

Some Observations of Mr. Babine's on the Occasion of a Slight Political Offering.

(WARRANTED ORIGINAL.)

One more unfortunate (Sick of the hours—) Weary, impatient, Brings you his flowers, Cherish them tenderly, Smell them with care— Fashioned so slenderly, Sweet and so rare.

Think of the weeds and things Under the sun; Think by what deeds and things These have been won!

Tumbles and scrambles, Lost in the break, Torn by the brambles, Bit by a snake; Look at my clothes Sun-burned so ruddily, Look at my clothes Oozing so bloodily!

Think of these woes of mine Suffered for you, See these poor hooves of mine Cut through and through, Take this red rose of mine Gathered in rue.

Over the smell of it Laughingly tell of it— Give by degrees An inch or an ell of it— All, if you please.

St. Mary, La., 29th April, 1888. MUNDONGUS.

For the Sunday Crescent.

To the Banasher.

Alas, for history! for tradition too! If we believe all fables that they narrate— Doubt all that poets sing with rhythmic flow, And sink their legends in oblivious fate!

It seems we must; for while with eager haste I read your lay, Banasher, your rhymes did quell— I found this line, in faultless meter chaste, "While thou art Homer, sir—while I am Sappho."

Now, history and tradition both combined To give these noble poets Grecian birth; Which proof Banasher with haughty air declined, And writes her verdict as of greater worth.

For see! her "Jove of rhymes," her stately "Homer," Is not a Greek, but Hebrew—quite a difference, truly! While "Sappho," who should have a learned diploma, Must be from Erin green. Now, Banasher, take this coolly.

For the Sunday Crescent.

To "Humbug."

In acknowledgment of a gift of fruit. Enchanting bug, who, sending these, Hath rob'd a some rich Heepersides, Why with equivocation Should I not own, discarding thrift, My lips failed not to press thy gift With due appreciation?

O, if I prized thee, Ed, before, Believe me now my soul brims o'er In rapturous, fervid manner! For as my trembling lips part, What needles nearer to my heart Than this—devoiced banana!

New Orleans, April 29, 1888. BANSHEE.

The Trumpet Smith.

(From the Galaxy for May.) Day after day, blow hot, blow cold, At his bench, close by the window-sill, Steadily works the trumpet smith, Steadily, still;

Fitting the valves of a silver horn That coils like a snake round his naked arm, At the valves to the touch of his ready hand, Work like a charm.

"Blow, trumpet smith; ring out one blast; One tuneful blast I pause to hear." But never a note from his bugle-horn Falls on my ear.

Never a sound of cadent music That might bring a tear or a smile; The clink of the hammer I hear, I hear The shriek of the file.

Unto his lips he lifts his pipe, And blows through his teeth an azure cloud; But never blows in the bugle-horn, Or soft or loud.

Unto his lips he lifts anon The pot-bellied jug of lumpy beer, But never the dumb, vexatious horn I long to hear.

And when, some night, in the music hall The great Herr this, or Signor that, From the silver horn a solo breathes, Now sharp, now flat,

Gloved hands in ecstasy will beat, Forgetful of the lucky wight will bear; But never a word of the trumpet smith, Nor a thought, nor a care.

Bright eyes to the player's clang will flash, Soft eyes to his whispered notes grow dim, But never "Who forged you wizard horn?" Tell me of him.

"Sic vos non vobis," Sang the Roman bard of old; Forge on in the heat, O trumpet smith, Forge on in the cold!

Spring—A Node.

BY GEORGE S. BURLINGHOPE. How sweetly on the balmy air Steals in the mellow breath of spring; The breeze in full of—I declare! Heap on the coal here! doesn't it sting!

I hear the robin's cheery song; And Phebe call the "awakening dowers, And fast the flock—ugh; how this strong Northeaster rattles at the doors!

The dewy-hearted Violet Sweetly to Hyacinthus tells Her love in odorous—Well, you bet! By dose ruds so it devers abells!

All blossoms of the earth one more, Warm influence of the clouds that yearn To perfect greenness—Shut that door! What ails the fire? Will't never burn?

Hail, hopeful Advent! Prophet, hail! Sweet, happy hour when green hills laugh! All flowers that blow—Fath, the gale! There's too much blue and half by half!

Dear Spring! the tenderest child of Time, Thou whose delight of soul and eye, Stay!—Hang the mittens! If I must rhyme, O, Spring, I'll wait till next July!

SOUTHERN PLASTIC SLATE ROOFING.—As will be seen upon reference to an advertisement published elsewhere in the CRESCENT of this morning, the Southern Plastic Slate Roofing Company is now prepared to put on roofs, that are acknowledged by all who have given them a trial, to be most excellent, and as they are much cheaper than others, they must become very popular all over the city. Persons having leaky houses would do well to give their orders to this company, as they will find upon inquiry that they can thus save several pennies and at the same time get their houses covered as securely as could be desired, and have it guaranteed to last. Economy these days should be the object of all, and here is an opportunity to practice it to advantage. Let property holders look into this matter.

The best way to economize in these hard times, is to buy a Grover & Baker sewing machine, and do your own work.

Written for the Sunday Crescent.

BARTRELLE.

CHAPTER XVI. Leave vengeance to our God, And lay the iron rule aside; Be thine the olive rod.

(Ballad of Sir Charles Baldwin.)

The adhesion of Warren Hayes to the federal cause had now become generally recognized throughout the city. Those who knew him best readily accounted for this political spout, by ascribing to it the sinister motives which ever seemed, to be the rule of his conduct.

Nevertheless a Unionist he had become, and was already high in favor at headquarters. It was under such impressions as these, having heard of his change of faith, that his father saluted him at the breakfast table on the morning following the party, with an angry gleam in his eye and a sneering lip.

"Well, sir! I am told I must recognize in my own son a Gamaliel to teach his father loyalty! I would," he continued with deep feeling, "before I had heard of this last disgrace, the grave had closed over my dishonored boy."

Warren Hayes exhibited under these severe reproaches a momentary symptom of extreme confusion, and replied in a tone of unwonted submission.

"If you, sir, can wish me dead, I cannot, though the heir of your wealth, return the compliment. Few there are who, in sincerity, can say as much; but whatever may be my political predilections, and however unhappy they may differ from yours, still is there one sentiment in common with us, and that marks me as the true descendant of a line famed for its memory of injuries."

"I do not understand you, sir." "It is not necessary that you should; but Mildred can enlighten you as to my meaning, if you take interest enough to inquire."

"Then it is true that you have identified yourself with the Lincoln cause?" "I am so pledged, sir."

"This last act, Warren, has grieved me more than all your other sins, although your life has been made up of folly and error. Had this step been taken from a deliberate sense of duty, though differing from you, I should have honored you. But that conviction is denied me. I must believe that your motives are hidden from the penetration of honest men; and such being the case, the follies of an unhappy life will end in ruin. Go your ways, Warren; but if the consciousness of such a truth can weigh a father's load in your breast, you must know that you carry with you a father's broken heart. Go your ways—accompanied by every good man's contempt; by every honest man's scorn. Your presence is contemptuous and your name a reproach."

To say that Warren Hayes was not deeply affected by what his father said, would be doing him injustice. But his emotions were evanescent and did not produce that wholesome sense of evil in his heart, which sometimes leads to a radical change in our career. He was simply mortified; but his humiliation brought with it the conviction that he must no longer remain in the city—he must leave; and now he thought his interest with the federal commander might be made available in procuring a position in the army.

With this object in view he left the house and hastened to headquarters. Seeking and obtaining an interview with the general, he entered his presence with the easy grace of an accomplished courtier, and spoke with winning address the customary compliments which were wont to pass between visitor and host upon such occasions.

"I am growing rather tired of my inaction, general, and have called this morning to see if you cannot put me in the way of some sort of active service."

"Indeed, I am very glad to hear it," was the gratified reply.

"Yes, these rumors of fights and skirmishes on the border have stirred up my blood, and I think I would like to see some of them."

"And do you really wish to enter the army?" "Indeed I do."

"Then I think I can be of service to you. But you have, I believe, no military experience?"

"None whatever. I have been studying tactics some, and have also acquired some little idea of the duties of an aid-de-camp."

"Ah, indeed; how would you like the latter position on Gen. Lyon's staff? You will see service there."

"It would be the very thing I want."

"Then I think I can aid you. I am in need of a trusty messenger to carry dispatches to the general in the field, and if you can set out to-night, I will undertake to further your wishes in the direction you desire."

"Nothing could suit me better. I will be frank with you, general," continued the visitor, with an ingenious look well calculated to win the confidence he sought, and leave behind him an impression of exceeding honesty.

"My father, as you are perhaps aware, leans to the rebel side, and with my decided proclivities in the opposite direction, our interviews are growing decidedly unpleasant. And this morning I concluded it would be best for me to take some decided step at once, and while putting an end to an intercourse so distressing, at the same time contribute something in furtherance of the principles I so deeply cherish."

"I honor your determination, sir, beyond measure. It shows filial respect as well as a sense of duty," replied the confiding officer, really moved towards the young man, whose delicate sensibilities were undergoing, as he imagined, such a trying ordeal. Had he understood the real facts in the case, we very much question whether his sympathies would have been so sincerely manifested. As it was, however, Warren Hays got the credit of being a very tender-hearted gentleman, when, in fact, he was only desiring of censure as a man faithless alike to the cause he had abandoned and the one whose service he was seeking to enter. But so goes the world. In the social currency of life we are too prone to accept the worthless dross for the refined gold.

There was some further conversation about the details of the service he was entering upon, and then the newly appointed Lieutenant Hayes took his departure and went in search of his military outfit.

Thus it happened that the same train carried both Zera and Warren Hayes from the city.

The night was beautiful. The moon rode high in the heavens, and the stars stretched the wide expanse of cloud and air with glittering brilliancy. The passengers leaned from the windows of the fast-moving train,

to watch the play of glittering starlight and the sheen of moon-rays, glancing in woodland hill and river. The prairies lay spread beneath this silver light, wide and billowy like the bosom of the ocean; and like it reflected the softened glory of that summer coming, in many a wind and mellow shadow, gorgeous as the gleam of the Enchanter's wand above the blooming gardens of Aladdin.

On, on, past the high headlands of "St. Charles"—past Franklin and Herman, until again the river breaks upon the vision a solid shield of silver. Height upon height of mountain rose above them on the left, and as the train moved along, their dark and gloomy shadows caught and reflected in startling phantom-like spectres, the angry glare of the head-lights.

Again the scene changed, and the splendid landscape on which the traveler now turned his eye, was the angle or loop of meadow land where the Gasconade, rushing in full swollen dignity from its parent hills, comes dancing through beautiful valleys, and then darts onward like a fierce conqueror, despising the gray rocks and gloomy fells that hover on its banks or seek to impede its way.

The route, though tiresome and weary, was rendered interesting by these splendid and rapid changes of scenery, which no country exhibits in a more astonishing manner than that which lies along the banks of the Missouri; where the rocky pass, the verdant valley, the broad river and the rushing torrent, the attributes of other places as well as this, are interspersed with views as magnificent and thrilling as ever gladdened the gaze of the Switzer or toned the gloomy grandeur of the Alps.

The road, as we have said, lay along the banks of the river, at times level and close on its very margin, and again rising to a great height on the side of the mountain and winding along the verge of precipices which sunk down to the water, as sharp and steep as the wall of a castle descending in the ditch which defends it; and at other times it traversed spots of milder character—delightful green slopes and lowly, retired valleys, watered by small streams which wound by the country village with its little church, around the farmer's dwelling, the orchard, and the garden filled with roses, and murmuring gently as it ran, found a quiet passage to the river.

Seated in the rear car, Zera and Holden were gazing on such a scene as I have described. To the sensitive and poetic heart of the young girl such views were full of strange indescribable interest.

"How like some of the scenery in our own land!" she said, addressing her companion.

"Yes," he replied, "but lacking the charm of climate and atmosphere which makes ours so lovely."

"True, but I do not know that the difference is to the disadvantage of this country. The air is less mild is more bracing; and these hills if not possessed of the verdure and flowers that clothe our own, are clad in a vesture more grand and heroic. Do you know, Holden, that I sometimes think the people of a country assume character and disposition from the nature of the land they inhabit? Here these granite hills filled with torrents are but the counterpart of the fierce, impetuous race that was born among them. Strong and warlike, they are yet generous and hospitable; while in a land like ours the soft brilliancy of everything on which the sun may rest lends to the heart the dreamy, ease-loving life that becomes our characters."

"Yes, I have often thought the same."

"But, Holden, since we are indulging in fanciful comparisons, tell me, if you can, what yonder headlong stream, rushing over rocks and marking its course by the foam it dashes up in the air, remind you of the most?"

"That of a brave but unfortunate life—brief, but glorious!" was the smiling reply.

"And the man, Holden, the man, whom the mad little torrent portrays?"

"No, I cannot say that I know any such particularly; but there are many whom the description might apply to."

"Out upon you, Holden—you are blind! That little brook is Richard Bartrelle all over!"

"Yes, the conceit is well taken, now you mention it; but," and he dropped his voice to a whisper so low that only she alone could detect his utterance, "just behind us is a gentleman in uniform whom it would not be well to have see your face. He has been intently regarding us for an hour. Me he knows, and may possibly remember you."

"Who is it?" was the cautious reply breathed in the same low utterance.

"Warren Hayes! he is a lieutenant now in the Union army and is en route for the field."

"Is there no way of avoiding him utterly?" "I fear not—his suspicions are evidently aroused."

"Then go back and speak to him—try and occupy his mind for a little while. At Otterville we will leave the cars and strike across the country; but do not let him know the point at which we leave the train. When I get up and leave the car, do you remain seated by him until the train is in motion again, and then quietly leave him and jump from the platform. You understand me—now go! Tell him any specious tale you choose, but do not suffer our destination to escape you."

Holden quietly rose from his seat, and sauntered down the aisle of the car, until coming opposite where Lieutenant Hayes was seated, he started as if much surprised at beholding him, and then cordially extending his hand, he inquired what good fortune brought him that way? And then, as if noticing his uniform for the first time,

"Ah, I see, going into the army, are you?" "Yes," replied the young subaltern, returning Holden's salutation with equal cordiality, "but sit down and tell me what brings you here."

"Who, me? Oh! I'm just roving around—had a thought of going to Sedalia. I have a relation living near there."

"Ah, indeed, I shall stop there myself for a few days; but what youth is that you have with you?"

"That is my son!"

"Indeed! I did not know you were blessed with such a hopeful family, son and daughter, too?"

"Yes, the two are all I have."

"That youth is strikingly like your daughter, Ned!"

And Warren Hayes fixed his eyes piercingly on the face of the man beside him. His suspicions were already aroused as to the identity of Holden's companion. The haughty poise

of that regal head he would never forget; nor was he satisfied that the woman he so vividly remembered, was the daughter of the outlaw. The momentary intercourse that he had observed between them on the night of his visit to Holden's apartments had more the appearance of an interview between the prince and servant, than the footing on which a parent may meet a child.

And then that concealed meeting with Laura Taylor on the night of the ball! He knew the pride of her race too well, to suppose that she would meet with such genuine friendship and undisguised pleasure the daughter of a felon. Kind and gentle she might have been, for such was her nature; but intimate, as that interview revealed, she could never be. There was some mystery connected with the whole transaction—mystery, too, involving more than what at once might be observable; and he determined to search the matter to its depth.

Had Holden faltered under that gaze then; had he even colored, or a feature quivered, his suspicions would in his own mind have received confirmation. But the man he had to deal with was not so easily put off his guard. He saw the object of the inquiry, and replied to it with calm indifference.

"Yes, very like—they are twins!"

"Humph!" muttered Hayes between his shut teeth. "But I will try another shot."

"Your daughter was among the maskers at the recent ball. I saw her in intercourse with the beautiful Miss Taylor! Your daughter's acquaintances are of a more elevated social position than your own Ned."

"Yes, she was at the ball; but," and his face was as calm as if he was imparting the most ordinary information, "her interview with Miss Taylor is attributable to the fact that they were pupils at the same seminary at Philadelphia some years since, and neither the one nor the other are familiar with the history of my life. I have not revealed my antecedents to my children, Lieut. Hayes; nor have they any reason to suppose their father otherwise than an honorable man."

"The devil! There may be something in that," muttered the officer; "but I will watch the old rogue, and yonder dark-faced stripling nevertheless."

The early gray of the morning was now contending with the inky clouds which always precede dawn, as the rushing train darted along the heavy, gloomy bottoms of the Lamine and approached the beautiful little village of Otterville. The shriek of the engine and the quickly curbing brakes had already subdued the rapid career of the loaded cars to the slow, rocking motion which precedes a full pause in their rapid career.

As the train approached the station, Zera quietly and unobserved lifted her valise and pitched it from the window; and then, as if nothing in the world was the matter, quietly rose from her seat, and mingled in the crowd that was moving to the door.

The train stopped only for an instant and then moved on. As it began to move slowly at first, and then with increasing speed, Holden left the side of young Hayes and walked quietly to the rear door of the car. Yielding to the pressure of his hand the lock revolved, and he stood on the platform. With a quick sudden spring he left the train and struck lightly on the ground. Quickly recovering his equilibrium, he walked rapidly to the depot, where clearly defined against its dark background, he saw the slender form of his young charge, quietly awaiting his appearance.

"Do you see yonder road, Holden? I will pursue it, until you overtake me. Take this purse and get two horses. I see a corral yonder, and some of the horses are fine ones. Don't stand on the price—equip the horses and follow me. Now, begone."

CHAPTER XVII. To fly the bear before the bear pursues, Were to increase the bear to follow us, And make pursuit, where he did none chase. (Shakespeare.)

Eagerly enjoying the cool, thrilling breezes that swept down the valleys of the Laurine, Zera stepped forward on her journey. The early gray of the morning was yet abroad on field and fell, while the carol of the early birds lent their charms of varied minstrelsy to the solitary youth who rapidly pursued his way.

For near an hour Zera walked on, now stopping to pluck a flower that grew by the wayside, and then stretching out the vigorous young limbs in a race over the soft, grassy turf.

At length the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs struck upon her ear, and looking up she beheld Holden, mounted on a splendid bay horse, broad in the chest, small in the head, delicate in each slender limb, and with the nostrils quivering as though they shot forth jets of flame. He led another by the bridle, smaller, and of a different color from the one he bestrode, but almost his exact counterpart in the splendid points that denoted both speed and action.

"Ah! what splendid animals!" exclaimed Zera as she gazed on the horses, whose gallant appearance would have won admiration from one less devoted to these fine creatures than herself.

"Yes, indeed they are, and cost a good round price, too, let me tell you!" rejoined her companion.

"That matters not; but you procured guns, too?" said the youth, his eyes resting on two heavy rifles which Holden carried before him.

"Yes, my lady, I thought it best to provide against an emergency. I have here also all the ammunition we require, and with our revolvers and knives, I think we are pretty well armed."

"I think so, too; but let us set forward, for before another dawn we must be more than a hundred miles from this spot."

The steeds quivered beneath the spur, and sprung away. On, over hill and valley, over wild ravine and beautiful savannah, through woodland and prairie—on, on, in their swift career. The sun has mounted high in the heavens—Smithton and Sedalia are passed on the right hand, and far in the distance the tall summit of Mount Tebo breaks on the vision.

Thirty miles have passed—more than that, and still on, on over the grassy plain—on until the trees are no longer behind them, and the eye sees nought but the green prairie, and the blue canopy arching over it—on, across the center of that vast circle, which has for its boundary the whole horizon. On all that wide plain but two objects appear, the flying foam of the dapple steed and the dark horseman that followed. It is a long wild ride, a cruel gallop—but it must be done; the goal must be won ere spur is stayed or the rein is pulled.

On, on, they glide in silence. Not a sound is heard but the stroke of the galloping hoofs. But now the tall timber appears in view; within its friendly shade a hospitable house will afford both food and shelter. The blue, thin, curling smoke is even now faintly traceable, as it lazily rises and floats away. The wide grain fields and sweet scented meadow lands begin to rise on the view—yes, we are here at last.

"Let us pull up here, Holden, and rest." Over fifty miles now separated them from the place they left in the morning. It was now near the hour of three in the afternoon. They could rest here until the shadows of evening began to fall.

The house at which they stopped was situated on the banks of the Osage, and was at that time a rendezvous for all belated Confederates. On her trip to the city, Bartrelle had accompanied Zera to this place, and here he had parted from her to resume the duties of his command. The people of the house were, therefore, known to him, and as she rode up to the gate, a hale, handsome, old gentleman met her with a cordial welcome.

"Well, my lad, you are back again! I am really glad to see you; but who have we here?"

"One whose honesty I will be responsible for, sir," replied Zera, flinging the bridle of her horse to a bright mulatto boy, who stood in waiting to receive it. "Holden," she continued, "accompany the boy to the stable and see the horses attended to."

"You have ridden far," remarked her host.

"Yes, sir, from Otterville since daylight, and I must, if possible, reach the camp before the coming dawn; and I will have to rely on your good offices to supply me with a guide."

"That will I do right willingly, my lad, but you will have to be wary, for the country is alive with the enemy."

"Have you seen any of them to-day, sir?" "Yes, a squadron of their cavalry passed the point to-day, going southward, and scarcely an hour since an orderly dashed by here on his way up the river; but come in, come in, you look tired and hungry."

"I am, indeed, sir; food nor rest have I had since last night, and my man has fared no better."

"Indeed, is that possible? Here, wife, wife!" he called, as he led the way into the broad porch, "here is our little Frenchman returned, tired and hungry; can't you get him and his follower something quick?"

"Yes, indeed," replied a fine, matronly lady appearing at the door and shaking Zera by the hand in the good old Southern fashion, "for such guests as these my larder is always ready; but, poor boy, you do look nearly famished. I dare say you have had nothing to eat the whole day."

"No, madam, not a crust since yesterday evening; but put yourself to no trouble on our account, we can wait until your usual supper time, and Zera, bowing politely, flashed on the good lady one of those bewildering smiles which never failed to enchant where'er it fell.

"No, no, I will have you something to eat in a minute," and off the lady ran on hospitable thoughts intent.

"And now, my little man," suggested mine host, "a glass of mint julep will be the very thing for you after this hard ride."

"No, I thank you, sir," said Zera, "my man will be obliged to you for so much kindness, but for myself, a glass of this cold spring water is all that I require."

Holden, entering at the moment, readily joined the kind old gentleman in a glass of his favorite beverage. Zera threw herself along the rich, green sward, that clothed the yard in sodded velvet, and in a moment was sound asleep. Fast on her teeming visions crowded the dream land fancies, and a smile sweet as the blush of spring roses nestled on her lips. Trouble and anxiety were alike forgotten in that much needed repose.

Again she wandered a little girl, amid the fragrant bowers and orange groves of a far off land, or strayed beside the fountain which threw its glittering spray high and cool, while her cheeks were fanned by the scented gales which swept across the plains of Araby the blessed. Holden and Mr. Payne (for such was the gentleman's name) sat and watched her slumber, conversing in low tones of the war, and relating incidents that had come under the observation of each, until the good matron again appeared and announced that their meal was ready.

Zera sprang up at the call and hastened to bathe her face and hands in the clear, cool waters of the spring, which, gliding into a rushing miniature torrent, leaped and sang over its rocky bed as it whirled along to the river.

In a few moments they were all seated around the generous board; and never did hungry men sit down to a more delicious repast. Nice flaky biscuits, ham and eggs—the standard Western dish—and young prairie chickens broiled to a turn, and warm, steaming hot coffee, and glorious pippin apples and delicious peaches, and near these rose the tall, white pitcher filled with rich new milk—not the adulterated imitation of the city, but pure and unadorned as when stripped from the udders in the pasture—and flanked by a tower of golden-hued butter, and close beside it rose thick layers of the delicate comb of the wild honey-bee. For such a feast it needed not days of fasting; and well and gallantly did our hungry friends move to the attack, and ever and anon, when partially satiated appetite showed flagging zeal, the good, smiling hostess urged them on.

"She would be sorry," she said, "if they did not eat." No fear of that; but human courage—not even the courage of hungry men—can endure forever, nor could the appetites of our travelers, and they were obliged to cry enough at last. Rising, they returned to the porch where a young man from the neighborhood, one designed for their guide, was awaiting their appearance.

"How are you, James? This is Mr. Taylor, James, and this is Mr. Holden. They belong to the army, and I have sent for you to guide them to-night to their destination."

"It will suit me very well to do so, as I was just thinking of setting out on my own account."

"Ah, indeed!" remarked Zera, "then I am very happy to have met you." And she cordially grasped the young farmer by the hand.

"To what command do you belong?" asked the young man.

"To Capt. Bartrelle's Rangers!"

"Why, these are the very men I want to join."

"I am very glad, we will go all the way

together. At what hour do you think it most advisable to set out?" asked Zera of her new friend, whose frank manners and open ingenuous features were fast winning upon her confidence.

"As soon as it is clearly night; but you have a long ride before you, and you must look well to your horses. If they have been ridden far to-day they ought to be well attended to."

"They have been thoroughly groomed since our arrival here," said Holden, "and are now enjoying a plentiful supply of provender."

"Let us all sleep then until sun down, while our friend Mr. Payne watches for signs of danger. We will need rest before the dawn, take my word for it," and following his precept by example he stretched himself on the ground, followed by the rest, and they were all soon enjoying a deep, dreamless sleep. The approaching shadows of evening fell lower and lower in the western sky, and still they slept. The lowing of the kine, the shock of rattling harness, as the laborers, coming in from their daily toil stripped their teams, waked them not. Long habit enabled the one to snatch at intervals needed repose, whilst weariness and great fatigue combined to supply Zera and her follower with the ability to obtain requisite rest in a similar way. They slept long and soundly, and awoke at last refreshed in body and mind, and ready to push forward on their journey.

"And now, my men, let us tarry no longer. It is time we were away."

"Yes, it is time we were off," replied young Gibson. "Look well to your arms,