The Wichita City Eagle.

VOLUME I. • WICHITA, SEDGWICK COUNTY, KANSAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1872. NUMBER 20.

The Wichita Eagle.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

THE RATES we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as charged by a majority of the papers in the West, and as low as any paper furnished on a firm and lasting basis, with a large circulation, will do business. We think business men can get value received by advertising with us. We ask no one to patronize us out of charity, and do not want a man's money unless we give him value received. We could easily fill our columns with foreign advertisements, humbugs, patent medicines, etc., at less than our regular rates. But we hope that we never will be compelled to do so. Nothing speaks so well for a town and the enterprise of its citizens—its growth and prosperity—as the columns of the local paper well filled with home advertisements of home trade and business. We shall charge all alike, foreign and local, and shall not deviate from our established rates. No display type larger than Pica will be used in these columns, and in no case will cuts, or black and unseemly illustrations be admitted into this paper.

MAILS.

Eastern Mail (via Wichita & Southwestern R. R.)—Arrives daily at 9:40 P. M. Departs daily at 3:05 A. M.

Eureka, Eldorado and Augusta—Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 P. M. Departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M.

Arkansas City (via Winfield, Douglas and Augusta)—Arrives daily at 6 P. M. Departs daily at 6 A. M.

Arkansas City (via Littletown, Nennescah, Oxford and El Paso)—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 P. M. Departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

Caldwell (via Chiuuska, Wellington and Belle Plaine)—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 P. M. Departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

Salina (via Sedgwick and Newton)—Arrives Saturday at 9:45 P. M. Departs Saturday at 3:05 A. M.

Sumner City—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1 P. M. Departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1 P. M.

Londonand Wellington—Arrives Tuesdays and Fridays. Departs Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Dry Creek, Clarion and Clear Water—Arrive and depart Wednesdays, once a week.

On and after date the postoffice will be open for the delivery of letters and the sale of stamps from 7½ A. M. to 8½ P. M.

Hereafter the office will be open on Sunday from 8 to 10 A. M.

Mails going east and south close prompt at 7½ P. M. J. T. HOLMES, P. M.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church—J. P. HARSEN, pastor. Services in church building, corner Wichita and Second streets, every Sabbath at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7½ P. M.

M. E. Church—J. F. NESBLY, pastor. Services at the School House every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock A. M. or 8 P. M. Alternate with Episcopal Church.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge Thirteenth Judicial District—W. P. CAMPBELL.

Board of County Commissioners—H. C. RAMLOW, R. N. NESBLEY, SOL. H. KOHN, Chairman.

County Treasurer—S. S. JOHNSON.

County Clerk—FRED. SCHATTNER.

Sheriff—JOHN MEAGHER.

Clerk District Court—JOHN MCIVOR.

Probate Judge—WM. BALDWIN

Superintendent Public Instruction—W. C. LITTLE.

Register of Deeds—JOHN MCIVOR.

County Attorney—H. C. SILESS.

County Surveyor—JOHN A. SHOUPE.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—E. B. ALLEN.

Police Judge—J. E. ATWOOD.

City Treasurer—CHARLES A. PHILLIP.

Marshal—M. MEAGHER.

City Attorney—WM. BALDWIN.

City Clerk—JEO. S. HENNY.

Justices of the Peace—WM. H. BOARKE, H. E. VAN TREES.

Constables—S. K. OMMERT, GEO. DEAMOUR.

Council—First Ward—DR. OWENS, CHARLES SCHATTNER. Second Ward—JAS. A. STEVENSON, H. H. LINDSEY. Third Ward—J. M. MARTIN, A. J. LANGSDORF. Fourth Ward—J. C. FRAKER, WM. SMITH.

Board of Education—First Ward—N. A. ENGLISH, NELSON MCLEES. Second Ward—E. P. WATERMAN, W. C. WOODMAN. Third Ward—G. W. REEVES, R. S. WEST. Fourth Ward—A. H. FABRIQUE, FRED. A. SOWERS.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month.
H. S. SLESS, W. M.

GOOD TEMPLARS—Meet at Masonic Hall Friday night of each week.
C. S. CALDWELL, W. C. T.

UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.

Meets every Sabbath, at the Presbytern Church, at 9½ o'clock A. M.

Meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the School House.

U. S. LAND OFFICE.

MAIN STREET, next door to Green Front. W. S. JENKINS, Register; J. C. REDFIELD, Receiver. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 3 P. M.

ATTORNEYS.

J. M. BALDERSTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas. Will practice in the State courts and attend to business connected with the U. S. Land Office. ap26-1y

JAMES L. DYER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas. Will practice in the State courts and attend to business in the U. S. Land Office. ap26-1y

GEORGE SALISBURY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Kansas. ap19-1y

J. F. LAUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, first door south of U. S. Land Office, Main street, Wichita, Kas. Special attention given to all kinds of business connected with the U. S. Land Office. 15-tf

W. H. KNAPP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Land Agent and Notary Public, Oxford, Kansas. my4-1y

MORSE & KIRKPATRICK,

D. H. MORSE. W. D. KIRKPATRICK.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas. Will practice in all the courts in the Thirteenth Judicial District and attend to contest cases in the Land Office. ap19-1y

JAMES McCULLOCH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas.

ATWOOD & LITTLE,

JNO. M. ATWOOD. WM. C. LITTLE.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, 116 Main street, Wichita, Kansas.

B. F. PARSONS,

COUNSELOR AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Kansas.

RUGGLES & PLUMB,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Emporia, Kansas. Will practice in all the Federal and Inferior Courts.

PHYSICIANS.

C. C. FURLEY. W. T. HENDRICKSON.

HENDRICKSON & FURLEY,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Main street, near First, Wichita, Kansas. Drs. Hendrickson and Furley having permanently located expect the share of practice their merit deserves, and will always be found at their office when not professionally engaged. Calls will be attended promptly in Wichita and vicinity at any hour, night or day.

DR. A. J. LANGSDORF,

DENTIST OFFICE No. 70 Topeka avenue, Wichita, Kansas. He is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth in the most perfect manner. Teeth inserted, from a single tooth to a full set, and warranted. my17-3m

ALLEN & FABRIQUE,

E. B. ALLEN, M. D. A. H. FABRIQUE, M. D.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Office at J. F. Allen's drug store, Main street, Wichita.

E. B. ALLEN, M. D.,

EXAMINING SURGEON of the U. S. Pension Department. Office at Allen's drug store, on Main street, Wichita, Kansas.

AUCTIONEERS.

T. H. CONKLYN,

AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 50 Main-st., Wichita. Strict attention paid to the sale of all kinds of merchandise and Real Estate. Liberal advancements made on consignments of goods of every description.

RESTAURANTS.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

KEYSTONE RESTAURANT. Everything clean and neat. Meals at all hours got up on short notice. No. 31 Main street, Wichita.

J. M. MARTIN,

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT. Meals at all hours. Suppers furnished dancing parties on short notice. Main-st opposite St. Louis Hardware store, Wichita, Kansas.

JEWELERS.

BARON & GERARD,

FRENCH JEWELERS and Goldsmiths. Satisfaction guaranteed as to styles and charges. Any design of pin, ring or charm made on short notice. Watches and clocks neatly and promptly repaired. Main sreet, opposite Blue Store, Wichita, Kansas.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. McADAMS,

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING. Dealer in Fancy Goods. The latest styles received as soon as out. Wichita, Kansas.

MRS. ANNIE WATSON,

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING of the latest fashions. Dealer in fancy goods and Zephyrs. East side Main street, near 2nd, Wichita, Kansas.

GROCERS.

RED FRONT.

ALLEN & McKILLIP, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Flour and Feed. Constantly receiving fresh invoices of Groceries.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

J. T. HOLMES,

DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, wrapping paper, twine, periodicals, etc., post-office building, Wichita, Kansas.

SHAVING SALOONS.

J. B. THOMPSON,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shaving, Hair-cutting and dressing done in the latest style of art. Baths, hot or cold, 50cts. No. 75 Main street, Wichita.

SALOONS.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

ICED, HOT, OR TO SUIT THE TASTE. None but the purest liquors kept. Malts, soft, sweet and creamy. [ap10-6m] U. E. CASE.

BANKING HOUSES.

FIRST

NATIONAL BANK

—OF—

WICHITA, KANSAS,

NO. 113 MAIN STREET.

Authorized Capital, - - $250,000

Capital Paid In, - - - - 50,000

DIRECTORS:

WM. GREIFFENSTEIN, W. P. GOSSARD,
J. R. MEAD, J. S. DANFORD,
J. C. FRAKER.

OFFICERS:

J. C. FRAKER.....President.
J. R. MEAD.....Vice President.
A. H. GOSSARD.....Assistant Cashier.

Will do a general banking business. GOLD AND SILVER, FOREIGN AND EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD. Will buy and sell COUNTY SCRIP and other local securities.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Collections promptly attended to.

Revenue Stamps for sale.

Possessing ample facilities for the advantageous conduct of our business, we promise to all our customers the most favorable rates and the promptest attention. 1-1y

FIRST ARKANSAS VALLEY BANK

—OF—

Loan, Exchange, Discount and Deposit.

WM. C. WOODMAN & SON.

$20,000 TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE,

And assistance rendered settlers in proving up qualified claims.

No. 35 Main street, Wichita.

1-1y

HOTELS.

DOUGLAS AVENUE HOUSE,

BLOOD & COX, Proprietors,

WICHITA, - - KANSAS.

This is a large three-story house, just completed and newly furnished throughout. It is the

Best and Most Complete House

In Southwestern Kansas, and the

ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL IN THE TOWN.

☞Stages for Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and all points in Southwestern Kansas, arrive at and depart from this house daily. 1-1y

SADDLERY.

DON'T READ THIS

SADDLES AND HARNESS

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

C. M. GARRISON,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLERY,

COLLARS, PLASTERING HAIR, HIDES,

FURS, WOOL AND TALLOW, &c.,

87 Main Street, Wichita, Kansas,

Where I will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Saddles, Draft and Carriage Harness, Collars, Whips, and every article belonging to the trade, which I will sell at the very lowest rates for cash, or exchange for greenbacks, treasury notes or fractional currency. I am also prepared to do all kinds of carriage trimming in short order. Repairs promptly attended to for half cash in hand, the balance in twenty years' time, without interest.

N. B.—Bear in mind I will not be undersold. All work warranted to suit the purchaser. Please call and examine my goods.

C. M. GARRISON,
1-1y S Main street, Wichita, Kansas.

JEWELER.

J. I. HALES,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

No. 80 Main Street,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Wichita and surrounding country that he has located here, where he is prepared to do all work in his line with neatness and dispatch. Watches, clocks and jewelry neatly and promptly repaired and warranted. "Good Work," "Square Work," is his motto. Give him a call. jy7-1y

TIME IS PASSING.

Time is running in his chariot,
Rapidly his wheels go 'round;
Though they leave no dust behind them,
Though they leave no rumbling sound;
Silently they bear us onward,
Soon our journey will be o'er,
Soon our feet shall press the meadows
Of the vast eternal shore.

Flying months and years remind us
Of the world we're passing to;
Let us leave the good behind us,
In this world we're passing through,
Which shall be the seeds of kindness,
Watered by celestial dew,
And shall bear good fruit for others—
Fruits of joy, and peace and love—
Years long after we are singing
In the immortal land above.

Men are born and men are dying,
Thousands come, not one to stay;
Time is swift, his wheels are flying,
Never ceasing, night or day,
For the laughter, nor the crying,
For the stricken or the gay;
Gushing down the God-defying—
They who laugh at death's delay—
And for sorrow, sin, and sighing,
Bearing gentle souls away.

Plans and schemes of men and nations,
Hearts and homes and homesteads free,
Granite walls and art's creations,
All the eye delights to see,
All the ear delights in hearing—
Crumble, tumble, fall and fade.
Oh! we need a world more cheering,
Free from grave and cypress shade;
Thanks to God! that world we're nearing,
In the eternal sapphires laid.

From the Overland Monthly for August.

MANUEL.

While traveling from Texas to California, a good many years ago, I saw something moving along the trail, about a fourth of a mile distant, which looked like a small boy. My curiosity was excited; and, after a few moments' hesitation, seeing that the object, whoever it was, had stopped and crouched down, having, apparently, noticed me just then, for the first time, I rode cautiously up the road toward it. I had reached within ten or fifteen rods of the object, when it sprang up and darted into the chaparral, and, as it did so, I saw, what appeared to be, a young Indian, dressed in Mexican costume—loose shirt and wide pants of cotton goods, and a broad sombrero. All was quiet for a moment, and then I called out, in English, "Who is there?" There came no response. I then repeated the question in Spanish. A little, weak, frightened voice replied in the same language, this time:

"Only a poor Christiano, senor! And are you not an Apache?"

"No; I am a friend," I replied.

"Thanks be to God; I am saved!" was the devout response; and the little fellow ran out from his hiding-place, and, coming directly up to me, seized my hand and covered it with kisses, praying and uttering thanks, and crying hysterically all at once.

I gathered that he had been on his way from Hermosillo, in Sonora, to Los Angelos, in California, with a party of Mexican friends, consisting of a man and his wife, another boy, and two mazos. They had turned out from the road to camp, where there was some grass; and while preparing for the night, they had been jumped upon by the Apaches, and all shot down but himself. He had happened to be a few yards away from the camp when the attack was made; and, concealing himself, had escaped detection. Late that day he had found the trail, and followed it several miles; but, becoming faint and exhausted from long exposure and the want of food, he had turned out to lie down for a rest under a tree; and, having fallen asleep, had missed us entirely as we passed, only a few hundred yards from him. He had found water once, and had eaten a few mesquite bean pods, which had fallen in his way, thus sustaining life. His clothing was torn to shreds by the thorny shrubs through which he had passed; his feet were swollen from long walking on the hot, dry earth, and filled with cactus-spines; and, between weariness, hunger and thirst, he was so nearly dead that it is doubtful if he would have had strength enough to reach the station, had he not fallen in with me, almost by a miracle, as he did.

I had some water with me, in my canteen, and, by the greatest good luck imaginable, a handful of dry soda-crackers in my pocket—the remains of my afternoon lunch. He swallowed the water with trembling eagerness, and munched the dry crackers, in spite of his sore mouth, swollen tongue and bleeding lips, as he rode back to the station behind me on my horse, telling me his story, little by little, as he could collect his thoughts and call to mind the incidents.

All my traveling companions save one—a big, rough brute, known as Waco Bill—took kindly interest in the little unfortunate, and consented to my adding him to the party. That night we succeeded in finding him a pair of shoes which would keep his bleeding feet from the sun and the rough rocks of the road, and a blanket to wrap around his shoulders when traveling; and, after a hearty meal of the best we could prepare for him in camp, he fell asleep. I had a large, black dog—half hound, half mastiff—which had accompanied us on the trip, and was very useful in watching the camp, and guarding us against surprise by Indians. He was as savage as a tiger, and could scent an Apache a mile away. Butcher went up to little Manuel—the boy's name was Manuel de la Cruz—as soon as I brought him into camp, and, to the surprise of everybody, immediately showed the warmest friendship for him. Thenceforth the boy and dog were almost inseparable companions. That night Manuel slept near me, with Butcher lying watchful at his feet; and time after time, the little fellow would start up, suddenly reach out his hand to touch me, and make sure that I was still there, then, reassured, curl down again under his ample blanket, and close his eyes in slumber. Next morning, I rigged a temporary saddle for my protege, and, mounting him on one of my pack-mules, installed him as a member of the expedition, as we took up our line of march again for the Gila. Big Waco Bill despised everything Mexican, and frequently alluded in no friendly manner to "that d—— little Greaser" which I had picked up on the road and was taking with me to California. Butcher, who had taken so kindly to Manuel, had hated Bill from the start, and this fact served still more to awaken his enmity to the boy. Manuel showed a genuine anxiety to make himself useful; he was a capital cook, ingeniously adding a number of dishes hitherto unknown to our bill of fare in camp, and with the needle he was as good as any woman, cherfully setting to work to sew on buttons, patch and repair our tattered clothing, whenever he had a moment's leisure. To me he was completely devoted, and there was nothing he would not try to do, if I asked him. On the other hand, he seemed to shrink instinctively from the presence of Bill, and repaid all the hate and contempt of that worthy with interest, in his own quiet way. After we reached the Gila, we camped near the Pima villages, with the intention of remaining there some ten days or two weeks, to thoroughly recruit our animals. One day I had been out with my shot-gun after quail and rabbits, leaving Manuel and Butcher in charge of the camp, and, returning just before nightfall, heard, while still some distance away, a noisy altercation going on. As I afterward learned, Waco Bill, who had been off all day, had returned late, half drunk, and in a qurrelsome mood. On coming into camp, he had ordered Manuel to go to the river for a pail of water; and the boy, who would have brought it instantly had I but intimated a wish for him to do se, instead of complying with the command, resented it, and kept on with the sewing upon my clothing at which he was busy, showing only by the flashing of his large, lustrous, dark eyes, and the quivering of his red lips over his snow-white teeth, that he had heard what was said to him. Bill, infuriated at this, ran toward the boy to seize and punish him, when the latter sprang to his feet, and, catching the coffee pot from the coals, where it stood simmering, threw it full at him, a portion of the scalding contents striking him on the arms, the breast and neck, and causing him fairly to howl with rage and pain. As I came in sight, the boy stood a few yards from the fire with the butcher-knife, which we used for cutting bacon, in his hand, prepared to defend himself to the death, though trembling from head to foot like a leaf, from excitement, while Bill was coming out of his tent with his big Colt's six-shooter in his hand, and malice which would stop at nothing short of murder, convulsing his countenance. Butcher, the dog, as if comprehending at a glance the condition of affairs, dashed forward at Bill as he came out, and the latter stumbling over him, both rolled to the ground. Bill was on his feet again in an instant, more fairly beside himself than ever; but I had by this time reached within striking distance, and seeing that he meant mischief of the murderous description, without a moment's reflection, dealt him a blow with my full strength with the butt of my gun, and he went down like a bullock. The blow took effect partly on his neck, and though it brought him down, it did not disable him, and he, still holding the revolver in his hand, almost regained his feet before I could repeat it. The second blow broke his right arm near the elbow, causing the pistol to drop from his now powerless hand; and at the same moment the dog, which had made several savage snaps at him, fastened his teeth firmly in the muscles of his leg, to which he hung for several minutes with a gripe like a vise, before I could break his hold and release the helpless and half-dead bully.

When the row was all over, and Bill's wounds dressed as well as possible under the circumstances, quiet settled down in camp. Then Manuel came, and crouching down on the ground by my side, seized my hand and kissed it, and, his voice half choked with sobs, exclaimed, over and over again: "Oh, my father, my friend, my benefactor, why did not the Apaches kill me before I brought this trouble upon you? I would have died for you—I would, in truth—and here I have put your life in peril! But, father of my heart, don't drive me away from you! I will go through fire to serve you! Let me have the opportunity to prove to you my devotion, my eternal gratitude!"

I was not angry with the boy; how could I be? I told him so again and again; having quieted him at last, I went and consulted with my partners on the situation. They agreed with me that I should leave the party and push on to California ahead. Waco Bill was disposed of for the time being, but he might recover in a few days sufficiently to do me mischief; and we all felt sure that it was in his nature to stop at nothing in the way of obtaining revenge. The party could not go on for some two weeks, their animals being far more worn down than mine; so I determined to go on alone next day with Manuel, and trust to luck to fall in with another party on the trail to Fort Yuma. It was a risky venture, but the best we could do under the circumstances. We were off bright and early next morning. As soon as we were out of sight of the party Manuel gave a sigh of relief, and asked, with affecting earnestness, "Will you *always* be my friend, captain?" He asked me the question a hundred times in the course of our journey down the Gila, receiving the same answer every time. Alone with me his shyness, which had been so marked while with the party, disappeared; his spirits rose day by, and he seemed to have almost wholly recovered from the terrible shock caused by the butchery of his friends. I had found some cheap clothing at the Pima villages, which he had quickly razeed to fit him; and with this, and with his glossy black hair—which when I found him had the appearance of having been hacked off with a dull knife—neatly cut, his appearance had changed wonderfully. A neater little figure than he now presented you would have to go far to see. We slept every night at or near one of the old stage stations, and by care and good fortune escaped attack by the Apaches, through the whole trip down the Gila to Fort Yuma.

There were quite a number of Manuel's countrymen and countrywomen here, but he seemed to avoid them all so far as possible, never leaving my company for a moment, if he could help it. A priest, who happened to be at the post, was to say mass there on Sunday; and Manuel told me, with satisfaction beaming on his countenance, that we could now say our prayers, and thank God and the saints for our escape from the many dangers of our journey. He looked both surprised and pained when I told him that I was not a Catholic, and could not join him in his devotions; but, after a moment, remarked, "Then, with your permission, friend of my heart, I will pray for you!" and I am sure that he did so with the earnestness of a simple, trusting soul, and a faith which knew no shadow of doubt.

From Fort Yuma to the settlements near Los Angelos our journey was devoid of special danger or excitement, as we were out of the hostile Indian country and had very little to fear from horse-thieves, even, with such indifferent stock as we traveled with. As we drew near our journey's end, Manuel's spirits began to sink again, and I saw that he looked upon the fast-approaching hour, when we must separate, with sadness and apprehension. As we rode along he talked with me of my family, and my prospects in life. He was particularly anxious to know how he could always be certain of reaching me, or hearing from me. When I gave him my address, minutely written out, he immediately sewed it in his jacket, so that it could not work out and be lost, and I saw him pressing his hand against it, over and over again, to be sure that he was not mistaken, and had it safe. He would, indeed, like to go to the great city of San Francisco with me, and always he my son, but then his father was old, and would, now that his mother was dead, find it hard to part with him; and his sister—of whom he knew little, as he had not seen her for years—would need his protection. So he could not go with me to the great city, but he would never cease to pray for me, and if ever I needed his company or assistance, he would leave father and sister, and all, to come to me; I might be sure of that.

It was night when we came in sight of the "City of the Angels," and I realized that my long journey of thousands of miles on horseback, from Texas to the shore of the Pacific, would soon be over, and I should, in a few minutes more be in communication with home, and wife and friends in San Francisco. Just then Manuel called me back to the rear of the party, and, with quivering voice, told me that I must not think hard of him if he left me immediately on arriving in Los Angelos. His father had not seen him in so long a time that he was in duty bound to seek him out at once. As he said this he held my hand with an eager, trembling grasp in both his own, and looked up, with a longing, mournful expression, into my face. I understood and respected his feelings. He wished to bid me good-by, then and there, when no one was looking at us. I bent down from my saddle, and, throwing his arms around my neck, he kissed me with passionate energy; then with the exclamation, "Oh, captain, captain, and I am going to see you no more!" released me, commenced sobbing convulsively, stopped it with a strong effort, then rode forward and joined the train, without another word.

I had no sooner arrived in Los Angelos than I went to the express office and got my letters. Everything was going wrong. My poor wife, whose health had been declining for years, was growing steadily worse; my business was suffering from neglect and the need of money, which my partners hoped I would bring from Texas. My trip to Texas had been a failure, for I had found it impossible to sell the greater portion of the lands from which I had expected to realize a handsome some sum, and what money I had obtained had nearly all been absorbed in paying taxes on the lands unsold, and the expenses of the trip. The steamer would sail from San Pedro next morning for San Francisco, and I determined to lose no time, but go at once, leaving my horses to be sold by a friend as soon as they had so far recovered from the effects of the trip to be saleable. Manuel had disappeared as soon as we arrived at the hotel, but I felt sure he would come around in good time in the morning to bid me good-by. Morning came, but no Manuel. No one had seen him since we drove up to the door of the hotel.

The stage for San Pedro was ready, and I reluctantly got upon the box, wondering all the time why Manuel neither came nor sent me any word. The hostler from the stable came at the last moment to tell me that the dog, Butcher, was also missing. He had howled and acted like a mad creature from the moment that Manuel left, and sometime during the night, had gnawed in two the rope by which he had been tied in the stable, and ran away, no one knew where. They thought he must have gone to find the boy, but no one knew the family of de la Cruz, and so they did not know where to look for him. There was no time to wait, and I left, feeling more disappointed than I cared to admit. I had believed that Manuel was a living and triumphant contradiction of the vulgar theory that gratitude had no place in the Spanish heart; and yet he had deserted me at the first opportunity, when there was nothing more to be gained from my friendship, and had even seduced my faithful dog from his allegiance to me.

My business, by patient care and attention, became prosperous once more; but my dear wife grew daily weaker and more wan, despite all that loving kindness could do for her; and a year after my return I stood by a new-made grave, alone in the world, still under the middle age, a childless, downcast, disappointed man.

Once only during all this time had I heard from Manuel. A Spanish lady, well advanced in years—for whose children I had once used my influence with some success, and who thereafter regarded me both as a friend and a son—returning from Los Angelos, called at my house and said to me: "Captain, I met the sister of your little protege, Manuel, at Los Angelos, and brought you a message from her. She is very grateful to you for what you did for Manuel, and begs you to accept a little gift in token of her regard." In the package I found a pair of fine handkerchiefs, delicately and elabortely embroidered, and bearing the initials, "M. De la C," and a note, in a neat little hand, but indifferent English: "Don't think too much hardly of your little Manuel, who will never forget that you was his friend and benefctor, and will pray for you always. He did not wished to leave you, and sometime you will know why he did. He would not if he could help it.—MANUELA DE LA CRUZ."

One day I was out riding on the San Bruno road, in company with a friend. We had both been drinking a little, but only enough to make us feel like driving a trifle more recklessly than usual. As we were coming home along the bay beyond the Seven-mile House, we came up with a party who had also a fast team, and a trial of speed ensued. Just as we were passing them we rounded a sharp turn in the road, and I saw another team coming from the opposite direction, right before us, not twenty feet off. I had time to see no more. When I regained consciousness, I was lying in bed in my room on Stockton street, in San Francisco, my leg broken, three ribs fractured, and a terrible gash in my scalp, which extended half way across my head. They said I had narrowly missed instant death, and it might—probably would—take me six months to recover. As good fortune would have it, my old Spanish lady friend had seen me brought in, and was attending me assiduously.

Then the fever came on and for days I was raving in delirium, or tossing in distempered sleep, which brought no rest or relief. One day I was lying half asleep, half unconscious, with my head as it were on fire, and my ideas all distorted and confused by the fever-heat which ran through my brain like molten metal, when I felt, or fancied I felt, a cool, soft hand upon my burning forehead, and the touch of moist, velvety lips on mine. It was some seconds before I was fully awakened to consciousness; and then, when I turned my head painfully on my pillow, I saw that there was no one else in the room. I was sure that I could not have been wholly mistaken; and reaching the bell, I rang it for my kind volunteer nurse, who came at once.

"There was somebody else in this room a moment since?" I said with a positiveness I did not wholly feel, but with a determination to know the truth.

"Yes, captain, you are right!" Then, coming to me, she took my hand, and said, "If you promise me not to be angry, I will tell you something.

I gave the promise.

"Well, then, I have taken a liberty. Manuela, the sister of the boy you found upon the desert, has come to attend upon you, now that you are in trouble and need loving care and assistance."

"But I never saw her in my life!" I said.

"You have seen her brother, and been his friend; and for his sake, she is devoted to you."

"But why did not Manuel come?" I asked.

"Their father died recently, and he was detained at home."

Hardly knowing what I did, I said, "Call Manuela in, then!"

The girl came in, and stood, with cheeks suffused and downcast eyes, quietly by my bedside. She was taller than Manuel, and of lighter complexion, but had the same glorious eyes of liquid black, the same dark hair, with the tinge of purple when the sun rested on it, the same bright expressive countenance, and quick, graceful movement of the little taper hands when speaking. She was very fair to look upon—as the young palm-tree by the desert spring—and there was goodness, as well as beauty, in her face.

From that day I began to mend. Manuela stopped with my nurse, and was ever at my bedside, or ready to come at my call. Neatness and taste were in all she did, and at her touch all things grew beautiful. She practiced reading English, hour after hour, every day, to amuse me, profiting at the same time by the lessons. Her hand prepared little dulces and other dishes to tempt my slowly returning appetite. Her hand arranged the flowers which filled my room with fragrance; and her hand bathed my aching brow, and arranged my pillows when sleep grew heavy upon my eyelids. You can guess the rest.

When I was able to sit up once more, and to begin to bear my weight upon the broken limb and move about the room with the aid of a crutch and the chairs, I was madly, hopelessly in love—despite the desparity of our years—with Manuela, and determined that she should not leave me, if I could prevent it. The time came when she told me that she must go home; that I did not need her care or assistance longer. Then I poured forth all which was in my heart; told her that I should always need her care and sympathy and assistance, and made her the offer of my hand and heart, in all good faith and sincerity, confident of acceptance.

"And she accepted you, of course?"

No; she did not. She broke from me with a startled look, as if something which she had long dreaded had come upon her at last, unexpectedly; and answered me, proudly, but sadly: Love me? Yes; she could love me—did love me—would always love me. She was proud to receive a true man's love, and to own that she returned it. But she was an orphan—their father had died since I had left Manuel in Los Angelos; poor, almost uneducated, and lacking all of what we call the necessary accomplishments. She could not do me credit in society; and would not risk the chance of seeing me regret my folly, and feeling ashamed of my hasty choice. She loved me too much to make me miserable for life; but would pray for me, night and day, as the dearest and truest friend she had ever found on earth; and would ask me to continue to love her as a sister, or daughter (if I preferred it) and believe her worthy of my affection. She had come to prove her gratitude to me and do her duty, not to entrap me into a marriage beneath me; and she wished me to believe it.

All this, and more, she told me; then broke down wholly, and wept passionately, rejecting all my attempts to comfort her. She must, and would, go at once, now that this had happened; and she left me—half stunned, bewildered, and utterly downcast at this crushing blow—to make arrangements for her journey back to Los Angelos.

My other nurse came in soon after, with her eyes full of tears; but I could not talk, even to her, of the great sorrow which had come upon me; it was too sacred for others than Manuela and I to speak of, even though I suspected she knew it all. That night I never closed my eyes in sleep. I formed a thousand plans, but abandoned each in turn as impracticable, feeling that, if Manuela had decided on her course, nothing would turn her from it. Manuela came in the afternoon to bid me good-by. She was pale, sad and silent. She took my hand, and I, no longer able to suppress my emotion, turned my head away in speechless agony. She stood a moment, irresolute, and then, in an instant a wonderful change swept over her. Her arms were around my neck, her head was upon my bosom, and her warm tears falling thick and fast upon my hands. When, at last, she looked up into my face, she said:

"I thought that I was doing my duty, and had the strength to bear it, and go away alone; but I had not. I cannot part with you again!"

"Again?" I repeated inquiringly.

"Yes—my true, my only friend—again! The first time was at Los Angelos. I am the little Manuel whom you found on the Arizona desert, and cared for and protected at the risk of your life. God brought us together then, and now again, for some good purpose, and I will leave you no more. You know all now, and I will be your loving wife, to honor and to serve you always, if you still desire it!"

"She said this with trembling eagerness. In truth I wished it. Then she explained how she came to deceive us in Arizonia, and so long kept up the deception. There was a boy in the party, somewhat older than herself—she was fourteen then—and when the Indians charged upon the camp she was sitting in the shade, a little distance away, mending some of his clothing. When she realized that her companions and protectors were no more, and the full horror of her situation broke upon her mind, instinct told her that her chances of safety would be better with whoever she might meet, if she donned the costume of the other sex—which she lost no time in doing. When we reached Los Angelos, she hurried away to meet her father before the secret of her sex should be discovered by others, and succeeded in assuming again her proper costume, without the story being known to any one but him. Meeting our mutual friend—my old Spanish nurse—she had confided the whole story to her, and she had kept the secret well. God bless her.

The dog Butcher was hunting for Manuel for two days, and recognized Manuela in his place the moment that he found her. He was with her still; he is with us now. That is his bark—the noble old fellow; this is my ranch; that is our house, under the madronotrees yonder; and that is Manuela—God bless her!—coming down to the gateway to meet us, with little Manuel and Manuela by her side. I tell you what it is, old friend, I am just the happiest man in all California, and the most contented, you may believe me!

I went in with him, and there, in the quiet summer evening, when the whole air was fragrant with the breath of flowers, saw him sitting beneath his own vine and fig-tree, with his bright-eyed, laughing children on his knees, and Manuela, whose fair face was radiant with love and pride, leaning trustingly on his shoulder, as one who knows whence comes the strength which, through all trials, shall sustain her; and I did believe him.

There are 30,645 postmasters in the United States, and 1,419 letter carriers.

Personal and Literary.

Gov. Jewell will corruscate in the columns of the Hartford *Post* as editor in chief.

Professor Agassiz has found a striking resemblance between Patagonian scenery and that of the Alps.

It is said that the Queen of Holland spends three-fourths of her immense income in gratifying her literary tastes.

Emily H. Moore, known in a literary way as "Mignonette," has married E. R. Leland, an old resident of Milwaukee.

It has been stated that Father Beeky, the "general" of the order of the Jesuits, intends visiting this country next month.

Olive Logan Sykes, having got Satan pretty well behind her, will soon startle society with another book.

It is reported that Jay Cooke's next financial movement will be in the direction of matrimony.

Fanny Lewald, the German authoress, announces her intention to lecture on woman's rights in the United States next autumn.

Professor N. H. Winchell, at present of the Ohio state geological survey, has been employed to take charge of the geological survey of Minnesota.

A son of Jerry Black wrote Lamon's life of Lincoln—a fact which has transpired in the course of a lively quarrel betwen the real and the putative author.

Mr. Froude, the historian, arrives from England on the first of October. He will probably deliver a course of five lectures in Boston.

The Saratoga notability who has his rooms at Congress Hall draped in mourning for his mother, remarked the other day that "he would't have lost her for five hundred dollars."

Francis Crossley, the celebrated manufacturer, of Yorkshire, died recently, and his will, devising property valued at $4,000,000, has been admitted to probate.

Parke Godwin, esq., who is a graduate of Princeton College, has received the degree of LL. D. from that institution. Dr. Godwin is at present the managing editor of the *Evening Post*.

Scientific and Industrial.

All of the iron to be used in the construction of the Northern Pacific railroad will be made in this country from native ores.

Iron shingles have recently been patented, and are said to be less expensive than slate. They are made about six inches by thirteen in size, and fasten with headless nails.

If you want to talk heavy science, say "protoxide of hydrogen," instead of "ice." It sounds loftier, and one man, perhaps, in a thousand will know what you mean.

Excellent brick are now made of the refuse of the English coal mines, which, for ordinary building uses, are said to answer every purpose, being fully as hard and durable as the common clay brick.

It is believed by many scientific men that research is all but dead in England; whether we confess it or not, England, so far as the advancement of knowledge goes, is but a third or fourth rate power.

The blast furnace built at Ishpening, Lake Superior, for testing peat for smelting purposes, and which went into blast with charcoal some time since, is now running on peat exclusively, and with perfect success.

Professor Colding, of Copenhagen, after many experiments and calculations concerning the rate of currents, and the origin and speed of vortices, expresses the belief that the motions of both water and air are governed by the same law.

A set of paper car wheels on one of the Pullman cars running to Jersey City, have run over 160,000 miles of track, and worn out entirely one set of steel ties, which have been replaced. The ordinary wheels, it is said, will run only 60,000 miles.

Dr. Sigerson, an eminent European savant, has found in the air exhaled from the lungs of tea-drinkers a very large number of microscopic globules of a poisonous narcotic oil, which, according to him, explains why tea sometimes makes nervous people coughy.

Foreign Items.

Three thousand nine hundred and forty persons have been guillotined in France from 1793 to 1871.

The Emperor Francis Joseph will visit Berlin in July, and then go the Hague and to London.

Alfred Tennyson has presented a complete set of his works to the Strasburg municipal library.

Austria, following the example of the other great European powers, is vigorously reorganizing her army and training her troops.

Pope Pius IX, says a Rome correspondent of the Berlin *National Gazette*, sleeps thirteen hours daily, and eats four hearty meals.

A plucky dry goods dealer at Copenhagen has sued the queen of Denmark for one hundred