

Brave Rescue of the Fenians

Captain S. P. Smith, who was first mate of the bark *Catalpa*, when the rescue of the Fenian prisoners was effected at Fremantle, Australia, in 1876, tells an interesting story of that memorable event. At that time six men were undergoing imprisonment in the Fremantle jail for complicity in Fenian affairs, among them being John Boyle O'Reilly, and their friends in America had determined to liberate them.

"It had taken a long time to make ready for the rescue," says Captain Smith. "For one year the rescuers had been working to collect money, for the voyage was to be a long one and would require much outfit. The men who commenced the planning were John Breslin and John Devoe and at first, when they talked about it, I guess people thought they were crazy."

"It didn't take long, though, for them to interest the Fenians—that is to win their confidence. They were interested enough all the time. It was about ten years since the revolution had made its brief struggle and died. It was about ten years since the last had been seen of the Irish prisoners on their way to a strange land where there was never a friend to be found. But in those ten years the friends left behind had never forgotten."

"When Devoe and Breslin laid their plan they knew well enough that they would have to tell to many people, and the question was, would the many keep it secret? We all acknowledge that a secret is enough for two, you know. When you realize that this was a secret among 5,000 you may know that the hearts of these 5,000 were in the cause."

"It took the contributions of all these members of the Clan na Gael to raise the necessary \$20,000. It took, besides, all the courage that we who made the saving trip could muster and keep ready for the long journey."

"The bark purchased by the contributors was a whaling vessel called the *Catalpa*. The plan was to make pretense of starting on a whaling cruise and under this mask make our way toward Western Australia. Unless we had some ostensible excuse we knew well enough that British suspicion would be quickly excited, for a British guard is eagle-eyed. When nobody was looking we would snatch the six prisoners and make off."

"We set sail from New Bedford the last of April, 1876. Captain Anthony was a good man to have charge of the dangerous voyage, for he was a cool-headed captain. He and I were both Americans, and there was only one Irishman in the crew. He was a common sailor, the rest of the crew were mostly negroes and Malays."

"We cruised about, going to Fayal and on to Australia from there. We had aboard 200 barrels of sperm oil when we finally reached Bunbury, which is about ninety miles from Fremantle, the prison town. It is far enough to call it that, for the town is nothing more than an environment for the prison."

"We kept in mind all the time the condition of those poor fellows living there. It helped to brace up our courage, and we knew that without all the courage in the world we could never push through our undertaking. They had a dreary time of it, I guess. They were allowed a good deal of freedom within the town, as we found out afterward, they were put to work at different jobs in the town outside the prison, but they felt pretty sure there was no way of escape."

"In the life of John Boyle O'Reilly an account of his punishment in Australia is described. Here is a paragraph from the book: 'The first official function was the reading of the rules of the Fremantle prison. What struck me most in that long code was the startling peroration to the enumeration of so many offenses—the penalty of which is death!'"

"They must have been a glad group of men who heard the whispered news that a party of daring seamen had left home and were risking the dangers not only of sea, but, far more, of British displeasure, to take them away from a place where the death penalty threatened on a stern wall."

"Captain Smith—captain now, mate then—does not dwell upon the dangers of the plot. He is big, weather-beaten, rosy, who is brave in action and modest in speech. Perhaps that is why he is a captain himself nowadays—a captain who is about to take a great vessel to the northern waters, where he has guided safely before."

"For the last twenty years I have been cruising around Alaska and farther north," he says. "I've never been to England since we took those Irish prisoners. I don't know as I care to. I guess these waters north of here is about as near as I care to get to the power of Great Britain."

"Then he turned back to the voyage once more."

"When we got to Bunbury we found no one there. You see, Breslin had gone ahead of us to Australia, along with Desmond—old Thomas Desmond, who used to be sheriff of San Francisco. These two had been nosing around under false names. They pretended to be buying land, I believe, and so had an excuse to hang around Fremantle and communicate with the prisoners."

"Although Breslin was not at Bunbury to meet us, he kept watch of us, and the day after arrival we received a telegram from him. Capt. Anthony replied, with the result that Mr. Breslin came down to us, and he and the captain laid the plan of action together. Breslin was to return to the prisoners and make them ready. Capt. Anthony would go back to Rockingham, about 22 miles from the prison town, and there wait to receive them and bring them out in a little boat to me. I was to have command of the *Catalpa* for the time and hold her out a little way from shore, ready to receive the escaping men."

though they were every-day occurrences Monday some carriages drove the 22 miles from Fremantle to Rockingham. They contained the six prisoners and Breslin, their rescuer."

"It is a wonder to me that they ever succeeded in getting so far without being overtaken. There was no attempt at concealment—the men simply entered the carriages and drove away. Perhaps they were at their various working places. One was the parson's gardener and another was employed breaking stones. If I remember rightly, they had been good prisoners, and they were allowed a great deal of freedom."

"It was only a question of time before the alarm must be given at Fremantle. Just as the boat containing the six prisoners and their rescuers was starting from the shore the mounted police rode up in a hurry and tried to stop them. They were too late. Anthony slipped his little party out from under their fingers and made for the *Catalpa*, the police pursuing them in another boat."

"Now, in the meantime, I had been having a little affair of my own. The British gunboat *Georgette* had been paying me marked attention. I knew she was pretty curious about the *Catalpa*. Finally the captain shouted, 'Bark ahoy!' I wouldn't answer at first, 'Bark ahoy!' I heard again. I replied 'Bark ahoy!' myself then, but when the *Georgette* demanded that I leave to, I wouldn't do it. 'Where's your captain?' he asked me then. He knew I wasn't the captain. When I wouldn't answer him he didn't like it, and he kept on cruising around near us."

"It wasn't until the rescue boat came toward us that matters grew serious. Then they sighted the boat on the *Georgette*. It didn't take them long to decide on action. It was a race between the *Catalpa* and the police boat to see which would get to the run-aways first."

"Close along to our lee quarter the *Georgette* kept. Again and again we headed her off. At last we were close to Capt. Anthony's party."

"I swung around so that the *Catalpa* was between the two small boats. I kept in that position so steadily that the police boat could not see the other. The action of a sudden, I lowered the false gun and the little boat fore and aft and hoisted the whole thing on board. It was not until I got the men safely up that the captain of the police boat knew what I was doing. Then he shouted, 'Well done, and a good voyage to you.' I don't know who he was, but I'll never forget the generosity of that."

"We thought then that all the trouble was over. But not quite. Next day the lookout on the boat reported a sail about three points on the weather bow. Breslin thought it was a coast-guard, but when I looked I was sure it was the *Georgette*."

"It was right. More's the pity. She came after us and at last fired a ball across the *Catalpa's* bow. She demanded that we heave to. When Captain Anthony refused the gunboat's captain said, 'I'll give you ten minutes to surrender or I'll sink you.'"

"This was serious. They knew we had prisoners aboard. I went below and talked to the six prisoners and asked what they wanted to do. 'If you who have saved us choose to surrender we are willing,' they said, 'for we don't want to cost you your lives. But if you choose to keep on we say die rather than surrender.'"

"We above board said the same. The crew was asked their wish. 'Sink or swim, no surrender,' they replied. I added, 'Let him fire and we'll sink here together before he'll get a man off this ship. We're into this and we'll carry it through.'"

"And we did. We made our escape, though the gunboat pursued for a little way. In August, 1876, we landed in New York with the rescued prisoners, and there the little party broke up."

"Where are they all now? I don't know. Scattered on the four winds, I suppose. But this much I do know—they are all what we left them, free men in a free land."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ALL SORTS

If an ink stain gets on your frock, remove it at once with salts of lemon. If the color will not run.

If a candle or other grease falls upon it, take out with an iron or blotting pad, or with French chalk.

If it is rain-spotted, iron on the wrong side with a piece of muslin between the cloth and the iron.

If paint falls on the cloth remove with turpentine; coal tar is removed with butter, and tea stains with plain water.

The roar of a lion can be heard further than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the cry of the hyena, and then the hoot of an owl. After these, the parrot and the jackal. The donkey can be heard fifty times further than the horse, and the cat ten times as far as the dog. Strange as it may seem the cry of the hare can be heard further than that of either the dog or cat.

The Golden Rose of Virtue, which the Pope occasionally presents to those who work for the church, was originally a single, simple flower wrought in gold, stained or tinted with red, in imitation of the natural color. Afterward the golden petals were adorned with rubies and other gems, and finally the form adopted was that of a thorny branch with several flowers and leaves and a chief flower at the top, all of pure gold, with the exception of the precious stones with which the principal parts are embellished. This decoration is not often conferred, and it is considered of such consequence that it is either presented by the Pope in person or forwarded by a deputy of the highest ecclesiastical standing.

Small Johnny came running into the house crying bitterly. "What's the matter, Johnny?" asked his uncle. "Tommy Brown slapped me," sobbed the little fellow. "You should have slapped him in return," wisely remarked the uncle. "Oh, I returned it first," replied Johnny.

When people differ, each pities the other and thinks, "If you were only reasonable you would agree with me."

"Good-bye," she said, and world! If I had my way I would never utter it. I would simply steal away, only leaving word that I had gone.

Wine stains yield to the same treatment as fruit stains. It is a well-known fact that port and sherry wines act as reagents for each other.

USEFUL HINTS.

For a burn or scald use a paste made of olive or other vegetable oil.

Try taking out grease spots from wall paper with a piece of blotting paper and a hot flat iron.

Try setting a pan of hot water in the oven if it seems too hot after cake is put in; it will prevent scorching.

Sunstroke—Loosen clothing. Get patient into shade and apply ice-cold water to head. Keep head in elevated position.

To stop nose-bleed.—Compress the nostrils with the fingers; or hold the arms straight up over the head; or apply cold water to the back of the head.

Cinders in the eye.—Roll soft paper up like a lamp-lighter, and wet the tip to remove, or use a medicine dropper to draw it out. Rub the other eye.

It is a safe rule to wet the wrists before drinking cold water, if it is hot. The effect is immediate and grateful, the danger of fatal results is warded off.

A good liniment for strains, sprains, sore muscles, lame back, etc., is made by mixing two parts camphorated oil, two parts alcohol and one part chloroform. Shake it well.

White suede slippers and white kid gloves may be cleaned with equal parts of powdered alum and Fullers earth. Apply with a dry brush or flannel cloth and rub them until clean.

To oil a floor, mix thoroughly four parts of raw linseed oil, two parts of spirits of turpentine and one pint of best "coach japan." The floor should be perfectly clean when the mixture is applied.

Moths will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in the winter as well as in summer. A sure method of removing the pests is to pour strong alum water on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edges before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping.

Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their alighting upon it.

Stains of rust may be removed from fine linen and similar fabrics without injury to the material. First soap the article with Marseilles White Soap as if it were to be washed in the ordinary way. An iron is heated and on this is laid a wet cloth. When the heat makes the cloth steam the rust stain is laid on it, and a little oxalic acid is rubbed on with the finger. The heat and the moisture hastens the effect of the acid on the rust and when this has disappeared the soaping and washing may be continued.

INTERESTING NOTES

Of the 285,056 buildings in Philadelphia, 258,885 are dwellings.

The number of stamps now current in the world is 13,811.

A singer in grand opera contradicts the statement frequently made that lemon juice is excellent to relieve a slight hoarseness. It may clear the voice at first, but only for a short time, and the strong acid is extremely injurious to the vocal chords. To soothe and relieve the congestion that produces the hoarseness, this singer says that nothing is better than the white of an egg whipped to a stiff froth.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper length, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

If a load of coal is left out of doors, exposed to the weather—say a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under a shed, the latter loses about 25 per cent. of its heating power, the former about 47 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over, and on all sides. The suffer the coal the more heating power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo a slow combustion.

The serpent seems to be the favorite symbol in the decoration for cardcases, pocketbooks and the pretty little reticules so much in use now. The snake and leather purses that fasten with a button and buttonhole have serpents' heads, jeweled or enamelled, for buttons while the reticules have silver or golden serpents for the top mounting, the heads entwined to form the clasp. Gray suede embroidered with steel and rough monkeyskin mounted with rudely gold or art nouveau silver are the smartest combinations.

The Vulcan Match Factory, at Tidenholm, Sweden, employs over 1,200 men, and manufactures daily 900,000 boxes of matches. The yearly output requires 600,000 cubic feet of wood, 250,000 pounds of paper, and 40,000 pounds of rye flour for pasting the boxes. Three hundred of the most complete and ingenious pieces of machinery, all of Swedish invention, are used in this factory.

WHAT A MAN THINKS

No matter how homely a man is you can always say he has a striking face. If the girls who chew gum in the street can only know how ugly it makes them look, they wouldn't do it.

It is hard to find a man who thinks he is worse than he really is.

Woman's worst punishment for any transgression comes not from the speech of society, but from the voice of her own higher self.

A good test of housekeeping is the quality of the coffee.

You can't judge accurately of a boy's behavior by the way he looks at family prayers.

TOLD BRIEFLY

A novel and curious test for deafness or approaching deafness has just been described by a Paris specialist. If the handle of a vibrating tuning-fork be applied to the knee or other bony portion of the human frame, the sound cannot be heard by the person who possesses an unimpaired ear, but if the ear be attacked by disease, the note can be heard distinctly.

An ocean steamer of the first class, going at full speed, cannot be brought to a standstill in less than three minutes. In the mean time she will traverse a distance of about half a mile.

If the whole envelope of air were the same in character it would reach only about five miles above the earth, but as it becomes rarefied as we ascend it probable extends to a height of eighty or ninety miles.

The bones of a human being will bear three times as great a pressure as oak, and nearly as much as wrought iron, without being crushed.

In Germany and Holland girls are chosen in preference to young men in all employments in which they can be advantageously employed.

A diamond weighing one carat, mounted in a ring, may cost the buyer \$20 or more, but at Kimberly the average value of diamonds is only about 25s per carat.

The game of cricket dates from 1598, when it was called "club-ball."

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing.

A man breathes about twenty times in a minute, 1,200 times in an hour.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheapest in China.

France has more persons over sixty years of age than any other country; Ireland comes next.

Damascus is said to be the oldest city in the world, dating back 4,000 years. Its present population is 200,000, a tenth being Christians. The mosques are numerous, there being more than fifty.

The finest-looking people of Europe are the Tziganes, or Gypsies, of Hungary.

The South African winter begins toward the end of April and lasts until September.

A church bell cracked in ringing at the village of Schellheim, near Schaffhausen, Germany, and when taken down it was found to be of the year 1462.

When Explorer Livingstone was in South Africa his looking-glass was a source of great interest to the natives, and a critic says that it caused great surprise among many on account of their knowledge of their own looks. Mirrors in advance countries also often cause surprise among those who get an early morning glance in them.

The stationery of the woman of fate is now stamped with her address inclosed in a circle placed in one of the upper corners of the note sheet, instead of running across the top of the sheet as formerly.

In boring a deep well in Germany the hardened end of a steel drill broke off at a depth of about 1,000 feet. As it was clearly impossible to drill out the hard steel, it was necessary either to remove it or abandon the boring. It was removed in a highly ingenious way. A soft iron bar, five feet long and two and one-half inches in diameter was wrapped with a single layer of India rubber covered wire, thus making it an electromagnet. The bar with wires leading to it, was lowered into the hole, and current from a small dynamo turned on. This magnetized the bar, which was then carefully drawn up to the surface bringing the steel drillpoint with it.

WHAT A WOMAN THINKS

Kindness is the secret of courtesy.

A man is poor indeed, who is poor in charity.

Children behave when out as they behave at home.

Lois of women have dressed they are afraid to wear.

How many times have we spent the money we have lost?

A man never loses any of his self-respect by an honest apology.

Is there any state more to be pitied than kittenish, giggling old age?

A designing woman—the dressmaker.

A man never throws himself away until he is worthless.

It costs much more to avenge a wrong than to suffer it.

To be able to read aloud is to be regarded as an accomplishment.

The clever woman always laughs at a man's jokes, even if she has heard them before.

How many people can find a chapter in the Bible without looking at the index?

The woman with a sour face ought to apply for a position in a pickle factory.

When a young author puts lots of color in his stories he usually intends them to be read.

There is only one man who finds that it pays to make a fool of himself—the circus clown.

The devil, a contemporaneous philosopher assures us, owes much of his success to the fact that he is always on hand.

Some women wear simple gowns with an air of elegance that is entirely lost in the magnificence of another woman's toilet.

The aim of the well-dressed woman is not so much to follow the exact line of fashion as to adapt it to her own individuality.

When a boy begins to be particular about the crease in his trousers it is a pretty sure sign of an attack of the first symptoms of love.

MANUEL GARCIA

MANUEL GARCIA was a Mexican farmer with a small holding in the state of Chihuahua. Garcia was of a thrifty bent than usual with his countrymen. His little patch of land showed evidences of energetic working and the well-enclosed garden about the house bore a burden of bloom through the year. The beauty and abundance of the flowers was due to the care given them by Manuel Garcia. His farmer's daughter, a dark-skinned, bright-eyed girl 16 years old who loved nothing better than to tend the flowering plants, the flowers and the southern spice plants which lent color and fragrance to the little place about the house. The Yaqui river rolled its yellow loam past by the homestead, completely shutting off approach from the north. It was a picturesque place, and Manuel Garcia was a happy man there in the company of his daughter, Diego, two years younger than herself, her father and the old grandmother, who had lived with them since their mother died ten years before.

It was in the year 1884 that Manuel Garcia reached the little household of trouble. Then he went back and around the north and west of them with the Indians and the southern spice plants which lent color and fragrance to the little place about the house. The Yaqui river rolled its yellow loam past by the homestead, completely shutting off approach from the north. It was a picturesque place, and Manuel Garcia was a happy man there in the company of his daughter, Diego, two years younger than herself, her father and the old grandmother, who had lived with them since their mother died ten years before.

For an hour those two children, each looking at the other with a gleam of curiosity, watched and waited. The father heard from a passing vaquero that a band of Indian troops had met some Mexican troops only ten miles to the west of the day before. The vaquero said that the Apaches had suffered some loss, but that the survivors had separated and scattered. After hearing this father and son took their rifles into the field with them when they worked, and Manuel was told that she must give up her afternoon rides along the river bank on her little pony, Buenos!

The day after the visit of the vaquero, late in the afternoon, Manuel left her grandmother nodding in the doorway and went to the corral at a short distance from the house where the farmer's two working horses and Manuel's pony and the chickens were kept. As the day passed along there came a sound from a clump of bushes a corner of Gumbel's pastures, beautiful blue gray creatures that came daily to share the food which Manuel scattered for her chickens. The girl, leaning behind her a trail of grain which she allowed to drop from her half opened hand, crossed to the corner of the corral, where there was to be a small check which contained a few farming implements, while above on a flooring which was but little more than a shelf, there were stored a few bundles of straw, a few sacks and a first round of short ladders and reached up for one of the hay bundles. Before her hand had touched it she entered a smothered cry and sprang down from the ladder step, frightened by a partridge following into sight. In another instant a head was raised above the hay and the girl saw a pair of wild eyes looking down upon her. She knew that the color was leaving her cheek and that her heart was beating fast. It was with an effort that she kept from screaming aloud. She knew that the man before her was that of an Apache, a man whose face she had seen in the face of a weakness in the Indian's face that was almost pitiful. Before Manuel could think how to act from the Apache's lips came feebly in Spanish the words, "Wounded, water!"

The girl thought of her father and knew that with the feeling that there was against the Indians that wounded brave's life was worth nothing if his presence were discovered. Some horses which the good old padre at the mission had taught her about forty years ago had been killed. This Indian was unarmed, wounded and helpless; surely there could be no harm in helping him. "Where are you hurt?" she asked. The Apache thrust forward his shoulder, and, pulling aside a rough, dirty bandage, showed a knife wound.

"Go back under the hay," said Manuel, "I will help you." She walked quickly across the corral and looking for a moment at the Indian, Manuel and Diego went to work some distance away. The girl went into the house, filled a earthen vessel with water, took some cakes of maize and some dried meat from a shelf and hurried back to the corral. She passed the water vessel up to the Apache, who drank greedily. She gave him the maize cakes and told him to hold on a moment more. The Apache uttered a word of gratitude and drew back behind the fence rails. The next morning Manuel went early to the corral. The Indian had disappeared.

It was the summer of 1884. A large band of Apaches had broken loose from the San Carlos reservation in the territory of the United States and had taken to the warpath. The government of the two republics had arranged that the troops of either nation in actual pursuit of Indians might pass into the other's territory. The San Carlos band, after committing all sorts of depredations, headed, as was Apache custom, for the Mexican border. News of the coming of the Apaches had reached the little Chihuahua house on the Yaqui river. Manuel Garcia would have paid but little attention to the report if it had reached him, for long immunity from Apache visits had led him to think the safety of his home was assured. Early one morning there rode up to the gateway a hot and tired messenger who had come to summon Manuel to the bedside of a dying brother in the little mission village of Santa Gertrudis, fifteen miles away. He gave some few directions to Manuel and Diego, and saying that he would return the next day, rode away with the messenger. Manuel felt strange loneliness and something of apprehension came over her after her father left. She did her work in the little household and toward evening went to the corral with Diego to tend the stock. It was fine sunset as they turned their steps back to the abode of Manuel Garcia. Far off to the north a pall of smoke hung on the horizon, and the light of sunset was on the clouds. Manuel Garcia was a happy man there in the company of his daughter, Diego, two years younger than herself, her father and the old grandmother, who had lived with them since their mother died ten years before.

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