

THE UNREMEMBERED DEAD.

They lived, they suffered, they knew, they died, they were not forgotten...

FATHER AND I.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

I had ridden all day, and now, at sundown, I found myself in an isolated spot, without any prospect of a decent night's lodging.

No sign of a habitation could I see, as I peered this side and that in the dusky shadows—nothing but hills, sparsely timbered, as far as the eye might discern.

I had started some six weeks previous for the cheap lands in the West, intending to purchase a home with the little allowance I possessed.

A gentleman of her acquaintance adopted me and removed me, with his family, to Indiana, before the grass grew green on my mother's grave.

Nevertheless, when I became of age I remembered, in looking over the past, that I had had a kind father in my foster-parent, and when he gave me quite a little sum and a sprightly pony, saying, "Go West, Clifford, and get rich."

As a sequel, at the close of a cold, raw November day, I found myself bound for somewhere, I hardly knew where.

I sat revolving it in my mind until it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and by the time he returned I was in good trim to watch every movement of the unsuspecting old man as he busied himself about the evening meal.

"A short jag is soon curried," he said with a smile, arranging the corn bread, bacon and coffee on the table.

I was somewhat taken aback, however—in the evil prompting considerably—when mine host of the cabin bowed his head reverently and asked God's blessing on the frugal repast.

"Well!" I thought, "he surely isn't an escaped convict, unless he has repented here among the hills." And truly it seemed to me, just then, a fitting locality for repentance of the deepest kind.

"What might your name be?" he asked, as he handed me the second cup of coffee.

"I don't use tobacco much," he said apologetically, "but I generally smoke a pipe or two, a pipe or so; it kind of drowsy trouble."

"Then you have had trouble?" I asked. "Yes, young man, a great deal of sorrow, though youngsters can't understand it by the telling," he replied, with a sigh.

I couldn't find a trace of either of you I came West again and lived alone. After pausing to wipe away the glittering tears, he continued, "You're a good piece of farming land, Harry, a few miles further on; a man is renting it now, as I'm not able to work much, so I live up here alone. I could live with them, I suppose," he said, presently, "but I'd rather not."

But, and his old face brightened wonderfully in the dim twilight, "The man's time is out in the spring and he wants to go South; so we'll go over and manage the farm, won't we, Harry?"

And I, more bewildered than ever, and overcome with happiness and good fortune, murmured, "Yes, father."

Well, we did go over to manage the farm; and I invested my means in improvements, so that we now are getting along finely.

That old gentleman sitting there on the porch is my father, whose story you've heard in part; and that lady flitting about the house in there is my wife.

Happy? Oh, yes; we are very happy in our cozy Western home, and often look at father and remember the old man with a bundle who seemed so willing that I should lodge with him.

Wood in Her Stomach. A case which is likely to attract the profound attention of the medical minds of the State has been developed in Burlington, Ia.

IN SEARCH OF A TITLE.

He May Be Exalted to Nobility, While a Baggages Knight Will Have Three Meals a Day—The Gentle William's Modest Suffers a Severe Shock.

FRANCE is getting a very dusty outside the city, there having been no rain for some time, and so the grass is getting brown and the people are getting impatient.

I happened to be late one evening on my way home from a visit to a friend who is ill, and I saw an odd sight coming in from the city.

There were four people there representing four different phases of life. The first was an old man, who was evidently put back from her peaceful brow and her basket was in her lap.

Then came a young man with a cap. His clothes were as he wore them and his face was not disfigured by the ravages of time.

There is one feature of the Champs Elysees which has not been heretofore referred to, and so I speak of it here. It is the array of wet umbrellas on the trees all the way up to the arc.

Family Pride. If people who are troubled with that form of egotism which they are so flattered into believing is a family pride would catch hold of the idea that in this republican country every tub stands on its own bottom, and that nobody can disgrace them except themselves, they would escape much misery.

near me, who is here on a vacation, stood up and told me the story of what happened to him with my umbrella. He reluctantly sat down. I watched the dance with great interest because I am going to introduce to the attention of the four hundred when I return to America. The gentlemen chased up and back and then crossed over. The ladies did so, too. Then the gentlemen threw their feet at the center of the sky. The ladies did the same. It was so odd and so shocking that I could not, at once, summon the courage to go away. I wondered what my family would say if they knew about what was going on here. If my ancestors could have been there they would have shuddered two or three times.

holds up his hands in holy horror, in rapid succession, then they would have, no doubt, remained in their seats. Every little while new figures, in lace, and new designs, on the beholder, were introduced. I need not describe the dance fully, for those who have seen it will remember it, and those who have not will strive to see it when they go to Paris.

From the can-can to the morgue is a rapid change, but I will just allude to the latter incidentally and then close this letter about what has happened here. It was some time, but because I had heard of an American's disappearance and feared that he had gone to the bottom, the last and saddest of all places, to seek relief from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

There were four people there representing four different phases of life. The first was an old man, who was evidently put back from her peaceful brow and her basket was in her lap. Quietly she ignored the earnest, started and horrified glances of those who stood outside the glass.

Then came a young man with a cap. His clothes were as he wore them and his face was not disfigured by the ravages of time. He was a young man, and his rest was undisturbed even in the face of the multitude.

There is one feature of the Champs Elysees which has not been heretofore referred to, and so I speak of it here. It is the array of wet umbrellas on the trees all the way up to the arc. I refer to it because a New York lady called my attention to it to-day, and so it is proper.

Family Pride. If people who are troubled with that form of egotism which they are so flattered into believing is a family pride would catch hold of the idea that in this republican country every tub stands on its own bottom, and that nobody can disgrace them except themselves, they would escape much misery.

SCHWATKA IN MEXICO.

EXPLORING THE RICHEST MINING DISTRICT IN AMERICA. Masses of Almost Solid Silver Taken Out of Them. What American Capital and American Energy Are Doing Toward Their Development.

N the great broken barrenes leading out to the westward from the heart of the central Sierra to the north, the richest mineral district of America, and probably the richest in the whole world, writes Lieutenant Frederic von Borstel, Batopilas or Orizaba as a center, and with a diameter of 400 miles on them as a center, and there is no doubt but that the resulting circle will include the richest mining district of America, and probably the world, both in a present and prospective sense.

Dr. H. H. Porter, the prospecting engineer of the Batopilas Mining Company, told me, and showed me the various specimens of silver, that in one hundred square miles there are three hundred yards square there were found twelve veins of silver running from three dollars to seven dollars a ton.

The history of the big Batopilas Mining Company, about the center of the district has been spoken of, and which stands head and shoulders above all the surrounding mining companies, is a fair representation of the state of the country where my travels have been cast.

Batopilas, or Real de San Pedro de Batopilas, was discovered in October, 1822. The news of the discovery spread far and wide, and as the evidence of its great richness multiplied it soon became one of the most famous mines of New Spain. The first miners of the new discovery made a recently made statement, that in one hundred square miles there are three hundred yards square there were found twelve veins of silver running from three dollars to seven dollars a ton.

From this time the reaction which has made Batopilas the richest mining district in the world may be said to date. The old mines were again opened and a wondrous discovery was made. The great success of the Batopilas compared with that attained at the time of the Spaniards, however, owing to the lesser energy displayed, had proved amply sufficient to attract the attention of the American speculators. Not until the year 1862 did American enterprise direct its efforts in so promising a direction. A purchase was effected by an American company, mostly composed of gentlemen interested in Wells Fargo's mining interests.

Some six miles from Batopilas is the gold mine of Cerro Colorado, reputed to be the largest in the world, and only discovered last year. That it should have remained long unknown to any prospector in such a rich silver mining district is the existence of living cliffs and cave-dwellers on the rough mountain walls and over a great number of angels in the air above them, or cave-dwellers or demons in the earth underneath would not have attracted much attention.

from a seeker of precious metals, not beyond the momentary astonishment at their sight, but the difference between gold and silver is not so great.

The Cerro Colorado mine is an immense hoard of silver from a flank of the Sierra Madre, the whole appearing showing signs of gold, not in any distinct vein, but in great masses distributed here and there through the mountain; a sort of "pocket" system, as miners would say. This great hoard or spur is 1,800 meters (something over a mile) in length, 1,200 meters in breadth, and 500 meters in height, and runs from \$1 to \$3,000 a ton, as would be expected in the pocket system of deposits. Small deposits have been made of an hundred weight or so, however, that would run enormous—over \$100,000 to the ton.

The Youngest Convict. Sinville Combs, probably the youngest convict in any prison in the United States, has just served the first year of a life sentence in the Kentucky Penitentiary. When sent up from Breathitt County in July, 1888, he was eleven years old, and small for the age.

Prison life has toughened him, both morally and physically. Young Combs committed a crime that was fiendish, but some people claim that he does not deserve the heavy punishment that has been inflicted on him. He killed his two-year-old sister in a brutal manner. The two were in the house together alone. When the little tot started to crawl across the floor the boy picked up a stove-pipe and smashed her skull with it.

Smelting Works at Batopilas. fused together, so I can readily see how the present of solid native silver could have been made. In 1790 a royal decree ordered the collection of all data for a history of New Spain, and a special commission of the royal court, headed by the Marquis of Batopilas, was appointed to report upon the Batopilas district. There is but one copy of the report extant, which I traced to the records of the city of Chihuahua. The commission states that the silver extracted from Batopilas in a short number of years amounted to \$20,000,000, not including that which was surreptitiously taken out to escape the royal tax.

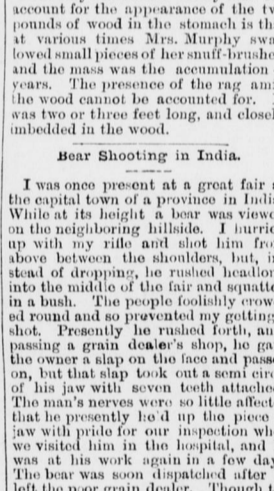
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Thought It Was a Turtle. It was related by a good Confederate soldier that on his return from Virginia in 1865 he brought a biscuit with him which some one had given him on the way. When he arrived home he gave the children the biscuit and sent them to play while he talked with their mother. Pretty soon he wanted to see the children again, and going to the door he was surprised to see them putting live coals of fire on the biscuit.



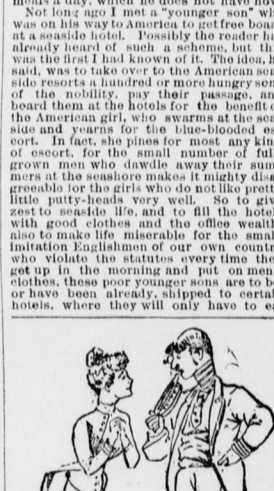
"MY HEART SOFTENED TOWARD THE OLD MAN AS HE SAT THOUGHTFULLY LOOKING INTO THE FIRE."

He looked at me again steadily for a moment, then, without answering my question, asked cautiously where I hailed from.



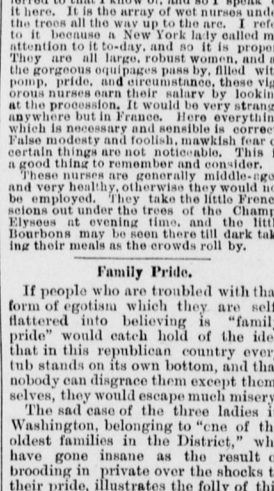
"BEAR SHOOTING IN INDIA."

I was once present at a great fair at the capital town of a province in India. While at its height a bear was hurried on the neighboring hillside. I hurried up with my rifle and shot him from above between the shoulders, but, instead of dropping, he raised his head and lunged into the middle of the fair and squatted in a bush. The people foolishly crowded round and so prevented my getting a shot.



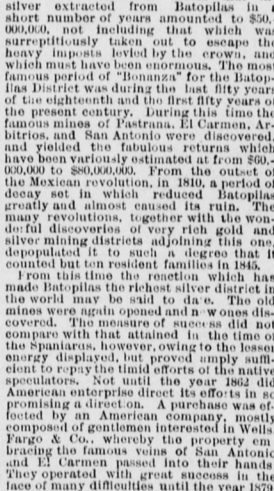
"NYE BARGAINING FOR A TITLE."

hold of it I wait a week or two, at a red figure and a red title. It is owned by a chevalier in Paris, and who has intimated to me that it is only a matter of a few days before it will be the Seine or the sale of his nobility. I have been dicker with him a long time, and he has not yet given me a title. He has a great snuff-dipper for many years. Dr. Steves made an examination, but could discover no symptoms of disease, and told her so. He administered several bottles of medicine, but would give relief, but it did not have the desired effect.



"THE NOBLE YOUNGSTER LAYS SIEGE."

their meals, dines a little, bathes still less, and draw the days away. How does it go, gentle reader? How does that impress you, sensible, level-headed American girl? Are you proud of your father? Are you proud of your mother? Do you think it is a disgrace to buy this sort of glory with the money of your father? If you are the style I would advise you to get a new set of your father's and brothers' names and their noble blood for freedom and independence, are you? I do not think it of you. As the American institutions are all on a big scale, so the American girl holding my head up all my life than an ill-treated, erasing, and scandalous duress, and it is better to be a concubine in the house of the American than to occupy the bridal chamber in a malarial castle where the plague is rampant.



"SINNIVILLE COMES."

was no law to punish the father, so the boy suffers. Many efforts have been made to have the Governor act to act him, but thus far he has failed to act. When first sent up young Combs had never heard of God, knew nothing of heaven or hell, and had never seen a school house. He can now read and write and talks very brightly.



"AN EDITOR'S OVER-TAUGHT."

Many people make mistakes and lose a lot by being too suspicious and cautious. We remember the last time we visited New York City—with which place nobody else in Dodgeville is probably so familiar. A man came up to us as we stood on our hotel steps after taking a noontime snack at Delmonico's, and says he to us: "The editor of the Dodgeville Banner, Mr. Banner, I presume? We had the old banner game down fine, and looking the man squarely in the eyes, we replied: 'We presume to much, sir. We are not the editor.' (This was untrue, but justifiable under the circumstances.) 'I beg your pardon,' he said, touching his hat politely. 'I merely wished to order you a ticket to the dinner of the Press Club this evening.' He felt hurt, and so did we. He had been received with unnecessary suspicion, and we had missed a good dinner. We merely mention this incident as a reminder to those who are always saying 'Go slow' that it is not always wise to go too slowly. We must risk something if we would be truly great.—Dodgeville (N. Y.) Banner.