THE STORY OF A MINE.

PART II.

## IN THE COURTS. CHAPTER VI.

HOW A CHANT WAS GOT FOR IT.



Tres Pinos, tieners Miguel and Manuel Siguel and Manuel Siguel and Manuel Siguel and Manuel were conformally seated in a fonda at Monterey, smoking cigarritos and dis-

late discovery. But they their 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 dollar -- succumbing to what they were assured would be an active opposition on the part of the Americanos. The nature 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 qualins 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 secasion 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, ch! None! Not a one. Who owns the Mexcan's mine, ch! Americanos! Who takes money from the Mexican's minet Amoricance! Thou rememberest Briones, who spent a gold mine to make a silver ous! Who has the lands and house of Brionest Americanos! Who has the cattle of Brionest Americance! Who has the mine of Briones! Americance! Who has the silver Briones never found! Americanos! Always the mme! Forever! Ah! carramba!"

Then the Evil One evidently took it into Its head and horns to worry and toss, these men-comparatively innocent as they werestill 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 salphurous male-...... diction; but Miguel, the recent ecclesiastic.

sat livid and thoughtful. Finally came a nause in Manuel's bombardment, and something like this conversation took place between the cooler actors:

Miguel (thoughtfully)-When was it thou dids: petition for lands in the valley, friend Victorf

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

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

ans spiritual harmony did away with all , Totor broke in with, "But it is nothing to practical consideration and doubt. "I have a little nicce," 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. Hadre de Dios! the other day she makes me a ru'rie\* of the governor, Pio Pico, the same, minh. Thou knowed her Miguel. She

FILLE the Blue Mana company, withmoreneal than bat failed dismally. Laded, I four that the compliment from even the num they dislike. diametion were ne- binshows of Carmon had already done their Pedro and Wiles perfect and accepted work, and had partly ment. radiated the application for Victorianid. The, over the road to however, discuble i so far as to a hi

"Shelen chill."

"Dat will she not talk?"

"Not if I say may, and if thou-oh, Miguel?" a lie, for Victor's nieco did not incline favorably to Ligueb had its effect. They shook hands over the table. "But," said Niguel, "what is to be done namet be done now." ".\t.

the moment," said Victor, "and thou shall see it done. In: Does it content thee! Then come! Miguel nodded to Manuel. "We will re-

turn 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 Con-

"Thou hearest?" 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 wheard 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 lato owner, Don Juan Briones, who had offered it as a last sop to the threeheaded Cerberus that guarded the El Refugio Plutonean treasures, and who had swallowed it in a single guip. It was in very bad case. The furrows of its red-tikel roof looked as if they were the results of age and decrepitude. Its bost room had a musty smell; there was the desaures of deliquescence in its slow decay, but the Spanish Californians were sensible architects, and its massive walls and partitions defed 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 Carnice ast painting.

Now Mistress Carmon 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 recognight beauty and form as a child might, with out 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, lethargie 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 initation of fabries and signatures. Indeed,

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 modcrn one with lover-like gallantry. "It is this is genuine!" Victor laughed triumphantly; Carmon echoyl the langh melodiously in The housenaisy the systemary," childline plee, and added, with a With the embarrassment of an underleved of her piquant heal, "it is mine?" childlike plee, and added, with a elight tost The best It's the principle they're after, not the senti-

East Wistor was not easis fied with this proof of his nicesisshill, "stay to her," he demandel et Mettel, "what name thou likest, mel it chill be done before thee here." Biguel was not so tunch in love but he perceived the drift of Victor's suggration, and remarked that This ble of flattery (which, by the way, was the rubrie of Governor Micheltorona was excoodingly complicated and difficult. "She shall do it?" responded Victor, with decision.

From a file of old departmental papers the governor's si mature 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 vierin whiteness of the footscap 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," mid Miguel, foigning to cross himself.



"It is as magic," said Miguel.

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 nicce of mine, and he shall buy her pictures. Eh, little one?' and he gave her the avuncular carese, i. e., a pat of the hand on either cheek and a kiss. Miguel envied him, but cupidity outgeneraled Cupid, and presently the conversa- Capitalist aforesaid, the various other shares

# CHAPTER VII. WHO PLEAD FOR IT. HERE can be little

cloubt the coroner's 20.306200 jury of Fresno would have returned a verdict of "death from alco-100 holi m," as the result of their impact 20.0 into the cause of Conchois denth, had ust Dr. Guild fought nobly h. support of the law

and his own convictions. A majority of the jury objected to those L larg any inquest as all. A sincere juryman thought it has I that whenever a Granser pegged out in a anealtin! hind to way, American citizens should be taken from their business to find out what ailed him. "Spose he was hilled," said an other, "than ain't no time this thirty year h weren't, so to speak, just sufficin' for it, ez his natival right of a Mertican." 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 : nd claim from the courts and the public comment. So that for a year after the murder of Concho and the flight of his assassing "The Dine 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 w Za 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 for 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 alladed to as one of "California's great mining princes," and as ours who had "done much to develop the resources of the state," was not to be lightly considered; and so, after a cautious won-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 "Dlue Mass," and the stock went up, and the other stockholders' rejoked-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 eernings, 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 wifted 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

! The Pylades of this Urestes 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 ploncer life. The varying tide of fortune had just then stranded Thatcher on a desert sand hill in San Francisco with an uninsured cargo of cupcetations, while to Thatcher's active but not curious famey it had apparently lifted his friend's bark over the bar in the Mentercy mountains into an open quickaily r sea. So that he was considerably surprised on receiving a note from Diggs to this purport:

"BEAR ROY: Run down here and help **a** fellow. The too much of a load for one. Haybe we can make a team and pall "Blue blass" out yet. Breasny."

Thatcher, sitting in his senutily 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 be 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, Eiggs 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." Thatcher smiled to show that he could still do so, but did not say, as he might have said, that colf-control, suppressed resentment, disappointment and occasional hunger had done something in the way of correcting natures obvious mistakes and shutting up kindly mouth. He only took off his threadbare coat, rolled up his slooves, and saying, "We've got lots of work and some fighting before us," pitched into the affairs of the Blue Mass company on the instant

#### The Thrifty Farmer,

A .....

•

: .

1

.1

2

"You know we have a pretty fine shed altached to our store," said the grocer. "It fa about 100 feet long, and with the commodious yard, it is a valuable piece of property, and although we pay nearly \$2,000 a year rent for it, it is a free shed. One day last week a farmer drove under the shed with a span of horses, which he tied, and then came in the store. He wanted to sell eggs. He asked what we were paying, and I told him \$1.25 a hundred, cash or trade, as he desired.

" 'Won't sell my eggs for any sich price,' said the farmer, 'I'll git more or take 'en heme fust."

" 'Sorry, my friend, but the market does not warrant us paying any more,' I replied, and soon the farmer could be seen with a huge basket of eggs under each arm, and procorded to sell them from house to house, about two hours he returned with empty baskets.

"When he came in I asked: 'Did you do any better than I offered?" "'No, ten shillings seemed to be 'bout the

price, so I did not bring them back again. Guess I tried a hundred places. Got any oats to sell, boss! I told John to put some in the wagon fore I left home, for the hosses, but he forgot it, I guess.'

"I told him that we had oats, and that six quarts were worth twelve cents.

"'Twelve cents! Do you want to rob a manf

"I told him twelve cents was the best I could do, and he said 'Blank if I'll pay twelve cents for six quarts of onts ('m me an empty measure? I handed him one and he went away and soon returned with the oats.

#### cation.

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 Monterev.

Victor (cautionaly feeling his way)-Pessiblemente.

Miguel-It might be wise to look into it. Victor (Junth)- As why?

Misuel-For our good and thing, friend Victor. We bring thee a discovery: thou area. At present it was a solid in which bringest us thy shill, thy experience, thy govermant knowledge-thy custom house paper.\*

Manuel derending in drunkenly)--But for what? We are Menicilus. Are we not fated! We shall lose. Who shall keep the Ameri- haly and the competency of the critic. Lonly comes ctill

Hat seest thou? This American commute rankers history, shall hill be be court, his correct loce. After she looked up

deroles to a large large single product, and which to the final show of a sold, from the statement of part sold we plain.

+t entry error in fortral collections dentions, and of a fortrain framework, which can a sum guarge trace travel as Contour Longer ages

the machine of steam, the mill, the farmage, th:

Victor-But who is he-not to stell? Miguel-He is that man of Ireland, a good Catholic, at Tres Pinos.

a shur for the provisions, for the tab. For the equardiants. It is of the Irish that the American such such grant fear. It is of that that t' is the to let boat him that they make moniched a Sen Francisco. And we are of the church, libe blan

Theread alasso all to these destination moust is apprend to be a field by a religious of the third and antipological and pology for gravity and pology for gravity and pology for the man who they fit of the there is a solution of the the many solution of the there is a solution

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 hard, were not particularly large, but rather heavily freighted in their melancholy lids with sheepless passion; her nose was of that unimportant character which no man remembers; her mouth was small and straight; her teet's white and regular. The whole expression of her face was piquancy that might be sub-

diad by tenderness or made malevalent by he cil and vinegar were deftly combined. The istate feminine reader will of course under taud that this is the ordinary superfleial nu willing criticism, and at once make up her mits. Loth as to the character of the young know that I eather liked her. And her fune-Miguel-We shall take one American inf those are somewhat important in this ve-

she looked up, started to her fect, by lot a little he shall supply the near who invent the high brows at the intruder, but, at a significant or while to the

Significant for much showed her while terms in the end of the model of the much showed her while terms in the end of the much showed and the showed at the end of th

young man; "these are not cowlets, but Built it myself,"--From the French.

tion flagged, until a convenient recollection of Victor's-that himself and comrade were due at the Posada del Toros at 10 o'clockgave them the opportunity to retire.

But not without a chance shot from Car-"Tell to me," she said, half to Victor men. 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,

schorita, doubtless, and has forgotten not is his custom, ha! ha!

The red died out of Carmen's ripe lips, and she shut them together with a shup like a steel purse. The dove had suddenly changed to a hawk: the child-girl into an antivirago: the spirit hitherto dimly outlined in her face, of some shrewish Garcia anecetross, Minnel.

 $\begin{array}{l} \text{atholic, at Tres Pinos.} \\ \text{Victor and Minurel (onwice)-Rescontion:} \\ \text{Minurel (onwice)-Rescontion:} \\ \\ \text{Minurel (onwice)-Rescontion:} \\ \text{Minurel (onwice)-Rescontion:} \\ \text{Minurel (onwice)-Rescontion:} \\ \\ \text{Minurel (o$ Travelanding the printings. He was strict connection of the strict c

"Because I want to

at great sacrifice.

I fear that I have bore I 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, 1 beg same as you did, but I told the man being as him to remember that one gentleman accomhurst, gambler.

But for once the Great Master of Avarice had not taken into sufficient account the avarice of others, and was suddenly and virtaourly shocked to learn that an application for a putent for certain lands, known as the "Redonly they but, mayhap, his mule and pack! It Rock Rancho," was about to be offered hefore the United States land commission, This claim covered his mining property. But the information came onicity and secretly, as all of the Great Master's information was obhis clouded title and his proprietorship to out his designs. He removed his cont and came to the fore. She darfed a quick look at the only remaining member of the original booked down as if estimating the distance or uncle, and then, with her little hands on "Blue Mass company," a young follow of pith. Then he removed his vest and looked down her rigid lips, strode with two steps up to before many-tongued runner had volced the again. religibilities, strole with two steps up to be ore many-stages of the blow was a heavy frame, investigated one to the party left in procession. Soddled answered that there was no doubt of it. The strong st

which admitted for the effect in the spectral field in the second mads-poor Diges, flat so retury and only more, raised them above his head, and calminy remaining officer of the "Diae Mass compury," looked racfully over his looks and "My releads, this is to inform you that I bi inst transfer, and all bol. But i have bes shall occupy this building Nov. I with a large so hereing odda even as a peaks of this find. But the last one Detroit Pree Press. a) ad aminto bi

There wise a young lady named Vaughan, Who treated by a layer with scaughan, And he grave up his cuit "When her father's big buit Shot tim astily forth on the laughan

"Get oats for less? I asked him as he was passing under the shed where he had kept his borses

" 'Got 'em for 'leven cents. Was asked the I had my horses under your shed I'd give you plished in this art was always a sincere and the preference, but if he'd come down to direct opponent of the late Mr. John Oak- Teven cents we would make a dicker, so he came down to 'leven. I tell you, Kingston people want to get rich too fast."-Kingston Freeman,

### He Did Not Jump.

Sunday afternoon a man suddenly appeared at a three-story window in an unfinished building on Grand River street and seemed to begin preparations to commit suicide by leaping to the pavement. A crowd of forty or fifty people speedily gat, ered in a half circle below, and although all seemed to be aware of what was going on not a voice tained, and he took the opportunity to sell out was raised to prevent the stranger carrying

Provide a protocole and the interval in the interval is the interval interval is the interval interval is the interval interval interval is the interval interval interval interval interval is the interval inte tertinedefection of the individuement , who theregoing in the window. No one below was admired for his dall in initializing a movel a feet. There was hulf a infinite of silence, during

for introduct that he was built of good stuff and well selected stock of staple and fancy

A Mastery.

from the contribution box of our clupch. "Yes; lait where's the mystery? You know who took it." "Why, we can't imagine how it got there, you see."—Omaha World.