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The Chestertown Transcript.

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For Job Work

—OF—

ALL KINDS,

LETTERHEADS,

BILLHEADS,

ENVELOPES,

POSTERS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

Remember that the

Transcript Office

IS FITTED TO DO

JOB PRINTING IN GOOD STYLE

AND AT VERY MODERATE FIGURES.

GIVE US YOUR ORDER.

NOTICE TO THOSE INTENDING TO USE

PAINT,

OIL, GLASS OR WALL PAPER

I have now a full line of Paint and Painters' Materials of all kinds. A fine stock of Liquid Paint and headquarters for the celebrated John W. Masury & Son's Rail Road Colors and Liquid Paint, Varnishes, &c.; Murphy & Co. Carriage Varnish, &c.

Prices Very Low

I have an entirely new line of Beautiful WALL PAPERS and have employed an Artistic Paper Hanger, lately from the large house of Warren, Fuller & Lange of New York city. Plain Papering, Decorating, Paneling, &c. at very reasonable rates.

Estimates on work cheerfully given.

You will do well to call and see me.

LOUIS K. STAM

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

June 3, 1886—tf.

Prices Reduced

—ON—

FLOUR

—AT—

LIEBERMAN'S,

MELITOTA.

I have this day *Reduced* the price on all my brands of

FLOUR.

Flour sold at manufacturers' prices, and delivered free of charge to any part of the county.

Call or write for prices.

Telephone call 36.

Respectfully,

N. LIEBERMAN,

June 10. Melitota, Md

STRAW WANTED

HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am

READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW

that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.

☞ Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON.

Aug. 5, 1886.

Improved

EMPIRE DRILL

I will offer this favorite Drill to the Kent county public this fall, on terms to suit

REPAIRS for the same always in stock.

FERTILIZERS.

I will also sell the New Jersey Chemical Company's brands of Phosphate.

The company is one of the oldest in the country, and their goods have built up a reputation

SECOND TO NONE.

W. P. NORRIS.

Aug. 12—tf. Lynch's, Md

UNION HOTEL.

PRATT AND CHARLES STS., BALTIMORE

WM. J. LLOYD, Proprietor.

On the European Plan.

Rooms 25, 50 and 75 cents. Table Board $3.50 per week. Meals 25 cents, or $1 per day. Permanent Board, $4 to $7 per week. Livery Stable attached. Hacks and Express Wagons for hire. March 18.

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridles Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

Fall Goods!

Fall Goods!

JUST RECEIVED AT

J. H. Simpers'

Chestertown, Md.

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS

QUEENSWARE,

GROCERIES, &c.,

Which he offers

At Lowest Prices.

Call and examine goods and prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

Sept. 23, 1886.

Dry Goods!

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,

BALTIMORE STREET,

East of Charles St., White Marble Building,

BALTIMORE,

ARE

Large Importers, Jobbers & Retailers

—OF—

Dry Goods.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged, first-class Dry Goods House.

We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.

Our business reputation for the past 56 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.

In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.

We send Samples when we receive plain and explicit direction in regard to color, and about the price wanted. s.23-3m.

DO YOU WANT

YOUR CARRIAGES PAINTED & REPAIRED

If you do, go to Chapman & Lambert's. They will give you firstclass work and at a low figure. They have in their employ one of the best painters who has ever been in the State

THE CELEBRATED

FRANK B. CONVERSE

BANJO.

Manufactured by John F. Stratton, 49 Maiden Lane, New York.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

JOHN D. URIE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne couns. sep16.

PLOWS. PLOWS. PLOWS

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW, Nos. 43 33, 23, 13, 133 and ORIOLE PLOWS. For sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE

OUR PRICES for all grades of Canton Flannel—quality considered—are hard to beat and see for yourself.

J. H. SIMPERS.

BEFORE purchasing your Underware, call and see what we have in that line. Gents' Undershirts from 25c. to $2.00; Ladies' and Children's Vests at popular prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

THE GREAT

SALISBURY FIRE,

OCTOBER 17th, 1886.

TO MESSRS. FARREL & CO.,

No. 1.

BANK OF SALISBURY, MD.

"We found contents in as good order and condition as before the fire. Thanking you for such protection, we remain, yours,

"JOHN H. WHITE, Cashier."

No. 2.

E. E. JACKSON & CO.

"The safe stood a good test. We were heavily stocked with lumber (5 000,000). We find the books and papers nicely preserved."

No. 3.

HUMPHREYS & TILGHMAN

"The safe fell among our coal oil in the cellar. The cast iron wheels on it were melted. Insurance policies, valuable papers and our books all preserved to our satisfaction."

No. 4.

F. C. & H. S. TODD

"Our safe was for thirty hours lying in a perfect bed of fire. Our store contained oils, varnishes, etc. The books were warped, but the writing all legible."

No. 5.

R. E. POWELL & CO.

"The safe was dug from cellar the eighty hours after the fire. We found contents in perfect condition."

No. 6.

PENINSULA HOTEL.

"I have just had the safe removed from the ruins. It stood the test nobly. WM. FELL."

No. 7.

BRICKHEAD, LAWS & CAREY.

"We had one of your Champion Safes. After the fire we removed the safe and opened it. Found contents in perfect condition."

No. 8.

E. F. FOWLER.

"The heat was intense and severely tested your safe. It was opened three days after the fire. Books and papers were all preserved."

No. 9.

G. R. RIDER, Postmaster.

"We have just been able to get out our safe, more than three days after the fire. We find contents preserved in satisfactory condition."

Every Ferrel & Herring's Safe preserved its contents, while some safes of other makers failed.

Farrel & Co.,

627 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Only makers in this State of Herring's Patent Champion Safes, the victors in a thousand fires. Dec. 2—4t.

IF YOU WANT

Good Style and Finish, Great Durability and Comfort in wear, Superior Workmanship in all parts try our Special Lines of BOOTS and SHOES, which we have manufactured expressly for our trade.

720 Pairs of Boots

That must be sold by January 1st. Call and see them and get prices before you buy your winter Boots. We have Men's Boots for $1.50. We have a better Boot for $2.00. We have a whole stock Kip Boot, Hand Pegged, Saddle Seamed, $2.25. Men's Double Upper, Three Soles. 24-inch leg Kip Boot for $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50. We would especially call your attention to our 24 inch leg Dubble Upper Hand Made Kip Boot at $3.50. Every pair warranted to give satisfaction. The Largest Line of GUM GOODS on the market. Don't buy until you have seen our goods and prices.

GOSLEE,

Chestertown, Md. Next to the Bank,

☞ Will occupy the new store under town hall, next to C. F. Stam's drug store, on or about Jan. 1st, 1887. o.28.

INFORMATION

MANY PERSONS at this season suffer from either Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Constipation & Kidney Troubles

VOLINA CORDIAL

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES RHEUMATISM, Bad Blood and Kidney Troubles, by cleansing the blood of all its impurities, strengthening all parts of the body.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES SICK-HEADACHE, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by toning the nerves and strengthening the muscles.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion and Constipation, by aiding the assimilating of the Food through the proper action of the stomach; it creates a healthy appetite.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES NERVOUSNESS, Depression of spirits and Weakness, by enlivening and toning the system.

VOLINA CORDIAL CURES OVERWORKED and Delicate Women, Puny and Sickly Children. It is delightful and nutritious as a general Tonic.

Volina Almanac and Diary for 1887. A handsome, complete and useful Book, telling how to CURE DISEASES at HOME in a pleasant, natural way. Mailed on receipt of a 2c. postage stamp. Address

VOLINA DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Sept. 23, 1883.

FRENCH'S HOTEL,

CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Opposite City Hall and the Postoffice,

This Hotel is one of the most complete in its appointments and furniture of ANY HOUSE in New York city, and is conducted on the

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Rooms only One Dollar per day. Half minute walk from Brooklyn Bridge and Elevated R. R. All lines of cars pass the door. Most convenient Hotel in New York for Merchants to stop at. Dining Rooms, Cafes and Lunch Counters replete with all the luxuries at moderate prices. Sept. 2, 1886—y.

THE STORY OF A MINE.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER V.

WHO HAD A LIEN ON IT.

ROSCOMMON'S.

THE time was noon at Tres Pinos. The three pines from which it gained its name, in the dusty road and hot air, seemed to smoke from their balsamic spires. There was a glare from the road, a glare from the sky, a glare from the rocks, a glare from the white canvas roofs of the few shanties and cabins which made up the village. There was even a glare from the unpainted redwood boards of Roscommon's grocery and tavern, and a tendency of the warping floor of the veranda to curl up beneath the feet of the intruder. A few mules, near the watering trough, had shrunk within the scant shadow of the corral.

'Then we don't want no d—d warrant.'

The grocery business of Mr. Roscommon, although adequate and sufficient for the village, was not exhausting or overtaxing to the proprietor. The refilling of the pork and flour barrel of the average miner was the work of a brief hour on Saturday nights, but the daily replenishment of the average miner with whisky was arduous and incessant. Roscommon spent more time behind his bar than his grocer's counter. Add to this the fact that a long shed-like extension or wing bore the legend, "Cosmopolitan Hotel, Board or Lodging by the Day or Week. M. Roscommon," and you got an idea of the variety of the proprietor's functions. The "hotel," however, was more directly under the charge of Mrs. Roscommon, a lady of thirty years, strong, truculent and good-hearted.

Mr. Roscommon had early adopted the theory that most of his customers were insane, and were to be alternately bullied or placated, as the case might be. Nothing that occurred, no extravagance of speech nor act, ever ruffled his equilibrium, which was as dogged and stubborn as it was outwardly calm. When not serving liquor, or in the interval while it was being drank, he was always wiping his counter with an exceedingly dirty towel—or indeed anything that came handy. Miners, noticing this purely perfunctory habit, occasionally supplied him slily with articles inconsistent with their service—fragments of their shirts and underclothing, flour sacking, tow, and once with a flannel petticoat of his wife's stolen from the line in the back yard. Roscommon would continue his wiping without looking up, but yet conscious of the presence of each customer. "And it's not another dhrop ye'll git, Jack Brown, until ye've wiped out the black score that stands agin ye." "And it's there ye are, darlint, and it's here's the bottle that's been lukin' for ye sins Saturday." "And fwhot hev you done with the last I sent ye, ye divil of a McCorkle, and heres me back that's bruk entiorely wid dipping into the pork barl to giv ye the best sides, and ye spending yur last cint on a tare into Gilroy. Whist! and if it's fer foighting ye are, boys, there's an illigant bit of sod beyant the corral, and it may be meself 'll come out with a shtick and be sociable."

On this particular day, however, Mr. Roscommon was not in his usual spirits, and when the clatter of horses' hoofs before the door announced the approach of strangers, he absolutely ceased wiping his counter and looked up as Dr. Guild, the president and secretary of the new company strode into the shop.

"We are looking," said the president, "for a man by the name of Wiles, and three Mexicans known as Pedro, Manuel and Miguel."

"Ye are?"

"We are!"

"Faix, and I hope ye'll foind 'em. And if ye'll git from 'em the score I've got agin 'em, darlint, I'll add a blessing to it."

There was a laugh at this from the bystanders, who, somehow, resented the intrusion of these strangers.

"I fear you will find it no laughing matter, gentlemen," said Dr. Guild, a little stiffly, "when I tell you that a murder has been committed, and the men I am seeking within an hour of that murder put up that notice signed by their names," and Dr. Guild displayed the paper.

There was a breathless silence among the crowd as they eagerly pressed around the doctor. Only Roscommon kept on wiping his counter.

"You will observe, gentlemen, that the name of Roscommon also appears on this paper as one of the original locaters."

"And sure, darlint," said Roscommon, without looking up, "if ye've no better ividence agin thim boys than you have forninst me, it's home ye'd bettther be riding to wanst. For it's meself as hasn't stirred fut out of the store the day and noight—more betoken as the boys I've sarved kin testify."

"That's so; Ross's right," chorused the crowd. "We've been running the old man all night."

"Then how comes your name on this paper?"

"O murdher! will ye listen to him, boys! As if every felly that owed me a whisky bill didn't come to me and say: 'An, Misther Roscommon,' or 'Moike,' as the case might be, 'sure it's an illighant strike I've made this day, and it's meself that has put down your name as an original locater, and yer fortune's made Mr. Roscommon, and will yer fill me up another quart for the good luck betune you and me. Ah, but ask Jack Brown over yan if it isn't sick that I am of his original locations."

The laugh that followed this speech, and its practical application, convinced the party that they had blundered, that they could obtain no clew to the real culprits here, and that any attempt by threats would meet violent opposition. Nevertheless the doctor was persistent:

"When did you see these men last?"

"When did I see them, is it? Bedad, what with sarvin up the liquor and keeping me counters dry and swate, I never see them at all."

"That's so, Ross," chorused the crowd again, to whom the whole proceeding was delightfully farcical.

"Then I can tell you, gentlemen," said the doctor, stiffly, "that they were in Monterey last night, that they did not return on that trail this morning, and that they must have passed here at daybreak."

With these words, which the doctor regretted as soon as delivered, the party rode away.

Mr. Roscommon resumed his service and counter wiping. But late that night, when the bar was closed and the last loiterer was summarily ejected, Mr. Roscommon, in the conjugal privacy of his chamber produced a legal looking paper. "Read it, Maggie darlint, for it's meself never had the larning nor the parts."

Mistress Roscommon took the paper:

"Shure, it's law papers, making over some property to yis. O Moike! ye hav'n't been spekilating!"

"Whist! and fwhotz that durty gray paper wid the sales and flourishes?"

"Faix, it bothers me intoirely. Shure it oin't in English."

"Whist! Maggie, it's a Spanish grant!"

"A Spanish grant? O Moike, and what did ye giv for it?"

Mr. Roscommon laid his finger beside his nose, and said softly, "Whishky!"

PART II.

IN THE COURTS.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW A GRANT WAS GOT FOR IT.

CARMEN.

WHILE the Blue Mass company, with more zeal than discretion were actively pursuing Pedro and Wiles over the road to Tres Pinos, Senors Miguel and Manuel were comfortably seated in a fonda at Monterey, smoking cigarritos and discussing their late discovery. But they were in no better mood than their late companions, and it appeared from their conversation that in an evil moment they had sold out their interest in the alleged silver mine to Wiles and Pedro for a few hundred dollars—succumbing to what they were assured would be an active opposition on the part of the Americanos. The astute reader will easily understand that the accomplished Mr. Wiles did not inform them of its value as a quicksilver mine, although he was obliged to impart his secret to Pedro as a necessary accomplice and reckless coadjutor. That Pedro felt no qualms of conscience in thus betraying his two comrades may be inferred from his recent direct and sincere treatment of Concho, and that he would, if occasion offered or policy made it expedient, as calmly obliterate Mr. Wiles—that gentleman himself never for a moment doubted.

"If we had waited but a little he would have given more—this cock-eye!" regretted Manuel querulously.

"Not a peso," said Miguel, firmly.

"And why, my Miguel? Thou knowest we could have worked the mine ourselves."

"Good, and lost even that labor. Look you, little brother. Show to me now the Mexican that has ever made a real of a mine in California. How many, eh? None! Not a one. Who owns the Mexican's mine, eh? Americanos! Who takes money from the Mexican's mine? Americanos! Thou remembrest Briones, who spent a gold mine to make a silver one? Who has the lands and house of Briones? Americanos! Who has the cattle of Briones? Americanos! Who has the mine of Briones? Americanos! Who has the silver Briones never found? Americanos! Always the same! Forever! Ah! carramba!"

Then the Evil One evidently took it into his head and horns to worry and toss these men—comparatively innocent as they were—still further, for a purpose. For presently to them appeared one Victor Garcia, whilom a clerk of the Ayuntemiento, who rallied them over aguardiente, and told them the story of the quicksilver discovery, and the two mining claims taken out that night by Concho and Wiles. Whereat Manuel exploded with profanity and burned blue with sulphurous malediction; but Miguel, the recent ecclesiastic, sat livid and thoughtful. Finally came a pause in Manuel's bombardment, and something like this conversation took place between the cooler actors:

Miguel (thoughtfully)—When was it thou didst petition for lands in the valley, friend Victor?

Victor (amazedly)—Never! It is a sterile waste. Am I a fool?

Miguel (softly)—Thou didst. Of thy governor, Micheltorena. I have seen the application.

Victor (beginning to appreciate a rodential odor)—Si! I had forgotten. Art thou sure it was in the valley?

Miguel (persuasively)—In the valley and up the falda.*

Victor (with decision)—Certainly. Of a verity—the falda likewise.

Miguel (eyeing Victor)—And yet thou hadst not the grant. Painful is it that it should have been burned with the destruction of the other archives by the Americanos at Monterey.

Victor (cautiously feeling his way)—Possiblemente.

Miguel—It might be wise to look into it.

Victor (bluntly)—As why?

Miguel—For our good and thine, friend Victor. We bring thee a discovery; thou bringest us thy skill, thy experience, thy government knowledge—thy custom house paper.†

Manuel (breaking in drunkenly)—But for what? We are Mexicans. Are we not fated? We shall lose. Who shall keep the Americanos off?

Miguel—We shall take one American in! Ha! seest thou? This American comrade shall bribe his court, his corregidores. After a little he shall supply the men who invent the machine of steam, the mill, the furnace, eh?

Victor—But who is he—not to steal?

Miguel—He is that man of Ireland, a good Catholic, at Tres Pinos.

Victor and Manuel (omnes)—Roscommon?

Miguel—Of the same. We shall give him a share for the provisions, for the tools, for the aguardiente. It is of the Irish that the Americanos have great fear. It is of them that the votes are made—that the president is chosen. It is of him that they make the alcalde in San Francisco. And we are of the church, like him.

They said "Bueno" all together, and for the moment appeared to be upheld by a religious enthusiasm—a joint confession of faith that meant death, destruction and possibly forgery, as against the men who thought otherwise.

This spiritual harmony did away with all practical consideration and doubt. "I have a little niece," said Victor, "whose work with the pen is marvellous. If one says to her, 'Carmen, copy me this or the other one'—even if it be copper plate—look you it is done, and you cannot know of which is the original. Madre de Dios! the other day she makes me a rubric* of the governor, Pio Pico, the same, identical. Thou knowest her Miguel. She asked concerning thee yesterday."

With the embarrassment of an underbred man, Miguel tried to appear unconcerned, but failed dismally. Indeed, I fear that the black eyes of Carmen had already done their perfect and accepted work, and had partly induced the application for Victor's aid. He, however, dissembled so far as to ask:

"But will she not know?"

"She is a child."

"But will she not talk?"

"Not if I say nay, and if thou—eh, Miguel?"

This bit of flattery (which, by the way, was a lie, for Victor's niece did not incline favorably to Miguel) had its effect. They shook hands over the table. "But," said Miguel, "what is to be done must be done now." "At the moment," said Victor, "and thou shall see it done. Eh? Does it content thee? Then come!"

Miguel nodded to Manuel. "We will return in an hour; wait thou here."

They filed out into the dark, irregular street. Fate led them to pass the office of Dr. Guild at the moment that Concho mounted his horse. The shadows concealed them from their rival, but they overheard the last injunctions of the president to the unlucky Concho.

"Thou nearest?" said Miguel, clutching his companion's arm.

"Yes," said Victor. "But let him ride, my friend; in one hour we shall have that that shall arrive years before him," and with a complacent chuckle they passed unseen and unheard until, abruptly turning a corner, they stopped before a low adobe house.

It had once been a somewhat pretentious dwelling, but had evidently followed the fortunes of its late owner, Don Juan Briones, who had offered it as a last sop to the three-headed Cerberus that guarded the El Refugio Plutonean treasures, and who had swallowed it in a single gulp. It was in very bad case. The furrows of its red-tiled roof looked as if they were the results of age and decrepitude. Its best room had a musty smell; there was the dampness of deliquescence in its slow decay, but the Spanish Californians were sensible architects, and its massive walls and partitions defied the earthquake thrill, and all the year round kept an even temperature within.

Victor led Miguel through a low ante room into a plainly furnished chamber, where Carmen sat painting.

Now Mistress Carmen was a bit of a painter, in a pretty little way, with all the vague longings of an artist, but without, I fear, the artist's steadfast soul. She recognized beauty and form as a child might, without understanding their meaning, and somehow failed to make them even interpret her woman's moods, which surely were nature's, too. So she painted everything with this innocent lust of the eye—flowers, birds, insects, landscapes and figures—with a joyous fidelity, but no particular poetry. The birds never sang to her but one song, the flowers or trees spake but one language, and her skies never brightened except in color. She came out strong on the Catholic saints, and would toss you up a cleanly-shaven Aloysius, sweetly destitute of expression, or a dropsical, lethargic Madonna that you couldn't have told from an old master, so bad it was. Her faculty of faithful reproduction even showed itself in fanciful lettering, and latterly in the imitation of fabrics and signatures. Indeed, with her eye for beauty of form, she had always excelled in penmanship at the convent, an accomplishment which the good sisters held in great repute.

In person she was petite, with a still unformed girlish figure, perhaps a little too flat across the back, and with possibly a too great tendency to a boyish stride in walking. Her brow, covered by blue-black hair, was low and frank and honest; her eyes, a very dark hazel, were not particularly large, but rather heavily freighted in their melancholy lids with sleepless passion; her nose was of that unimportant character which no man remembers; her mouth was small and straight; her teeth white and regular. The whole expression of her face was piquancy that might be subdued by tenderness or made malevolent by anger. At present it was a salad in which the oil and vinegar were deftly combined. The astute feminine reader will of course understand that this is the ordinary superficial masculine criticism, and at once make up her mind both as to the character of the young lady and the competency of the critic. I only know that *I* rather liked her. And her functions are somewhat important in this veracious history.

She looked up, started to her feet, leveled her black brows at the intruder, but, at a sign from her uncle, showed her white teeth and spake.

It was only a sentence, and rather a commonplace one at that; but if she could have put her voice upon her canvas, she might have retrieved the Garcia fortunes. For it was so musical, so tender, so sympathizing, so melodious, so replete with the graciousness of womanhood, that she seemed to have invented the language. And yet that sentence was only an exaggerated form of 'How d'ye do,' whined out, doled out, lisped out, or shot out from the pretty mouths of my fair countrywomen.

Miguel admired the paintings. He was struck particularly with a crayon drawing of a mule. "Mother of God, it is the mule itself! Observe how it will not go." Then the crafty Victor broke in with, "But it is nothing to her writing; look, you shall tell to me which is the handwriting of Pio Pico;" and, from a drawer in the secretary, he drew forth two signatures. One was affixed to a yellowish paper, the other drawn on plain white foolscap. Of course Miguel took the more modern one with lover-like gallantry. "It is this is genuine!" Victor laughed triumphantly; Carmen echoed the laugh melodiously in childlike glee, and added, with a slight toss of her piquant head, "It is mine!" The best of the sex will not refuse a just and overdue compliment from even the man they dislike. It's the principle they're after, not the sentiment.

But Victor was not satisfied with this proof of his niece's skill. "Say to her," he demanded of Miguel, "what name thou likest, and it shall be done before thee here." Miguel was not so much in love but he perceived the drift of Victor's suggestion, and remarked that the rubric of Governor Micheltorena was exceedingly complicated and difficult. "She shall do it!" responded Victor, with decision.

From a file of old departmental papers the governor's signature and that involved rubric, which must have cost his late excellency many youthful days of anxiety, was produced and laid before Carmen.

Carmen took her pen in her hand, looked at the brownish-looking document, and then at the virgin whiteness of the foolscap before her. "But," she said, pouting prettily, "I should have to first paint this white paper brown. And it will absorb the ink more quickly than that. When I painted the San Antonio of the Mission San Gabriel for Father Acolti, I had to put the decay in with my oils and brushes before the good padre would accept it."

The two scamps looked at each other. It was their supreme moment. "I think I have," said Victor, with assumed carelessness, "I think I have some of the old custom house paper." He produced from the secretary a sheet of brown paper with a stamp. "Try it on that."

Carmen smiled with childish delight, tried it, and produced a marvel! "It is as magic," said Miguel, feigning to cross himself.

Victor's role was more serious. He affected to be deeply touched, took the paper, folded it and placed it in his breast. "I shall make a good fool of Don Jose Castro," he said; "he will declare it is the governor's own signature, for he was his friend; but have a care, Carmen! that you spoil it not by the opening of your red lips. When he is fooled I will tell him of this marvel—this niece of mine, and he shall buy her pictures. Eh, little one?" and he gave her the avuncular caress, i. e., a pat of the hand on either cheek and a kiss. Miguel envied him, but cupidity outgeneraled Cupid, and presently the conversation flagged, until a convenient recollection of Victor's—that himself and comrade were due at the Posada del Toros at 10 o'clock—gave them the opportunity to retire.

But not without a chance shot from Carmen. "Tell to me," she said, half to Victor and half to Miguel, "what has chanced with Concho? He was ever ready to bring to me flowers from the mountain and insects and birds. Thou knowest how he would sit, oh, my uncle, and talk to me of the rare rocks he had seen, and the bears and the evil spirits, and now he comes no longer, my Concho! How is this? Nothing evil has befallen him, surely?" and her drooping lids closed half pathetically.

Miguel's jealousy took fire. "He is drunk, senorita, doubtless, and has forgotten not only thee but, mayhap, his mule and pack! It is his custom, ha! ha!"

"It is as magic," said Miguel.

The red died out of Carmen's ripe lips, and she shut them together with a snap like a steel purse. The dove had suddenly changed to a hawk; the child-girl into an antique virago; the spirit hitherto dimly outlined in her face, of some shrewish Garcia ancestress, came to the fore. She darted a quick look at her uncle, and then, with her little hands on her rigid lips, strode with two steps up to Miguel.

"Possibly, O Senor Miguel Dominguez Perez (a profound courtesy here) it is as thou sayest. Drunkard Concho may be; but drunk or sober he never turned his back on his friend—or—(the words grated a little here)—his enemy."

Miguel would have replied, but Victor was ready. "Fool," he said, pinching his arm, "'tis an old friend. And—and—the application is still to be filled up. Are you crazy?"

But on this point Miguel was not, and with the revenge of a rival added to his other instincts, he permitted Victor to lead him away.

On their return to the fonda, they found Master Manuel too far gone with aguardiente and a general animosity to the average Americano to be of any service. So they worked alone, with pen, ink and paper, in the stuffy, cigarrito-clouded back room of the fonda. It was midnight, two hours after Concho had started, that Miguel clapped spurs to his horse for the village of Tres Pinos, with an application to Governor Micheltorena for a grant to the "Rancho of the Red Rocks" comfortably bestowed in his pocket.

CHAPTER VII.

WHO PLEAD FOR IT.

THERE can be little doubt the coroner's jury of Fresno would have returned a verdict of "death from alcoholism," as the result of their inquest into the cause of Concho's death, had not Dr. Guild fought nobly in support of the law and his own convictions. A majority of the jury objected to there being any inquest at all. A sincere juryman thought it hard that whenever a Greaser pegged out in a sneakin' kind o' way, American citizens should be taken from their business to find out what ailed him. "S'pose he was killed," said another, "thar ain't no time this thirty year he weren't, so to speak, just sufferin' for it, ez his nat'ral right ez a Mexican." The jury at last compromised by bringing in a verdict of homicide against certain parties unknown. Yet it was understood tacitly that these unknown parties were severally Wiles and Pedro; Manuel, Miguel and Roscommon proving an unmistakable alibi. Wiles and Pedro had fled to Lower California, and Manuel, Miguel and Roscommon deemed it advisable, in the then excited state of the public mind, to withhold the forged application and claim from the courts and the public comment. So that for a year after the murder of Concho and the flight of his assassins "The Blue Mass Mining Company" remained in undisturbed and actual possession of the mine, and reigned in their stead.

But the spirit of the murdered Concho would not down any more than that of the murdered Banquo, and so wrought, no doubt, in a quiet, Concho-like way, sore trouble with the "Blue Mass Company." For a great capitalist and master of avarice came down to the mine and found it fair, and taking one of the company aside, offered to lend his name and a certain amount of coin for a controlling interest, accompanying the generous offer with a suggestion that if it were not acceded to he would be compelled to buy up various Mexican mines and flood the market with quicksilver to the great detriment of the "Blue Mass Company," which thoughtful suggestion, offered by a man frequently alluded to as one of "California's great mining princes," and as one who had "done much to develop the resources of the state," was not to be lightly considered; and so, after a cautious non-consultation with the company, and a commendable secrecy, the stockholder sold out. Whereat it was speedily spread abroad that the Great Capitalist had taken hold of "Blue Mass," and the stock went up, and the other stockholders rejoiced—until the Great Capitalist found it was necessary to put up expensive mills, to employ a high salaried superintendent—in fact, to develop the mine by spending of its earnings, so that the stock quoted at 112 was finally saddled with an assessment of $50 per share. Another assessment of $50 to enable the superintendent to proceed to Russia and Spain and examine into the workings of the quicksilver mines there, and also a general commission to the gifted and scientific Pillageman to examine into the various component parts of quicksilver, and report if it could not be manufactured from ordinary sandstone by steam or electricity, speedily brought the other stockholders to their senses. It was at this time the good fellow "Tom," the serious-minded "Dick" and the speculative but fortunate "Harry," brokers of the Great Capitalist, found it convenient to buy up, for the Great Capitalist aforesaid, the various other shares at great sacrifice.

I fear that I have bored my readers in thus giving the tiresome details of that ingenuous American pastime which my countrymen dismiss in their epigrammatic way as the "freezing-out process." And lest any reader should question the ethics of the proceeding, I beg him to remember that one gentleman accomplished in this art was always a sincere and direct opponent of the late Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler.

But for once the Great Master of Avarice had not taken into sufficient account the avarice of others, and was suddenly and virtuously shocked to learn that an application for a patent for certain lands, known as the "Red-Rock Rancho," was about to be offered before the United States land commission. This claim covered his mining property. But the information came quietly and secretly, as all of the Great Master's information was obtained, and he took the opportunity to sell out his clouded title and his proprietorship

the only remaining member of the original "Blue Mass company," a young fellow of pith, before many-tongued rumor had voiced the news far and wide. The blow was a heavy one to the party left in possession. Saddled by the enormous debts and expenses of the Great Capitalist, with a credit further injured by the defection of this lucky magnate, who was admired for his skill in anticipating a loss, and whose relinquishment of any project meant ruin to it, the single handed, impoverished possessor of the mine, whose title was contested and whose reputation was yet to be made—poor Biggs, first secretary and only remaining officer of the "Blue Mass company," looked ruefully over his books and his last transfer, and sighed. But I have before intimated that he was built of good stuff and that he believed in his work—which was well—and in himself, which was better; and so, having faith even as a grain of mustard seed, I doubt not that he would have been able to remove that mountain of quicksilver beyond the overlapping of fraudulent grants. And, again, Providence—having disposed of these several scamps—raised up to him a friend. But that friend is of sufficient importance to this veracious history to deserve a paragraph to himself.

The Pylades of this Orestes was known of ordinary mortals as Royal Thatcher. His genealogy, birth and education are, I take it, of little account to this chronicle, which is only concerned with his friendship for Biggs and the result thereof. He had known Biggs a year or two previously; they had shared each other's purses, bunks, cabins, provisions, and often friends, with that perfect freedom from obligation which belonged to the pioneer life. The varying tide of fortune had just then stranded Thatcher on a desert sand hill in San Francisco with an uninsured cargo of expectations, while to Thatcher's active but not curious fancy it had apparently lifted his friend's bark over the bar in the Monterey mountains into an open quicksilver sea. So that he was considerably surprised on receiving a note from Biggs to this purport:

"DEAR ROY: Run down here and help a fellow. I've too much of a load for one. Maybe we can make a team and pull 'Blue Mass' out yet. BIGGSEY."

Thatcher, sitting in his scantily furnished lodgings, doubtful of his next meal and in arrears for rent, heard this Macedonian cry as St. Paul did. He wrote a promissory and soothing note to his landlady, but fearing the "sweet sorrow" of a personal parting, let his collapsed valise down from his window by a cord, and, by means of an economical combination of stage riding and pedestrianism, he presented himself at the close of the third day at Biggs' door. In a few moments he was in possession of the story; half an hour later in possession of half the mine, its infelix past and its doubtful future, equally with his friend.

Business over, Biggs turned to look at his partner. "You've aged some since I saw you last," he said. "Starvation luck, I s'pose. I'd know your eyes, old fellow, if I saw them among ten thousand; but your lips are parched, and your mouth's grimmer than it used to be." The tobacco cut.

* The Spanish "rubric" is the complicated flourish attached to a signature, and is as individual and characteristic as the handwriting.

* Falda, or valda, i. e., that part of the skirt of a woman's robe that breaks upon the ground, and is also applied to the final slope of a hill, from the angle that it makes upon the level plain.

† Grants, applications and official notifications, under the Spanish government, were drawn on a stamped paper known as Custom House paper.

... large ... of people, these songs almost invariably fall flat. In consequence they are very seldom sung there, and the music publishers who give them to the world find the world ungrateful, much to the publisher's pecuniary grief. On the other hand, a sentimental song may be sung in the home circle by an inexperienced singer with very fair effect. Somehow or other the underlying sentiment survives the most outrageous treatment. It has better staying qualities than humor has. The melodies are simple, the thoughts expressed find a welcome among all classes of people, and the sheet music finds its way to thousands of piano racks throughout the land; and so the publisher becomes happy and affluent.—New York Mail and Express.

ON a recent Sunday, when fifty new members joined the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church in East Washington, the pastor, when he read that part of the discipline where dancing is objected to, said that if a young man and young woman attended a parlor dance and were conscientious about it—that is, were not condemned by their own conscience—he would not church them. When Mr. Samuel Mahoney, an old member of the church, spoke right out and said: "Brother Rice, would Jesus Christ go to a dance?" The pastor, as well as the congregation were taken by surprise, but the former replied by another question: "Do you pretend to say that Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and others who attend dances will not go to heaven? It is preposterous for any man to presume such a thing. It is the abuse which constitutes the sin, and time and place have also something to do with it." Then he repeated that he would not discipline a lady and gentleman for innocent enjoyment is dancing at a parlor party.

CONNECTICUT has just lost, in the death of Carlo, a dog of Farmer Tucker of Oxford, one of her most intelligent residents. It is said that it was common for Mrs. Tucker to send dinner by Carlo to men at work about a mile from the house. The workmen would send him home with a pail for water, and he would return with it. Two of the men after cutting wood on one side of the mountain went over to the other side. Carlo finding an axe, thinking it left by mistake, brought it home, a half mile or more. He would lead a horse by the halter. He knew different tools by their names. He knew a few families by name. Mr. Tucker one day, holding a letter in his hand and saying, "I wish Mrs. Chatfield could see this letter," Carlo, unbidden, advanced, took it in his mouth, and carried it past sever houses to the house of the person named, and presented it to her.

A LONDON lady died last week, leaving £10,000 to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, while to her executor, a poor parson with a large family, was left £100 as a legacy.