

THE DAILY JOURNAL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1857.

Printed Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY.
T. H. McCAIN, President.
J. A. GREENE, Secretary.
A. A. McCAIN, Treasurer.

DAILY—
One year, \$5.00
Six months, 2.50
Three months, 1.25
Per week by carrier or mail, 10
WEEKLY—
One year, \$1.00
Six months, 50
Three months, 25
Payable in advance.
Sample copies free.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

Voters should remember it is only about forty-eight days until the November election. The law requires sixty days' residence in the township and thirty days' residence in the precinct in which the voter offers his vote. It is, therefore, too late to change townships without losing the right to vote, and but little time remains to change precincts. Voters who desire the right to vote must observe the law or they cannot vote.

They are going to have civil service reform in New York with a vengeance if the work of the constitutional convention is ratified by the people as in all probability it will be. The proposed constitution provides that no appointments to office shall be made in any civil division of the State, meaning cities, towns, villages, counties and townships, without a competitive examination. However, politicians may dislike it civil service reform is inevitable and will finally be as universal as the spoils system was a few years ago.

We can make goods cheaper in this country than anywhere else on earth and we intend to do it. American genius and industry and snap don't care a fig for all the pauper labor of Europe or anywhere else.—*Argus-News*.

The gymnastics of the *Argus-News* beats a monkey on a pole. It has not been two years since every Democratic paper in America said we could not make tin-plate in this country, that we did not have the "genius" and the "skill." But they all lived to see the industry planted by McKinley grow to be one of our greatest labor furnishing institutions and on account of it they see the steady decline in the price of tinware. Where they will jump to next, no one can tell, but we predict now, that in less than a year the Democratic press will be claiming that it never was a free trade party, and that all it ever asked was that we be allowed to import a few raw materials.

In his speech in the Senate against the Gorman tariff law Senator Hill said: "A tax the imposition of which will drive New York, New Jersey and Connecticut into the Republican column, there to remain permanently, a tax the individual feature of which has not been recommended by any Democratic President or Secretary of the Treasury or Commissioner of Internal Revenue; but a tax suggested, advocated and persistently pushed by a majority which is temporarily 'in the saddle' in this Congress, and is driving the Democratic party with recklessness and headlong speed into the abyss of political ruin." The conditions have not changed since the Senator uttered these remarks except that Vermont and Maine have given emphasis to the truthful prediction. All the indications point to the fact that the Democratic party is being driven with recklessness and headlong speed into the abyss of political ruin.

BENEFICIAL TO ENGLAND.
Mr. Wilson, the author of the Wilson bill, and a free trader, is visiting in England. He no sooner landed on British soil than a public dinner was tendered him in the London by the Chamber of Commerce, which came off on the 26th inst. The Chairman of the meeting in introducing Mr. Wilson made a very indiscreet speech, for this side of the great waters. Here is what he said respecting the late tariff legislation by the Democratic party in this country.

Benefits had already been experienced in England. Furnaces had been reopened in Wales and Yorkshire, and an impetus had been given to the textile industries.

Mr. Wilson must have listened to the words with some degree of pain, if he is a true American; for he must know now, if he never knew before, that he and his party have been legislating for the benefit of English manufacturers and against the manufacturers of his own country. He knows now that he has been engaged in closing furnaces in his own country and opening them in Wales and Yorkshire. He has been making work for English workmen and taking it away from his own countrymen and sending them to public soup houses to keep soul and body together. After this speech by the Chairman, Mr. Wilson should have returned to America at once and publicly confessed that he had been engaged in the foolish and unpatriotic business of ruining the industries of his own country and building up the industries of a rival nation. The McKinley bill closed factories in England and opened them in our own country. The McKinley bill gave employment to American workmen. The Gorman-Brice tariff takes work away from American workmen and gives it to British workmen. It is meet that Mr. Wilson should be greeted with applause in England, for sure enough, as the Chairman who presided at the banquet said, he has opened the furnaces of Wales and Yorkshire. This no doubt would be a great thing if he had not at the same time closed the furnaces of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. But who will greet Mr. Wilson when he comes home except those who wish to see furnaces closed in America and opened in England.

TWO PIECES OF SILVER.

How They Saved the Life of a Mine Manager.

"Muerte a los gringos!"

Black Rosa's small, angular form shook with rage. Her black face grew blacker than its natural hue, if that were possible. Trembling in every nerve, she glared viciously, and shook a long, bony finger in the faces of the group of miners who with jests and jeers had met her supplications for charity.

"Get out of this, you black devil!" she shouted. "We have had enough of you."

"She's got plenty of money," cried another.

"Wears diamonds in the city," sneered a third.

"Get out! No bergars allowed!" they all shouted.

"Muerte a los gringos!" repeated the woman, with a shriek which would have chilled the blood of men unused to her vicious ways.

Manager France of the Bull Domingo

gas, heard the disturbance between the miners and the unsavory old woman as he came up the path.

"Here, my good woman," said he,

"here are two silver dollars. You had better not stay around here," he added kindly, as she took the money and called the blessings of the saints upon his generous soul.

"The men are not used to giving alms, and they will only treat you unkindly."

"I'd better be savin' them two dollars to help out the payroll of the Bull Domingo who has been keeping a slate for nearly three months for the accommodation of workmen on that road."

Senora Rosalina Ortiz once enjoyed a happy home in the City of Mexico, her birthplace. She had all the opportunities of education both in Spanish and English, and in her early married life had traveled much. But misfortune came to her in the death of her husband and two of their three children, after the loss of all the property they possessed. They had for several years made their home in the United States, where Senior Ortiz had died, leaving his widow penniless. Poverty and sin were her undoing, and when the Colorado mining fever filled the mountains with fortune seekers of high and low degree Senior Ortiz drifted to Durango. She had sunk so low in vice and crime that she was accounted well fitted for anything from begging to petty thieving, even to the cutting of a throat.

She was living as his mistress with a hardened character known as "Robber Dan," an American, whose life both in and out of the penitentiary was a series of misdeeds.

He had earned his place as it was said he had earned hers. They were well matched in their criminal careers, although the woman had thus far known no more of prison life than is afforded by county jails. Her only child, a boy of twelve years, had, like his mother, become a professional beggar and thief.

The ill treatment she had received

at the hands and tongues of the miners at Rico had burned into her soul like a hot iron, though the wound was largely healed by the soft words and the silver so kindly bestowed by John France.

But, since she was not likely ever to be able to carry out her

threat of death to all save her own race and equally incapacitated to insure the blessings of the saints which she had invoked, neither her curses nor her prayers were heeded. However, none who knew her had any faith in Black Rosa's possession of good will toward any one of American or European blood.

Even Robber Dan and his male com-

panions in crime—who formed the most notorious and daring band of robbers in southern Colorado—did not escape the vindictive spirit of Black Rosa. But the woman was useful to them, and when plentifully supplied with drink there was no crime too black for her wicked heart nor scheme too deep for her cunning brain. If she possessed a single redeeming trait no one had been able to discover it.

Durango had been ablaze with the

glory of frontier life—a glory which

comes but once in the lifetime of a

new town. But there was then little

regard felt for the future by the for-

mer hunters who swarmed the streets

and filled up the hotels and held high

revelry in the saloons and dance halls

of that camp.

Honest men with capital, seeking to

double their investments in a fort-

night, stood on the same level of as-

sociation with the horse thief and the

road agent. Mine promoters and

gamblers drank over the same bar.

The crack of the stage driver's whip

was but the echo of the pistol shot.

Business, conversations and ribald

songs, laughter and curses inter-

mingled in a wild hurrah chorus.

"Going back to the mine in the morn-

ing?" asked the clerk of the hotel a

minute later, as France approached the desk and asked for writing ma-

terial.

"Yes, sure."

"Stage leaves at two o'clock."

"Well, call me a half hour earlier,

and don't for your head, let me mis-

the stage. I must be at the mine to-

morrow by all means. By the way, I

have lost a white silk handkerchief

with a black border. Look out for it."

A few minutes later while France

was still busily writing, Sheriff Barne-

y approached him and presented a little

Mexican chap in whose possession had

been found the silk handkerchief.

"What shall I do with him?" asked

the sheriff.

"Look him up," said the manager of

the Bull Domingo hotel, "lock him up!

That is the little rascal who came to

me a few minutes ago begging for

money. I gave him two bits and he

showed his gratitude by stealing my

handkerchief."

The attention of the loungers about

the hotel office was attracted by these

loudly spoken words of John France;

but they did not hear what he said in

a hurried undertone to the sheriff, so

there was a murmur of indignation

against the man who would seek the

punishment of a child for stealing a

silk handkerchief—and that after it

had been returned.

John France laughed and went to

his room, while the sheriff smiled as

he always smiled in danger and out,

and led the boy away. The crowd

looked puzzled.

"He had my boy locked up, did he?"

shrieked Black Rosa, when the details

of this little episode were related to

her. The black face of the little Mex-

ican woman seemed ablaze with indig-

nation. "He shall pay for this!"

"Senora forgets the two silver dollars," taunted Robber Dan; "I thought the senora might feel sorry that we had planned to rob this fine American. But it's all right now—is it, dearest?" he added, mockingly.

"Rob him! murder him!" yelled Black Rosa and she staggered from her chair as if she would carry out her own command, but fell on the floor in a heap.

Dan and his pals lifted the woman to a bed, and the leader remarked that she would sleep till morning, and be neither help nor hindrance. It had been known for twenty-four hours that the money—some ten thousand dollars—for the Bull Domingo pay roll had been received, but until announced by Manager France it was not known whether that gentleman would start for the mine.

At twelve o'clock that night four men, heavily armed, rode out of Durango.

Two hours later the stage followed them, with one occupant on the inside and the driver alone on the front boot. Bloomer, the driver, might as well have been unaccompanied so far as the inside occupant of the coach was concerned. But he was used to these lonely rides, and when a passenger preferred to be exclusive it simply exhibited to Bloomer the poor state of the passenger. So he talked to his horses and sang to them and passed the lonely hours as comfortably as if he had been surrounded by a half dozen passengers, and soon forgot the fellow on the inside.

Coming to a bend in the road, where the ascent of the first steep mountain is begun, Bloomer fell into a reflective mood and remarked to the nigh Wheeler that the fellow on the inside might possibly "rise to an appreciation of the society of a stage driver and his horses if the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun should happen to appear at the window of the coach."

Of course Bloomer was not really expecting such a surprise for his unsavory passenger; so when the shotgun appeared, with three others, and accompanied by an order to "throw down their ribbons and throw up their hands" he was himself so completely surprised that he obeyed without a word of protest.

If he was surprised at this sudden appearance of road agents, he was really dumbfounded at what followed. For five minutes there was a rattle of shotguns as if a miniature battle were being fought. When it was all over, two stage robbers were fatally wounded and the other two surrendered to Sheriff Barney—and the man of straw on the inside was literally shot to pieces. And this is the way it all happened was like this:

"You see, they didn't put me on. Never seen a sheriff yet that thought a stage driver had nerve enough to play out his hand in a game like that; an' I don't know but a feller would git a little bit rattled, a-wonderin' how he's a-goin' to come out at the end of the game. It's purty ticklish business to be a-sittin' on a stage through the long, dark hours of the night 'n' a-guessin' whether you goin' ter drive back or ride in a box. But the way it all happened was like this:

"You see that kid what stole the handkerchief done that for a blind. His ol' woman she put him on. She writes a note ter France in his pocket 'n' steal his handkerchief, or anythin' else he could git his hands on, 'n' then kindej loiter 'round so's to git caught. Well, sir, that ol' Black Rosa was a coker. She gives the whole snap away in the note, 'n' she tells France ter have the boy put in jail, 'n' that'd be a tip for her that he gets the note. Then she sets up a howl 'n' throws the gang off, an' havin' bin drinkin' considerable an' feelin' a leetle bit skered that her play wouldn't win, she was knocked clean out—excited—'n' fainted on the dead square.

"So France, when he gets the ol' woman, he just quietly lets Barney in, 'n' Barney he tells him his system, 'n' they play it to win. Wn' France he goes up to his room, Barney he goes 'n' gets his team 'n' meets France at the back door 'n' they goes out 'n' lays for the gang. 'S'only one place on the road where a job o' stage robbin' could be done 'n' the robbers git away, an' Barney he knows the place, an' that's where they camps 'n' waits for the gang—an' they git 'em dead to rights.

"That inside passenger's w'at knocked me cold. They puts the stage agent onto the play, 'n' he fixes up a straw man—w'at's called a dummy—'n' he loads him into the stage so's to fool me on the road agents both."

"I reckon Black Rosa didn't know how near she was a-callin' the turn when she prescribed death for gringos. She didn't git the ones she was after in the fast place, but I reckon the death of her ol' man 'n' Pete Johnson suited her notions better, when she come to size up the job, fer they was both gringos—one was American 'n' the other a Swede."

"They say the Mexican has always got a grudge ag' somebody, but the way that play was made it looks like ol' Black Rosa didn't fergit John France's kind words to her when the miners was a-joshin' her."

"Yes, perhaps the two silver dollars did have somethin' to do with it—silver was a great power in Colorado in them days."—Lewis Eddy, in N. Y. Advertiser.