

to the ground. Simpson picked it up, glanced at it, and then watched the young woman as she disappeared into the house.

"Why don't you give her back the paper?" I asked.

Simpson turned toward me with a sneer. "You are very particular," he said. "You needn't worry. Don't you think it rather foolish to have your initials regarded so tenderly? I'll hand it back to her, however, if you insist."

Just then Hernando came out of the house leaning upon the arm of his daughter. I stepped forward to help him, but Simpson sprang toward the watchman, and with a quick movement knocked him down.

"Grab the girl!" he yelled to me.

The señorita drew a revolver and fired, the bullet grazing my head. There was a brief struggle, and then we bound Hernando and the señorita hand and foot. The bundles under the seat of the buckboard contained some of the gold, and in the watchman's pockets and in a belt around his waist was the rest.

When we had found all, we removed the bonds of that precious pair and sent them towards the Santiago road. Simpson told them to lose no time in getting out of view, and by way of emphasis fired a shot over them as they took their departure.

"I didn't want to have your idol more harshly treated," said Simpson.

"How ever did you succeed in doing it, old man?" I asked, disregarding the unkind insinuation of his reference to the señorita.

"It's quite simple," he replied. "In the first place, I discovered that the wheels of the buckboard had fresh earth on them, although the rig had not been used for several days. From that I reasoned that the recently departed Hernando, now seeking health and strength in the vicinity of Santiago, had driven the vehicle a hundred yards or so on that eventful night when the alleged robbers attacked him, and afterwards brought it back to the house through the grass. He permitted several hours to pass, I should judge, and then wounded himself, and knotted a rope about his wrists—by the use of his teeth and a hook in the wall which I'll show you. The gagging process was comparatively easy. I was sure my suspicions were correct when that paper fluttered to earth, for it was once wrapped around a stack of gold pieces. The señorita was evidently not able to replace it, and had hurriedly tucked it away. This paper, which I now take great pleasure in showing you, is marked '100 centens, J. H. M.,' your certification that the contents of the package were correctly counted. I think that we may go to meet our friend Danvers now, for I see they are lowering boats from the transports."

THE FROST SPIRIT.

His breath is on the autumn air;
 From Ymir's realm he swoopeth down
 To nip the face of all that's fair,
 Till summer leaves him with a frown.
 The forests, when he comes, disrobe—
 His noiseless march excites no stir;
 Binding with gyves our northern globe,
 'Tis he unlocks the chestnut burr.
 At last when leaf and spire have fled,
 And ice and snow crown hill and plain,
 He rules a world new garlanded,
 And autographs the window pane.

Joel Benton.

LIFE AT CAMP WIKOFF.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

A ROUGH RIDER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE GREAT CITY OF TENTS THAT SPRANG UP ON THE SAND HILLS OF MONTAUK TO RECEIVE OUR VICTORIOUS ARMIES RETURNING FROM CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

"THIS is beautiful!" exclaimed President McKinley, when General Wheeler, from the top of headquarters hill, showed him the thousands of tents that speckled the grassy slopes of Montauk Point, jutting out into the blue sea beyond. Speaking as a soldier, the commander in chief added a little later: "I have never seen a finer camp."

Such was also the impression of the homesick soldiers on the transports from Cuba and Porto Rico, who got their first glimpse of "God's Country" when Montauk Light was sighted, and the green hills came into view with their ridges dotted by the moving shapes of infinitesimal horses grazing near the glinting little tents of the encampment named after the brave officer who fell among the foremost in Cuba.

As a personal recollection, the writer will never forget the joy with which his half starved comrades on the transport Miami hailed the first prospect of the place that was to prove such a disappointment within the next few weeks.

"Why, it's just like the plains!" shouted one Rough Rider, whose ranch had been near enough to the Gulf of Mexico to accustom him to the added note of the sea. Another, perched high in the rigging of the ship, called down to those clustered upon the decks: "Say, boys, just look at the stock on the prairies back there. Them's *our* ponies a switchin' of their tails, sure enough, and we'll all go mounted again!" The announcement was greet-

ed with such a spontaneous outburst of delight from the long dismounted cavalrymen that even General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt, seated on the roof of the afterdeck, joined in the ear splitting yells and whoops of their troopers.

Seen at close range the camp, at its terminus, near the wharves and railroad station, appeared less inspiring. The deep sand and coal dust around the miserable shacks and stables that had been thrown up for the most immediate needs was littered with papers and odd bits of lumber, and the intermingling of all branches of the service together with sailors, stevedores, teamsters, workmen, as well as skirted nurses and visitors, created a general impression of confusion in ill accord with a soldier's notions of what a well regulated camp should be. Here, too, the resemblance to certain phases of our Western life continued, aided again by the open background of prairie-like slopes of grass undulating away as far as the eye could reach. The station building, with its surrounding frame structures for eating houses and quartermasters' supplies, recalled a mushroom town of the frontier during a "boom," with a military post thrown in to account for the uniforms. Galloping horsemen, riding in the approved style of the plains, with saddled mules and unmistakable broncos standing around everywhere, completed the illusion. In the midst of it could be seen

The illustrations of this article are engraved from photographs by John C. Hemment, New York.