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them? In all that strange and terrifying darkness, with the chilling water splashing upon him, it seemed to me that any child would cry out.

After midnight I fell asleep. When I awoke at dawn the Yaquis were carrying away Don Carnelo's corn. It showed how secure they felt. The laden horses were driven over the mountain on a trail so close to us we could hear their heavy breathing.

Hour after hour we lay there and watched them. Up and down, up and down, went the bucket to water their thirsty animals. I suffered from thirst myself, but there was no moving, so I chewed the tender leaves about me.

In the afternoon an Indian picked up a large stone and threw it into the well. It was simply an impulse, however, for he walked away without looking into the well.

When the sun slipped down toward the horizon, with the Indians leisurely looting the place, and no signs of help, I was filled with a great pity for the silent man beside me. A night and more than a day! How much longer could Dona Eloisa sit upon that stone? Was she there even now?

Just then I saw the busy Indians pause and listen. I thought they must have heard a sound from the well, till I noticed Don Carnelo's eyes searching the hills opposite. In a moment more I heard a faint cry, and I realized that I must have failed to catch the first one. I thought, of course, it was from troops coming to our rescue, for the Yaquis flung aside the corn, jumped upon their horses, and spurred toward the trail.

To my bewilderment, Don Carnelo seized his gun and fired five of his seven shells as rapidly as possible. The Indians below us swerved sharply from the trail and made off along the foot of the mountain, while above us we heard a warning shout and a clatter of hoofs, as those coming down turned and fled.

"Shout and thrash about in the bushes, senior!" Don Carnelo commanded, springing to his feet and dashing to the top of the ridge. I had faith enough to obey without understanding the reason why. So I plunged about in the thickets, yelling at the top of my voice, and watching to see the troops come into view.

In a moment I saw a woman burst out of an arroyo and run in a staggering way toward the house. It was old Marta, her cotton dress torn to shreds by the thorny bushes in which Sonora abounded. To my surprise, no others followed her. Then I heard Don Carnelo fire his two remaining shells from the top of the ridge. He could not hope to do any execution with his birdshot, and I suddenly comprehended the situation.

There were no troops. It was Marta, shrieking at sight of the Yaquis, that we had heard. When she realized she had left the child, she returned. Don Carnelo must have seen her and understood. With quick wit, he had determined to make the startled Indians believe they were being surrounded. In any case, they were gone, and I dashed down the hill to the well, but Don Carnelo was there before me.

"Eloisa!" he called. "Eloisa!" I hardly dared hoped there would be a reply. I saw Don Carnelo's hands clutch the curb. Then a weak voice came from the depths:

"All is well, Carnelo!"

"I am coming down for you!" he cried, excitedly.

"The boy first," she answered. "I will send him up." I drew up the little fellow, tied in the well-bucket with the scarf. Reaching down into the well, Don Carnelo had him out almost before the bucket was at the surface. His chubby face had grown pinched and gray, and his eyes were unable to bear the light.

Then I saw what we had both been too excited to notice before. The rope was cut in several places, as if at different times some Indian had changed his mind about taking it before he had completely severed it. It would not bear Don Carnelo's weight.

"Eloisa, I must find another rope," he called down. "Can you wait?"

"Yes," he answered again, but it was very faint.

"Talk to her, senior," he entreated, as he dashed away.

But Dona Eloisa herself began to speak. As I listened I realized that the

brave soul was fighting the weak body, which wanted to collapse, now that the danger was over. Somehow it stirred me more than anything that had gone before.

"Can you again send down the light?" she called, so faintly I could hardly hear. I took out my cup, and after several trials, succeeded.

"Ah," she said, "how good the light—how comforting! How long it has been! But he did not cry out. My heart rejoices to think of that. And now it is over—all over. I am just waiting a few moments more—waiting for Carnelo to come for me. I can do it. Assuredly I can do it—so small a matter. And to think I should have dropped the tortillas in the water the first day! How hungry he grew, but he cried with tears only. And then they threw in the stone. It stirred the water from the very bottom, and the tortillas came up to my hand. I skimmed them off and fed him. But now it is all over. I am getting quite strong. With the child off my lap, my limbs are reviving. I should like—yes, I should like to go up alone. When he gets old enough to understand I should like my son to know I went up alone. It would be to the honor of the Bacas."

And come up alone Dona Eloisa did, when Don Carnelo came back with another rope and a broad, shallow corn basket, in which she could sit, and which we attached to the end of the rope in place of the bucket. But when he had lifted her over the well-curb she lay very quiet in his arms.

I picked up the child and walked toward the house. He was whimpering from hunger, but even then it was not loud. As I entered the door I saw the flash of Mexican bayonets on the hills, and knew the danger was over.

Poor, half-crazed Marta was crouched in a corner, with her rags over her head. I laid the boy in her arms.

Who Wrote "Annie Laurie"?

The other evening, when the writer was passing through an Essex hamlet, he happened on two Scotchmen tarrying awhile in the lath-and-plaster parlor of the local tavern. While the men of Essex ardently and pugnaciously discussed the budget and the election, they two were sitting apart in the far corner of the stuffy room. One was singing under his breath the haunting lines of "Annie Laurie"; the other, with eloquent face, and forefinger sawing the air, was asserting to him Lady John Scott's authorship of the song in question.

HIS MOTHER'S SONG.

"You're wrong," said the first, in reply. "You're wrong—wrong altogether. The 'aul' sang' is older than Lady Scott. It's my mother's singing of it I'm giving you—the 'aul' Galloway' sang' all my folk have kent. It is so old, do you ken, it is never heard nowadays."

Maxwellton banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true,
And ne'er forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my heid and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
She breastit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel may span,
Her waist ye weel may span,
She has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay down my heid and die.

These words, which he repeated with a subdued and pathetic intonation, as if he were harking back to the mairs and the whaups of his childhood days, are of the original song, written by William Douglas, of Fingland, Galloway, two hundred odd years ago, upon a beautiful daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown, Kirkcudbright. It took the ear of the gifted Lady John Scott, of Spottiswoode, who revised it to much advantage, and also composed the popular tune now accompanying it.

THE ORIGINAL.

It is stated in a collection of Scottish songs, published by Gardner, Paisley, 1893, that the song was first printed by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in 1824, but

the version of it in the book referred to is different when compared with the words which the writer heard. On engaging in pleasant conversation with the worthy Scots, the writer remarked that the lines he had overheard appeared to differ from those now attributed to Douglas, and was informed, with a considerable measure of caustic warmth, that as the speaker came from Nithsdale, and had repeated the song as his mother and grandmother had before him—and they both had been born in Nithsdale, their conjoint ages running back 150 years—his words were undoubtedly those of the original rendering, with which past generations of Gallovidians had been familiar, though now high forgotten through the long-time popularity of Lady Scott's rendering.—T. P.'s Weekly.

My Aviary.

Through my north window, in the wintry weather,—

My airy oriel on the river shore,—
I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together

Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,

Lets the loose water waft him as it will;

The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,

Paddles and plunges, busy, busy, still.

He knows up! "sportsmen" from suburban alleys,

Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous punt;

Knows, every lazy, shiftless lout that sallies

Forth to waste powder, as he says, to "hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,

Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;

The float that figures in your sly transaction

Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

O Thou who carest for the falling sparrow,

Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang forget?

Or is Thy dread account-book's page so narrow

Its one long column scores Thy creatures' debt?

Is this the whole sad story of creation,

Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er,—

One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,—

A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes!

Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds!

Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphinxes,

The stony convent with its cross and beads!

How often gazing where a bird reposes,

Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide,

I lose myself in strange metempsychosis,

And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's side;

The great blue hollow like a garment o'er me;

Space all unmeasured, unrecorded time;

While seen with inward eye moves on before me

Thought's pictured train in wordless pantomime.

A voice recalls me,—From my window turning

I find myself a plumeless biped still;

No beak, no claws, no sign of wings discerning,—

In fact, with nothing bird-like but my quill.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A kind-hearted little slum girl, on a fresh-air excursion to the country, saw, one evening, a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted:

"Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on those beautiful little birds?"