

MUNYON'S GREAT DAY His Offices Crowded From Morning Until Night. DOCTORS BUSY Making Examinations and Telling People How to Get Well. SPECIAL APPARATUS Devised by the Highest Medical Talent is at Your Service for the Treatment of CATARRH, DEAFNESS, ASTHMA. LIFE CHAMBER Remarkable Results in the Treatment of Throat and Lung Troubles. ELECTRICAL MACHINE Wonderful Agent in Relieving Pain and Curing Obstinate Diseases. MUNYON'S IMPROVED HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES Cure Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney Trouble, Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liver Complaint, Female Troubles, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Grip, Nerve Prostration, and All Throat, Lung, and Blood Diseases. No Matter What the Disease, Munyon Has the Cure. 623 Thirteenth St. N. W. Morning and Sunday Times, 35c Per Month.

WILSON OPPOSES THE BILL The Ex-Postmaster General Talks About the Proposed New Tariff. THE TRUSTS WILL FLOURISH Father of the Present Law Characterizes the Dingley Bill as the Most Ultra-Protective Measure That It Has Ever Proposed to Enact. Hon. William L. Wilson, former Postmaster General under the Cleveland administration, and now president of the Washington and Lee University, is severe in his criticism of the new Dingley tariff bill. He declares it is class legislation and that the American consumers will be preyed upon by trusts and combinations and that many millions will be transferred into private pockets. In an interview he expressed himself as follows: "The Treasury statement for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, showed a surplus of revenue amounting to \$55,000,000. On October 6, 1896, a tariff bill went into effect under the title, 'a bill to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports and for other purposes.' In January, 1897, when a statement for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, showed a deficiency in revenue of over \$25,000,000, certain to be very much greater for the current year, a tariff bill was introduced under the title, 'a bill to provide revenue for the Government and to encourage the industries of the United States.' "These bills are so nearly identical in general structure and particular items, excepting as to the sugar schedule, that it may be well to consider the effect of the first bill on the revenue of the country. Both bills are vast and voluminous schemes of class taxation, the production of public revenue to be entirely subordinate to the purpose of taxing all the American people for the benefit of a small part of the people. "The act of 1896 reduced revenue. From a large surplus it swept us heading to a deficiency, and although under another law passed in July 1896, transferred into the Treasury as a part of the general assets to be used for paying expenditures a trust fund of more than \$74,000,000 which belonged to the national banks and had always been held for the redemption of their notes. "Even before the Harrison administration ended we should have been confronted with a large deficiency, but for the use of this trust fund and the further fact that Secretary Foster, by a change of bookkeeping, added to the Treasury balance twenty millions of tokens and subsidiary coin, not before treated as a Treasury asset. "These extraordinary additions, even, we would up the fiscal year, June 30, 1895, with a surplus of only \$2,341,647, as against a surplus for the fiscal year, June 30, 1896, of over \$85,000,000, before the trust fund and subsidiary coin were touched. "The fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, showed a surplus of \$85,000,000, which ended June 30, 1894, through all of which the McKinley bill was in force. Expenditures exceeded the revenues \$69,803,260, notwithstanding the fact that the expenditures of the Government were \$15,952,674 less than in the preceding year. "This statement shows how absurd and groundless is the claim constantly made by the protectionists that recent deficits in

revenue are due to the substitution of the existing tariff for the McKinley bill. Nothing is more certain than that if the bill had been in force during the last three years the annual deficit would have been immensely swollen, while the people would have staggered under much heavier burdens of taxation. Even in this disastrous period customs duties under the existing law have increased from less than \$132,000,000 in 1894, the last year of the McKinley bill, to over \$152,000,000 in 1896 and \$160,000,000 in 1897. In the sugar schedule alone the balance in favor of the existing law is about \$55,000,000. The customs revenue reached nearly \$107,000,000, scarcely any of which would have been receivable under the McKinley bill, and under that bill we would have been paying \$15,000,000 in bonds. "With the accumulated money in the Treasury we really need no new imposition of taxes if we will only invite back prosperity by giving stability to business and reduce expenditures by a few obvious reforms. "In the Postoffice Department alone a saving of ten to twenty millions annually can be made by a few simple improvements in the business organization of the department and a withdrawal of facilities which the postal service was never intended to provide. "But if it be deemed necessary to increase the customs income of the Government by new sources of revenue, a small duty on tea, coffee, spices and crude opium will accomplish that result easily and surely, with no operating of business, of our growing and most promising export of manufactures, and with no added burdens on production, which always fall with enhanced weight on the consumer, with no ranking sense of injustice among the people. "That the Dingley bill, present condition considered, is the most ultra-protective tariff ever proposed to be enacted in this country plainly appears from Chairman Dingley's statement that if levied on the importations of the last fiscal year it would have increased the revenue \$112,000,000; that is to say, it would have gathered from an importation of \$75,724,264 of imported merchandise the enormous sum of \$272,000,000, which is nearly fifty millions more than any customs revenue ever collected in one year in this country in the past. And to say that it rates will probably check duties on imports to the extent of \$70,000,000 is another way of saying that to the extent that such rates are prohibitory. "The falling off of importations under the present law dispels the illusion that the American laborer is any longer deprived of employment by the importation of foreign products. The gratifying increase in our exports of manufactures is equally strong proof that those laws are helping us to enter and command new markets, which means not only larger employment for our artisans, but more home consumers for our farmers." Value of a Man's Life. The New York appellate court has recently decided that damages of \$5,000 are by no means an overvaluation for the death of a man earning \$1.25 per day. The court, in passing on the case, lays down the rule that this sum is a narrow valuation for the mere material value of the man to his family, and that something ought to be allowed also for the loss of affection, which has no pecuniary measure. This estimate of a man's value offers an interesting measure as to the amount of insurance which ought to be carried in order to make good his loss to his family. —Philadelphia Press.

UNRULY ELEPHANT HANGED The Famous "Tip" Strangled to Death at Bridgeport. FIRST TRIED TO POISON IT A Quantity of Cyanide of Potassium Administered in Food, but It Seemed to Have No Effect on the Animal—Weighed Three and a Half Tons. Bridgeport, Conn., March 16.—The unruly elephant Tip, belonging to the Barnum & Bailey show, was strangled to death at the winter quarters of the circus here this morning. Efforts to poison Tip yesterday with capsules containing large quantities of cyanide of potassium were futile. This morning it was decided to resort to the old-fashioned way of killing elephants, namely, that of strangulation or hanging. Tip was chained to his quarters, his head held down. Finally, a tackle was rigged on the side of the building. A slip noose was thrown over Tip's neck and then fifty men grasped the rope and pulled the great animal away from the side of the building. Soon he was on his side with the noose taut about his neck. A few gasps followed, and a little later it was seen that he was dead. From the time that the strain was begun until death one minute and a half had elapsed. The attempts to poison Tip yesterday with many interesting features. Tip, the elephant that was to be killed, is eleven feet high and weighs three and a half tons. He had been with the show twenty years and was valued at \$6,000. He could not be kept safely with the other elephants, and the lives of his keepers were almost daily in danger. The dose to be given Tip was cyanide of potassium. The executioners took daily precaution to allow space to intervene between them and Tip. Chemist Wallace put two handfuls of the poison capsules into a pail of mash. This mash was given to Tip, and the crowd stood about in breathless expectation. Many looked to see the huge body fall instantly to the ground. Others thought that Tip might make a dash toward the door. But Tip disappointed them all. He just drank up the mash and apparently spit out all of the capsules. Mr. Wallace looked disappointed. Apples were split open and capsules inserted in them. Tip took all these voraciously, but invariably placed the crunched fragments of the capsules on the ground with his trunk. One of the keepers suggested throwing them into his mouth. The keeper threw several in and Tip ate them. Mr. Wallace kept the spirits of the crowd up by asserting that in the animal's stomach there were already two ounces of poison, and death could be a question of only a few minutes. But the minutes were into hours, and still the elephant stood there, with the crowd watching him. The museum people began to grow impatient. More capsules were fed to the elephant. This time in molasses, but still the crowd waited in vain. Tip's stomach, Mr. Wallace asserted, contained more than four ounces of poison, one ounce he had predicted would kill him. Cyanide of potassium, he said, paralyzed the nerve centers, and Tip's death would be imminent when his legs began to shake. His legs

were, in consequence, watched steadily by all eyes. But they didn't give. For six hours the visitors watched that elephant, and for six hours Tip only blinked at them and looked sleepy. Toward the end of the afternoon he brightened up visibly, despite the doses which were being administered to him. Most of the visitors went away discouraged. Mr. Wallace still remained, feeding him with poison and keeping his eyes fixed on his hind legs. Then the attempt to poison Tip was given up and it was decided to hang the elephant. THE CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS It will be naturally understood that cleanliness is of the first importance in the successful culture of house plants. Leaves breathe, as it were, through their pores, and are quickly checked by impurities in the atmosphere, therefore more confined they are to the close atmosphere of our sitting-rooms the greater is the need for frequent washings and syringings. All plain, hard-foliated plants, such as palms, aralias, aspidistras, etc., should be well syringed with clear tepid water, and ferns and other delicate plants require to be syringed or watered with a fine-sprayed nozzle. Insects often make their appearance, encouraged by the dryness and want of air in the atmosphere, but they must be rigorously kept under by brushing them off with a soft brush, the application of fine water, or by fumigation. The latter is the most effective mode if the plant is badly infested, but it is somewhat difficult to apply. Perhaps it is easier when the plant is placed under a tub in company with a flower pot containing a few hot cloths and some tobacco powder dusted upon them. Two applications at the intervals of a few days will generally suffice to clear them off. When we come to watering, we touch the most difficult part of our subject. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule for this operation, as the result of any one result is disastrous failure; but there are a few principles which can give proficiency in this branch of plant culture. The chief point to keep in view is, that in winter water is merely required to sustain life, whereas in summer, when the functions of the plant are active and growth is progressing, enough must be given not only to supply water, but to allow of the extension and formation of new tissues. With these elementary facts kept constantly in mind, there would not be so many disasters arising from overwatering. In dull, sunless weather, let each plant be

come quite dry, and then give just enough to moisten the earth thoroughly; but in hot sunny weather the order is reversed, for if the plant is healthy and growing freely, copious and frequent waterings must be the rule. In the matter of ventilation be careful to avoid cutting draughts. Much harm is often done by injudicious air giving. Do not run into the common error of turning your plants out upon the window sill or balcony in weather which, although sunny, may yet be of a chilling nature. Harden gradually on the approach of spring by increasing the amount of air, and only turn them out on mild, moist days. A safe rule is to be guided by one's own feelings. If the atmosphere is congenial to the human frame it will also be beneficial to plant life. Good soil properly mixed and adapted to the wants of each particular plant is a further element of success. A somewhat stiff loam, with an admixture of powdered charcoal, crushed bones and coarse sand, pressed firmly around the roots, is suitable for all kinds of palms and smooth-foliated house plants. Ferns, mosses, and other delicate subjects require a less stimulating soil, preferably loam, leaf mold, peat and silver sand. Clean, dry pots and dry crocks when repotting plants are an absolute necessity. If, however, you notice a pot that does not get dry, but appears to be in a wet and stagnant condition, turn it out at once. Examine the crocks and displace them if they are clogged up with wet soil. Look closely for worms. If you should see holes and craters, but no worms, tap the pot until they appear, then remove them. Afterward take a perfectly clean and dry pot of the same size, or even less, and turn your plant into it, pressing it and shaking it down by gentle taps on the bench or table. If the surface of the soil is mossy, remove it with a blunt stick and scatter a little fresh mold in place of it. The plants now in a fair way of recovery, and in nine cases out of ten, if carefully watered, will recover its freshness and beauty—an important matter if it is either rare or valuable.—Chicago Chronicle.

AMUSEMENTS. NEW NATIONAL THEATER. A Week of Laughter Laughing Matinee TODAY 25, 50, & 75. The Screaming Fance Comedy, MISS FRANCIS OF YALE. The Whole Town Laughing. Next Week—The Favorite Actor WILTON LACKAYE. Assisted by the following artists: Marie Walworth, Alice Evans, Grace Mac Linnikin, C. W. Goodlock, Byron Douglas, J. W. Bennett, Joseph Allen, George Robinson, Edwin Wallace, presenting Dr. BELGRAFF. A Play of Intense Interest. Seats and boxes on sale tomorrow. ACADEMY—Prices 25, 50, 75c and \$1.00. Wed. and Sat. Mat. 25 and 50c res't. MAT. Today 25c For the Best Seats in the City. Harvey's Sterling LAND OF THE Drama Living. Frank Harrington and Competent Cast. Next Week—The inimitable character actor FRANK BUSH, in "GILL WANTED." COLUMBIA THEATER. ALL WEEK Bargain Mat. Thursday, Mat. Saturday also. Mr. CRISTON CLARKE. Assisted by MISS ADELIA PRINCE and Misses Supt. and Misses. IN HIS NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA. THE LAST OF HIS RACE. Indorsed by Public-Press-PRINCE'S PLEASANT. Next Week—SHAMUS O'BRIEN, a Retainer in the Irish Opera. GRAND OPERA HOUSE. KERNAN & RIPE, Managers. WEEK COMMENCING MARCH 16. At 8 o'clock, the grandest fight of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will be given by rounds. THE SPAN OF LIFE. New scenery and startling situations including the wonderful Bridge of Human Bodies. Regular Mat. 75c, 50c and 25c. All seats coupled. Note—A good seat on first floor for 25c only. Seats in boxes. Next Admission—Thomas H. Swan in the "MAN-O-WAR'S MAN." KERNAN'S GRAND THEATER. EXTRA MATINEE, TODAY. The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight by rounds announced from the stage in conjunction with IRWIN BURLESQUERS. Next Week—SAM T. JACK'S Company. BLOU. ALL THIS WEEK. Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday Matinee. Richards & Pringle's FAMOUS Georgia Minstrels. Next Week—Stevens' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company. EDEN MUSEE. 403 SEVENTH ST. N. W. 403 AN ANATOMICAL IN NATURE. THE SCIENTIFIC LECTURES DELIVERED EVERY HOUR FOR MALE ADULTS ONLY. Open Daily from 10 to 10 p. m. ADMISSION 15c. SPECIAL—OUR STAIRS IS A SHORT ONE. FRIDAY, from 1 to 6 p. m. FOR LADIES ONLY.

THE PASSING OF A CROSSBOW. WILSON CLEAR BEARD. (Copyright, 1897, by W. L. C. Beard.) SYNOPSIS. Manuel Ramirez and Pablo Vellos, two young hunters, are rivals for the hand of Chiquita, a Mexican girl. Manuel is the favored one. He is just starting as a cattle owner and has already a goodly herd, branded with a crossbow, mark which Chiquita herself has designed. The story opens on the day of the great spring roundup of the cattle, the great festival day in southern Arizona. Chiquita goes to the roundup with her friend, Senora Valdes. On the way she sees Manuel pursued across the desert by a gang of robbers. She rescues him, but admits one of his pursuers. So one knows what Manuel has done. Chiquita passes a wretched day. Toward evening Manuel is brought to the town, a captive. He is accused by Pablo of "maverick" cattle, that is, straying unbranded calves and rider cattle, changing the brand marks. Manuel's herd is missing from the roundup, because, they say, he does not want the stolen cattle to be detected. PART II—Continued. In scrambling down the ladder Chiquita missed a round and fell heavily to the ground. For a time how long she did not know—she lay stunned, then her senses returned with a rush. If she was hurt, she did not feel it. She rose and ran toward the house. In the shadow of the wall there were two figures, one on horseback, which she saw in that direction she recognized as Ramon de Quesada. The other was the senora, who was talking with him earnestly. As she passed them Chiquita could see that, and she felt a little thrill of gratitude to her friend. Near the crowd that surrounded the prisoner a huge fire had been kindled. The flames were just catching the brushwood of which it was made, lighting the plain with its ruddy glare. A little out of the light stood another knot of men made up of Manuel's friends. Among them Chiquita saw her father and two brothers. She saw also, the man who had been taken here and there, but they could effect no rescue—now Chiquita could see that—there were not enough men to attempt such a thing. Chiquita forced her way through the outer circle of the howling mob that surrounded Manuel. There was a space of several yards between that circle and another that was made up of men who had drawn pistols in their hand, facing outward, guarding from the rest, Manuel and the two men who had taken him, and who held him, still tied, between them. That the men who stood on the outside wished to get at Manuel was too evident. They moved forward and back, refiling their cartridges as those who guarded him. They said he was a cattle thief, and the punishment of such an offense, as Chiquita well knew, is death. A deputy sheriff, who headed the guards, called out in English, "Can't be heard high above the other voices." "Star" back there!" he cried. "If this fellow ain't a thief, he don't want to be hung, do yer? 'An' if he is an' it's

search for the missing herd, and without doubt it will be found. "Until this herd or the accused is present, or until we have waited a reasonable time for them to appear, we will do nothing. The man shall be unharmed until morning; and then—we will see." The guards closed around Manuel, and, amid a chorus of mingled applause and dissent, they led him away. There was no thought of serious opposition to the decision. Though not even de Quesada could save a convicted cattle thief, in the unlikely event of his trying such a thing, but with the uncertainty and an army of eyes to back his words, his power was not one which it would be well to dispute. Without interference Manuel was led to the stone but that was to be his prison. PART III. The men gathered in groups, excitedly discussing the turn taken by the postponed execution. Few of them had any doubts as to the ultimate outcome. The man would be hanged in the morning. Drawn by natural attraction, these groups moved gradually toward the saloons, and Chiquita was left alone where she had thrown herself on the sand near the fire. Chiquita's mind was clear enough now, and her brain was working rapidly. She must do something to help Manuel—but what? Escape was clearly impossible, surrounded as he was by guards, and even if it were not impossible, it would not be the best course to pursue, for he surely would be retaken, and, if he were, why then nothing could save him. A hundred schemes

to the country is better suited to his purpose. As the herd will be missing, he will present to—"Chiquita raised her head from the ground and strained her ears to catch every word. The light word of which the fire had been made was burned to a bed of glowing coals. She was lying outside their circle of light, red light, and as the men passed within the circle Chiquita recognized them both. They were coming to each other and to Pablo. Chiquita saw the whole plot now. She was convinced of that beyond the possibility of a doubt. Pablo had rounded up the Crossbow herd and had driven it away to some place of hiding, so that it might not appear as a test to Manuel's innocence. In the morning he would give the testimony that would finish the work. What a coward he was! He did not dare to fight as a Christian should, so he resorted to such means as this. How Chiquita loathed him! But she should not succeed. Chiquita would attend to that—she would see Don Ramon—now herself. She sprang to her feet and ran across the plaza. She had no idea of where Don Ramon could be found. All the more reason, therefore, for making haste. One slipper was lost, she kicked off the other and ran blindly on in the general direction of the village, suddenly she was stopped, for in her heedless flight she had run into a man, who caught her in his arms. Chiquita would be breathless to cry out and could only struggle faintly. "Is it you, child?" said her father's voice. "Where have you been? Every where have I been searching for you. The senora is much alarmed." Chiquita clung to him and gasped out her story. She had been yonder by the fire, she said, and as she had lain there two men had told her that Pablo had driven away Manuel's cattle so that they might not be found. Her father interrupted her. "I told you that young Vellos had done this thing. Who told you?" "It was not I whom they told," cried Chiquita, pitcously. "They were talking to each other, and I heard. The cattle have been driven away and hidden in the desert toward Phoenix. Find them—they may

be too late, if you stay. And in the morning, if you stay, there'll be no more. Oh, do make haste!" Chiquita's father caught her by the shoulders and set her with her face toward the house where the senora was staying. "Go to the senora—go at once. Do not fear for the rest. If they are above ground they will be around the saloons or houses, and now I will go myself and send others as well." He gave Chiquita a little push to start her in the right direction and hurried away. Chiquita walked slowly on, thinking hard as she went. She was somewhat puzzled by what she had just heard. She knew that she could succeed in her search if anyone could. Still, suppose he did not. No one could tell where Pablo had driven the cattle. To be of any use they must be on hand in the morning, and that was not likely. Pablo must not come, either. That was the only way out of it she could see. Doubtless now he was on his return journey. If he could only be found and stopped—if Chiquita herself could only find him. How she would stop him in case she did meet him on the road, Chiquita had not the most distant idea. Clearly the first thing to do was to find him, and then she could be determined afterward. She stopped in her journey toward the house. A watery crescent moon had risen over the mountain, filtering a faint gray light over the village and plain. The side of the mountain itself was still dark, and the open portals of the saloon showed like dark eyes in the darkness. From one of these doors she saw her father quickly come and enter another. Evidently he was gathering his men. Near the saloon Chiquita knew that there was a corral, a corral where Ramon de Quesada kept his horses when he visited Agua Caliente. They were by far the best horses in that part of the country. With a horse of one of these, Chiquita might find Pablo. Frightened at the audacity of her plan, she turned and ran toward the corral. She did not want to have time to consider—she would never think of such a thing as that which she had in mind. As Chiquita neared the saloon her father came out of the door, followed by two other men. They did not see her, and after waiting for them to get clear, she passed quickly across the path of light that streamed from the door, and crept close that surrounded the corral. There were several horses there; she could just see them moving about or lying on the soft sand. Feeling along the cottonwood poles which inclosed the corral, she found the heavy, silver-mounted saddle of Don Ramon. Chiquita could not find the neck of it was heavy far beyond her strength, but the bridle hung over its horn, and this was what Chiquita wanted. She caught it up, and going to the slip rails, quickly let them down and passed inside. The horses snorted distrustfully and edged away toward the fence, but Chiquita intruded at so unseasonably an hour. Chiquita spoke to them soothingly in a trembling undertone, for fear she might be heard. She called to them by endearing names in her soft Spanish, and hinted of delicacies that would eventually be forthcoming. Finally she crept close to the fence and moved her head about with a readiness given by a lifelong familiarity with her kind. Chiquita slipped the bit in its mouth and passed his ears through the loop that served as a throat latch. She led him after her to the opening of the corral, climbed on the fence and dropped on his back as he passed her and was away. After a few paces to express his disapproval of this method of mounting, the animal settled into a long, swinging stride, such a stride as only the horses of Don Ramon could take; a stride that precluded

successful pursuit, once they should have got clear away. Not even one of the other horses of Don Ramon could catch her, for she was mounted on the best of them, and the effect of her weight on his powerful back was no more than if a balloon had been tied to it. Chiquita rode to avoid the people that might be around the saloons or houses, Chiquita headed her mount into the Phoenix road. Every moment she expected to hear voices crying to her or the sound of hoofs galloping in chase; once she imagined she heard some one call, but it was only the yelp of a coyote far off on the desert. It was repeated, and the only sound that struck her ears was the regular drumming of her horse, muffled by the dust of the trail. Mile after mile passed behind her, and still she raced on. What if she should not find Pablo? If he had stopped away from the trail she would be sure to miss him. For the first time since she had started that thought occurred to her, but she would not entertain it for a moment. She urged to a still faster gait the swiftest gallop of her horse. Finally, ahead of her, but still near the trail, she saw a point of light like the glow of a star. It was a wandering camp fire, there could be no doubt as to that, and no one save Pablo would be likely, at this time, to camp on the trail, so far away from the pleasures to be found at Agua Caliente. She drew nearer to the fire until she could see that there were two muffled forms lying beside it. The horse was checked to a slow lope, then to a walk, and finally stopped, and Chiquita dismounted and led him. It would never do for her to ride up to the sleeping men. One of the horses would be sure to neigh at the advent of the newcomer. That would wake the men, and then they would shoot, which would spoil her plans utterly. Chiquita never thought of herself. Pulling the reins over her horse's head as an intimation that she would stop where he was, Chiquita crept upon the camp close by the sleeping men, her two horses were picketed, and one of these horses she knew to be Pablo's. Chiquita's heart beat so loud that she feared they would hear it and wake. Once one of them turned in his sleep, and the faint moonlight shone full upon the face of Pablo. He might be about to wake. Whatever was done must be done quickly. She ran to the picketed horses, drawing from her bosom the little knife that rested there. Cutting close to the end of the hair rope that held the horses to their picket-pin, she made her way quickly but softly to her own mount, who greeted her with a neigh that rang over the desert. Thoroughly frightened, the girl heard one of the men call out to wake the other. She sprang at her horse's back, missed it and fell. The horse stood like a statue, and Chiquita blessed him in her heart.

Once more she tried to mount, and this time succeeded. Lifting the two captured horses ahead of her, she started away quickly in the direction from which she had come. The two men were awake now. Chiquita could hear them. Presently a shot rang out, then another and another. The bullets passed, whizzing over her head. Each strike fell farther from the danger zone, and soon the shouting in the uncertain light, grew with in its direction, and finally it stopped. At some time during the return journey the horses belonging to Pablo and his companion broke away from the trail, and Chiquita let them go. There was no doubt whatever in her mind that Pablo could fall to deliver his testimony. Mexicans do not walk well, and a walkover the yielding desert sand, when shod in boots that have heel-staple as three inches high, and pointed at that, might well be a task for the rapid locomotion of even a professional pedestrian. That homeward journey was a very short one to Chiquita—the distance did not seem half that which she had covered when going the other way. On reaching the village she released the horse, well knowing that he would go direct to her corral. Then she crept into the house, and, after uttering a long, deep sigh, she lay down, and fell into a deep sleep, and there she remained. It was broad daylight when she felt some one shake her by the shoulders, and awoke to see the kindly face of senora bending over her. "The cattle—are they here?" cried Chiquita, starting up. "They have been found," replied the senora; "but they are not here. They were found at the foot of the cliff by the Gila, over which they had been driven. They are dead, little one, crushed, all of them. But that will be remedied, so do not be cast down." "It is not the loss of the cattle that I care for," said the girl, impatiently. "It is Manuel. Has Pablo come?" "That he has not come, you know as well as I," answered the senora, smiling. "Pablo, he will not return. Manuel is without. Come." Once more Manuel was standing in the middle of the throng of men. Don Ramon was beside him, and as Chiquita led the horse she saw him step from his saddle and cut the cords that tied Manuel's arms. Manuel rubbed his wrists, bounded by the tightness of their bonds. Then he saw Chiquita running toward him. The senora did not see what followed; she could not bring herself to approve, so she turned her head and listened to Don Ramon, who was evidently finishing what he had been saying when they had gone. "As damage has willfully been done, restitution, therefore, must be made. The herd of cattle bearing the brand of the Circle V, which has been owned by Pablo Vellos, will hereafter belong to the man whom Vellos has wronged." "Don't say that," said Chiquita, who had called the deputy sheriff, who stood near. "It isn't according to law." "What has the law to do with it?" cried Don Ramon. "I say that it shall be so." "But if that the Vellos comes back he can make a lot of trouble for us all," again objected the deputy. "It is come back he won't need none. It's three minutes after he's been located," said a voice in the crowd. "That is true," assented Don Ramon, then, addressing the deputy. "Kindly see that the change in ownership is registered at once. This, then, is the decision," he called out to her. "Does anyone dispute it?" He waited for a reply, then said again, in English, this time, "Does anyone dispute it?" In Arizona the law is not powerful, but a de Quesada is, and no one said a word. (The End.)



Chiquita Crept Upon the Camp.