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The Chestertown Transcript.

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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.

H MPHREYS & 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, varvishes, 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.

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.

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

ED ELLISON.

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!

HAMLTON 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.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNE

We would be pleased to call your atent to the fact that we are this season buying dir from first hands and at first cost which will able us to sell at low figures. The buying co munity will find it to their interest to give u call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be ceving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,

July 9. J. D. BACCHUS

DO YOU WANT

YOUR CARRIAGES PAINTED & REPAIR

If you do, go to Chapman & La bert's. They will give you firstcla work and at a low figure. They ha in their employ one of the best pai rs who has ever been in the Sta

THE CELEBRATED

FRANK B. CONVERSE

BANJO.

Manufactured by John F. Stra ton, 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. se p16.

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 Flan nel—quality considered—are hard to beat and see for yourself.

J. H. SIMPERS.

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

WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S

A LETTER FROM KRIS.

KRIS-KINGLE CASTLE, Nov. 24 1886.

Friend Cummings & Co.—We have had many a jolly good time together. I am bound to make all the people happy at the Holidays, and am never kept from making up my usual things, and visiting my favorite localities and customers by any rumors of hard times or calamities that may reach me here. While you and the other good people of Chestertown have been enjoying the fruits of your beautiful country, and the sunshine and flowers, my workmen and myself have been as busy as bees here in our workshop amidst snow and ice, and have made and fashioned a great stock of new and handsome things for the little children and big folks, that all may have some sort of present for the Merry Christmas of 1886. I await an answer at your earliest convenience and can assure you that I shall make you and all your friends glad when you get the many elegant things which I have prepared for you upon your counters on Main street.

CUMMINGS & CO. ANSWER THE LETTER

Chestertown, Md., Nov. 25.

My Dear Friend Kris—We always read your annual letter with much pleasure and profit. It brings with it cheer, and leaves the impress of a merry heart which "doeth good like a medicine." We always enjoy our beautiful seasons, and the fruits and flowers you mention in your letter, but at the Merry Christmas tide we turn with equal zest to the enjoyment of all that you have prepared for us in the shape of articles, useful and ornamental. Your list of presents this year embraces an infinite variety, and you make your characteristic offer which we accept, because we know they have been made expressly for us, and with a fine appreciation of our wants which is begotten of long experience on your part. We have received from your agent an unusually large stock of Holiday Goods—the largest ever in Chestertown. We have Wagons, Doll Carriages, Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Carts, &c. We have the best selection of Dolls you ever saw; we have Mechanical Toys; also, a large variety of Toy Animals, such as Horses, Dogs, Cows, Goats and Pigs. In fact so many things that I cannot tell you all.

In Confections we do not carry anything but the very best articles, no second class or inferior goods can be found in our store. We have the Finest line of Confections ever offered in this town. We also have Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Dates, all kinds of Nuts, Walnuts, Pecans, Paper Shell Almonds, Cream Nuts, and all the good things you can possibly need at Christmas time. Besides, Kris, if you want a good Stew or Pan or Fry of Oysters, we can get it up for you, and if you like them raw we have the best that can be found; or, if you would like to take some home with you, we sell them by the quart or gallon. Ice Cream made to order during the winter.

Sept. 23, 1883.

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.

BOOKS.

A Choice Selection very handsomely gotten up. We have some finely illustrated which we would like you to look over. Irene Jerome's Nature's Hallelujah, Message of the Blue Bird, Harper's Happy Hunting Grounds, by Gibson; The Classic Land of Greece, are only a few of the many books we have in stock.

THE STORY OF A MINE.

By BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER VII.

I COUNSEL FOR IT.

ROSCOMMON.

MEANWHILE Roscommon had waited. Then, in Garcia's name, and backed by him, he laid his case before the land commissioner, filing the application (with forced indorsements) to Governor Micheltorena, and alleging that the original grant was destroyed by fire. And why?

It seemed there was a limit to Miss Carmen's imitative talent. Admirable as it was, it did not reach to the reproduction of that official seal, which would have been a necessary appendage to the governor's grant. But there were letters written on stamped paper by Governor Micheltorena to himself, Garcia, and to Miguel, and to Miguel's father, all of which were duly signed by the sign manual and rubric of Mrs. Governor Micheltorena Carmen de Haro. And then there was "parol" evidence, and plenty of it; witnesses who remembered everything about it—namely, Manuel, Miguel and the all-recollecting De Haro; here were details, poetical and suggestive; and Dame Quicklyish, as when his late excellency, sitting not "by a sea-coal fire," but with aguardiente and cigarros, had sworn to him, the ex-ecclesiastical Miguel, that he should grant, and had granted, Garcia's request. There were clouds of witnesses, conversations, letters and records glib and pat to the occasion. In brief, there was nothing wanted but the seal of his excellency. The only copy of that was in the possession of a rival school of renaissant art and the restoration of antiques, then doing business before the land commission.

And yet the claim was rejected! Having lately recommended two separate claimants to a patent for the same land the land commission became cautious and conservative.

Roscommon was at first astounded, then indignant, and then warlike—he was for an "appale to onst!"

With the reader's previous knowledge of Roscommon's disposition this may seem somewhat inconsistent, but there are certain natures to whom litigation has all the excitement of gambling, and it should be borne in mind that this was his first lawsuit. So that his lawyer, Mr. Saponaceous Wood, found him in that belligerent mood to which counsel are obliged to hypocritically bring all the sophistries of their profession. "Of course you have your right to an appeal, but calm yourself, my dear sir, and consider. The case was presented strongly, the evidence overwhelming on our side, but we happened to be fighting previous decisions of the land commission that had brought them into trouble; so that if Micheltorena had himself appeared in court and testified to his giving you the grant, it would have made no difference—no Spanish grant had a show then, nor will it have for the next six months. You see, my dear sir, the government sent out one of its big Washington lawyers to look into this business, and he reported frauds, sir, frauds, in a majority of the Spanish claims. And why, sir? why? He was bought, sir, bought—body and soul—by the ring!"

"And fwhot's the ring?" asked his client sharply.

"The ring is—ahem! a combination of unprincipled but wealthy persons to defeat the ends of justice."

"And sure, fwhot's the ring to do wid me grant as that thaving Mexican gave me as the collatherals for the board he was owin' me! Eh, mind that now!"

"The ring, my dear sir, is the other side. It is—ahem! always the other side."

"And why the divel haven't we a ring, too? And ain't I payin' ye five hundred dollars—and the divel of ring ye have, at all, at all: Fwhot am I payin' ye fur, eh?"

"That a judicious expenditure of money," began Mr. Wood, "outside of actual disbursements, may not be of infinite service to you I am not prepared to deny—but——"

"Look ye, Mr. Sappy Wood, it's the 'appale' I want, and the grant I'll have, more betoken as the old woman's har-rut and me own is set on it entoirely. Get me the land and I'll give ye the half of it—and it's a bargain!"

"But, my dear sir, there are some rules in our profession—technical though they may be——"

"The divel fly away wid yer profession. Sure is it better nor me own? If I've risked me provisions and me whisky, that cost me solid goold in Frisco, on that thafe Garcia's claim, bedad the loikes of ye can risk yer law."

"Well," said Wood, with an awkward smile, "I suppose that a deed for one half, on the consideration of friendship, my dear sir, and a dollar in hand paid by me, might be reconcilable."

"Now it's talkin' ye are. But who'se the felly we're foighten, that's got the ring?"

"Ah, my dear sir, it's the United States," said the lawyer with gravity.

"The states! the government is it? And is't that ye're afeared of? Sure it's the government that I fought in me own counthree, it was the government that druv me to Amerika, and is it now that I'm goin' back on me principles?"

"Your political sentiments do you great credit," began Mr. Wood.

"But fwhot's the government to do wid the appale?"

"The government," said Mr. Wood significantly, "will be represented by the district attorney."

"And who's the spalpeen?"

"It is rumored," said Mr. Wood slowly, "that a new one is to be appointed. I, myself, have had some ambition that way."

His client bent a pair of cunning but not overwise gray eyes on his American lawyer. But he only said, "Ye have, eh?"

"Yes," said Wood, answering the look boldly, "and if I had the support of a number of your prominent countrymen, who are so powerful with all parties—men like you, my dear sir—why, I think you might in time become a conservative, at least more resigned to the government."

Then the lesser and the greater scamp looked at each other, and for a moment or two felt a warm, sympathetic, friendly emotion for each other, and quietly shook hands.

Depend upon it there is a great deal more kindly human sympathy between two openly confessed scamps than there is in that calm, respectable recognition that you and I, dear reader, exhibit when we happen to oppose each other with our respective virtues.

"And ye'll get the appale?"

"I will."

And he did! And by a singular coincidence got the district attorneyship also. And with a deed for one-half of the "Red Rock rancho" in his pocket sent a brother lawyer in court to appear for his client, the United States, as against himself, Roscommon, Garcia, et al." Wild horses could not have torn him from this noble resolution. There is an indescribable delicacy in the legal profession which we literary folk ought to imitate.

The United States lost! Which meant ruin and destruction to the "Blue Mass Company" who had bought from a paternal and beneficent government lands which didn't belong to it. The Mexican grant, of course, ante-dated the occupation of the mine by Concho, Wiles, Pedro, et al., as well as by the "Blue Mass Company," and the solitary partners, Biggs and Thatcher. More than that, it swallowed up their improvements. It made Biggs and Thatcher responsible to Garcia for all the money the grand master of avarice had made out of it. Mr. District Attorney was apparently distressed, but resigned. Messrs. Biggs and Thatcher were really distressed and combative.

And then, to advance a few years in this chronicle, began real litigation with earnestness, vigor, courage, zeal and belief on the part of Biggs and Thatcher, and technicalities, delay, equivocation and a general Fabian-like policy on the part of Garcia, Roscommon, et al. Of all these tedious processes I note but one, which for originality and audacity of conception appears to me to indicate more clearly the temper and civilization of the epoch. A subordinate officer of the district court refused to obey the mandate ordering a transcript of the record to be sent up to the United States supreme court. It is to be regretted that the name of this Ephesian youth, who thus fired the dome of our constitutional liberties, should have been otherwise so unimportant as to be confined to the dusty records of that doubtful court of which he was a doubtful servitor, and that his claim to immortality ceased with his double-feed service. But there still stands on record a letter by this young gentleman, arraigning the legal wisdom of the land, which is not entirely devoid of amusement or even instruction to young men desirous of obtaining publicity and capital. Howbeit, the supreme court was obliged to protect itself by procuring the legislation of his functions out of its local fingers into the larger palm of its own attorney.

These various processes of law and equity, which, when exercised practically in the affairs of ordinary business, might have occupied a few months' time, dragged, clung, retrograded, or advanced slowly during a period of eight or nine years. But the strong arms of Biggs and Thatcher held possession, and possibly, by the same tactics employed on the other side, arrested or delayed ejectment, and so made and sold quicksilver, while their opponents were spending gold, until Biggs, sorely hit in the interlacing of his armor, fell in the lists, his cheek growing waxen and his strong arm feeble, and finding himself in this sore condition, and passing, as it were, made over his share in trust to his comrade and died. Whereat, from that time henceforward, Royal Thatcher reigned in his stead.

And so, having anticipated the legal record, we will go back to the various human interests that helped to make it up.

To begin with Roscommon: To do justice to his later conduct and expression, it must be remembered that when he accepted the claim for the "Red Rock rancho," yet unquestioned, from the hands of Garcia, he was careless, or at least unsuspicious of fraud. It was not until he had experienced the intoxication of litigation that he felt, somehow, that he was a wronged and defrauded man, but with the obstinacy of defrauded men, preferred to arraign some one fact or individual as the impelling cause of his wrong, rather than the various circumstances that led to it. To this simple mind it was made patent that the "Blue Mass Company" were making money out of a mine which he claimed, and which was not yet adjudged to them. Every dollar they took out was a fresh count in this general indictment. Every delay towards this adjustment of rights—although made by his own lawyer—was a personal wrong. The mere fact that there never was nor had been any quid pro quo for this immense property—that it had fallen to him for a mere song—only added zest to his struggle. The possibility of his losing this mere speculation affected him more strongly than if he had already paid down the million he expected to get from the mine. I don't know that I have indicated as plainly as I might that universal preference on the part of mankind to get something from nothing, and to acquire the largest return for the least possible expenditure, but I question my right to say that Roscommon was much more reprehensible than his fellows.

But it told upon him as it did upon all over whom the spirit of the murdered Concho brooded—upon all whom avarice alternately flattered and tortured. From his quiet gains in his legitimate business, from the little capital accumulated through industry and economy, he lavished thousands on this chimera of his fancy. He grew grizzled and worn over his self-imposed delusion; he no longer jested with his customers, regardless of quality or station or importance; he had cliques to mollify, enemies to placate, friends to reward. The grocery suffered; through giving food and lodgment to clouds of unimpeachable witnesses before the land commission and the district court, "Mrs. Ros," found herself losing money. Even the bar failed; there was a party of "Blue Mass" employes who drank at the opposite fonda, and cursed the Roscommon claim over the liquor. The calm, mechanical indifference with which Roscommon had served his customers was gone. The towel was no longer used after its perfunctory fashion; the counter remained unwiped; the disks of countless glasses marked its surface and indicated other preoccupation on the part of the proprietor. The keen gray eyes of the claimant of the "Red Rock Rancho" were always on the lookout for friend or enemy.

Garcia comes next. That gentleman's inborn talent for historic misrepresentation culminated unpleasantly through a defective memory; a year or two after he had sworn in his application for the "Rancho," being engaged in another case, some trifling inconsistency was discovered in his statements, which had the effect of throwing the weight of evidence to the party who had paid him most, but was instantly detected by the weaker party. Garcia's pre-eminence as a witness, an expert and general historian began to decline. He was obliged to be corroborated, and this required a liberal outlay of his fee. With the loss of his credibility as a witness bad habits supervened. He was frequently drunk, he lost his position, he lost his house, and Carmen, removed to San Francisco, supported him with her brush.

And this brings us once more to that pretty painter and innocent forger whose unconscious act bore such baleful fruit on the barren hillsides of the "Red Rock Racho," and also to a later blossom of her life, that opened, however, in kindlier sunshine.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT THE FAIR HAD TO DO ABOUT IT.

THE house that Royal Thatcher so informally quitted in his exodus to the promised land of Biggs was one of those over-sized, under-calculated dwellings conceived and erected in the extravagance of the San Francisco builder's hopes, and occupied finally in his despair. Intended originally as the palace of some inchoate California Aladdin, it usually ended as a lodging house in which some helpless widow or hopeless spinster managed to combine respectability with the hard task of bread getting. Thatcher's landlady was one of the former class. She had unfortunately survived not only her husband but his property, and, living in some deserted chamber, had, after the fashion of the Italian nobility, let out the rest of the ruin. A tendency to dwell upon these facts gave her conversation a peculiar significance upon the first of each month. Thatcher had noticed this with the sensitiveness of an impoverished gentleman. But when, a few days after her lodger's sudden disappearance, a note came from him containing a draft in noble excess of all arrears and charges, the widow's heart was lifted, and the rock smitten with the golden wand gushed beneficence that shone in a new gown for the widow and a new suit for "Johnny," her son, a new oilcloth in the hall, better service to the lodgers, and, let us be thankful, a kindlier consideration for the poor little black-eyed painter from Monterey, then dreadfully behind in her room rent. For, to tell the truth, the calls upon Miss De Haro's scant purse by her uncle had lately been frequent, perjury having declined in the Monterey market through excessive and injudicious supply, until the line of demarcation between it and absolute verity was so finely drawn that Victor Garcia had remarked that "he might as well tell the truth at once and save his soul, since the devil was in the market."

Mistress Plodgitt, the landlady, could not resist the desire to acquaint Carmen De Haro with her good fortune. "He was always a friend of yours, my dear, and I know him to be a gentleman that would never let a poor widow suffer; and see what he says about you!" Here she produced Thatcher's note and read: "Tell my little neighbor that I shall come back soon to carry her and her sketching tools off by force, and I shall not let her return until she has caught the black mountains and the red rocks she used to talk about, and put the 'Blue Mass' mill in the foreground of the picture I shall order."

What is this, little one? Surely, Carmen, thou needst not blush at this, thy first grand offer. Holy Virgin! is it of a necessity that thou shouldst stick the wrong end of thy brush in thy mouth, and then drop it in thy lap? Or was it taught thee by the good Sisters at the convent to stride in that boyish fashion to the side of thy elders and snatch from their hands the missive thou wouldst read? More of this we would know, O Carmen—smallest of brunettes—speak, little one, even in thine own melodious speech, that I may commend thee and thy rare discretion to my own fair country women.

Alas, neither the present chronicler nor Mistress Plodgitt got any further information from the prudent Carmen, and must fain speculate upon certain facts that were already known.

Mistress Carmen's little room was opposite to Thatcher's, and once or twice, the doors being open, Thatcher had a glimpse across the passage of a black-haired and a sturdy, boyish little figure in a great blue apron, perched on a stool before an easel, and on the other hand, Carmen had often been conscious of the fumes of a tobacco pipe penetrating her cloistered seclusion, and had seen across the passage, vaguely enveloped in the same nicotine cloud, an American Olympian, in a rocking chair, with his feet on the mantel shelf. They had once or twice met on the staircase, on which occasion Thatcher had greeted her with a word or two of respectful yet half humorous courtesy—a courtesy which never really offends a true woman, although it often piques her self-aplomb by the slight assumption of superiority in the humorist. A woman is quick to recognize the fact that the great and more dangerous passions are always serious, and may be excused if in self-respect she is often induced to try if there be not somewhere under the skin of this laughing Mercutio the flesh and blood of a Romeo. Thatcher was by nature a defender and protector; weakness, and weakness alone, stirred the depths of his tenderness—often, I fear, only through its half-humorous aspects—and on this plane he was pleased to place women and children. I mention this fact for the benefit of the more youthful members of my species, and am satisfied that an unconditional surrender and the complete laying down at the foot of beauty of all strong masculinity is a cheap Gallicism that is untranslatable to most women worthy the winning. For a woman must always look up to the man she truly loves—even if she has to go down on her knees to do it.

Only the masculine reader will infer from this that Carmen was in love with Thatcher; the more critical and analytical feminine eye will see nothing herein that might not have happened consistently with friendship. For Thatcher was no sentimentalist; he had hardly paid a compliment to the girl—even in the unspoken but most delicate form of attention. There were days when his room door was closed; there were days days succeeding these blanks when he met her as frankly and naturally as if he had seen her yesterday. Indeed, on those days following his flight the simple-minded Carmen, being aware—heaven knows how—that he had not opened his door during that period, and fearing sickness, sudden death, or perhaps suicide, by her appeals to the landlady, assisted unwittingly in discovering his flight and defection. As she was for a few moments as indignant as Mrs. Plodgitt, it is evident that she had but little sympathy with the delinquent. And besides, hitherto she had known only Concho, her earliest friend, and was true to his memory, as against all Americanos, whom she firmly believed to be his murderers.

So she dismissed the offer and the man from her mind, and went back to her painting—a fancy portrait of the good Padre Junipero Serra, a great missionary, who, happily for the integrity of his bones and character, died some hundred years before the Americans took possession of California. The picture was fair but unsalable, and she began to think seriously of sign painting, which was then much more popular and marketable. An unfinished head of San Juan de Bautista, artificially framed in clouds, she disposed of to a prominent druggist for $50, where it did good service as exhibiting the effect of four bottles of "Jones's Freckle Eradicator," and in a pleasant and unobtrusive way revived the memory of the saint. Still, she felt weary and was growing despondent, and had a longing for the good sisters and the blameless lethargy of conventual life, and then——

He came!

But not as the prince should come on a white charger, to carry away this cruelly-abused and enchanted damsel. He was sunburned, he was bearded like "the pard;" he was a little careless as to his dress and preoccupied in his ways. But his mouth and eyes were the same, and when he repeated in his old frank, half-mischievous way the invitation of his letter, poor little Carmen could only hesitate and blush.

A thought struck him and sent the color to his face. Your gentleman born is always as modest as a woman. He ran down stairs and seizing the widowed Plodgitt, said hastily:

"You're just killing yourself here. Take a change. Come down to Monterey for a day or two with me and bring Miss De Haro with you for company."

The old lady recognized the situation. Thatcher was now a man of vast possibilities. In all maternal daughters of Eve there is the slightest bit of the chaperone and match maker. It is the last way of reviving the past.

She consented and Carmen De Haro could not well refuse.

The ladies found the "Blue Mass" mills very much as Thatcher had previously delivered it to them, "a trifle rough and mannish." But he made over [illegible] the one tenement reserved for h[illegible] kept wit[illegible] or more li[illegible] Plod[illegible] these [illegible] amo[illegible] and pillow cases; but the balsam of the mountain air soothed her neuralgia and her temper. As for Carmen, she rioted in the unlimited license of her absolute freedom from conventional restraint and the indulgence of her child-like impulses. She scoured the ledges far and wide alone; she dipped into dark copses and scrambled over the sterile patches of chemisal, and came back laden with the spoil of buckeye blossoms, manzanita berries and laurel. But she would not make a sketch of the "Blue Mass company's" mills on a Mercator's projection—something that could be afterwards lithographed or chromoed, with the mills turning out tons of quicksilver through the energies of a happy and picturesque assemblage of miners—even to please her padrone, Don Royal Thatcher. On the contrary, she made a study of the ruins of the crumbled and decayed red rock furnace, with the black mountain above it, and the light of a dying camp fire shining upon it, and the dull red excavations in the ledge. But even this did not satisfy her until she had made some alterations, and when she finally brought her finished study to Don Royal, she looked at him a little defiantly. Thatcher admired honestly, and then criticised a little humorously and dishonestly. "But couldn't you, for a consideration, put up a sign board on that rock with the inscription, "Road to the Blue Mass company's new mills to the right," and combine business with art? That's the fault of you geniuses. But what's this blanketed figure doing here, lying before the furnace? You never saw one of my miners there—and a Mexican, too, by his serape." "That," quoth Mistress Carmen, coolly," was put in to fill up the foreground—I wanted something there to balance the picture." "But," continued Thatcher, dropping into unconscious admiration again, "it's drawn to the life. Tell me, Miss De Haro, before I ask the aid and counsel of Mrs. Plodgitt, who is my hated rival, and your lay figure and model?" "Oh," said Carmen, with a little sigh, "It's only poor Concho." "And where is Concho?" (a little impatiently.) "He's dead, Don Royal." "Dead?" "Of a verity—very dead—murdered by your countrymen." "I see—and you know him?" "He was my friend."

"Oh!"

"Truly."

"But" (wickedly), "isn't this a rather ghastly advertisement—outside of an illustrated newspaper—of my property?"

"Ghastly, Don Royal. Look you, he sleeps."

"Ay" (in Spanish), "as the dead."

Carmen (crossing herself hastily), "After the fashion of the dead."

They were both feeling uncomfortable. Carmen was shivering. But, being a woman, and tactful, she recovered her head first. "It is a study for myself, Don Royal; I shall make you another."

And she slipped away, as she thought, out of the subject and his presence.

But she was mistaken; in the evening he renewed the conversation. Carmen began to fence, not from cowardice or deceit, as the masculine reader would readily infer, but from some wonderful feminine instinct that told her to be cautious. But he got from her the fact, to him before unknown, that she was the niece of his mean antagonist, and, being a gentleman, so redoubled his attentions and his courtesy that Mrs. Plodgitt made up her mind that it was a foregone conclusion, and seriously reflected as to what she should wear on the momentous occasion. But that night poor Carmen cried herself to sleep, resolving that she would hereafter cast aside her wicked uncle for this good-hearted Americano, yet never once connected her innocent penmanship with the deadly feud between them. Women—the best of them—are strong as to collateral facts, swift of deduction, but vague as children are to the exact statement or recognition of premises. It is hardly necessary to say that Carmen had never thought of connecting any act of hers with the claims of her uncle, and the circumstance of the signature she had totally forgotten.

The masculine reader will now understand Carmen's confusion and blushes, and believe himself an ass to have thought them a confession of original affection. The feminine reader will, by this time, become satisiled that the deceitful minx's sole idea was to gain the affections of Thatcher. And really I don't know who is right.

Nevertheless, she painted a sketch for Thatcher—which now adorns the company's office in San Francisco, in which the property is laid out in pleasing geometrical lines, and the rosy promise of the future instinct in every touch of the brush. Then, having earned her "wage," as she believed, she became somewhat cold and shy to Thatcher. Whereat that gentleman redoubled his attentions, seeing only in her presence a certain meprise, which concerned her more than himself. The niece of his enemy meant nothing more to him than an interesting girl—to be protected always—to be feared, never. But even suspicion may be insidiously placed in noble minds.

Mistress Plodgitt, thus early estopped of matchmaking, of course put the blame on her own sex, and went over to the stronger side—the man's.

"It's a great pity gals should be so curious," she said, sotto voce, to Thatcher, when Carmen was in one of her sullen moods. "Yet I s'pose it's in her blood. Them Spaniards is always revengeful—like the Eyetalians."

Thatcher honestly looked his surprise.

"Why, don't you see, she's thinking how all these lands might have been her uncle's but for you. And instead of trying to be sweet and—" here she stopped to cough.

"Good God!" said Thatcher, in great concern, "I never thought of that." He stopped for a moment, and then added with decision: "I can't believe it; it isn't like her."

Mrs. P. was piqued. She walked away, delivering, however, this Parthian arrow:

"Well, I hope *t'ain't nothing worse.*"

Thatcher chuckled, then felt uneasy. When he next met Carmen she found his gray eyes fixed on hers with a curious, half-inquisitorial look she had never noticed before. This only added fuel to the fire. Forgetting their relations of host and guest, she was absolutely rude. Thatcher was quiet but watchful; got the Plodgitt to bed early, and, under cover of showing a moonlight view of the "Lost Chance Mill," decoyed Carmen out of earshot, as far as the dismantled furnace.

"What is the matter, Miss De Haro; have I offended you?"

Miss Carmen was not aware that anything was the matter. If Don Royal preferred old friends, whose loyalty of course he knew, *and who were above speaking ill against a gentleman in his adversity*—(oh, Carmen! fie!) if he preferred *their* company to *later friends*—why—(the masculine reader will observe this tremendous climax and tremble)—why she didn't know why *he* should blame *her*.

They turned and faced each other. The conditions for a perfect misunderstanding could not have been better arranged between two people. Thatcher was a masculine reasoner, Carmen a feminine feeler—if I may be pardoned the expression. Thatcher wanted to get at certain facts and argue therefrom. Carmen wanted to get at certain feelings and then fit the facts to *them*.

"But I am *not* blaming you, Miss Carmen," he said gravely. "It *was* stupid in me to confront you here with the property claimed by your uncle and occupied by me, but it was a mistake—no!" he added hastily, "it was not a [illegible] You k[illegible] and I didn't. You [illegible]me, and I was too [illegible] were here."

Feminine generalities always stagger a man. Thatcher said nothing. Carmen became more enraged.

"Why did you want to take Uncle Victor's property, then?" she asked triumphantly.

"I don t know that it is your uncle's property."

"You—don't—know? Have you seen the application with Governor Micheltorena's indorsement? Have you heard the witnesses?" she said passionately.

"Signatures may be forged and witnesses lie," said Thatcher quietly.

"What is it you call 'forged?'"

Thatcher instantly recalled the fact that the Spanish language held no synonym for "forgery." The act was apparently an invention of el Diablo Americano. So he said, with a slight smile in his kindly eye:

"Anybody wicked enough and dexterous enough can imitate another's handwriting. When this is used to benefit fraud we call it 'forgery.' I beg your pardon—Miss De Haro, Miss Carmen—what is the matter?"

She had suddenly lapsed against a tree, quite helpless, nerveless, and with staring eyes fixed on his. As yet an embryo woman, inexperienced and ignorant, the sex's instinct was potential; she had in one plunge fathomed all that his reason had been years groping for.

Thatcher saw only that she was pained, that she was helpless; that was enough. "It is possible that your uncle may have been deceived," he began; "many honest men have been fooled by clever but deceitful tricksters, men and women.

"Stop! Madre de Dios! Will you stop?"

Thatcher for an instant recoiled from the flashing eyes and white face of the little figure that had, with menacing and clenched baby fingers, strode to his side. He stopped. "Where is this application—this forgery?" she asked. "Show it to me!"

Thatcher felt relieved, and smiled the superior smile of our sex over feminine ignorance. "You could hardly expect me to be trusted with your uncle's vouchers. His papers of course are in the hands of his counsel."

"And when can I leave this place?" she asked passionately.

"We call it forgery."

"If you consult my wishes you will stay, if only long enough to forgive me. But if I have offended you unknowingly, and you are implacable——

"I can go to-morrow at sunrise if I like?"

"As you will," returned Thatcher gravely.

"Gracias, Senor."

They walked slowly back to the house, Thatcher with a masculine sense of being unreasonably afflicted, Carmen with a woman's instinct of being hopelessly crushed. No word was spoken until they reached the door. Then Carmen suddenly, in her old, impulsive way, and in a child-like treble, sang out merrily: "Good night, O Don Royal, and pleasant dreams. Hasta manana."

Thatcher stood dumb and astounded at this capricious girl. She saw his mystification instantly. "It is for the old cat!" she whispered, jerking her thumb over her shoulder in the direction of the sleeping Mrs. P. "Good night—go!"

He went to give orders for a peon to attend the ladies and their equipage the next day. He awoke to find Miss De Haro gone, with her escort, towards Monterey. And without the Plodgitt.

He could not conceal his surprise from the latter lady. She, left alone—a not altogether unavailable victim to the wiles of our sex—was embarrassed. But not so much that she could not say to Thatcher: "I told you so—gone to her uncle * * To tell him all!"

"All. D—n it, what can she tell him?" roared Thatcher, stung out of his self-control.

"Nothing, I hope, hat she should not," said Mrs. P., and chastely retired.

She was right. Miss Carmen posted to Monterey, running her horse nearly off its legs to do it, and then sent back her beast and escort, saying she would rejoin Mrs. Plodgitt by steamer at San Francisco. Then she went boldly to the law office of Saponaceous Wood, district attorney and whilom solicitor of her uncle.

With the majority of masculine Monterey Miss Carmen was known and respectfully admired, despite the infelix reputation of her kinsman. Mr. Wood was glad to see her, and awkwardly gallant. Miss Carmen was cool and business-like; she had come from her uncle to "regard" the papers in the "Red Rock Rancho" case. They were instantly produced. Carmen turned to the application for the grant. Her cheek paled slightly. With her clear memory and wonderful fidelity of perception she could not be mistaken. The signature of Micheltorena was in her own handwriting!

Yet she looked up to the lawyer with a smile: "May I take these papers for an hour to my uncle?"

Even an older and better man than the district attorney could not have resisted those drooping lids and that gentle voice.

"Certainly."

"I will return them in an hour."

She was as good as her word, and within the hour dropped the papers and a little courtesy to her uncle's legal advocate, and that night took the steamer to San Francisco.

The next morning Victor Garcia, a little the worse for the previous night's dissipation, reeled into Wood's office. "I have fears for my niece Carmen. She is with the enemy," he said thickly. "Look you at this."

It was an anonymous letter (in Mrs. Plodgitt's own awkward fist), advising him of the fact that his niece was bought by the enemy, and cautioning him against her.

"Impossible," said the lawyer; "it was only last week she sent thee $50."

Victor blushed, even through his ensanguined cheeks, and made an impatient gesture with his hand.

"Besides," added the lawyer coolly, "she has been here to examine the papers at thy request, and returned them of yesterday."

Victor gasped—"And you—you—you—gave them to her?"