was expected in the vicinity, but none of us cared to mention what might happen if they came upon us late at night and thought us a Federal troop repairing the burned bridge.

We guarded, of course, and some of us who were more familiar with the language slept in a large circle around the camp. My bed was to the south along the track over which we had just come. Sleep was light, as it usually is when your thoughts are heavy on going to bed.

It must have been at least 12, it may have been 2, when there was rumbling along the track and a sound of voices. Half asleep, half clad, I jumped from my bed and shouted, "No tira! No tira! Estamos pacificos!"

"Hello, compadre," and Jack Claridge stepped from the cut and onto the mesa—Jack Claridge, younger son, veteran of the Boer war, friend of King Menelik of Abyssinia, soldier of a varied fortune indeed. His accomplishments were those of a gentleman, his failings were those of the derelict. He had arrived at Madera just after we left and had come with a party on a hand-car to join us.

It was Jack Claridge, who, while working underground for an adobe dollar a day, told the self-made manager of the Banco Sonora "to tell that perfect swine of a brother of mine to mind his own affairs and not to be sending such as you to ask questions of their betters."

And it was Jack Claridge, too, who brought among us "Lady" Claridge, tall and slender, with interesting, slaty eyes and soft voice. The night that she died I leaned over and kissed her hand, yes, and kissed her thin white brow, and those, I think, were the only caresses that she had had since he had taken her from her home in the country in England. We buried her amongst those five big pines on the hill above "camposanto." From the Dolores trail you can see the whitewashed rock wall that surrounds her grave and that of her child that scarcely had become a child and now is no more. Surely a bad chance at the start that child had and it chose the way of least resistance.

As the rough spring wagon climbed that rocky road there followed it only five—her devoted Chinese cook, her faithful Mexican coachman, Dr. Commons, Pilar Davila, and I. We had left Jack delirious with pneumonia at the hospital. Just we five buried "Lady" Claridge and her baby girl. Nothing was said. Some one tried to murmur something. I couldn't. I wonder if any one in all of England knows where she is now.

With her are all of her little intimate trinkets—for who was left to honor them, and had the right? On her breast rests

The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

(A pity it is that Kipling could not have told a gentler, prettier tale with the appeal, the simplicity and rhythm of those few words.)

I have skipped a day or two in the train's travel, but let them go. I have told you that story which brings to me the saddest moments I have ever known, sadder than the story of Sandy McPhail, and sadder, I think, than the story of Dona Beltran de Carruth. You sse, I knew "Lady" Claridge so much better; I knew her very well.

* * * * *

On the Bustillos mesa we stopped in front of the big hacienda and camped along that rock wall that had served as a breastwork for Villa's men when they ambushed the train of Federals who had deserted us at Madera. It was here that the car in which we Americans rode had been punctured with bullets, and it was in that car, too, that dapper little Captain Moreno was killed. Over his dead body they rifled his bag and made merry over the many pictures of his "chamacas" at Madera. I wonder if they found among them that picture that he showed to me one day in his room at Madera. It was a large picture pasted on a hard card and in it was his wife standing beside a large and much bewreathed picture of himself in full-dress uniform, and in her arms she held the body of her child. Such is the custom to honor the dead in Mexico.

"Muy bonita, verdad, Don Carlos," he said to me when he showed it. "Do you think it good likeness of me? You see there is a picture of a picture of myself." Yes, I wonder if they found that picture, too, and laughed.

My hideous thoughts kept me awake again and it was late in the night that I looked down the row of beds along the wall and just two bundles from mine I saw the mother of a month-old babe take the child from her breast. Then she knelt and prayed and I heard her say, "and God be with thee, all through the night." Wasn't that a pretty thing to do? In the hush of that still night it "set elfin horns ablowing tunes too wild and sweet to last." All in a moment they swept away those troubling thoughts and I turned and slept.

On Tuesday it was that we passed the Federal troops at San Andreas, under command of El Senor General Don Felix Terrazas. The officers were courteous and generous with us. We rushed forward and bought melons and other fruit from the supply cars. Some of the soldiers were surly and blasphemous. I heard a red-headed Mexican say: "Vale mas que se vayan a sus tierra." It struck me as odd because in his face there was such marked evidence of dual nationality in parentage. Surely Rose Mullin got the clear white spots and just as surely he got the black spots out of a union that crossed the national boundary lines.

That was on Tuesday, I said? Yes, and on Friday while in Chihuahua we received the details of the battle of San Andreas. Villa himself in great glee reported it over the telephone to General Mercado, commandant of the enemy's forces: "Your troops under the estimable Senor el General Don Felix Terrazas have done us the honor to engage us in battle, and then to disperse. We have taken in battle two hundred and twenty-three prisoners, who, strange to say, have died on the mesa through rage and passion (coraje). I beg further to report that we have taken and hold as prisoners one hundred and twenty-five of the women of the troops of el Senor el General Don Felix, and among them the beautiful campanera of Don Felix."

There on the Bustillos mesa two hundred and twenty-three men had perished, slain in groups of five or six that one bullet might do the gerater work. And yet that was not the greater slaughter. It was just there where a few nights before I had watched the silhouette of that girl mother against the stars in the heavens—that night that she "set elfin horns a-blowing tunes too wild and sweet to last." Yes, too wild and sweet to last!

It's true; it's all true. And it's true, too, that there are in this one other world two souls as wide apart as that of the little mother and of Pancho Villa. Yet naturalists reckon us all of the same species. Truly the limit of species is marked by a physical line. But Pancho Villa and that girl can have no common ancestor!

* * * * *

How well we learned to know each other in traversing those four hundred miles to the border. It was odd to see what trait in one's character would be brought out by the labors of cooking a meal over an open fire, and what little idiosyncracy five hours' travel before breakfast would emphasize. Or to find amongst us those who could remain cheerful while some ignorant, immoral official made us waste a day in order to impress upon us the dignity of his newborn authority. And yet there were many there about all of whose virtues none of us had ever dreamed. We of the human race, though, have a tendency to hide our faults rather deeper than our virtues. There is hope in that.

Home! Home in our own country! I saw a man take the hat off his head and cross himself and thank God. He thought no one saw him.

Now the restraints of the cage were gone. The birds sought those of their own feather. I acted as consular agent for Marion Letcher, he who has dared to represent his country and do it well. We gave Kid Clary his ticket to Birmingham, Alabama, and $5 with which to buy his food on the way. The old conductor got his transportation to the middle west, where he had "folks and friends that was well-to-do." Jack Claridge, aided by unpopular subscription, took another tack, then drifted far out yonder into the Out-of-the-Way.

It seemed as we crossed the bridge that our troubles were over, without having had sickness, without a death. But the tragedies were now to come. One cowboy, who had mounted the train in the middle of the Nahuerachic plain, went wrong at the first parting of the ways. In a drunken frenzy he shot his young and faithful wife through the middle of her slender frame She lived, by one of God's miracles, and refused to prosecute. They are living together now. The little boy calls him "daddy" instead of just "my father."

Then there was the tragedy of Sandy McPhail's life. The first that I knew of it was when I read the paper that the trial was called for that day. I went to the trial. There sat Sandy, dejected, penitent. The evidence was damning. Sandy had diverted a consignment of goods from the Pack wholesale grocery house. The judge appointed an attorney. The attorney was powerless. Just then I saw a man arise in the far corner of the court room—a man a little older than the most of us on that refugee train. It was Farry.

"Your honor," he faltered a little. "I should like to be called as witness in this case."

"The defense calls to the stand the witness in the corner," said the appointed attorney.

The formalities were over. Farry looked a little more secure, a little surer of himself and of his voice.

"I take it you are to be a character witness in behalf of the prisoner. Tell the jury what you know of him."

"Well, it is about three years since I first met Mr. McPhail. We took a bunch of mill hands from Columbus, New Mexico, into Madera. That was just after the war had broken out and we thought it would be but a matter of a few weeks before Don Porfirio would put a stop to the trouble. That was a rough trip—hot, dusty, dry in the day time, cold at night. Fifteen days we were on the road with heavy teams hauling us.

"Now, your honor, McPhail was on my wagon and a better boy under hardships I never saw. He was partners then to Harry Clark. Harry died from the drug habit with detectives from a surety house watching over him trying to collect four hundred dollars on a broken bond. Sandy watched him like a babe; he fed him; he did his share of the work. Early one morning I looked over to their bed and there lay Sandy uncovered, all curled in a ball, and Clark sound asleep with both of the blankets that they had shared in the early part of the night. No work was so hard but that Sandy volunteered to do it. Why, gentlemen of the jury, I saw him carry water in a frypan a mile across the barren desert to a horse that the rebels had wounded and left to die of thirst."

Farry's voice broke, and from where I sat I could see the tears in his eyes. You see, he had lived alone so much that he was not practiced in concealing his emotions.

"I know, I know," he stood and faced the jury,

(continued on page 15.)