

STREET CAR TO TOPO CHICO

A Mexican Story of Beauty, Love and Strength

Which Would Be Incomplete Without the Appearance of the Mexican Highwayman.

Four miles above Monterey toward Topo Chico, uplifted from the dust and dead heat of the plain, lies the hacienda of Jose del Casa, the alcalde. His white home sits enshrined in a wilderness of green, encircled by 5000 acres of vines and corn lands and billowing meadows that reach from edge to edge of the steep walled table fountain of which his estate is the crown and glory.

Patricia, his only child, 18, with deep black eyes, hair like a storm cloud and the oval, luminous face of a Botticelli Madonna, had spent three years with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She had seen the boulevards and strolled from afar the gallantry and gaiety of the French capital. Therefore she yearned and moped amid the desolate splendor of her Mexican home.

Have you ever seen the queer little street car line with its tandem of small brown mules that rime, or, rather, creep, between the Hotel Hidalgo, on the plaza in Monterey, down through the narrow streets, away across the dusty fields, where sage and cactus, dry and gray, cover the rising plateau with desolate monotony; on past the beetling buttes of Casa's hacienda, which tower red and hot in the sun to the upspring canyon that leads to Topo Chico, the boiling spring, the health giving waters in whose fountain pool Aztec and Indian, peon and patrician, have sought and found health for a thousand years? This Topo Chico is the terminus of the little narrow gauge street car line that starts in Monterey. Its single car, with open seats running across the width of it, are seldom crowded. In the morning a few tourists bound for the baths smoke and idle through the tedious trip, but in the evening, when the summer sun sinks behind the green, cool shoulders of Del Casas, the lone car is always empty except for the driver or an errand shepherd returning from market in Monterey.

It was at this time in the evening that Patricia chose for a little jaunt on that queer little street car. With ancient Madre Anselma, her nurse when she was a romping child, her governess, maid and duenna by turns as the girl grew to womanhood—Patricia would ramble down the long stone stairway and in the purple shadow of the roadside thicket wait for that empty car, come droning out of the haze. Anselma neither spoke nor understood English, and so it was her wont to sit in the rear seat while the beautiful Patricia, her mantles now fallen from before her radiant face, would sit on the front seat near the driver and urge or bid him to send the little mules galloping.

The driver was a great, yellow haired giant, with blue eyes, and a laughing mouth. For Patricia he would speed his little team till the car swayed like a boat on running billows and he delighted laughter fell upon his willing ears like the music of tinkling mandolins. As for Anselma, so long as the car was empty but for themselves she was content to sit in the rear seat, black, motionless, but alert, smoking her cigarettes, as Mexican women had and wondering what Patricia could have said to the big fair Gringo to make him drive his mules so fast, to make him smile so benignantly.

Every summer evening till the chattering lost its luster and the willows in the ditches across the sands Patricia and her chaperon stole away to this clandestine frolic on the street car till it became the event of the gay child's days and a habit even with the withered woman who watched the harmless frolic.

One night as the blond American car driver was laughing and thrashing over the road with the laughing senorita at his elbow a horseman with his rifle presented loomed across the narrow road. The mules hesitated, stopped, backed up in their track chains. The driver put down brake and ceased to smile. He seized the switch bar, bade Patricia lie down, faced the enemy.

"Money or your life" commanded the outlaw in good English. "You can have the box," roared the driver, "but if you rob the woman you must fight."

The robber dismounted, hoisted the car, and while Patricia and the old woman looked on he smashed in the money box with the butt of his rifle and pocketed the few pitiful centavos that jingled in the bottom. If Patricia had left the car, or drawn up her face mantilla, or even turned her face away, the robber might not have seen the diamond brooch glistening at her throat. But the night was too much for him. The big American saw the

flash of his eyes as he leveled his rifle, and at the same moment the switch bar swung above his head. The rifle cracked, the driver lurched over and fell in the dust by the road and the robber held out his hand to the woman. "Give me the diamonds!" he bellowed.

She gave them without a word, then her watch and her ring, while the old woman, screaming like a harpy, clung to his rifle and cursed and prayed in incoherent Spanish. But the robber had no notion of harming them. He kicked the fallen driver as he ran toward his horse, and in another moment the clatter of hoof beats across the boulder strewn valley told them that he was gone.

It was nearly dusk now and, from the stairway a hundred yards off, the voice of Jose del Casa could be heard calling Patricia. She paused a moment as she heard it, then leaped to the ground and bent over the insensible driver. With her small, brown hand she pushed away the yellow curls and bent her face low above his. For a moment old Anselma could have sworn that the girl was kissing his white face, but no, after all, she was only examining with tear wet eyes the facial signs of returning life. Then she unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, fumbled beneath its folds and, snatching away a cluster of trinkets that hung about his neck, thrust them hastily into her corset.

The old Del Casa and two of his rancheros came up. The wounded man was placed on a bench in his car. The mules were hitched to the other end and one of the rancheros drove them back to Monterey.

"Senorita, mio muchacha, what did you take from the Gringo? What was that you snatched from his neck? Tell me, pretty one, you did not rob him?"

Patricia's smile came struggling through her tears. "No, no, Mother Anselma," she murmured; "not so bad as that, but, but enough, too. You won't scold me, will you, mother?"

And she pulled from her bosom the poor car driver's cluster of trinkets. There were a little medal of the Virgin, a tiny amulet—the relic of Our Lady of Guadalupe—a sliver scapular and a golden focket.

"Look, mother, and forgive me," said Patricia—as she opened the lockets and displayed a miniature portrait of herself. "I gave it to him myself, and I was afraid they might find it, and so—and so I robbed him of it."

"But you will not give it back, Patricia?" asked the scared and staring old woman.

"Yes, mother, I'll give it back to him, and more, too, mother. I'll give him that and more—everything—when he's well."

And old Anselma could only pray—Chicago Record Herald.

CRUSHED BY TAXES

Is General Condition of People in Columbia.

Colon, Sept. 6, via Kingston, Sept. 8.—(Revised at Colon by the censor and forwarded by steamer to Kingston.)—Columbia's financial straits are extreme, and she is pushed to the last point to obtain funds. The Columbian paper peso is now worth less than three cents, and gold continues to depreciate. Seventy or eighty per cent of the people of the country sympathize with the revolution and are opposed to the present government largely, it is asserted, on account of the government's exaction of taxes and imposts and other vexatious efforts to raise money.

This financial distress, coupled with the extent of the revolution, which momentarily becomes more threatening, this being especially the case in the Venezuelan entanglement, it is asserted, constitutes the strongest reason why Columbia cannot go to war with Venezuela with any hope of success. The future contains no promise of financial betterment and the people become daily more burdened. Forced loans are common and their daily recurrence is expected.

Although the government's financial extremity is asserted to be continually increasing, it has not yet been authentically reported that the government has collected foreigners or attempted to effect forced loans from them. Many foreigners, however, believe the probability of such occurrence to be approaching, especially since the going into effect of the decree of July 18, which gives to minor officials full power to take any measure they may consider necessary to crush the rebellion and preserve the dignity of the country.

The gunboat Gen. Pinzon, with Gen. Alban on board, is still cruising along the coast. Her presence is greatly needed at

INHUMAN BROTHERS

Embezzled Money Contributed for Their Brother's Funeral.

Recent arrivals from Nome bring a tale of shocking depravity and neglect which transpired in that city this summer. James Wilson, well known in this city as one of the original proprietors of the Monte Carlo theatre, and brother of William and Ed Wilson, died in Nome last January. Prior to his death he expressed a desire to have his body shipped to his mother at the old home for burial and to accomplish this his partner, J. B. Miller, so it is said, contributed \$1000 and the local lodge of Eagles \$300 to defray the expenses. The money was turned over to Wilson's brothers, if being arranged that one of them should accompany the body to its final resting place. The corpse was placed in a coffin, boxed up and made ready for shipment and stored on the waterfront awaiting the arrival of the first boat in the spring. A week later the brothers made a trip to Teller and liking the situation so well concluded to invest the charity fund in a saloon business. They did so, and the body of their brother to bury whom the money was given them still lies in cold storage at Nome.

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DATTILO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Commissioners, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8, A. C. Office Bldg.

MINING ENGINEERS: J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mineralist or manager. Properties valued. Mine plan, etc. before full moon 10:00 p.m. 615 W. 2nd St., J. A. Donald, Secy.

SOCIETIES

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, O. E. S. F. & M. will be held at Masonic Hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon 8:00 p.m. G. W. Wells, W. M., J. A. Donald, Secy.

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Notice Re Dawson Directory

To all Whom It May Concern: The public are notified that I am the only holder of a concession from the Yukon Council for publishing a directory of Dawson City and the Yukon territory, and that the only directory already published for Dawson City and the Yukon territory was brought out and published by me under contract with W. J. Barnes and A. M. Barber, and as this contract has expired with me, they have no further rights or authority to represent my book. I propose for the coming year, under my concession, to issue a directory for the City of Dawson and the Yukon territory, devoted exclusively to the interests of the Yukon territory and this will be the only directory for said territory brought out for the coming year. I ask the public to aid me in my undertaking, and I beg, by permission, to refer to Messrs. Bleecker & De Jurel, advocates, at Dawson; the First National Bank of Seattle, Washington, and the First National Bank of Los Angeles, California, U. S. A. My agents with proper credentials will be on the ground soliciting your favors in due time. Respectfully yours, CAROLINA L. FERGUSON.

Notice: Take notice that an action has been commenced in the gold commissioner's court at Dawson, by Eugene C. Stahl against Carrie S. Hilt, in which the said Eugene C. Stahl claims the interest which Carrie S. Hilt now has in all and singular that certain placer mining claim in the Yukon territory described as the lower half of creek claim No. 22 above the mouth on Gold Bottom creek, she, the said Carrie S. Hilt, having allowed her free miner's certificate to expire. And take notice that an appointment for the hearing of the said action has been fixed for Thursday the 17th day of October, A. D. 1901, at the office of the gold commissioner, Dawson, Y. T., at the hour of 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place you, the said Carrie S. Hilt, are required to attend, otherwise the action will be tried in your absence. Dated this 15th day of September, A. D. 1901. E. C. SHNKLER, Gold Commissioner.

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