

by the Apaches, he thought. Glancing at these poor creatures, who were huddling together in a corner of the room, he noticed for the first time that one of them, a young woman whom he took to be Don Enrique's daughter, was possessed of more than average beauty, and he trembled with the thought that his might be the hand that must end her life.

The Apaches were within rifle-range of the station, and the rapid pounding of their horses' hoofs was distinctly heard, when the rails began to vibrate and hum beneath swiftly turning wheels. The next minute, with a deafening roar of escaping steam, and with every wheel sliding and sending showers of sparks from the rails, the train bearing the soldiers swept up to the station and came to a stop. Stentorian commands rang out, followed instantly by a rattling and creaking of locks, and a thunderous volley crashed from the car windows.

The surprise of the Apaches was complete; several of their number reeled and almost fell from their ponies. A whoop and a wave of their leader's hand sent them flying back towards the mountains, and the soldiers, quickly pouring from the train, started in hopeless pursuit of them.

Don Enrique was as one who sees a vision—so sudden a transition from dumb despair to a sense of safety stupefied him. With round, wide-open eyes he stared a few minutes at the fleeing Indians, at the dusty soldiers above whose head floated the flag of his country, and then, in a sudden transport of joy, he rushed to Evans and clasped him in his arms.

"My friend, my very dear friend!" he cried, kissing the surprised American, first on one cheek, then the other. "Nay, thou art more than friend—saviour—saviour of my property—of my family—of all that I hold dear! Thou hast—"

"Oh, hello! Say, drop it! Turn me loose, you old fool! D—n you, quit kissin' me," sputtered Evans, speaking English, as was natural under such circumstances.

"—performed a miracle, thou and thy railroad, and thy telegraph!" Don Enrique went on, not noticing this interruption, and holding tight to Evans, who was struggling with all his strength to get away.

Evans gave up, and to escape, further osculation, pushed forward his head on the Mexican's shoulder; his face was flushed with shame, and his eyes were rolling ludicrously from side to side, fairly speaking the disgust he felt.

"Ay de mi! I did oppose the building of thy railroad. I thought it the work of the devil, and I denounced the government for permitting it. But I was wrong—I, Enrique del Toro, do admit that I was wrong, and henceforth I am the friend of railroads—of the telegraph, also. It has been the means of saving our lives, and therefore can not be harmful to our souls. I am the friend of thy railroad, I repeat, and I will now accept the pass I once did refuse. Come to my house, my friend; it is thine; all that I possess is thine at thy pleasure."

He was trying to kiss Evans again, when a voice that shook with laughter called from the window: "Say, Evans, what's the matter with the good looking daughter? I'd rather kiss her than the old man—I'll take her if you'll let me get into the game."

"D—n you an' th' daughter, too!" Evans returned, wrathful, glancing at the grimy fringe of "Cousin" Jimmy, which was framed in the window, and with a mighty effort he wrenched himself free and ran out of the room.

A year passed, and one day Evans hailed the engineer of a train that was slowing into Las Delicias: "Say, Jimmy," he called, "do you remember th' litt

Mexican girl you saw out here last year—th' time you pulled th' extra, bringin' soldiers?"

"The one that was lookin' so lonesome while you were huggin' th' old man?" answered Jimmy. "Well, yes; what's become of her?"

"She doesn't get lonesome that way any more," Evans replied, grinning sheepishly. "Slip on your best clothes and dead-head out here tomorrow, and you'll see her become Mrs. Evans."

Bourdon Wilson, in the Argonaut.

Lesson of the Tombstone.

"I was well,
I wanted to be better,
I sent for the doctor,
And here I am."

—Grand Gorge, N. Y., Nov. 1.
J. N. Wright.

"They say that Margaret Vanderslice has refused seven offers of marriage this year," said Mr. Pruyn to Mr. Varick.

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