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THE DIGGER'S STRATAGEM.

In the early mining days of California, there stood at the foot of a hill, not many miles from Nevada, one of those rough-built gambling houses so common throughout the mining sections of the Territory. A description of this structure and its surroundings will convey to the reader a better idea of the incident we are about to relate. The building contained but one room, the entrance to which was situated at one end, with a large adobe fire-place in the other end, and nearly opposite to the entrance. On the large stone hearth burned a wood fire, giving to the room a cheerful appearance. On the front, at the right of the entrance, was a well-filled bar, around which were congregated representatives of different nations, some speculating on the success of various mining operations, while others were discussing the general topics of the day. Along the rear side of the room extended rows of tables, around each of which was seated a party of miners, playing "poker" and staking large sums of gold with as much coolness and apparent unconcern as if they were partaking of a meal. A few rude seats occupied the space around the fireplace and in the front portion of the room beyond the bar. The cabins of the settlers extended some distance to the front of the spot, while the unsettled portion of the country lay in the rear.

The hill before mentioned, rising abruptly from this position, was thickly interspersed with sage brush and thick bushes, affording a temporary hiding place for the fugitive. As the evening wore on, the patrons of the saloon became more numerous, while the chilliness of the atmosphere caused those most interested in the games at the tables to gather round the fire. The conversation, which at this time was becoming animated, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a tall, raw-boned Yankee, bearing in his hand a bolt, from which was suspended a powder-flask and bullet-pouch.

Advancing to the fireplace, he deposited his rifle in the corner, and after accepting the seat courteously offered him by one of the company, he seated himself by the fire, resting one elbow on his knee and dropping his chin into his hand, he sat gloomily watching the fire as if some mighty grief were preying upon him. He mumbled incoherently at times, and sat without changing his position. The attention of the company was soon drawn to the stranger, and an occasional glance from those at the table was directed toward the place where he sat. He at length broke out into such lamentations as these:

"I am tired of life. My claim has failed, and I am without friends or money—I have not even enough to purchase a supper. I have been out all day hunting and have killed nothing."

"Has he addressed no one personally, and no one seemed to sympathize with him in his distressed condition. He sat in silence a few minutes, then raising his head, exclaimed:

"A man may as well be dead as out of luck. I will take my own life."

Then taking from his side the flask, he unscrewed the cap from the top, and poured from it into his hand some apparently fire hazard powder, then pouring it carefully back, he replaced the cap, and screwed it firmly on, yelling:

"Yes, I will die myself, and all around me shall die also!"

He then flung the flask upon the burning coals. The tumult that followed was indescribable. The rush for the door was simultaneous with the last shriek of the stranger. The windows served as a means of escape to those who were unable to press a passage through the door. The Yankee sat a calm spectator to the scene, still the last occupant of the room had made his exit; then, with the rapidity of lightning, he sprang to the tables and disappeared from them the shining piles of gold which had been left by the gamblers and deposited them in his hat, capturing through one of the rear windows. With desperate strides he ascended the hill, and, jumping upon a fallen tree, turned to survey the multitude below. All were waiting breathlessly, watching the building, expecting every moment when the contents of the heated flask would blow it to atoms, when the shrill voice of our hero rang out on the clear night air:

"Don't be afraid gentlemen! There is nothing but black sand in the corn!"

"ACCEPT THE SITUATION."

If Disappointment dogs your steps, It's hard to help repining, But small philosophy it shows To go forever whining.

Having done all that man can do To make or win occasion, Come! Just without too much concern, "Accept the situation."

Whether from Pleasure's jaunting car You happen to be tilted, Or whether by a handsome girl You happen to be jilted, Don't dedicate your time and lungs To useless obprobrium, Bat, picking up your limbs and—heart, "Accept the situation."

If friends whom you, through thick and thin, Have oftentimes befriended, Should sink their sense of gratitude When these good deeds are ended; Remember there's no bitterness—How sad the observation—Like the rancour of once bosom friends, "Accept the situation."

Suppose the motive for your act Has been a brave and true one, That's just the reason why some folks Will coin a false and new one, And shry a dubious shrug, and drop, The shing intention—But trusting Right, and waiting Light, "Accept the situation."

The world is full of ups and downs And many curious turnings, And some big men are only clowns, For all your weak heart burnings, Better the lowly, if it's true, Than the loftiest pinbeck station, The True a rock can stand a shock, "Accept the situation."

Life's train is whirling past, old boy; In what class do you journey? First, second, third?—the speed's the same; If third, first needs't spurn ye. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Behold the final station! Not then we may, but then we must, "Accept the situation."

NO HOME.

This Saturday night the wind howled as it whirled by, lifting dirt, dust, rags, and the like from the street to dash them in the faces of those who hurried along. And it was cold, shivering garment searching, as if in anger at one who would be comfortable. The heavy omnibuses rumbled over the frozen pavement. The horses seemed all in a shiver—the driver sat pounding his gloved hand on his knee, his face well muffled, as the "bus turned from Broadway into Fourteenth street.—Every one was hurrying to reach home, or somewhere.

"Hi!"

Too late. We sprang to catch the horses to a carriage. The driver turned out to meet the omnibus. A little, little ragged girl ran to cross the street—did not notice the team—two gentlemen sprang at the same time with us to save her, but too late.

The carriage, with its driver in livery hurried on, as if it were not worth while to pick up a ragged little girl!

We helped her into a store. Her little face and hands were blue with cold. The little calico frock and thin petticoat did not keep the cold from her body. The ragged shoes kept her feet from the cold pavement, but there were no stockings or little panties to keep her ankles and legs warm. The poor little thing moaned and shrank away as we placed her on a counter, while the great agony-filled tears came to warm her freezing cheeks.—Gently as man's hand could were the few books to her dress unhooked—the blood from a cut on the left side of the forehead wiped away, and her little feet warmed by our hands. Then we found three ribs broken by the foot of one of the horses, as he struck her down.

"What is your name, little one?" "Sarah Ryan, sir."

"Where do you live?" "Nowhere, sir."

"And your father?" "He was sent to prison, sir, two years ago, sir!" And here the tears fell fast and scalding.

"How old are you, Sarah?" "Ten years old, sir."

"But you live, somewhere?" "I sleep at Daddy Burke's cellar."

"Who is Daddy Burke?" "He is a rag-picker, sir; and lets me sleep in his cellar."

Who of the little girls that read this chapter of facts would change places with poor Sarah who has no home—no one to love her? Who would carry the load this poor innocent must carry all the years of her life?

"Mother is dead?" "Father in prison?"

God pity the little sufferer. No home—no one to keep her good, and pure, and spotless. "The world is cold to her," as was the blast this night. Who will keep her from falling even worse than she fell the while since; who will take her—be kind to her—pray for her—and try to make her frozen life happy? Some one will—we know it—have asked it, and know some one will care for her as she is cared for now.

Sometimes, when weary from over work, or when troubled, as all are at times, we feel depressed in spirit, tired, and just a little envious of those who fare sumptuously, live in idleness and extravagance, luxury. And we are tempted to close up business, sell what we have, and invest in non-taxable securities, and live on the interest without more labor. Sometimes we are tired, very tired. The slanders of enemies—the betrayals of old friends—the continued strain upon the mind incidental to a severe editorial life like ours, causes us to long for quiet.

Then we throw down the pen and go out. Not to the homes of the rich, for then we should be more unfitted for labor. But out and away to the cellars, garrets, and overcrowded tenement houses, where people are so poor. We see them working. We see men, women, and children actually starving. We see dirty, ragged, freezing little ones suffering. They are innocent of all save poverty. Little orphans, whose mothers are dead, whose fathers are in prison, or poor, miserable victims of dissipation.

Then our heart grows strong, and we are ashamed to think we should shirk our share of life's labor. We see how much better off we are than thousands upon thousands of others, and feel happy, contented, and anxious to live to the purpose, and to help the poor who have no homes.

Then, we think how good and kind our friends are—how much better off than we might be—how we are blessed with health, and enough to keep warm from the door, and how little we do compared to what we might do, to make the homeless ones better off and happier.

Then we rest a while where our heart is—gather strength for the work of life, and continue on as we have begun, in hope that some day there may not be in our country so many poor little homeless starving children—so many heart-broken sufferers as there are all over the land this Saturday Night.

IGNORANT DESCENT.—The following interesting historical recollections have been revived in connection with the report that Prince Arthur had sought the hand in marriage of Lady Rosamond Churchill.

And from whom has Lady Churchill descended, now deemed worthy of an alliance with the son of the Monarch of Great Britain? Two hundred years ago, in the days of the merry, dissolute Charles II, among his many conquests over virtue and innocence was that of a girl subsequently made Duchess of Cleveland, who became his mistress. Out of the wages of her iniquity and profligacy she gave an annuity to her brother John Churchill, with which he purchased an ensignship in the Guards. The historian Macaulay, speaking of Churchill's marriage to Sarah Jennings, says:

"He (Churchill) must have been enamored. For he had little property, except the annuity which he had bought with the infamous wages bestowed on him by the Duchess of Cleveland. He was insatiable of riches. Sarah was poor, and a plain girl with a large fortune was proposed to him. His love, after a struggle, prevailed over his avarice."

In a worldly sense, the fidelity of Churchill's love was amply rewarded.—His bride, though studiously patient, brought with her a dowry, which, judiciously employed made him at length a Duke of England, a Prince of the Empire, the Captain General of a great coalition the arbiter between mighty Princes, and what he valued most, the wealthiest subject in Europe.

That dowry thus alluded to was the friendship which his wife had formed with the Princess (soon to be Queen) Anne, and by which the most extraordinary preferments were given to the Churchill family. It was by this start, thus given by a courtisan, that John Churchill was enabled to enter upon that splendid career which gave him the first place in the military annals of Great Britain, and enabled him to found a family with which a scion of the royal house is anxious to conclude an alliance. The Duchess of Marlborough was a great character. After the death of her husband her hand was asked in marriage by one of the richest and most respectable of the English nobility. Her answer was: "No one can ever share the heart or hand that was once the property of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough."

Removing Rocks.—On many farms there are large rocks, both unsightly and troublesome. Where to heavy for handling, blasting with powder or bursting with water in winter are common means used, but a writer in the *American Farm Journal* gives another and safer method. He says:

"If the rock is buried in the ground, dig around it so as to expose the greater part of it, then build a wood fire around and over it, so as to heat it hot. The expansion caused by the heat usually causes the rock to burst in small pieces, but if it does not, draw the fire-brands quickly from the top and dash on a pair or two of cold water. This seldom if ever fails, as the sudden contraction of the outer surface causes it to break. I saw one broken in this way, which contained three wagon loads. A few trials will show about the amount of fire that is required."

FROM FORT TO FASHION.—The credited to a Canadian paper, called St. Mary's *Fetide*, a pleasant and amusing little reminiscence of the while prompted by a line in the location of the "Peacage and Baronage" England, refers to one of the stations in American life. Among the travelers brought by a stage-coach to the village of Stratford, in Ontario, many years ago, was a young man of rather boyish countenance, the distinguished hair of his father, a prominent society of the place, and an opportunity for fishing and hunting, lingered on at the inn many weeks before his apparent first intention. Known as Mr. Stirling, and believed to be from England, he was for some time credited only with the whim of a free and easy young tourist enjoying an interval of rural idleness between city sight-seeings; but at last the true reason of his delay was discovered. Immediately across the road from the tavern stood the cozy cottage and sparkling forge of the village blacksmith named Folsom, whose only daughter was a girl of extraordinary beauty and the belle of the place. From spending certain idle hours in the smutty young stranger had contracted quite an intimacy with the smith, and thus, by degrees, formed an acquaintance with the family; and a fortnight's incidental association with the beautiful daughter was what had caused the weeks of his stay in Stratford to lengthen unnoted into months.

But out and away to the cellars, garrets, and overcrowded tenement houses, where people are so poor. We see them working. We see men, women, and children actually starving. We see dirty, ragged, freezing little ones suffering. They are innocent of all save poverty. Little orphans, whose mothers are dead, whose fathers are in prison, or poor, miserable victims of dissipation.

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DEATH OF THE MEXICAN BANSHEE LOZADA.—By the *Colorado*, we received, via Missouri, the report of the death of one of the most remarkable men of our day, Manuel Lozada, of Tepic, generally known among the countrymen by the not inappropriate designation of "El Tigre de Alti"—the tiger of Alti. His career, that of De Francia and Lopez, of Paraguay, would not have been specially remarkable in Europe five centuries ago, but in our day it reads almost like a romance.

Lozada was of pure Indian parents, in an obscure village of Jalisco, he was reared a molester, but soon developed talents fitting him for higher things. Rising to the dignity of a highwayman, he soon made himself the terror of the roads in the mountain districts of Tepic. Two great foreign houses contested the control of the trade of that part of Mexico, and one of them found it convenient to retain Lozada in its pay, while the other sought and retained Rojas, who, if possible, a greater brute than the ex-molester. The rival factions ravaged blood districts. Rojas butchered in cold blood the entire population of the villages, and Lozada facetiously nicknamed the feet of his captives, and walked them over beds of hot coals. This was one of his mildest jobs. So the way went on for years, but finally Lozada triumphed, and Rojas, driven out of the district, was corralled and killed like a mad dog—as he deserved, at Seula. Lozada increased his power, until he was able to arrogate to himself the title of "Chief of the Neutral District of Tepic," and could summon to his aid an army of 10,000 Indian troops, tolerably well armed, brave and devoted to his cause. Without openly declaring his independence of the Federal Government of Mexico, he managed to control the district of Tepic—the north-western corner of Jalisco, bordering on Sinaloa, with San Blas for its port of entry—and nullify the acts of the Federal officials. The internal revenues of his district he collected and expended himself. When a vessel consigned to his friends arrived at San Blas he notified the Custom-house authorities on what terms the goods must be allowed to enter, and if his orders were not obeyed, confiscated all the Government money he could lay his hands on and drove the officials away. The almost impassable mountains in the rear of Tepic protected him from invasion by the way of Durango, and the Government, having no facilities for attacking him by sea, was obliged to temporize and bide its time. Tepic prospered under his rule. Goods came in virtually duty free, much of the time via San Blas, and he executed the laws, such as they were, very rigorously, allowing no one else to steal or commit murder. Tepic was the most orderly district in Mexico for years. A million offered Lozada the title of Count, and high position under the Empire, and the shrewd but unlettered Indian was half persuaded to abandon his position of quasi independence and accept the flattering offer. He went so far as to raise a large force, with which he invaded Sinaloa, and acted in conjunction with the French troops and Imperial mercenaries in raising the siege of Mazatlan. There his first disaster overtook him. The French had promised him provisions for his troops and a large sum of ready money, which, not forthcoming so soon as he expected, he halted some distance from Mazatlan to wait for them. Corona and Angel Martinez, of the Republican army, saw their advantage, turned back from Mazatlan, and routed and dispersed Lozada's army; and, without a moment's delay, marched back to meet the French force sent out to unite with him, and served that in the same manner. Lozada retreated to Tepic, and declared his district thenceforth neutral, and closed to the forces of both Republicans and Imperialists. Several times the Juarez Administration ordered Gen. Corona to march into Tepic from Guadalupe, Durango and Mazatlan simultaneously, and put down Lozada, but each time an insurrection in some part of the Republic called off the troops, and he was enabled to hold his power until the re-opening of an old wound, given him by his ancient enemy Rojas, terminated a most remarkable career, if our information be correct. It is doubtful if his mantle will fall upon a successor of sufficient nerve and energy to maintain the position which he held for more than twenty years. Placido Vega would succeed him, if he could, but he is part Caucasian, and the Indians hate and despise him. An Indian successor may possibly be found, but it is doubtful. Of the Tiger of Alti Byron might well have written:

"He left a villain's name to other times, Linked to one virtue and a thousand crimes."

SHRINKAGE OF GRAIN.—The writer had a quantity carefully measured and put up in sacks. It remained in the barn in this way for three months. When the sacks were first filled the mouths could scarcely be tied, they were so full. At the end of three months there was apparently plenty of room for more. For curiosity, some of it was remeasured and it was found that two quarts per bushel had fallen away, which is a loss of about seven per cent.—In the place where the seed is kept was no heat or wind to dry it up, and it may be taken as the very lowest percentage of loss. Under other circumstances the loss by saving six months may often reach as high as twenty per cent. These things should be considered by those who are inclined to hold on for the chance of a rise.

Another consideration strikes one here. People often complain they get short weight or measure. No doubt this is too often the case; but it is likely that it is some instances the difference is as much in shrinkage as in intention.

QUANTRELL'S FATE.

Despite the detailed account of Quantrell's death given by the *Kansas City Times* two weeks ago, a paragraph describing that noted guerrilla as still living is going the rounds of the press. The curiosity felt concerning his ultimate fate, and the attempts made to persecute him, remarkably illustrate the attraction of mystery, and the morbid admiration felt by some coarse natures to usurp notoriety for deeds of blood. Soon after the close of our civil war, as the *Times* relates, some very mist of the Confederate colonists at Vera Cruz and claim to be Quantrell; but too many of them were well acquainted with the guerrilla's features, and the impostor was soon exposed. Some of these colonists removed to Honduras, and there they heard that Quantrell had preceded them; on inspection, this second impostor turned out to be a swarthy New Orleans creole, who could scarcely speak English. The latest revival of Quantrell is in the shape of an account by two different "reliable" gentlemen, that they met in 1868 at Fort Lyon, New Mexico, and conversed with him about his exploits in the war, and his raid into Kansas in 1863. But, however vigorous these sham Quantrells may be, the real one is very effectually buried by the *Kansas City Times*. It says that two men who attended him in his last moments, and saw him buried, now reside in Jackson County, in this State. Their statement is that he was mortally wounded in a fight with Federal troops in Kentucky in 1864, and taken under an assumed name to a hospital in Louisville, where he died. Disguised as civilians, these faithful followers attended him in the hospital and to the grave. A mystery hangs about the movements of Quantrell after his retreat to Texas, immediately subsequent to his raid on the town of Lawrence, in Kansas in 1863.—The *Times* says merely that he "became tired of the war in Missouri," and in 1864 went to bushwack east of the Mississippi, making his way far up into Kentucky.—But from the various accounts brought home by returning Confederates, it would appear that he had very good reasons for being "tired" of war in Missouri. The main fate of guerrillas with their own hands to pursue him, Quantrell's, it is believed, in the dissatisfaction of some of his followers with the distribution of the real or supposed spoils of Lawrence, led his hand to select some other leader. Commanders of regular forces are almost always hostile to partisan warfare, as it reacts injuriously on the discipline of their own troops, complicates questions of exchange of prisoners and "retaliation," and often seriously interferes with regular military operations. It so happened that Quantrell's massacre at Lawrence not only excited general disgust and horror among reflecting Confederates, but completely thwarted a very daring project of the Confederate authorities. The incursion of Gen. Shelby into Missouri in the Fall of 1863 was planned on the information, correct at the time, that Missouri was almost denuded of available Union troops; and he was expected to be able to maintain himself for at least a fortnight on the Missouri River and gather in a large number of recruits before being forced to return. The Lawrence outrage occasioned a sudden remission of the formidable force to pursue Quantrell, and Shelby, unexpectedly finding himself in the very jaws of it, was forced to retreat without accomplishing all he had aimed. When Quantrell got within the Confederate lines he consequently found himself very welcome to the authorities, and they consented to his remaining in Texas with his band till "first grass" of the next Spring, only on condition that he and his comrades should then leave, and in their future operations unclaim to be Confederate troops, or ask protection of such. Thus graciously outlived by both sides, and his influence with his own men impaired, Quantrell had to seek some other field of operations than Missouri. Unfamiliar with Kentucky, he was at a disadvantage in exercising his skill in guerrilla warfare, and soon fell into the hands of the Union forces, ending his bloody career by a death so obscure as to be now even disputed altogether.

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