*ELEGY.*

From the "French of Theophile Gautier."

Of her what doth remain to-day? So much
As of a dream remains at daynight's touch,
As of the scents and verdure of springtime
Remains in winter, as of snow and rime
In sun-bright days, of childhood's tears at dawn
Remains at eve; of bird-songs passed and gone,
Of murm'ring chatter of the rippling stream,
Of sighs of silver chimes; and when the gleam
Of day-dawn's light doth pierce the sombre veil
So much as of the darkness doth prevail.

A. P. De F.

## SISTER.

It does not matter where it was. I do not want other people—that is to say, those who were around us—to recognize Sister or myself. It is not likely that she will see this—and I am not sure that she knows my name. Of course some one may draw her attention to this paper, and she may remember that the name affixed to it is that which I signed at the foot of a document we made out together—namely, a return of deaths. At the foot of this paper our names stood one beneath the other—stand there still, perhaps, in some forgotten bundle of papers at the War Office.

I only hope that she will not see this; for she might consider it a breach of professional etiquette; and I attach great importance to the opinion of this woman, whom I have only seen once in my whole life. Moreover, on that occasion she was subordinate to me—more or less in the position of a servant.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that it was wartime, and our trade was what the commercial papers call brisk. A war better remembered of the young than of the old, because it was, comparatively speaking, recent. The old fellows seem to remember the old fights better—those fights that were fought when their blood was still young and the vessels thereof unclogged.

It was, by the way, my first campaign, but I was not new to the business of blood; for I am no soldier—only a doctor. My only uniform—my full-parade dress—is a red cross on the arm of an old blue serge jacket—said jacket being much stained with certain dull patches which are better not investigated.

All who have taken part in war—doing the damage or repairing it—know that things are not done in quite the same way when ball-cartridge is served out instead of blank. The correspondents are very fond of reporting that the behavior of the men suggested a parade—which simile it is to be presumed was borne in upon their fantastic brains by its utter inapplicability. The parade may be suggested before the real work begins—when it is a question of marching away from the landing-stage; but after the work—our work—has begun, there is remarkably little resemblance to a review.

We are served with many official papers which we never fill in, because, on the spur of the moment, it is apt to suggest itself that men's lives are more important. We misapply a vast majority of our surgical supplies, because the most important item is unusually left behind at headquarters, or at the seaport depot. In fact, we do many things that we should leave undone, and omit to do more which we are expected (officially) to do.

For some reason—presumably the absence of better men—I was sent up to the front before we had been three days at work. Our hospital by the river was not full when I received orders to follow the flying column with two assistants and the appliances of a field hospital.

Out of this little nucleus sprang the largest depot for sick and wounded that was formed during the campaign. We were within easy reach of headquarters, and I was fortunately allowed a free hand. Thus our establishment in the desert grew daily more important, and finally superseded the hospital at headquarters.

We had a busy time, for the main column had now closed up with the first expeditionary force, and our troops were in touch with the enemy not forty miles away from me.

In the course of time—when the authorities learned to cease despising the foe, which is a little failing in British military high places—it was deemed expedient to fortify us, and then, in addition to two medical assistants, I was allowed three Government nurses. This last piece of news was not hailed with so much enthusiasm as might have been expected. I am not in favor of bringing women anywhere near the front. They are, for their own sakes and for the peace of mind of others, much better left behind. If they are beyond a certain age they break down and have to be sent back at considerable trouble; that is to say, an escort and an ambulance cart, of which latter there are never enough. If they are below the climacteric—ever so little below it—they cause mischief of another description, and the wounded are neglected; for there is no passion of the human heart so cruel and selfish as love.

"I am sorry to hear it," I said to light-hearted little Sammy FitzWarrener, of the Naval Brigade, who brought me the news.

"Sorry to hear it? Gad! I shouldn't be. The place has got a different look about it when there are women-folk around. They are so jolly clever in their ways—worth ten of your red-cross ruffians."

"That is as may be," I answered, breaking open the case of whiskey which Sammy had brought up on the carriage of his machine-gun for my private consumption.

He was taking this machine-gun up to the front, and mighty proud he was of it.

"A clever gun," he called it; "an almighty clever gun."

He had ridden alongside of it—sitting on the top of his horse as sailors do—through seventy miles of desert without a hait; watching over it and tending it as he might have watched and tended his mother, or perhaps some other woman.

"Gad! doctor," he exclaimed, kicking out his sturdy legs and contemplating with some satisfaction the yellow hide top-boots which he had bought at the Army and Navy stores. I know the boots well, and—avoid them. "Gad! doctor, you should see that gun on the warpath. Travels as light as a tricycle. And when she begins to talk . . . my stars! Click . . . click . . . click . . . click. For all the world like a steam-launch's engine—mowing 'em down all the time. No work for you there. It will be no use you and your stalactites progging about with skewers for the bullet. Look at the other side, my boy, and you'll find the beauty has just walked through them."

"Soda or plain?" I asked—in parenthesis.

"Soda. I don't like the flavor of dead camel. A big drink, please. I feel as if I were lined with sandpaper."

He slept that night in the little shanty built of mud, and roofed chiefly with old palm-mats, which was gracefully called the Head Surgeon's quarters. That is to say, he partook of such hospitality as I had to offer him.

Sammy and I had met before he had touched a rope or I a scalpel. We hailed from the same part of the country—down Devonshire way; and to a limited extent, we knew each other's people; which little phrase has a vast meaning in places where men do congregate.

We turned in pretty early—I on a hospital mattress, he in my bed; but Sam would not go to sleep. He would lie with his arms above his head (which is not an attitude of sleep) and talk about that everlasting gun.

I dozed off to the murmur of his voice expatiating on the extreme cunning of the ejector, and awoke to hear details of the rifling.

We did not talk of home, as do men in books when lying by a campfire. Perhaps it was owing to the absence of that picturesque adjunct to a soldier's life. We talked chiefly of the clever gun; and once, just before he fell asleep, Sammy returned to the question of the nurses.

"Yes," he said, "the head sawbones down there told me to tell you that he had got permission to send you three nurses. Treat 'em kindly, Jack, for my sake. Bless their hearts! They mean well."

Then he fell asleep, and left me thinking of his words, and of the spirit which had prompted them.

The fort was astir next morning at 4. The bugler kindly blew a blast into our glassless window which left no doubt about it.

"That means all hands on deck, I take it," said Sam, who was one of the few men capable of good humor before tiffin time.

By 6 o'clock he was ready to go. It was easy to see what sort of officer this cheery sailor was by the way his men worked.

While they were getting the machine-gun limbered up, Sam came back to my quarters, and took a hasty breakfast.

"Feel a bit down this morning," he said, with a gay smile. "Cheap—very cheap. I hope I am not going to funk it. It is all very well for some of you long-faced fellows, who don't seem to have much to live for, to fight for the love of fighting. I don't want to fight any man; I am too fond of 'em all for that."

I went out after breakfast, and I gave him a leg up on his very sorry horse, which he sat like a tailor or a sailor. He held the reins like tiller-lines, and indulged in a pleased smile at the effect of the yellow boots.

"No great hand at this sort of thing," he said, with a nod of farewell. "When the beast does anything out of the common, or begins to make heavy weather of it, I am not."

All that day I was employed in arranging quarters for the nurses. To do this I was forced to turn some of our most precious stores out into the open, covering them with a tarpaulin, and in consequence felt all the more assured that my chief was making a great mistake.

At 9 o'clock in the evening they arrived, one of the juniors having ridden out in the moonlight to meet them. He reported them completely exhausted; informed me that he had recommended them to go straight to bed; and was altogether more enthusiastic about the matter than I personally or officially cared to see.

He handed me a pencil note from my chief at headquarters, explaining that he had not written me a dispatch because he had nothing but a J pen, with which instrument he could not make himself legible. It struck me that he was suffering from a plethora of assistance, and was anxious to reduce his staff.

I sent my enthusiastic assistant to the nurses' quarters with a message that they were not to report themselves to me until they had had a night's rest, and turned in.

At midnight I was awakened by the orderly, and summoned to the tent of the officer in command. This youth's face was considerably whiter than his linen. He was consulting with his second-in-command, a boy of twenty-two or thereabouts.

A man covered with sand and blood was sitting in a hammock-chair, rubbing his eyes and drinking something out of a tumbler.

"News from the front?" I inquired without ceremony, which hindrance we had long since dispensed with.

"Yes, and bad news."

It certainly was not pleasant hearing. Some one mentioned the word disaster, and we looked at each other with hard, anxious eyes. I thought of the women, and almost decided to send them back before daylight.

In a few moments a fresh man was roused out of his bed, and sent full gallop through the moonlight across the desert to headquarters, and the officer in command began to regain confidence.

It was necessary to get my men to work at once, but I gave particular orders to leave the nurses undisturbed. Disaster at the front meant hard work at the rear. We all knew that, and endeavored to make ready for a sudden rush of wounded.

The rush began before daylight. As they came in we saw to them, dressing their wounds and packing them as closely as possible. But the stream was continuous. They never stopped coming; they never gave us a moment's rest.

At 6 o'clock I gave orders to awaken the nurses and order them to prepare their quarters for the reception of the wounded. At half-past 6 an Army Hospital Corps man came to me in the ward—

"Shockin' case, sir, just come in," he said. "Officer. Gun burst, sir."

"Take him to my quarters," I said, wiping my instruments on my sleeve.

In a few minutes I followed, and on entering my little room the first thing I saw was a pair of yellow boots.

There was no doubt about the boots and the white duck trousers, and although I could not see the face, I knew that this was Sammy FitzWarrener come back again.

A woman—one of the nurses for whom he had pleaded—was bending over the bed with a sponge and a basin of tepid water. As I entered, she turned upon me a pair of calmly horror-stricken eyes.

"Oh!" she whispered, meaningly, stepping back to let me approach. I had no time to notice then that she was one of those largely built women, with perfect skin and fair hair, who make one think of what England must have been before Gallic blood got to be so widely disseminated in the race.

"Please pull down that mat from the window," I said, indicating a temporary blind which I had put up.

She did so promptly, and returned to the bedside, falling into position as it were, awaiting my orders.

I bent over the bed, and I must confess that what I saw there gave me a thrill of horror which will come again at times so long as I live.

I made a sign to Sister to continue her task of sponging away the mud, of which one ingredient was sand.

"Both eyes," she whispered, "are destroyed."

"Not the top of the skull," I said, "you must not touch that."

For we both knew that our task was without hope.

As I have said, I knew something of Fitz-Warrener's people, and I could not help lingering there, where I could do no good, when I knew that I was wanted elsewhere.

Suddenly his lips moved, and Sister, kneeling down on the floor, bent over him.

I could not hear what he said, but I think she did. I saw her lips frame the whisper "Yes" in reply, and over her face there swept suddenly a look of great tenderness.

After a little pause she rose and came to me.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Fitz-Warrener of the Naval Brigade. Do you know him?"

"No, I never heard of him. Of course . . . it is quite hopeless?"

"Quite."

She returned to her position by the bedside, with one arm laid across his chest.

Presently he began whispering again, and at intervals she answered him. It suddenly occurred to me that, in his unconsciousness, he was mistaking her for some one else, and that she, for some woman's reason, was deceiving him purposely.

In a few moments I was sure of this.

I tried not to look; but I saw it all. I saw his poor blind hands wander over her throat and face, up to her hair.

"What is this?" he muttered quite distinctly, with that tone of self-absorption which characterises the sayings of an unconscious man. "What in this silly cap?"

His fingers wandered on over the snowy linen until they came to the strings.

As an aspirant to the title of gentleman, I felt like running away—many doctors know this feeling; as a doctor, I could only stay.

His fingers fumbled with the strings. Still Sister bent over the bed. Perhaps she bent an inch or two nearer. One hand was beneath his neck, supporting the poor shattered head.

He slowly drew off the cap, and his fingers crept lovingly over the soft fair hair.

"Marny," he said, quite clearly, "you've done your hair up, and you're nothing but a little girl, you know—nothing but a little girl."

I could not help watching his fingers, and yet I felt like a man committing a sacrilege.

"When I left you," said the brainless voice, "you wore it down your back. You were a little girl—you are a little girl now."

And he slowly drew a hairpin out. One long lock fell curling to her shoulder. She never looked up, never noticed me, but knelt there like a ministering angel—personating for a time a girl whom we had never seen.

"My little girl," he added, with a low laugh, and drew out another hairpin.

In a few moments all her hair was about her shoulders. I had never thought that she might be carrying such glory quietly hidden beneath the simple nurse's cap.

"That is better," he said, "that is better."

And he let all the hairpins fall on the coverlet.

"Now you are my own Marny," he murmured. "Are you not?"

She hesitated one moment.

"Yes, dear!" she said softly. "I am your own Marny."

With her disengaged hand she stroked his blanching cheek. There was a certain science about her touch, as if she had once known something of these matters.

Lovingly and slowly the smoke-grimed fingers passed over the wonderful hair, smoothing it.

Then he grew more daring. He touched her eyes, her gentle cheeks, the quiet strong lips. He slipped to her shoulder, and over the soft folds of her black dress.

"Been gardening?" he asked, coming to the bib of her nursing apron.

It was marvellous how the brain, which was laid open to the day, retained the consciousness of one subject so long.

"Yes—dear," she whispered.

"Your old apron is all wet!" he said reproachfully, touching her breast where the blood—his own blood—was slowly drying.

His hand passed on, and as it touched her I saw her eyes soften into such a wonderful tenderness that I felt as if I were looking on a part of Sister's life which was sacred.

I saw a little movement as if to draw back—then she resolutely held her position. But her eyes were dull with a new pain. I wonder—I have wondered ever since—what memories that poor senseless wreck of a man was arousing in the woman's heart by his wandering touch.

"Marny," he said. "Marny. It was not too hard waiting for me?"

"No, dear."

"It will be all right now, Marny. The bad part is all past."

"Yes."

"Marny, you remember . . . the night . . . I left . . . Marny, . . . I want . . . no . . . no, your lips."

I knelt suddenly and slipped my hand within his shirt, for I saw something in his face.

As Sister's lips touched his I felt his heart give a great bound within his breast, and then it was still.

When she lifted her face it was as pale as his.

I must say that I felt like crying—a feeling which had not come to me for twenty years. I busied myself purposely with the dead man, and when I had finished my task I turned and found Sister filling in the papers—her cap neatly tied—her golden hair hidden.

I signed the certificate, placing my name beneath hers.

For a moment we stood. Our eyes met, and . . . we said nothing. She moved toward the door, and I held it open while she passed out.

Two hours later I received orders from the officer in command to send the nurses back to headquarters. Our men were falling back before the enemy.—(Henry Seton Merriman, in Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE LEGEND OF CORONADO.

A ROMANTIC TALE THAT IS FIRMLY BELIEVED IN NEBRASKA.

Lincoln, Neb., June 1.—The story of Coronado's discovery of Nebraska is only one of the many interesting tales of exploration in this region. The State Historical Society has carefully sifted legends, traditions and records, compared data and examined relics, and the following, which is the substance of the narrative prepared by one of the members, is the legend of King Tartarrax, who once had his kingdom on the fertile Nebraska prairies. Stories of other early discoveries in this region are being critically examined, as for instance the exploration by Don Diego, Count of Penalosa, and are being prepared for publication. The life of the Spanish explorers and discoverers was a succession of day-dreams. Bold and daring, inspired only by the desire for personal glory, they longed to chase into tangibility the phantom of the dreams which their imaginations constructed. The least pretext was sufficient to make them set out on a conquering expedition. The fever for subduing new worlds was a prevailing epidemic among these hot-blooded, intrepid people. Nineteen years after their daring and fearless commander conquered Mexico, the first expedition was sent out to discover the Land of Quivera. During the reign of Cortez Spain sent now and then an ambassador to look after the General, watch his movements, report to the home Government any official irregularities and to check any attempt on the part of the Viceroy to start a government in his own interest rather than to work for the glory of Spain. One of these so appointed was Nunez de Guzman, a rival of Cortez, who was sent as Governor to the northern portion of Mexico, and who longed with all the fervency of an arrogant and ambitious nature to excel all his predecessors in the number and glory of his conquests.

There was one slave in the retinue of the Governor who was blessed either with a wonderful imagination or with a remarkable experience, and possibly with both. But he certainly possessed the rare gift of diplomacy. This Texas Indian told his lord that he had travelled with his father, who was a trader, and during the trading expeditions had visited a wonderful land where his father received gold and silver in exchange for the plumage of tropical birds. This land, he said, lay far to the northward, and had within its territory seven cities, each of which compared with the City of Mexico in population and magnificence. The streets literally blazed with gold and silver. The rarest jewels were held in light esteem, and the people were most gorgeously attired. Magnificence, pomp and splendor were to be seen on every side. Some agnostics have claimed that the Texan had only the Western habits of exaggeration, that he was gifted with a lively imagination and knew how to appeal with great cleverness to the weakness of the Spaniard. The story had the desired effect, and the credulous Governor sent out an expedition to explore this wonderful land. Such is the origin of the seven mysterious cities of Cibola, whose chimerical splendor was a tempting bait to allure the Spanish explorers away from the comforts of home to seek their fortune in the new land. Many efforts were made to reach these cities but the perilous journeys were of no avail, and for more than a decade the location of this glorious realm remained a secret known only to the stars and the winds. In the year 1536 the story was revived when four travellers, footsore and weary, fatigued by innumerable hardships on the sierras and plains at the North, reached the City of Mexico. Eight years before a troop of 400 explorers landed on the shores of Florida in search of glory and wealth. They had encountered hostile tribes, and hunger, toil and disease had reduced the company to the mere handful which remained. They were Cabeza de Vaca, a Spaniard, a negro called Estevan, and two companions. These were the first to gaze upon that great river coming from the north, afterward discovered by De Soto. They had traversed the continent from east to west, and after wandering about in the mountains and the sandy plains to the eastward, had made their way south to Mexico. They, too, told of a land of plenty—a fertile region whose people had acquired regal wealth and lived in all the pomp and glory of the early Egyptian kings. They spoke of seven magic cities whose glittering domes could be seen for miles, and gave glowing accounts of the magnificent climate and wonderful resources of the land.

A Franciscan monk, Marcos de Niza, accompanied by Estevan, set out with a small force to find these cities, and if possible to pave the way for Spanish conquest. Tradition has it that the easy-going, unsuspicious friar allowed the negro to go ahead, who reached the cities long before the deliberate and credulous friar had completed half the journey. Reaching one of the villages the negro plundered it, forgetting the kindness heaped upon him during his former journey. It was reported that the affluent, peace-loving citizens bore his indignities without resistance, but when he attempted to appropriate their wives and daughters these good people found it a little difficult to overlook his idiosyncrasies. So they put him to death and sent his companions back. These met the friar and related what had happened. Whether the gentle friar really proceeded on his journey, as he himself reported, venturing near enough to look down upon the gilded domes, or whether, as his companions declared, he returned right speedily to Mexico, the world will never know. All reported that the seven cities did exist, and as their stories were more or less consistent, a larger expedition was sent out to find these wonderful cities, which the party declared to excel in magnificence any previous accounts.

The commander of the new expedition was a Spanish cavalier, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, the successor of Guzman as Governor of the Northern Province. Coronado, brilliant and cultured, brave and daring, possessed all the traits that make up a charming personality. But he was amazingly superstitious. Before leaving the Old World, he consulted an Arabian sage who dwelt in Salamanca and was possessed of all the arts of the magician, and master of all the secrets that had been given up by astrology and necromancy. The sage consulted his sacred parchments, interviewed the stars, and after a long sojourn in the realms of the mystics, made an appointment with his young Spanish friend. In a wood-sheltered retreat he received Coronado, who was doubtless bewildered and impressed by the mathematical charts, the fragrance of burning incense and the soft radiance cast by zodiacs and blue-lights. The supernatural beings decreed that the fiery youth should one day become the fearless ruler of a mighty, distant realm. But further than that the portent was ominous. A fall from a horse, an unexpected accident or blunder, and unforetold disasters would result. Coronado came to Mexico in the prime of manhood, with an unswerving determination to pursue that glorious career which he believed to be his. He met and immediately fell in love with the beautiful daughter of one of the Spanish dignitaries, the former royal treasurer, upon whom had temporarily devolved the important duties of looking after the affairs of state. Beatrix d'Estrada, whose influence is seen here and there in the career of Coronado, was a young woman of rare attainments, a surprising charm of manner, and it is reported of transcendent loveliness. We are told that the ardor of the young adventurer for his wife did not wane during the whole of his brilliant and unsatisfied career.

Coronado's expedition, consisting of 300 gayly attired Spaniards and 800 natives, set out in the spring of 1540, sanguine in hopes and dauntless in courage. The journey was full of hardships. The way over the monotonous plains and mountainous regions was severe, and although the plumage of the adventurers was soon the worse for the encounter with the elements, their courage did not give out. Probably now and then the meek followers would have become faint-hearted had not their leader urged them on. One day a soldier rushed into Coronado's presence saying he had met the devil, who told him to kill Coronado and marry Beatrix, if he wished to be the possessor of endless wealth. The superstitious Coronado ordered that the soldier should remain at Culiacan, where he would be unable to carry out the advice of the devil. When, after a long march, seven cities were reached, the knightly cavaliers and disappointed soldiers vowed vengeance upon the poor friar's head. The seven cities were squalid hamlets. In place of regality and pomp and splendor was desolation, simplicity and poverty. The rosy dreams were resolved into untempting, uninviting reality. But since so much had been expended upon the journey, Coronado determined to go further and visit other cities. Surely there were realms worth conquering, and in course of time they would surely find them. The natives, anxious to keep the adventurers out of their territory, did all in their power to revive the courage of the party. Far to the eastward, about 250 miles, they said, was a populous and fertile region which would surely meet the expectations of the conquerors. Coronado led his army thither and to this day may be found the ruins of the villages between the Rio Grande and the Pecos, not far from the site of Santa Fe. The natives of these cities met the invaders with a cordial and genial welcome, offering them jewels and turquoises, rare fabrics, besides an abundance of the substantials of life, and serenading them with the plaintive music of reeds and fifes. In return for this hospitality the Spaniards burned one of the villages and imprisoned some of the chiefs. Coronado demanded cloth enough to furnish suits for his army, and as winter was at hand and the natives found it difficult to comply with the General's request they were even forced to give up their own garments. These were only a few of the indignities heaped upon these gentle people by the Spaniards, who, the historian tells us, had been instructed by the Viceroy of Mexico "to have these people understand that there was a God in Heaven and an emperor on earth." All the wrongs were endured with more or less resignation until one of the officers attempted to carry away the comely wife of a villager. The husband and the chiefs of the village complained to Coronado, but, failing to obtain justice, determined upon revolt. The natives rose in arms, barricaded their houses, and for two days a shower of arrows kept the assailants at bay. Finally the Spaniards dug under the walls and set fire to the village. The Indians asked for quarter and laid down their arms. But notwithstanding the treaty, the Spaniards determined to burn the natives alive as an example to other villages. The natives seized the cudgels from the fuel gathered for their bonfire and made a brave defence, but few escaped. The report, however, spread among the neighboring villages that the Spaniards had violated the treaties of war and were not to be trusted. The winter which followed was one of unprecedented severity, and the Spaniards, unable to move northward, offered to overlook past offences and to grant a shelter to all who would submit to their invasion. The Indians refused, and another village was beseiged. After fighting gallantly for fifty days, being deprived of water and enduring terrible tortures, the inhabitants were forced to surrender, but not until they had first built a bonfire into which they cast all their jewels and finery that they might at least be spared the humiliation of seeing their goods in the possession of the enemy. Not one escaped. They were literally mowed down by the Spaniards, who rushed in on horseback, sword in hand. Thus, we are told, these simple-hearted, peace-loving people, "who had greeted Coronado with the perfume of flowers and the soft music of their flutes," learned that, although there might not be a God of mercy in Heaven, there was certainly an emperor on earth.

One of the Indians in the valley, knowing that a desperate effort must be made to rid the land of Coronado and his followers, cleverly disguised himself and appeared before Coronado, pretending to be a mysterious personage and a hater of his people. He gave descriptions of a land far remote that surpassed all previous accounts. Upon a mighty river floated canoes which carried forty oarsmen. Huge vessels sailed on the streams, surmounted by golden eagles and supporting raised daises where the lords were wont to seat themselves under a canopy of cloth of gold. Tartarrax, long-bearded and heavy-headed, the monarch of these regions, took his noonday nap under a huge spreading tree in a garden of roses. He slept to the soft music of innumerable bells, suspended by imperceptible cords. These magic bells when played upon by the wind gave forth exquisite sounds. The King toyed with a string of priceless beads, which furnished a mental stimulus and aided the flow of eloquence in his prayers. He worshipped a cross of gold and made daily vows of adoration to the image of a woman, the Queen of the Heavens. All the commonest household utensils in this land were wrought of silver and beaten gold. To this wonderful region, this land of Quivera, the Indian offered to conduct his credulous friends whenever they wished. Coronado, still lured by the hope of a wonderful conquest, and always ready to believe in omens made ready for another expedition, after taking the wise precaution to have his guide securely bound. One soldier to whom ablution was not even a memory declared that he had seen this Indian with his face in a basin in close proximity to the water talking to the devil. This, together with other mysterious communications, satisfied Coronado. On May 5, 1541, the army left the valleys they had so effectually subdued and Christianized, crossed the gently flowing, softly murmuring Pecos and began the weary march over the primeval wind-swept plains, across the southwestern territory, to the region of the Arkansas, eight hundred miles away. Castenada, one of the private soldiers, who has left an account of the march, says that each was ordered to count his steps, that a fair estimate of the daily progress might be made, as well as of the entire distance travelled. There is a vision of a grim, dusty, weary-footed band marching with uncertain precision during those long summer days, through the high scorched, seared grass, over the Southern prairies, where the calm monotony of the clear sky was only relieved by a tempest. Such were the hardships endured to gratify the whim of a superstitious, avaricious Spaniard. One wonders that they had the energy to plunder, yet the faithful chronicler tells us that they left no trace of Indian villages that chanced to be in their path. Finally, when their endurance had been strained to the point of fracture, and no tangible evidences appeared of a land glittering with gold, the adventurers began to look with suspicion upon their guide. They noticed that the tribes they met on the plains who had conversed with the Indian pointed to the eastward and confirmed his stories, while other tribes with whom this guide had had no opportunity to communicate knew nothing of this land of splendor. Some, however, pointed to the north and not to the east as the direction where lay a fertile country. The soldiers, convinced of the deception and unwilling to edure further hardships, called a council of war. It was agreed that Coronado with thirty of his best cavalrymen and six foot-soldiers should proceed northward following other guides, while the remaining army should return home. Then the little band turned their faces northward, and during the greater part of July plodded their weary way over the dreary Kansas plains, where the intensity of the sun's rays by day was followed by the breathless, oppressive nights. After a journey that must have seemed endless, they reached the valley of the Platte and the long-sought land of Quivera, where reigned Tartarrax, heavy-headed and old, but not as they had pictured him. They found no coffers of gold nor jewelled breast-plates nor rose gardens. The musical bells, the gilded eagle, the rosary, the image of the Virgin alike had melted into thin air. Coronado, we are told, took grim pleasure in hanging the Turk, as that faithless guide was called. But that barbarian, acknowledging that he had misled them simply to rid the Valley of the Pecos of their dangerous presence, met death smilingly, regretfully murmuring before his execution that the beautiful cities "were still beyond."

In one of the southern counties of Nebraska, in the beautiful watered region, Coronado remained for twenty-five days making further explorations and determining upon his future course. The explorers heard of a great river further east which they believed to be the River of the Holy Ghost. But after looking in vain for gold, they halted on the shores of the Platte, and one burning August day their leader erected a cross bearing upon its base the inscription "Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, General of an Expedition, reached this place." Coronado said he intended to return in the spring and make further explorations in Quivera, but the soldiers doubted his intention, and Castaneda wrote: "God has reserved these explorations for others. To us He gives only the right to boast that we were the first to discover them. His will be done." The following spring Coronado had a fall from his horse, and remembering the predictions of the Arabian astrologer hurridly returned home to his beloved wife. Perhaps the prediction came true for Coronado received a cool welcome from the Viceroy, who had spent 60,000 pesos of gold on the expedition, and he lost his government and his reputation. Further than this nothing is known of the career of Coronado which began with such brilliant prospects, nor do we know more of his devoted wife, the beautiful Donna Beatrix.

Such is the story of Coronado's march to the interior and the legend of King Tartarrax, which the Nebraska people have celebrated in triumphal processions and marches. We have only to look at the records carefully to be convinced of the truth of the narrative. Among the landmarks the vestiges of the village of Cicuye, said to be the last place visited by Coronado before he began his long march across the plain, and described in the narrative of some of the explorers, may be now seen in the ruined town known as Old Pecos. From this point in their journey all narrators agree that the army marched about seven miles to the northeast to a large river, undoubtedly the Arkansas. It is unreasonable to suppose that any stream south of the Arkansas was meant. The distance between the Pecos and Newton, Kansas, by the old Santa Fe trail is not far from 600 miles. We do not know exactly the time occupied in the march after leaving this point. It has been given as forty-eight days and also as forty-two and forty days. Granting that it only took forty days, and deducting the twenty-five days spent by Coronado after reaching the place there still remains ample time to make the journey to the Platte River. Coronado himself reported that he reached the fortieth parallel of latitude. Furthermore, his description of the climate, the soil and the vegetation of Quivera corresponds perfectly to the conditions of this portion of Nebraska. "The soil," he says, "is the best which it is possible to see for all kinds of Spanish fruits. Besides being strong and black, it is very well watered by creeks, fountains and rivers. Here I found plums, such as I have seen in Spain, walnuts, and excellent ripe grapes."

Jaramillo, one of the lieutenants, has left this description: "The country has a fine appearance, such as I have not seen excelled in France, Spain, Italy or in any of the countries which I have visited in the service of His Majesty. It is not a country of mountains, there being but hillocks and plains, with streams of excellent water. It afforded me entire satisfaction. I judge that it must be fertile and well suited to the cultivation of all sorts of fruits. For a grazing country experience proves that it is admirably adapted, when we consider that herds of bison and other wild animals, vast as the imagination can conceive, find sustenance there. I noticed a kind of plum of excellent flavor, something like those of Spain; the stems and blue flowers of a sort of wild flax, sumach along the margin of the streams, like the sumach of Spain, and palatable wild grapes."

Gomara writes: "Quivera is on the fortieth parallel of latitude. It is a temperate country, and hath very good waters and much grass, plums, mulberries, nuts, melons, and grapes which ripen very well. There is no cotton, and they apparel themselves with bison hides and deer skins."

The following might be taken as a description of one of the frequent storms in this region: "One evening, there came up a terrible storm of wind and hail, which left in the camp hailstones as large as porringers, and even larger. They fell thick as raindrops, and in some spots the ground was covered with them to the depth of eight or ten inches. The storm caused, says one, many tears, weakness and vows. The horses broke their reins, some were even blown down the banks of the ravine, the tents were torn, and every dish in camp broken."

Among the interesting relics that have been found are the breastplate, helmet and forge of a Spanish soldier which came to light in the recent excavations near the Pecos River. An old stirrup such as that used by Moorish horsemen, was found a few years ago near the Republican River in Franklin County. The engineers of the Union Pacific, while constructing a line near the Loup River, report finding ancient mounds and evidences of a former civilization, such as broken bits of ancient pottery with markings identical to those on the pottery found near Pecos. The Pawnees, who for a long time occupied this region, are related to the Aztecs. There is a tradition among the Indians that they once had a magnificent city.

### *HE WOULD STARVE BEFORE HE'D PAY THAT.*

At Perryville, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, a thin old man with a mouth like a cruller climbed on board a southbound train. He carried an umbrella tied up with a shoestring, and an old valise which looked as if it had been with Lee at Appomattox.

He sat down on a cross seat near the door, deposited his property and beckoned to a train boy who was passing with a basket of sandwiches.

"Got anything ter eat, young feller?"

"Sandwiches—ham, chicken and tongue."

"Are they fraish?"

"Certainly."

"There ain't no 'certainty' about it," objected the old man emphatically, "the sandwich business is fickilish in hot weather."

"They're fresh," said the boy impatiently—"only been made an hour."

"I'd rather like a chicken sandwich," remarked the old man, "if I knowed I wouldn't draw a wing."

"No wings, sir, all clear meat."

"'Spose you let me see one of them sandwiches."

"Can't, sir, they are all wrapped up. Take one?"

"How much do you ask fer em?"

"Ten cents."

"Not by the dozen, young feller, how much fer one?"

"Ten cents."

"Great day 'n' mornin'," gasped the old man, horror-stricken, "ten cents fer two bites of bread and a smell of chicken? I'm hungry enough to eat a pickaxe, but I'm game, and I tell you, boy, before I pay ten cents fer one little sandwich, I'll set here and roll my eyes and swoller, all the way to Bowlternec."

### *A MOSQUITO ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.*

Some of the good people of Stratford, Conn., decided this year to drain about forty acres of marsh land and had the necessary ditches dug. Afterward some of the ditches were partially filled up and the marsh water stagnated therein. On examination the water was found to be a saturated solution of mosquito larvae. The local scientists focused their powerful intellects and microscopes upon a specimen of the water and figured it out that the prospective mosquito population had been 20,000,000 to the acre. As there were forty acres drained, the appalling fact is apparent that 800,000,000 promising members of the mosquito race, who might have done good and telling work upon the Connecticut country boarders this year, were thus cut off before their youth had a chance to flower or even to sprout, or, to come down from metaphor, in fact to crack the shell of the embryonic state. Among other things, this little story teaches us to keep away this summer from undrained marshes in Connecticut, or anywhere else.

### *HIGH-HEELED SHOES FOR ANGELS.*

From The Lewiston Journal.

Somebody having been poking fun at the wooden angel on the old Universalist Church spire, at Bath, because it wore high-heeled shoes, causes "The Bath Enterprise" to recall this story: The Rev. Dr. Ellingwood, of the North Congregational Church, meeting Mr. Anthony C. Raymond, a devoted Universalist, asked: "Mr. Raymond, did you ever see an angel with high-heeled shoes on his feet?" "Well, no," rejoined Mr. R., "I can't say that I ever did; but did you ever see one without them?"

## PARIS GOSSIP

DUMAS'S DAUGHTER—MME. MARSY—FERNAN NUNEZ.

Paris, May 27.

When Dumas fils recanted a short time ago his "tue la," and exhorted the (then) future jurors in the Deacon case to make an example, every one who knew him felt that the "birds he hatched had come home to his own hearth." If he changed his tune so completely, he must have had some good cause for it, apart from a disinterested search after philosophical truth. The fact that his daughter, Mme. Lippmann (Colette) and her husband have got rid of each other in the divorce court explains the retraction. Mme. Lippmann is a compound of Russ, French, Jew and negro, and is what her father's friends describe as tres fantaisiste. True to her Narischine, Oriental and tropical blood, she is an irrepressible person, her disposition being made up of strongly contrasting, and in some respects discrepant, qualities.

Mme. Marsy, of the Francais, is not pleased with the demi-success of "Froufrou," and has fallen ill. She will, her doctor certifies, have to keep quiet for a fortnight or so. The wonderful dresses which the actresses in this play require can be utilized in playing before the tourists who crowd into Paris when the ordinary residents leave it. Foreign and provincial audiences will not judge the play, or the acting according to their merits, but see them through the eyes of sisters, sweethearts and wives, who will be glad to learn from the comediennes what sort of dresses to set themselves up with before they turn their faces homeward. I do not blame Mlle. Marsy for not having burned the Seine as "Froufrou," for it is a flimsy character. Mlle. Marsy was a little spoiled by her great success in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Two ex-Ambassadors of King Alphonso to the Elysee died this week at Madrid within twenty-four hours of each other. One was the Duke of Fernan Nunez, who might also be styled his wife's husband, and the other was a man of considerable gifts and a distinguished litterateur, Senor Manuel Silvela. The Duke died of paralysis and Silvela of apoplexy. The Duke was a son of the Prince de Savoie, the head of an old Milanese family, and was, when he courted the Duchess de Fernan Nunez (in her own right) Count de Falco d'Addo. He was cut out by nature to be a Prince Consort, with a position involving no great responsibilities. He had a head like a wighlock when in the sixties. He and the Duchess were in high favor at the Tuileries, and used to figure at court balls there in quadrilles of honor. They did not then fill any official station. The Duchess, it was said, being very much in love with her husband, had taken him away from Madrid to keep him out of the way of Queen Isabella. As he was a vain man she perhaps was right. Italians generally take the world easily. But he had a morbid craving for the sort of prominence that snobs love. He was keenly alive to newspaper criticism, and the papers were kept acquainted with his doings and those of his family. One of his daughters became, by her marriage with the Duke d'Albe, the niece-in-law of the Empress Eugenie. The Duke of Fernan Nunez was the nobleman who some eighteen or nineteen years ago made a present of a plated tea service to Sarah Bernhardt, leaving her to suppose it was real silver. He was indiscreet when Ambassador here in showing his old preferences for Bonapartist and Royalist company, but particularly for the former. His want of tact this evinced was in no small degree the reason why King Alphonso was so roughly received by the Parisians the last time he came to Paris.

The President of the Republic had to-day a private view of "Le Vengeur," the new naval panorama by Poilpot. It has been painted with the design, when the Parisians have had enough of it, of exhibiting it in the provinces, and then taking it to Chicago. The painter has evinced great pictorial grasp and vividness of imagination. He represents "Le Vengeur" in close quarters with two English frigates and a three-decker, a ship of the line, the Brunswick. "Le Vengeur" is dismasted and indeed almost knocked to pieces. The good ship is beginning to make her lurch bottomward. One almost wonders that she has not done so sooner, and fancies that she must drag down the Brunswick with her. Certainly as many British, as French tars will go to the bottom. Those of the former who have grappled with her men are in a bad way. All are fighting with diabolical fury and one can almost hear one hears the discharges of the flintlock of marines on the yards. A chorus hidden behind the scene sings the "Marseillaise," the legend being that the crew of the Vengeur went down singing that hymn.

E. C.

### *STREET-SWEEPING MACHINES.*

HOW THEY WORK AND WHAT THEY COST—ATTEMPTS AT IMPROVEMENTS.

To the average citizen the street-sweeping machine is an object of aversion and the cause of more or less profanity. It comes swishing along just as he is going out for the evening and kicks up a clo