro Gomez looking as did Don, as fresh as when he started. Need I say that the brave lad was welcomed and honored by the men he had rescued, and that from that hour he was the idol of our expedition?

In the palmy days of Rome many of the Senators had an income of a million dollars a year, this would be equal to twelve millions at the present time. But then they not only ruled but they owned the country.

HOW TODDLEKINS GOT LOST.

He Fell in a Coal Hole, but Was Found after a Long and Weary Search.

Toddlekins was the dearest baby on the street. Toddlekins was just able to walk, and to see him totter along, with his shoulders all humped up, as if he expected to come down on the end of that little turnup nose, set between the blinkest of blue eyes, was too funny for anything. Papa, mamma, and all the others had such lots of fun when Toddlekins began to walk. Down he would go, and then he would look up so surprised, and his red cheeks would get redder and his yellow curls would stand out all around the sides of his little blue bonnet. He would not guess what they were all laughing at. Maria, the little tricky-colored girl, was entrusted with Toddlekins in the house, but whenever he was let out to walk on the sidewalk, mamma said Maria was too risky.

So Mary, Toddlekins' sister, who was twelve years old, was sent out to let Toddlekins take the air when the weather was fine. But Mary, though she loved Toddlekins as she said, "almost to death," still liked to gossip with her schoolmates, and currently with Sally Palmer, who was full of fun and had such lots of shows to tell, and the very latest dolls and doll dresses. One day when the sun was shining and the snow was all off the street, Mary, who was about to go to Sally, got permission to take Toddlekins out for half an hour. She was not to go farther away than six houses from the house. Mary meant to obey, but when she had got Toddlekins out on the walk and he chirped and laughed, and acted as if he wanted to run a race with the wagons in the street, and shook his little blue cloak and said "shoo!" to a big dog, and stamped his foot, Mary forgot, and seeing Sally at the front door of her house, ran over where Sally was, just to take a peep at the latest fashions. She quite forgot Toddlekins, the doll was so lovely, but Toddlekins was a moving object, and pulling his hand out of Mary's he started off. Sally led to run upstairs and get a big dolls cloak to show to Mary, and Mary had to look the doll over, and when Sally came down there were oohs and ahs, and so much praise of the dolls, that Toddlekins was forgotten, or at least for a time.

When Mary looked around there was no Toddlekins in sight. No sooner had she gone by that Toddlekins could have been carried away in. No tramp had passed, and nothing had happened, but Toddlekins had gone. Mary fairly screamed, and after looking a minute or two, ran home, thinking maybe the baby had run home and mamma had taken him in. But no, Toddlekins was not there. Mamma almost fainted with terror, and rushed out of doors. All the neighbors were approached on either side of the street, but no, not a person knew where Toddlekins had gone. "How could a child that weighed thirty pounds be carried off and nobody know it?" said Mrs. Muggins. Stets, the policeman, had seen nothing. Jorgens, the milkman, had noticed the baby on the walk, and all at once he was gone. Papa was sent for, and came home from the store, sure that any one could find the lost baby if they tried. But after hunting an hour, the fast beating heart of papa began to give way to grief, and you could see tears in his eyes. Mamma was down sick on the bed. Poor little Toddlekins, should we never see him more? A half dozen policemen looked all over for him, and every woman on the block was engaged in the search. There were as many people around as at a fire, but not one could help in the least.

Little Marta, seven years old, who had been reading about balloons, went to where papa sat with his head in his hands, crying over the lost baby, and softly said: "I fink a man in a balloon came down an' carried off poor Toddlekins." Well, that was about as near right as anybody could guess. It was mourning over all the street, and as night came on papa and mamma were almost crazy.

At last, about nine o'clock, Jorgens, the milkman, went down cellar in his milk office, and taking a lamp went out under the sidewalk, where was a number of bales of hay, and there on the top of one lay little Toddlekins, sound asleep, his yellow curls around his sweet face, and traces of tears in his eyes. How did he get there? Easy enough. The cover of a coal hole in the sidewalk had slipped, and when Toddlekins sat down and began to inspect it, he went out of sight in a minute. As he went down he caught at the cover, and when poor Toddlekins vanished the cover slipped back to its place, and who would have known where Toddlekins had gone? The sudden fall upon a pile of soft hay had not hurt Toddlekins, and after a good cry, which nobody heard, he fell asleep, for he was tired, and after waking up and calling for papa and mamma, he thought that it was still night, and cuddled down and slept again. Poor, dear little baby, the angels were watching over him, and he slept as sound as if he were in his crib at home, while papa and mamma would not sleep a wink, thinking what had become of their dear, dear little Toddlekins. When Jorgens found him he looked up and laughed, and Jorgens said, "You could a knocked me down with a feather!" Five minutes afterwards the baby was in mamma's arms, being almost kissed to death