

AN ARIZONA ROMANCE, WRITTEN FOR THIS PAPER.

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SOLDIERS AND THE MINERS.

Only those who have seen it done can appreciate the ease and rapidity with which a company of miners can lay waste a beautiful bit of landscape, transform a veritable garden spot into a scene of utter desolation, and a stream of crystal clearness into a flood as thick, black, and foaming-looking as the Styx itself. It was some years ago that a charming stretch of hill and valley in Arizona, America, fell under the ban of the gold-seeker. Birds, flowers, trees, and herbage disappeared almost in a day. The uncouth habitations and rude fixtures of a mining camp sprang up nearly in a single night, amid the yelling, singing, and shouting of the excited multitude which, with inflated eyes and haggard faces, fell upon her earth as if bent upon tearing her very heart out. This place of desolation is called Camp Tampa, taking its name from that of a military station close by. One object in the afternoon landscape in contrast with the usual appearance, and a girl of 18, who sits in a plainly condemnatory mood, as she gazes from the hillside into the valley where the miners are ruthlessly at work. Eleanor Lorley may gain in rarely by being the only one in the valley who she would be lovely among any number of her sex. She is the daughter of Col. Lorley, the commandant of the army post, and has acquired something of military habits from the small company of soldiers. Now that a horde of miners have invaded the pretty valley, she feels that she ought, and might, issue an effective edict of exclusion. When she longed to appear with the sunsets, Miss Lorley thinks that it is time to go back to the barracks, and with a last hateful glance at the quite unconscious miners in the distance, she quits the scene.

That morning, when Colonel Lorley should for his orderly, before getting out of bed, there is not the usual response by a quick and obsequious servant in the guise of a soldier. The commandant makes an outcry, and in a moment the middle of his servant is at his elbow, but rather highly perturbed. Her usual free and graceful manner and an artificial seductive costume suggestive of a courtesan, instead of a military twines her pretty arm negligently round the parental pillow.

"What is it, my dear?" asks the Colonel, excitedly raising himself on his pillow. "Why doesn't Sanders answer? Why are you here, Eleanor, drawing her dainty frilled white cambric garment more closely round with a touch of old Roman grandeur that almost transforms it into a toga, you have only lived to be a Colonel with no command. Sanders and the rest of the staff have deserted, and joined the gold-hunters."

"Eh?" says the Colonel. His elbow gives way and he sinks back upon his pillow. "Merely that," says his daughter. It can be said that there is a sense of suppressed enjoyment in her tone. "Now, don't take a wrong view of it, dearest. Regard it as I do—rather as a distinction to be compelled to court-martial your whole army."

"The army," he consisted of only thirty men for a month, the rest of the regiment having been scattered to other Arizona outposts, the matter is not of vast dimensions.

"Besides," Eleanor continued, "the miners have sent word that they want the very ground we're camped on, and we've got to get out."

"Eh?" says the Colonel again, in a somewhat dazed fashion, being as he himself would have told you thoroughly flustered by the wholesale desertion.

"Don't give up," repeats the slender, fragile, white-robed figure in the chair, leaning forward so as the more effectively to emphasize her remarks with a slim but determined forefinger, and becoming more and more excited as she utters every moment. "Stick to your principles, defy these miserable fellows. Be yourself!"—with increasing force, as though she fears there is instant danger of his becoming somebody else.

"Give up! What do you mean, child?" inquired the Colonel, indignantly. And indeed her backing up is plainly thrown away, as a warrior, scenting the battle from afar, has metaphorically speaking, buckled his armor and is ahead charging the host. "I must get up," says he.

"I'm afraid you can't have any one to help you to-day," says the daughter, regretfully.

"Every body all gone?" "And you couldn't ask him to do your orderly's work?" "Well, I'll get up," says the Colonel again, as though the subject is beyond him. "Do you mean to tell me that all the men have gone?" "Every one of them; as daylight came they melted. They took all the provisions along, too. But get up now, there's a dear heart, and let us have breakfast and a consultation, with what appetite we may."

She carries herself and the pretty frilled robe out of the rough barracks room, with an air of unflinching determination, albeit she is but a slender, fragile creature. She is very pretty, very high-spirited, and just a little spoiled. Her mother died when she was barely five, and ever since the Colonel has had to think a great many things before saying to her "No" to her about a great many things. "No" to her about a great many things. "No" to her about a great many things. "No" to her about a great many things.

He wears eyeglasses and might, by the miners, be termed a "riderfoot," which is a term of derision among rough men. After the morning meal, during which the three discuss the deserters, the miners, and other matters relating to their suddenly lonesome condition, the young party left alone, while the Colonel goes off by himself to consider.

"We are in a terrible trouble, aren't we?" says Miss Lorley, softly. "But we shan't starve, indeed. They'll allow us the mine, in general with a little iron—shant have that satisfaction. You really mustn't take it so much to heart."

"Oh, no, I can't now," says the silent young man, after which he falls into the very air yet's breathing. "Waking up from it he goes on, placidly, "I did all that long ago, don't you see, what?" demands she, somewhat startled.

"Why, the taking you to heart," returns he. "Oh!" She turns to him with unexpected vivacity. "Wasn't it a pity about the breakfast cakes?" she says. "Where cakes?" started in his turn.

Pleased with her complete success in having drifted the conversation into a safer channel, she now confesses to him all about those indomitable pieces of dough, dwelling with heart-rending pathos upon their stiffness, and their hard and unyielding natures.

The young officer, having laughed a little, proceeds to console her. "We are not so badly off," he says. "The boys have all deserted, and who can they be blamed for? In a month and a possible fortune in gold offered to them for a choice? So much for them. As to the rest of the miners, they believe there is a gold foundation for this post, and you can't expect them to resign over the military in their crazed eagerness. Why, I am tempted strongly to resign my commission and take to the mines. Awful bore, you know, to keep out of it."

"For you, yes. It was quite too good of you to stay here with papa—and me." "For me?" not heeding the latter part of her little speech, and dropping his glasses in his amazement. "Bore for you, meant, 'bore' a clever girl; perhaps that's why you took such an extraordinary view of my remark."

"Was it so very extraordinary?" making him a present of a very lovely smile. "Well, let it be so, if you will. At least let me say we acknowledge the trouble we're in." "Oh, as to that, I like it."

"What! Trouble? Well, I don't," says she gaily. "And to think, 'beating her small foot with a certain haughty petulance on the floor, 'you should have done it for me' for the purpose of these soldiers. But they shall be taught their places yet. We shall neither trouble to them nor bend."

"I wouldn't trouble, certainly," says the young man, regarding with a peculiar sense of interest the slight figure beneath his level, luminous eyes and mouth. "But I think, with a carefully casual air, 'during such times as these, when a sense of injury is rife, I should bend—a little.'"

"What!" "He drops his glasses again, but otherwise shows no signs of contrition or any desire whatever to retract his offensive remark."

"I really mean it," he says eagerly. "Moderation at this peculiar juncture is everything, and your father (forgive me) is a little—well severe in his actions. He might let the soldiers dig, and even burn the barracks to give the miners a chance."

"At this Miss Lorley rises and confronts him. She is so pretty that even mistaken indignation sits well upon her, and, indeed, only serves to heighten her charms."

"My father," she says now, very coldly, "is always right. One must be either right or wrong. That even you" (as though he were a being past all grace) "must allow, if wrong, certainly hardly to be a man, I believe."

"Very foolish sentiments," says he, calmly. "The wise man, in a case like this, would temporize. But really, you know, 'bend' was just now, not mine."

"Temporizing just now means winking," says she, ignoring his protest. "Hardly to be a man, I believe." "The Colonel has taken to his heels." "There is a small upright piano in the room. It has been brought from civilization into the wilderness for the girl's sake. She plays and sings well, as might be expected, admiringly knows. During the present conversation she has seated herself at the instrument and thrummed the keys by way of emphasis. But now she turns rather abruptly upon the man who dares criticise her, and in a low, but penetrating voice, she utters: "You wouldn't fight your foes, eh? You are a coward!" "A coward!" He shrinks from her as though she had struck him. An absurd quality about his want of physical prowess is due to his always, and renders him peculiarly sensitive to any word that may seem to hint at his self-supposed lack of manliness.

"It was cowardly to suggest that my father should give in," she says. "I don't think I said that," says her companion, recovering from his chagrin by an effort, and turning to her a face very pale and still. "I merely advised a little forbearance, which, in times such as these, is not only kindly but necessary."

ing of her pretty brows. "Ah! good morning, then." "Good morning." They lightly touched each other's hands and parted.

An hour later Eleanor has not seen either her father or her lover. She is in the very air yet's breathing. "The two rode along in the blind of a howl, when Brannard, glancing at his pocket compass, discovers that their course, instead of being south as at first thought, is now directly south. He calls attention to it.

"Yes," says Jim, "it may be that the brook flows from the south." "Then we might have chosen a much shorter route." "Possibly, but it would have been a rocky road. Trust me, I know this country."

In a few moments a narrow gash, and in a few more a small tent, piles of saw-logs, and a most of the surgeon's gaze. Some rough-looking men sit there.

"Are those your comrades?" "Yes, Doctor." "They don't seem to be very busy." "What's the Doctor with the sick in the family it interferes with business."

"Is the injured man in the tent?" "No; there was no room for him, so we carried him to hospital, which I think you will admire." They both dismount.

"What's the news, Jack?" asks Jim. "Oh, nothing special," answers the man addressed. "A couple of deputy sheriffs came along and asked for permits to dig. Of course it was all right."

"Did they ask any questions?" "They wanted to know whether we had seen anything of Black Sam and his gang. Well, then we shan't see them again, because they have made their appearance."

"And then they went off?" "Yes; they were bound West—they said they had a reservation." "Well, then we shan't see them again, because they have made their appearance."

"Billy is with him. Tom, Bob and Ned have gone to Henderson's ranch to buy beef. Our grub is running low." Brannard begins to show signs of impatience.

"Yes, yes, Doctor," cries Jim; "there's just a little formality to be observed here. You must be bluffed." "Are you mad? I shall not consent." "Come, Doctor, be reasonable," urges Jim; "there's a big secret at the bottom of this."

"I don't like your actions," cries the surgeon. "I shall have nothing to do with you." "Don't be foolish. You must do your duty." "As things have turned out, I refuse!"

"Then we shall force you," and as Jim nods to his comrades, they draw their pistols and level them at the surgeon's head. "Well, you do what you have brought to do," inquires Jim in an angry tone, "or would you prefer to be bluffed?"

"Naturally, I prefer the former. But what's the necessity of blinding me?" "Well, you see, we have discovered a very rich mine, and we don't want you to know the entrance to it."

Once bluffed, the men lead Brannard here and there for a few moments, and then suddenly make a detour to a point. A chinchilla, as if in some underground place, is at once noticeable. The trickling of water reaches his ears, Jim, who is carrying his wallet, and leading him by the hand, calls out: "Stop!—stop!—stop!" And then, after a moment, Brannard feels the band loosen from his eyes and hears Jim say: "Here we are, Doctor!"

The unwilling visitor finds himself in a roomy, cave-like place, lighted by two lanterns, and furnished with a number of small, strong packing boxes and leather sacks, such as are used to transport gold ore. In another man with the broken leg is stretched out on a rude couch. He is a rough-looking fellow, with black beard, hair and pale face.

"Without a doubt," thinks Brannard to himself, "this is Black Sam, and I have tumbled into a nice nest of bandits." It was in truth Black Sam, the famous robber, once a tavern-keeper at Port Worth.

"Here's the doctor," says Jim to his leader, to whom he then whispers a few words. "Step this way," is the injured man's reply. "Do you know who I am?" "I do not." "Then so much the better for you. Come, set my leg for me." The task accomplished, Brannard thus addressed the patient, a detour is now in order. You must lie still a few weeks, until the bones knit. And now that I have done my part, I ask to be let go."

Jim, "it's likely that they will bag him. Well, here we are at the blind of the stream. We turn off here to the east." The two rode along in the blind of a howl, when Brannard, glancing at his pocket compass, discovers that their course, instead of being south as at first thought, is now directly south. He calls attention to it.

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"You've got good sense." "A searching party will be sent out for you." "Have you a wife and children?" "No." "Then don't worry. Folks will only think you're off on a journey somewhere. That's all." An adjoining room in the cavern was assigned to Brannard, and he was well provided for, but his thoughts at once turned to making his escape from this nest of bandits as soon as possible.

BATTLE ON THE CANAL.

NEW DRAINAGE DITCH FLOWS WITH BLOOD.

Illinois Strikers Precipitate a Riot, and the Sheriff's posse Does Deadly Work with Winchester—While Quarrymen March Against the Blacks.

Troops Called Out. Blood was shed at Lemont, Ill., on account of the variance between the contractors of the drainage canal and the men who recently struck demanding more wages and the discharge of negro laborers. The riot broke out on Friday between the Will County Sheriff's posse and the strikers near the camps of Lockport, Harvel, and in the vicinity of section 10, resulting in the loss of seven lives, and the serious wounding of a score of others. The names of those killed, all of whom were Poles, are not known, and there are conflicting statements as to the number killed. It being reported that some of the strikers fell into the canal when shot.

With a hoarse shout 400 men marched out of Lemont in the morning at 11 o'clock down the new drainage canal to the number killed. They were Polish strikers. All the morning the forces had been gathering at the saloons and groceries and every hour added to the number. There was no recognized leader and the struggling through armed with clubs, knives, and revolvers, moved in irregular lines, shouting, singing, and talking. The language used was Polish. The persons to be driven out by the organized men were the negroes employed by contractors for the rock work of the canal. The white men have long objected to the colored men who were brought to Chicago from the South. Protests availed little. Then the strike followed. For three weeks the negroes employed by contractors have kept their colored help steadily employed. The whites made threats and the contractors declared they would stand by the black men from Alabama, even if Winchester and Sheriff's posse were necessary. The first real trouble broke out the latter part of last week, and the Sheriff of Will County and the Sheriff of Cook County were called on for assistance. Deputies were sent down and placed in charge of other Deputies. For a time the limited force was sufficient.

The idle strikers spent the days in drinking and talking over the trouble until their grievances grew, to their thinking, intolerable. Threats were common and small riots became frequent. When the Sheriff's men came upon the scene the strikers were agitated, and declared that they would clean out the officers of the law and drive away the negro labor along the entire length of the drainage canal. It was for this purpose that the motley crowd left Lemont, expecting to meet the Sheriff's posse at every point. On the way down the strikers received reinforcements, and in some instances they stopped and compelled workmen to join them.

Fired on the Strikers. The vandals of the strikers saw the deputy sheriff's posse through the rough wall of stone and dirt, and word went back. A few minutes later the strikers had taken a position behind the barrier and were ready for action. The deputies, fifty in number, were all armed with Winchester rifles, and a posse of Sheriff's men were mounted. A puff of smoke from the bank that protected the strikers was followed by the report from a revolver, and a bullet whistled unceasingly by the heads of the mounted men. The strikers were hustled over the barricade into the squad of deputies. Several shots answered the fire of the Winchester rifles. The striking quarrymen fell back. Their retreat soon became headlong, and they were hurrying up the canal, fearful of the death-dealing bullets.

The van of the flying strikers reached Lemont, and the news of the conflict spread like wildfire. Soon the whole town was in a commotion, and all sorts of conveyances were taken down to gather up the wounded. All of them live in Lemont. During the conflict the deputy sheriffs succeeded in capturing thirty-two of the strikers. Two of them who were mortally wounded, dragged themselves into the woods and died there. Several guns and revolvers were captured by the deputies.

The sheriffs of Cook and Will Counties, fearing further bloodshed, telegraphed Gov. Altgeld for troops to quell the disturbance, and in response the Governor issued an order for the Second and Third Regiments to proceed immediately to the scene of the trouble and remain there until order was restored.

Circumstances Condensed. OFFERINGS to the Pope at his jubilee amounted to \$2,000,000. MISS GRESHAM, mother of Secretary Gresham, is critically ill. ABOUT \$14,000,000 of the Northern Pacific loan of \$15,000,000 has been subscribed. EVANGELIST MOODY holds revival services at Chicago on Sunday in the Washington Forum, of Brooklyn has been made chief of the bureau of statistics by Secretary Carlisle.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers. In the House Wednesday Representative Berry's anti-trust bill, Representative Berry's anti-trust bill, and Representative Langley's bill to amend the law so that the judges of the various courts in Cook County may be ordered by the State to hold their offices open for the transaction of business were passed. The bill providing for the House that the Senate refused to concur in the House amendment to the State Institutions appropriation bill, thereby authorizing the Illinois Library of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home was reduced from \$500 to \$200. The House passed a resolution providing for the House that the Senate refused to concur in the House amendment to the State Institutions appropriation bill, thereby authorizing the Illinois Library of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home was reduced from \$500 to \$200.

In the Senate Thursday these bills were passed: To enable cities and villages to tax, license and regulate taxicabs; to amend the law relating to the examination of banks in proportion to their capital stock, and abolishing the system of paying mileage to the members of the House and to the members of the Senate; to amend the law relating to the discharge of all the janitors except two, all policemen except two, all committee clerks with the exception of two, and all other employees of the Department of Ventilation, was adopted. Senator O'Connor's bill to govern fire insurance companies and to do business in this State was passed.

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The Governor sent a message to the Senate Monday evening stating that he returns to the State on Tuesday. The bill of Representative McGieley of Cook regulating the incorporation of insurance companies, which has passed the House and is now pending in the Senate, is attracting considerable attention. Senator Crawford's bill raising the age of consent from 14 to 16 years, and the bill of Representative O'Donnell moved to adjourn and the motion prevailed.

In the House Tuesday these appropriation bills were passed: Seventeen thousand dollars for repairs and improvements at the Asylum for Insane Criminals at Chester; \$25,000 for the purchase of a new steam engine, boiler, tools, machinery, and appliances for the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet to keep prisoners therein employed as provided by act of the General Assembly of 1890; \$50,000 for the purchase of a new steam engine, boiler, tools, machinery, and appliances for the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet to keep prisoners therein employed as provided by act of the General Assembly of 1890; \$50,000 for the purchase of a new steam engine, boiler, tools, machinery, and appliances for the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet to keep prisoners therein employed as provided by act of the General Assembly of 1890.

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