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Arthur V. Walsh, PLASTERER.

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THE GUERRILLA QUEEN.

"Before I tell you my story, gentlemen," said Captain Sheldon, to a small party of us who sat around the festive board, "I will give you a toast. Fill up your glasses, and let it be drunk in silence."

"As we all complied, the Captain rose and said, with much solemnity—"To the memory of the brave heroes who fell at Monterey!"

"I believe I promised you a somewhat romantic story, in which I happened to play a rather important part," proceeded Captain Sheldon, as one collecting his thoughts for a direct, straightforward narration.

"Well, here you have it, then; and I am inclined to think the facts will interest you, even if my manner of telling them does not."

"It is needless," pursued the Captain, to enter into any description of the storming of Monterey, for with the general facts you are all familiar; and it is also needless to tell you that, as one of that glorious band of heroes, known as the Texas Rangers—or, as General Worth was pleased to style us, the Texas Dragoons—I saw some pretty hard fighting during the memorable siege.

"We had taken Fort Teneris, the Bishop's Palace and some other strong positions, and had concentrated our forces upon the town, and were forcing our way as best we could to the Cathedral Plaza, where the main body of the enemy were then stationed.

"The conflict was terrible, and at its height, and the roar of cannon the sharp rattle of musketry, the thunder of dashing artillery, the battering of doors, the pecking thro' thick walls, the loud commands of officers, the shouts of the assailants, the groans of the wounded, and the shrieks of terrified women and children—all together, made a most horrid din, such as I never wish to hear again.

"The streets being barricaded, and each building turned into a sort of fortified citadel—from the flat roof of which, behind breastworks of sand-bags, the enemy continually poured down a most destructive fire—it became necessary for some of the troops to enter these buildings, force a passage through from one to the other, dislodge the garrison of each, and use them as safe coverts from which to annoy the foe in return.

"In this hazardous occupation, I had been engaged for several hours and had witnessed some fearful scenes—as, in cutting our way through from one house to the other, we had occasionally come in contact with men brave enough to bar our passage with their lives—when suddenly, just as I had thrown myself down on a seat to get my breath and a few moments' rest, I heard the wild shout that announced the successful passage of our little band into another adjoining building.

"Fairly mingled with this shout, were the report of fire-arms, the clash of steel, and the shrieks of women; and starting up I ran forward, with my sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. Making my way to the aperture which had been forced thro' the two walls, I entered an apartment dimly lit, where all was excitement and confusion.

"Our party, still victorious, were mostly grouped around two wounded comrades; while near them lay two dead Mexicans, their comrades having fled; and in one corner several women were huddled together, greatly terrified and shrieking for mercy, supposing us, from all they had heard, to be no better than a most savage.

"As I could speak Spanish so as to be readily understood, I stepped forward to the frightened females, and had just begun to utter a few words calculated to allay their fears, when I fancied I heard a heavy jarring sound in an adjoining room, and a wild cry in Spanish of, 'Spare him! spare him! he is my father!'

"Perceiving a door, which I thought might lead to the room in question, I sprang to it, tore it open, and, in the centre of a small apartment, at once beheld three figures—an old man grappling with a young one—and a beautiful female, with her arms partly drawn around the elder, as if to throw him away and shield him, while a prayer for mercy was issuing from her lips.

"Hold! I shouted, in a tone that instantly arrested the attention of all parties. 'Senior,' I quickly added in Spanish, addressing the old gentleman, 'you must at once yield yourself a prisoner of war, or I cannot be answerable for the consequences!'

"He had already done so, Senior Caballero, when this fellow attempted to rob him, and he grappled with him to prevent himself from being plundered," said the female, turning upon me a most beautiful face, and fixing upon me a pair of most bewitching black eyes.

"What! have we a common highwayman and thief among us?" cried I turning upon the Ranger, whose now downcast and guilty look at once convinced me that the accusation was just.

"He began to stammer forth some excuse, but I ordered him out of my sight, with a threat of more severe punishment in the event of my hearing anything more of his disgrace.

"Oh! thanks, noble sir! many, many thanks!" cried the female, springing forward, seizing my hand, and carrying it to her lips. 'Oh, spare him!' she continued, fixing her large, soft, lustrous eyes upon me, in the most fascinating manner in the world; spare him! spare my father! and heaven will bless you, and Paula will ever remember you with gratitude!

"Be assured, fair lady, he is only a prisoner of war, and not a hair of his head shall be injured!" was my gallant reply, as I looked steadily into the dark, soul-speaking eyes so near to mine, and felt a strange, romantic fascination stealing over me.

"Father, do you hear that?" said Paula, joyfully. "See what it is to meet with a noble officer! Pray step into that closet there, and bring him some refreshments."

"Thanks, fair lady!" said I, as the old gentleman opened a side door and disappeared, as directed. "Hard fighting and a long fast are truly calculated to give a man an appetite, and I flatter myself I shall be able to do justice to your fare."

"Oh, this siege is terrible for all parties!" said Paula; and she continued talking on the subject for a moment or two, when she stopped suddenly, and saying, "Pray excuse me till I see what detains my father," she hurried out through the same door, closing it after her.

"At this moment some of the men came in from the other room, when I informed them what had occurred, and that shortly we were to have something to break our long fast. But when some five minutes had passed away, without the reappearance of either Paula or her father, we began to grow impatient; and going to the door, I opened it, and discovered that it was a ruse of the girl, to effect her own and her father's escape—for the door merely opened into a vestibule, which led into a garden—the house itself being built rather after the English than the Spanish style.

"Well, the escape was a trivial thing in itself, and after a few playful compliments from my comrades, the subject was dropped and the incident was forgotten, we having enough before us of a more serious nature to occupy our minds.

"I pass over the siege—for that is a matter of history. The American army, as the world knows, was victorious; and after three or four days hard fighting on both sides, the Mexicans capitulated, and were allowed to march out of the city, with the honors of a war.

"A few days after this event, the Rangers were mustered out of service, and I was once more master of my time and person. I lingered about the town for a few days longer, and then set off with a train for Camargo, on my return to the United States.

"I pass over several little incidents which might or might not interest you, but which have no bearing on the story which it is my purpose to relate. About twelve or fifteen miles from Mer, the train halted late one hot afternoon; and being told that a small party of our men had ridden on to Mer, and might easily be overtaken, I resolved to push on alone for that purpose.

"The road, somewhat hilly, and passing over an almost barren waste of country, I knew to be dangerous, from the prowling bands of guerrillas that infested it; and had I not felt certain of overtaking the party in advance before night-fall, I should not have attempted it alone.

"But as fortune would have it, I got enlightened before overtaking my comrades; and in one of the most gloomy and dismal places on the route—a deep dark hollow between two steep hills—I found myself suddenly jerked from my horse to the ground, by means of a lasso, which had been thrown over my head with unerring aim, and which, falling over my arms so completely plighted them to my body, as to prevent my drawing a single weapon in my defence.

"Scarcely had I struck the ground, when two men sprang upon me, and I could see the bright blades of their weapons gleam in the dim light.

"For God's sake gentlemen, do not murder me!" I cried in Spanish, though with little hope that my prayer would be heeded—for I had seen more than one cross on my route, to note the spot where some solitary traveller had fallen a victim to the so-called knights of the road.

"Who are you?" gruffly demanded one of the two, as he determinedly put his hand upon my throat and raised his knife, as I believed, for the fatal stroke.

"Why don't you finish him, Guido?" said a voice at a short distance from me; and glancing my eye in the direction of the speaker, I dimly perceived three or four figures grouped together, one of whom had my horse by the bit. 'Why don't you finish him? What is it to you who or what he is?'

"Why, if he is a gentleman," returned Guido, as he deliberately brought the point of the sharp weapon down upon my naked throat, "who knows but he might pay us a handsome ransom for his life?"

"I caught at the suggestion, and instantly replied: 'I will—twice! I am a gentleman of means, and will pay you any ransom that we may agree upon, at any place convenient to both.'"

"Fools! why do you do this? Dead men tell no tales!" cried another voice behind me, which not only sounded like that of a woman, but which, strangely enough, I fancied was not altogether unfamiliar to me.

"Can it be possible that one of the gentler sex decries me to death?" said I; while the ruffian whose hand and knife were upon my throat, seemed to wait for some reply before the completion of his bloody work.

"Hold, Guido—stay your hand!" said the same feminine voice. "Who are you, sir?" was next addressed to me.

"If it is Paula who asks that question, I am the officer who saved her father at the storming of Monterey," was my reply to the interrogation.

"Ha! is it so indeed?" said the same voice. "Back there, Pablo and Guido! and as the ruffians released their hold of me, a woman's face was brought close to mine, and that face I could see was Paula's. It is true!" she proceeded, after a close scrutiny of my features; "this gentleman did save father, and for that act he is now free Senior Caballero," she continued, addressing me, "accept my regrets for the trouble I have given you, and my congratulations that nothing more serious has occurred! Arise, sir—you are free. Mount your horse and away, with a God-speed and without question! And when you relate this adventure to your friends, tell them you found gratitude even in the breast of Paula Mendolez, the Guerrilla Queen."

The Hebrew Brothers. When our great Teacher told his hearers, in the Sermon on the Mount, that they ought to make up their quarrels and forget their mutual hatreds before performing an act of worship, probably many of them felt their hearts respond to his words.

There is a true story from the Netherlands, that two Hebrew brothers, Joseph and Isaac, affectionate, but naturally high-tempered, one day had a difference, and parted in hot anger.

It was the day before the Sabbath, and as evening drew near Joseph's wife observed him walking to and fro, looking uneasy and unhappy. She finished and laid aside her weekly work, and waited for him to come in and make the usual preparation. The sun went down, but he still moved about, and seemed to grow more nervous and gloomy every minute.

She spoke to him. "Husband, it is almost dark. Will you not light the Sabbath lamp?" But Joseph paid no heed. Presently she called him again. "Dear husband, why do you not come in? The Sabbath has already begun. Behold! overhead the Lord has lit His stars. But our lamp is dark."

Then Joseph, looking more troubled than ever, suddenly seized his staff and walked away, leaving his wife in anxiety and wonder. He was gone, however, but a short time, and when he returned his face and manner were entirely changed.

Calmly he offered the Sabbath prayer, and then with a smile he lit the Sabbath lamp. His wife, still wondering, questioned him. "Rebecca, my beloved," he said, "I could not worship till I was reconciled with Isaac. It is done, and now I am at peace."

"But," said she, "how could you go to Isaac's house and come back so soon?" "Ah, Rebecca, my brother could not rest any more than I, and he met me on the way, and there we embraced and wept together."

"Be angry and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is a Christian precept. But more primitive worshippers of God, who never owned that the New Testament is the perfect blossom of the Old, are found to obey this as a pious obligation, proving that the law of love is as ancient as the Creation.

Ear Marks of a Butter Cow.

John Shaftuck, a noted butter dairyman of Chenango County, N. Y., said at the late convention of the New York State Dairyman's Association, that he had found the color on the inside the ear to be an infallible guide in the selection of a good butter cow. If the skin on the inside the ear is of a rich yellow color, the cow was sure to give a good quantity of milk; that is, milk rich in butter. He said in all his experience he had never known this sign to fail. J. W. North, in the Maine Farmer, gives some further information concerning the subject. He observes that cows producing very high colored butter have a large amount of the ear secretion, in many instances the whole internal surface being covered with a thick orange-colored, oily matter; on the other hand, the light-colored butter makers present a scanty, thin and pale yellow secretion, in some cases found only at the bottom of the ear. His theory is that every animal has the power of secreting a certain amount of this yellow pigment. If the quantity be sufficiently large, secretion will take place freely in the mammary glands, the ear and skin.

He Sold the Dog.

Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which cost as much to keep as two pigs, and the dog was worse than useless, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

"Plague take the dog," cried she.—"Mr. Lazybones, I wish you would sell him or do something or other with him. I wonder you keep such a useless animal!"

"Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I will get rid of him one of these days."

"This was intended as a mere evasion on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dining in his ears about the dog he was, at last compelled to take action in the matter.

"Well, wife," said he one day, "I've sold Jowler!"

"Have you, indeed," she cried.—"I'm dreadful glad of it. How much did you get for him?"

"Five pounds." "Five pounds! What! five pounds for one dog? How glad I am! But where's the money, my love?"

"Money?" repeated Dick, taking a long pipe lazily from his mouth, "I didn't get any money; I took two puppies at two pounds ten, apiece."—London, Ont., Free Press.

A priest was hearing confession, and a boy came to him and said he had a bad sin in his mind.