ON THE CHOICE OF WEATHER.

Shall I desire
The blossomed languorous months my realm to be
And South winds blowing from the sea?
Shall I desire
The dewy meadow
In warmth and shadow,
And oaks that sunbeams crest with tangled fire?

Ah, no! ah, no!
But close about my castle, age on age,
The starry Winter for my heritage:
Ah, no! ah, no!
But lone bright mountains
And prisoned fountains,
The enchanted silence and the roaming snow.
—*L. I. Guiney.*

PAQUITA.

BY A. A. HAYES.

A number of years ago a Lieutenant of the United States army was journeying from old Fort Massachusetts, in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, toward Sante Fe. He had just passed the Tezuke Pueblo, and he hoped to reach his destination before the pleasant September day came to a close. Tired of riding in the ambulance, drawn by four mules, which had brought him thus far, he walked at a brisk pace along the rough road, the clumsy equipage following just far enough behind for him to hear some notes of the army song which the driver was singing, always stopping at the end of each stanza to loudly berate the mules. The sun shone brilliantly and almost fiercely, but so dry was the air that the heat was hardly felt. So absolutely transparent, too, was this air, that the mountains west of the Santa Fe seemed to lie but a mile away. To the lieutenant, who had served some time on the plains, a barren landscape was no novelty; but he had never encountered a more sterile and forbidding outlook. No level spot appeared, no glimpse of green grass, no sign of water. The road, roughly built over hills and through valleys, was flanked by more hills and valleys, and these again by mountains. All was rocky and sandy—gray, brown, and parched. Scrub cedars and distorted pinons clung precariously to the hillsides as far as the eye could reach; jagged and unlovely outlines were boldly revealed by the white glare.

To many persons a lonely journey through such a region would be profoundly depressing, but this traveler little heeded his surroundings. As he strode along, his thoughts were far away from New Mexico and roving "in fancy's rich domain." Good health and perfect digestion had something to do with it, but it was mainly due to a letter—inclosing a photograph—which lay snugly in his breast pocket. This picture, which he had more than once taken out and regarded long and lovingly, was that of a handsome brunette. A cool critic would have seen in the face too much of what the French call *l'esprit moqueur*, but it was the gazer's idea of loveliness. He had met the original at West Point and had become engaged to her after his graduation. He had cherished her image through several years of separation, and seen it take shape in the dying embers of a far western camp fire, or the smoke of his pipe on a lonely scout. Oblivious, on this occasion, of his grim and desolate surroundings, he was standing in spirit on Flirtation walk or in Kosciusko's garden; he was dreaming of happy days near at hand; for the letter, received before leaving Fort Massachusetts, told him that if he secured an expected leave his fiance would be ready to marry him.

A tramp, however, over a New Mexican road must soon recall the most ardent sentimentalist to hard physical conditions; and our traveler at last stopped, waited for the ambulance to come up, and took his seat therein. The driver cracked his long whip, the mules broke into a trot, and presently the strange collection of one story adobe buildings, known for some ten generations as the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis, came in sight. To appreciate its peculiar characteristics, its rare charms, one's mind should not be preoccupied by a tender passion, but should be inspired with a degree of sentiment of quite another kind, and a love of the old and quaint. A student of history would have felt no little interest in approaching a place which was probably an important Spanish town before the pilgrims saw Plymouth Rock, and whose three centuries of recorded existence are preceded by an indefinite prehistoric past. To our soldier the reflections of the afternoon, and even such a prosaic prospect as that of a good dinner, were worth more than all the legends of the Toltecs or the Mayas. He brushed the dust from his uniform as the driver stopped at headquarters, reported himself in due course, and finished the evening with a cigar on the plaza, under the bright moon.

A few months of duty, more agreeable than that lately performed at the lonely fort in the mountains, relieved by the hopes of the "leave" soon to come, passed rapidly. One day the lieutenant was returning with a detachment of cavalry from Albuquerque, whither he had escorted a commissary train. When within a few miles of Santa Fe and near a solitary rancho, he heard cries of distress. Riding rapidly forward and gaining on the command, he entered the corral. As he turned the corner of the rude house he came upon a group of "cow boys" intoxicated and noisy. Some had seized an old Mexican, others were bringing a rope, and still others held a beautiful young girl, who was wildly struggling to escape from them. They released her at the sight of the stalwart horseman, whose uniform told its story to their befuddled brains.

"What are you doing?" asked the officer. Half a dozen voices told him that the old man had been stealing horses. In a second the young girl, her long hair falling round her face, her eyes filled with tears, her voice husky with terror, her hands clasped, sprang forward and spoke rapidly in Spanish.

"No, no! senor, it is not true. This is my father, Jose Sanchez. He lives in Santa Fe, and you must know him. He has dealings with the army. Oh, do not believe these wicked men! We never harmed them, yet they seek to kill us. We came to visit the rancho, which belongs to my father. They rode up and demanded brandy, and because we had none they seized us——"

The men did not allow her to finish her sentence. They were crazy with drink, and saw that the officer was alone. Several of them, as he noticed, had their rifles. They advanced a step, with muttered curses, and then one, bolder than the rest, sprang forward, bringing the gun to his shoulder. Quick as thought the officer rode at him, knocking the barrel up with his sword. Before he could aim a swinging blow at the fellow's head, the latter, with a cry of dismay, jumped back, as did his companions. The cavalrymen had come up at a gallop. As if sprung out of the ground they confronted the murderous villains—the sun gleaming on the bright barrels of the carbines, the fierce faces behind them, and the ready fingers on the triggers. But the slightest sign form the officer and the volley would have rung out.

"No!" he said, returning his sword with a rattle to the scabbard. "They are not worth powder and ball. Secure them and march them into town. The marshal will attend to their case." He dismounted and walked up to the old Mexican, who stood by the door of his house, his daughter clinging to him. In a tremulous voice the father uttered passionate expressions of gratitude for the rescue of his daughter and himself. The officer stopped him as soon as possible, told him he was delighted to have been of service, and that he had better make use of an ambulance which would soon come up and go home under escort of the soldiers. As he turned away the young girl, who had stood with downcast eyes, looked up timidly and said:

"I shall never forget, senor."

The cowboys had been disarmed, and, with their hands bound, were ready for their march to Santa Fe. As the sergeant reported this to the lieutenant, the latter asked if he had ever seen the old Mexican before.

"Nearly every day for years, sir," replied the man with his formal salute. "He is the best 'greaser' in Santa Fe; has had plenty of contracts with the quartermaster's department, and always acted on the square. The little girl is his only daughter—Paquita, they call her in their lingo; the prettiest girl in the town, and as good, they say, as she is pretty."

As the lieutenant rode toward his destination he fell to musing. The face of Paquita had a strangely familiar look to him. As he thought of it, it seemed to connect itself with the features of his precious picture. More and more, as he rode on, did his fancy clothe the girl he had just rescued with the attributes of his absent love. The next morning the father called upon him and renewed his protestations of gratitude. Perhaps, he said, the senor would honor his poor roof with a visit. The latter readily assented, and that evening called at the adobe building, entered the low door, and passed into the central court or placita, where flowers were blooming and the family were waiting to receive him. As Paquita rose and gave him her hand, and through the hour he spent in her company, conversing, sipping the thick, sweet Spanish chocolate, and listening to her skillful playing on the Mexican harp, he had the curious psychological experience of admiring her (and he doubtless paid her resultant attention) in a purely vicarious manner. Had he analyzed his actual sentiments, he would have found that for her living, present personality he had but the merest kindly feeling, but that he was manifesting a warm admiration for the counterfeit presentment, through the medium of this personality, of his absent love. When the time came for him to go, there was a slight blush on Paquita's face as she bade him farewell.

During several following weeks he went frequently to Sanchez's house. The leave of absence had not come, and he was no nearer his Mecca. Waiting made him uneasy, and the placita was a quieting resort. Then, too, under the influence of an absorbing sentiment—dwelling long and often on the mental vision of her whom he longed to see—he liked to look at the pleasant face of the little Mexican girl, and trace out again and again the fancied resemblance. The thought that she might be interested in him never suggested itself, partly from absence of vanity, still more on account of this same preoccupation of mind. How long such a state of affairs might have lasted no one can tell, but a soldier, of all men, little knows what a day may bring forth. One morning a courier arrived from "the states," but instead of the furloughs for which the lieutenant and some of his brother officers were hoping, he brought tidings—telegraphed to overtake the stage—of the battle of Bull Run. The command was thrown into the utmost confusion. A number of officers left their stations and made their way toward Texas. Others, more loyal, found their positions trying to the last degree. Only one thing seemed certain, that there was nothing for them but to stand by their post, with no thought of seeing home and friends. The arrival of that splendid soldier, Gen. Canby, gave them a certain confidence, and he succeeded in bringing some order out of chaos; but mails were interrupted, and came only at long intervals, and often without bringing any private letters.

The lieutenant was eventually sent to Fort Union, and was there when the Colorado troops arrived, in 1862, on their way to encounter the confederate expedition from Texas. He was with the detail of regular troops, under Capts. Lewis and Carey, sent with these Colorado forces; and on a certain morning found himself between the grim walls of Apache canyon, expecting his first battle. Suddenly a Mexican approached and asked that he would accompany him to a ranch house at the rear. Here, to his great surprise, he saw Paquita, of whom he had hardly thought since he said good-by on the eve of his departure from Santa Fe. With her was a stalwart man, whom she eagerly led forward.

"Senor Lieutenant," said she, "this is my cousin Manuel. I was in Santa Fe when the soldiers came thither from Texas, and I knew that you would meet them here. They are but a mile away and advancing upon you. Oh, senor, I have been in such terror for you, and I sought Manuel and begged him to come with me and help me to warn you. As we hurried hither, he told me he knew of a path whereby you could gain the rear of the enemy and fall upon them unawares. And then, senor, I told him how you had saved my father and myself, and how good you were, and I begged him, for the love of the Blessed Virgin, to show you this path, and"—she pressed forward, her eyes sparkling—"he will do it, and here he is!"

What ensued is matter of history. Up the steep side of that grim canyon climbed the detail under Chivington, and with him went Capts. Lewis and Carey and our lieutenant. The way was long, rough, and steep, but after they had toiled for hours, Manuel suddenly stopped and laconically said, in his imperfect English:

"You are on top of dem."

The officers peered over the sharp edge of the rock, and there, sure enough, was the Texan rearguard, considerably outnumbering the union forces. The volunteer commander of the latter was a fighter to the end of his fingers, but war was a new trade to him, and feared an ambush. With his subordinates, he took a seat on a fallen log.

"What do you say, Capt. Lewis?" he asked.

"Well, major, we came here to fight," was the reply.

"And you, Capt. Carey?"

"I agree with Capt. Lewis, major."

"Very well, go on; but I shall sound a recall if I see you in danger of an ambush."

The column started, Capt. Lewis at its head, tall and handsome as when he went to his death at the hands of the Cheyennes a few years ago. When they had gone a short distance he looked over his shoulder and said:

"Carey, we don't hear any order of recall, if we know ourselves—eh?"

During the next few years the lieutenant saw many a hard fight, but none like this first one; the tramp down the path, the rush at the end, and the fierce struggle and the victory which saved Fort Union and the far west. He was not unmindful of Paquita's thoughtful devotion. When again in Santa Fe for a short time he saw her more than once. Just before he went east with Gen. Roberts he purchased a piece of the pretty Mexican jewelry of filigree silver, which one finds in the old city, and as he bade her good by—never noticing the effort with which she concealed her emotion—gave it to her as a mark of his grateful remembrance. Little did he know that, as the command marched across the dry bed of the river and climbed the road leading to Las Vegas, she was looking after him in passionate despair. As they traversed the long trail stretching through the valley of the Arkansas his thoughts journeyed far ahead of the column toward the goal of his still-cherished hopes and but rarely reverted even to the striking episodes of his near past. Paquita, in her proper self, was probably but a fleeting memory before he crossed the Missouri. At St. Louis came orders and an unexpected disappointment. With promotion he was compelled to join a new regiment, and for nearly a year more was never east of the Alleghanies. From time to time he heard of the girl whom he loved as ever, and she wrote affectionately as of old, hopeful of his coming, and seemingly faithful to her troth. Then came word that she was to accompany her parents to Europe, with the assurance that she would write regularly from thence and would soon return. Just after he received this letter, the officer was severely wounded, and lay long in hospital, between life and death. When at last convalescent, he journeyed slowly to his home on the seaboard. In the great cities he found a whirl of business and pleasure; mad speculation, dissipation, revelry—all at their height—while the soldiers were dying at the front; and he realized how true it is that *later wrath silent leges*. One day, sitting at the windows of a New York club, he took a letter which the porter handed him, glanced at the address, and hastily tore the envelope open. The mother of his fiance wrote to tell him that her daughter had been married to a man long devoted to her; and added a feeble attempt at explanation and some good wishes. He read the letter through twice and sat a few minutes twirling it in his fingers and looking at the passing throng; then he rose and walked out of the club.

In a month he was once more at the front, and, later again, he was standing with his arm in a sling behind Gen. Sherman on the platform in Washington when the splendid army, fresh from the great march to the sea, was passing in review. An old friend touched him on the shoulder, and started with surprise on seeing his face, no longer merry and cheerful as of old, when he was the life of the mess, but stern and somber. There was a perceptible listlessness under the forced warmth of his greeting, and he said but little. Together the friends descended from the platform and walked to a hotel near by. In the hall they passed a large man with a florid face and showily dressed, who nodded familiarly.

"I did not introduce you," said the officer's companion to him, when they were out of hearing. "He is a very rich man, but exceedingly bad form. He has rather a handsome wife. There she is, by the way." As they entered the drawing room the officer saw a tall, gayly dressed woman, with her back to him. A well known Washington society man, with his face close to hers, was talking to her. As they drew nearer she turned her head, and he saw not the woman who had once been all to him, but, as it seemed her effigy; undeniably handsome, but, oh! so changed. She knew him in a moment, and, with a slightly heightened color, but with perfect self-possession, greeted him cordially and with outstretched hand. He responded, and they talked commonplaces for a few moments. Then, mentioning an engagement and inviting him to call in the evening, she turned to her waiting companion and left the room. As she passed through the door, her old lover fancied that with her went the last of his ideals, the very ghost of his visions and his hopes.

After the lapse of several years he was ordered to Arizona. His route lay by Santa Fe, and he journeyed, after leaving Fort Garland, by the same route he had taken as a young lieutenant. Again he saw the barren landscape, the scrub cedars, the rolling sandhills, the abounding desolation. He could have thought that the same driver was shouting to the same mules and humming the same air—but no! it was not the same. The words of this song he well knew:

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true hav
gone before,
But we're coming, Father Abraham, six hundred
thousand more.

They gave just the needed turn to his thoughts, which had been acutely painful and fraught with the contrasts of his life—his hopes and his disappointments—the useless past, the dull present, the lifeless future. After all, he said to himself, one had not lived in vain who had taken part in so grand a struggle. He began to recall the battles through which he had passed, and the fight in Apache canyon reverted to his mind. He was thinking of it as Fort Marcy came in sight; and just as he drove up to headquarters he remembered who it was on that occasion that brought the guide. A warm greeting drove the subject from his mind, but it recurred again as he strolled in the evening across the Plaza and down a narrow street. Coming to a churchyard, he stopped and stood looking at the little crosses over the rude graves. Just then he heard his name called, and turned to see an old frontiersman whom he had known well in years gone by.

"Well, major," cried the latter, "how are ye? I'd no idea I'd strike ye in Santa Fe ag'in. Ye're the fust one I've seed of the old crowd. Lookin' at the graves, are ye? I allow ye hev'nt many friends lyin' there. Mostly greasers them are. Stop, though! Ye'd orter remember the little gal thet's buried in the corner there—old Sanchez's daughter, little Paquita, that you saved from them cowboys. Let's see, when does it say—1862? Why, it wasn't long after ye lit out for the states that she passed in her checks, poor little thing! She kinder wasted away—didn't haw nothin' pertickler the matter. I remember seein' her before they buried her, and she looked as natural as life and had some little silver gimcrack at her neck. Old Sanchez let on thet she'd made him promise it should be put there. Well, glad to see ye, major. Drop in when ye're passin'," and he walked away, leaving the officer standing silent near the churchyard gate.

Colonel ——, the lieutenant of twenty years ago, is still stationed—doubtless by his own request—at a border post. Not long ago an old school friend, traveling in that region, called upon him. In the course of the brief visit and under the influence of pleasant memories of early days the reticence which had become habitual with him yielded somewhat to the tact and cheeriness of the traveler, and the night before the latter's departure he seemed led on to speak of himself. The friends were sitting on a rude veranda outside the colonel's quarters. A few hundred yards in front of them the plateau on which the post was built broke abruptly off. Beyond a deep intervening valley, having in the faint light the effect of a great gulf, rose a jagged peak, touched by the rising moon and presenting a majestic appearance. The visitor uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Yes," said the colonel, "no one should know better than I how grand and beautiful it is. I have watched that view day after day for years, and it has effected me most curiously. Among the quaint expressions of the mountaineers, none is so striking as the saying that a man who has died has 'gone over the range.' I myself have sometimes, in my fanciful moods, almost come to think that same range to be the mistic barrier between this world and a charmed region beyond. Do you remember those lines—they ran in my head continously:

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is in order right which so puzzles us here.

"If anything could make a man believe in a future existence it would be to find the present one so hopelessly out of joint as have I. I seem, as poor Grotius said, to have 'passed my life laboriously doing nothing.' I sought military fame, and after more than twenty years of hard service I am a colonel on the frontier, while some of the men against whom I fought are voting to reduce my poor pay. I loved one woman long and dearly, and she is as widely separated from me as the poles. Then the one woman who loved me—and I utterly unconscious of it—died of a broken heart. Perhaps, after all, she is the happiest of the three." He sat silent for a few moments and then added: "So you see I have enough to puzzle me here, and I may well hope that there is really a sphere, over the range or somewhere else, where it will all be made right."

A story teller must feel some compunction when his tale leaves its characters not as they would rightly be left, in the fascinating realm of romance, but as one generally finds them in a world of care. As most lives, however, are filled with dispelled illusions, this little narrative may not, after all, be out of keeping with the experience of many of those who read it. The colonel's lot is not an exceptional one, nor is his horoscope difficult to cast. In a few years, perhaps months, some treaty which the Great Father has solemnly made with the Indian tribes will be broken as usual, and they will be goaded into an outbreak. Then our colonel will be sent against them with an inadequate force, armed with rifles greatly inferior to those which the Great Father's agents have sold to the Indians; and he will die like Custer or Thornburgh. The woman whom he loved so well was in Saratoga last summer. Her husband is interested in a railway construction company, and her diamonds were noticed by every newspaper correspondent. Poor little Paquita sleeps peacefully under the wooden cross in the ancient church yard, where the sound of the chanting is heard, and the soft wind is laden with the scent of the flowers in the bishop's garden. Any traveler may see the little grave to-day; for the railway has done away with the fatigues and dangers of the long journey. A few minutes' walk from the station, he may stand by the old church when the sun is sinking behind the stern mountains at the west, which look down with, one might fancy, a sardonic smile upon him, as they have looked in turn upon Mayas, Toltecs, Pueblos, Spaniards, and Americans, and as they will look when all of us pigmies have passed away. He will turn with relief to the sight of the little white cross, standing out against the adobe wall; and just then the sound of the bells ringing the Angelus may break upon his ear, and he will be sure to stand listening until

Their voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

Reason Enough.

Boston *Courier* Parisian: M. Gaulthier de Rumilly, dean of the senate, received a visit from his landlord. It was a question of repairs, and the senator explained. The proprietor promised everything. Six o'clock struck.

"Six o'clock already?" said the landlord.

"Exactly," replied M. de Rumilly; "but that doesn't matter, for I hope you will do me the honor of dining with me."

"You are very kind," replied the landlord, "but—"

"I insist; I shall not let you leave at this hour."

"It is impossible."

"I shall be angry."

"It is impossible, notwithstanding the desire I have to remain. My affairs call me elsewhere."

"You do not wish to share my dinner?" said the senator, slightly vexed.

"You will understand why. They dine at M. de Rothschild's at 7 o'clock."

"Ah, you are his guest!"

"No, I am his cook!"

Tableau.

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We enumerate a few books which may (or may not) be useful to those around the house:

Every Man His Own Poet. By W. H. Mallak	$0 25
Dumas' Art Annual. An Illustrated Record of the Exhibitions of the World, containing 250 original drawings, reproduced in fac similes	1 50
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500 Prizes of 50	25,000
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1,967 Prizes, amounting to	$265,000

CERTIFICATE.

WE DO HEREBY CERTIFY that we supervise the arrangements for all the monthly and semi-annual drawings of the LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties. We authorize the company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company, in New Orleans.

For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by express, registered letter, or money order, addressed only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

Or for information apply to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.,
or J. P. HORBACH,
1319 F street, Washington.

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FOR INFORMATION
CONCERNING
Louisiana State Lottery, Commonwealth Distribution Co., and Little Havana
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ORIGINAL
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ORDINARY CLASS, No. 1124,
MARCH 7, 1883.

Number for Number, Prize for Prize!
With 230 Additional Prizes.

23,000 Tickets, and 1,204 Prizes.

SCHEDULE.

1 Capital Prize	$9,000
1 " "	2,500
1 " "	1,000
1 " "	500
2 Prizes, $250 each	500
20 " 50 "	1,000
942 " 10 "	9,420
2 Approximations of $100 each to the number preceding and following the one drawing the $9,000	200
2 Approximations of $50 each (as above) to the $2,500	100
2 Approximations of $25 each (as above) to the $1,000	50
924 Prizes as above, being the full number in the Royal Havana, and 230 Additional prizes of $5 each to the 230 tickets having as ending numbers the two terminal units of the number drawing the Capital Prize of $9,000	1,150
1,204 Prizes, amounting to	$23,620

Tickets, $2. Halves, $1.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

ALL PRIZES PAID ON PRESENTATION.
CAUTION: See that the name GOULD & CO. is on your ticket. None other are original or reliable.

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$30,000 for $2.
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—OF THE—
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These drawings occur on the last day of each month (Sundays excepted). Repeated adjudication by Federal and State courts have placed this company beyond the controversy of the law. To this company belongs the sole honor of having inaugurated the only plan by which their drawings are proven honest and fair beyond question.

N. B.—This company has now on hand a large capital as reserve fund. Read carefully the list of prizes for the

FEBRUARY DRAWING.

1 Prize	$30,000
1 Prize	10,000
1 Prize	5,000
10 Prizes, $1,000 each	10,000
20 Prizes, 500 each	10,000
100 Prizes, 100 each	10,000
200 Prizes, 50 each	10,000
400 Prizes, 25 each	10,000
1,000 Prizes, 10 each	10,000
1 Prize, 300 each, Approximation Prize	2,700
1 Prize, 200 each, "	1,800
1 Prize, 100 each, "	900
1,960 Prizes	$117,400

Whole tickets, $2; half tickets, $1. 27 tickets, $50; 55 tickets, $100.

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