Wichita Eagle

WE AND THE WORLD.

The world is the same the whole world over,
In every country and ever clime.
Men love beauty and bees love clover,
And will to the distant end of time.

The world is the same old world forever,
There's joy in truth and there's pain in vice;
The fruit forbidden we taste and sever
Our hold on the heart's pure paradise.

The world's today is the world's to-morrow,
And both shall be its yesterday:
Our joy and grief, our love and sorrow,
Like our father's thoughts, shall pass away.

There's nothing new and there's nothing olden,
Each day is born on the day's fresh wings.
Our hearts have music sweet and golden,
Or discord, just as we touch life's strings.
—Springfield Union.

AN ARIZONA IDYL.

"Wake up. Hump yourself, now. It's time for us to skedaddle."

The sleeper, thus rudely brought back to the cares and sorrows of the waking world, sat up on the edge of his cot and rubbed his eyes stupidly. It was dark—through the open door came the yelping and howling of a pack of coyotes, and, in the west, softened by distance, the drowsy whistle of a receding train.

"What's the matter? You ain't been bowlin' up again, I hope?" he at length inquired, with the reproachful ill nature always consequent upon an unwelcome awakening.

"No, I haven't been bowlin' up," replied the other indignantly; then, lowering his voice to a whisper, added: "The returns has come."

"That's so! Who's 'lected?" dreamily murmured the man on the cot, as he fell backward and glided gently away to the shadowy realm of slumber.

"Who's talkin' about 'lections?—the returns from that assay of the Rise an' Shine has come; she has 400 ounces silver, $45 gold, 5 per cent. lead and a trace of copper."

"Four hundred ounces"——

"S-s-h! You want that Greaser in the next room to get on to it! Get inside your pants and come out to the corral, where we can talk about it."

No further coaxing was needed, and the two men were soon standing by the corral gate. The only light visible was at the railroad station; all the rest of the town was silent and dark. The camp fires had died out, but the outlines of the freighters' wagons could be distinguished in the gloom, with their animals clustered about them, trampling and munching, finishing up the vestiges of last night's feed, with an occasional sharp, squealing neigh, as some mule avenged a long standing grudge by giving a comrade a surreptitious nip; and, out on the vague expanse of barren plains, the coyotes howled with that mirthless derision peculiar to them and kindred prowlers of the night.

"What we've got to do," resumed the first speaker, in a low voice, "is to slide out to the mine as fast as the Lord'll let us and locate the extensions. I had a sort of feelin' them returns would come to-night, so I stayed round and got the postmaster to open the mail, and when I got through readin' 'em, I seen him lookin' at me mighty sharp and it's my belief he looked over my shoulder and read the whole business. If he did he'll start some one right out to squat on the extensions, and we've got to get there and fool 'em—see?"

This very explicit statement was in the main true; although it had been the attraction of "faro," rather than any premonition, that had kept Bob Watson out of bed at such an unseasonable hour, and it had been a mere chance that led him to the office as the postmaster was distributing the mail in readiness for the early morning stage. His companion, however, did not attempt to rob him of any of the glory, all minor considerations being lost in the refulgent prospects opened up by the magic figures—four hundred ounces.

"Who'd 'a' thought that rock had so much mineral in it?" he remarked, as he threw the saddle blanket over his mule.

"Who'd 'a' thought it?" inquired Watson, in a tone of the most intense surprise. "Didn't I say so right straight along? When we first broke into the ledge didn't I pick up a chunk, and, scrapin' off some of that black stuff with my knife, didn't I say right then and there, 'This is straight goods, or I'm a sucker?' Didn't I so then very words?"

"Well, mebbe you did—I don't remember; but if you say so, why it stands to reason that you did," replied the pacific Sam Price, as he proceeded to cinch his mule into apparent convulsions—only apparent, however, for the mule is an artful animal and well skilled in counterfeiting the agony engendered—so physiologists say—by tight lacing.

Daylight found them well on the way to the mine, and as they proceeded they consulted as to whose names should be used in taking up the various extensions.

"We might list Mrs. Hawes in on one of them," suggested Price, a little timidly; "she 'pears like a decent kind of a woman and can just knock the socks off'n a cook stove."

"Can if you want to," replied Watson, sarcastically; "might help you long some; you don't seem to be meetin' the old lady very fast."

A deep drawn sigh was the only answer made by Price, and silence reigned between them until a small, irregular excavation was reached, where a notice tacked to a board, planted in a pile of rocks, announced to all comers—distinctly, with due reference to lines and points of the compass—that the ground immediately adjacent thereto was comprised in the mining location known as the "Rise and Shine," the property of R. Watson and E. Price." The two partners at once set to work and staked off about a quarter of a mile of ground on each side of the original location, and Watson, after a great deal of writing, chewing of lead pencil and profanity—aids to mental exertion which he always evoked—produced the proper notices, claiming it in behalf of various distant relatives of the original locators, not omitting the aforesaid Mrs. Hawes, who had the first southwest extension duly credited to her.

After the completion of this labor they breakfasted on bacon, coffee and crackers, and the assayer's certificate was examined again to see if, in the disenchanting light of day, its characters still possessed their magic power. The figures were unchanged—so plain no one could mistake them: "Silver, 400 oz.; gold, $45; lead, 5 per cent.; copper, trace."

And as they smoked their pipes, each, according to his taste, reared aerial structures of wondrous beauty, and if those of Price contained apartments specially reserved for the occupancy of Mrs. Hawes, he did not feel called upon to advise his partner of the fact.

It was decided that they should at once take out a few carloads of the best ore, ship it to the reduction works, and, with the sum thus realized, they could open up the mine properly, and either sell or work it themselves, as they saw fit. With this aim in view, they therefore returned to town to lay in provisions, hire three or four men, and engage teams to haul the ore to the railroad. Watson, being the more energetic of the two, charged himself with all these duties, while Price, loitering about in an aimless sort of way, was, by some magnetic influence, guided to the tent of Mrs. Hawes. This lady was a true daughter of the frontier—small, wiry, sharp as to features and voice, as well as in her management of the affairs of life and trade.

Open air life has many advocates, but it cannot be denied it is destructive to the complexion and to the other beauties more especially feminine. But what Mrs. Hawes may have lacked in the way of velvety bloom and youthful softness of contour was more than compensated for by her vigor and endurance—it was this latter trait, probably, which had at first attracted Sam Price. Mrs. Hawes happened to arrive at Arivaca on one of those red letter days, or nights rather, when what was known in the dialects of that cosmopolitan camp as a baile, dance, or "shindig," was in progress, and, though she had driven a four horse team twenty-five miles that day, done her own "swamping," to say nothing of pitching a tent and getting supper after her arrival, she turned in and danced all competitors off the floor—danced round dances, square dances, reels and breakdowns; danced till the candles burned down, flickered and went out; till the rising sun showed his shocked countenance through the open window, and the last hoarse, gurgling whoop stuck fast in the throat of the exhausted floor manager—then she went home, fed her stock and cooked breakfast.

Perhaps it was this insensibility to fatigue which first awoke the latent passion in the heart of Mr. Price, but there is no knowing to a certainty; with regard to phenomena of this nature, despite our boasted science, all is as yet but conjecture. But at any rate there could be no doubt of his devotion to her. Since the night of the ball he had been unremitting in those little attentions, such as cutting wood, carrying water, etc., so dear to the heart of every true woman; yet, as Watson had said, up to the present time he had received very little encouragement from the recipient of all those marks of respectful adoration.

The advent of Mrs. Hawes had been entirely unexpected by the society of Arivaca, nor was it known with any degree of accuracy whence she came, or the probable duration of her sojourn among them—gossip, it is true, had it that she was a Mormon en route to Salt Lake, but this report was generally conceded to be the offspring of jealousy on the part of the other ladies.

"Howdy doo, Mrs. Hawes?" said Price, as he sank apologetically down upon a nail keg just inside the flap of the tent. A slight nod was all the response to this salutation, and Mrs. Hawes continued her task of repairing a hamestrap, seemingly oblivious of the presence of her worshiper. "I s'pose," resumed Price, after an embarrassing silence, "you haven't heard 'bout the returns of the Rise an' Shine?"

"No," replied the lady. "I'm kept hustlin' around so't I ain't no time to hear nuthin'."

"She goes four ounces," said Price, confidentially.

"In yer mind," retorted Mrs. Hawes; "don't try for to make me b'leave sech fairy stories as them aire. Think I can't tell horn silver from copper stain when I see it?"

"I know you can size up rock pretty close as a general thing, but this here ledge in the Rise an' Shine's diff'rent from the common run o' rock—there's a lot o' chemicals mixed in, with lightnin' strikin' names, so't takes a good un to guess this here ore—here's the certif'cate too." Price had forgotton that reading was not one of Mrs. Hawes' accomplishments, or he would never have been guilty of such a faux pas.

"Take your ole paper an' git," she cried, angrily; "I ain't no time to waste nosin' round, figurin' out such writin' as them assayers does—a Philadelfy lawyer couldn't make head'r tails out'n it."

"We thought," said Price, as he rose to go, "you might likes to be in on one of the extensions, so we located you in the first southwest. T'wont cost you nothin' for recordin'—you won't be out nothin' no way."

This statement somewhat mollified the lady, who thanked him, stating that she believed he meant well, though, of course, she knew it would never amount to anything—and, in conclusion, she invited him to call around after awhile and get a "snack o' sumthin' t'eat"—an invitation Mr. Price never failed to accept.

Everything progressed favorably with the two partners, the streak of pay ore widened as they went down on the ledge, and they were enabled to take it out much faster than they had anticipated. Watson did the sorting of the ore, as he knew exactly the kind the assay had been made from. None but first class rock was sacked up, the lower grades being left upon the dump, to be worked when the mill was built. Even Price's affair of the heart had taken a favorable turn, he having, so to say, struck soft ground, and was making rapid progress in the affections of Mrs. Hawes. Whether there was any occult connection between the esteem in which he was held by this lady and the pile of four-hundred-dollar rock on the station platform it is, of course, impossible to say, but it was remarked they increased in much the same relative proportion. At length two cars were loaded, and Watson himself accompanied them to the reduction works to see that no change of ore was worked upon them to their disadvantage.

While he was absent on this mission Price brought his affair almost to a settlement—the momentous question was propounded and a favorable reply received—nothing was lacking but the wedding garments, and the bride undertook to have them ready inside of three days. During this interval Mr. Price sauntered about in a state of beatitude much easier imagined than described.

On the afternoon of the third day succeeding the departure of Watson, Price received a telegram, which, after paying for, he opened and found to read as follows:

"Benson, Nop. 18.—E. Price, Arivaca—Git married to wunst; back to night.—R. Watson.—7 collect."

At first Price did not exactly grasp the meaning of the message, but a little reflection showed him that the apparently enigmatical portion of it was merely Watson's way of advising him to expedite the wedding. He accordingly repaired at once to the dwelling of his betrothed, and after acquainting her with the contents of the dispatch suggested that they repair at once to the justice of the peace and have the ceremony performed. But, much to his surprise, Mrs. Hawes would not hear of it. "I've only jest got the green caliker basted up," she said. "I'll take half a day to finish it, and then new shoes won't be down from Tucson 'fore to-morrow night. I won't get married in these old moccasins if I never do. That fool Watson's drunk, and I won't be druv around by him nor no other man livin'—sabe. If you cain't wait and hev things fixed up decent an' like white folks you can vamoose just as pronto as you want to."

Price hastened to assure her that though he must necessarily long to advance the hour which should make her all his own, he doubted not he would be able to restrain his ardor so that the proprieties might be observed in all things. "You see," he said, "it's like this: Bob's gone there an' the ore's turned out so much better'n he expected that it sort o' rattled him, an', knowin' how much I thought o' you an' how keen I was for to hurry up the weddin', he's just rushed off'n hit the wires a lick so's to help us out like."

This explanation allayed the fears Mrs. Hawes had entertained that some attempt was being made to curtail her independence—a matter upon which she was very sensitive—and she consented, after awhile, to be pacified. Had Price been less afflicted by that blindness which is such a marked symptom of the malady called love, the frequent outbursts of irascibility on the part of his promised bride might have aroused some uneasiness concerning the peace and harmony of their wedded life, but as is usual in such cases, he paid no heed to the danger signals, and rushed blindly on his fate.

Notwithstanding this plausible explanation he had given of the origin of Watson's message, he was considerably disturbed by it, and waited up until 3 o'clock in the morning to meet his partner on the arrival of the west bound express.

He was terribly shocked by his appearance—a more disconsolate, woe-begone-looking specimen of humanity it would be hard to imagine.

"Faro," said Price to himself; and his heart sank within him.

Watson made no reply to his partner's greetings, but dragged him away from the station into the friendly shelter of the darkness.

"Did you git my telegram?" he asked, when they were out of hearing of any possible listener.

"Yes, I got it."

"And you're married?" he interrupted, eagerly.

"No," replied Price; "you see, the lady didn't exactly take to the idea. We'll get there to-morrow, though"——

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Watson. "I knowed it—I had a feelin' it'd be jest that way. Everything gone to—! Busted flatter'n a tortillo!"

"Busted!" cried Price; "you don't mean to say"——

"Yes I do—that ore wouldn't pay to work. There ain't an ounce of metal in a mountain of it. We got to sell a mule to pay the freight on it. There was a mistake in them returns—the assayer sent us the wrong certif'cate. I'd oughter killed him, but I didn't—he said he hoped we hadn't been put out any by it, and he gimme some of his cards to throw round 'mong the boys. There'll be a holy circus out to camp when they hear 'bout it and begin to holler for their pay. What chews me up the worst, though, Price, is that the widow'll back out like as not now. You never can depend on a woman, nohow."

Beyond a deep sigh Price made no reply to this discouraging platitude, and the two partners disappeared in the gloom. Watson immediately sought the oblivion and solace which by common consent is supposed to be located somewhere near the bottom of a glass of whisky. How Price passed the hours of darkness—what paroxysms of despair, what cyclones of passion disturbed his ordinarily calm and dreamless slumber, it is not the purpose of this narrative to disclose; let it suffice that the rising sun found him wan and haggard—that is, as wan as his sun burned complexion would admit of.

He partook of a light breakfast with much the same relish as the condemned man feels for the delicacies of his last earthly meal, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon directed his steps toward the widow's tent. Although afflicted with a ghastly sinking feeling in the region of his heart, or stomach—he was not exactly certain which, not being strong in anatomy—he resisted the temptation to take some stimulant to enable him to endure the approaching operation.

When, after several abortive attempts, he succeeded in reaching the tent, and found the lady engaged in putting the finishing touches to the "green caliker;" when he reflected that now, perhaps, that festal garment no longer possessed a reason for existence—when, in short, all the bitter thoughts of what might have been came crowding into his mind—emotion almost mastered him.

"Must 'a' ketched cold las' night from the way't you snuffle," remarked his fiancee by way of greeting. The delicate, one might almost say wifely, solicitude conveyed by these simple words was all that was lacking to complete Price's discomfiture, and it was some time before he managed to reply in a choking voice:

"Yes, I wuz up rather late. I wanted to see Watson—he came back on the train."

"Drunk agin, too; I heerd him screechin' and hollerin' around."

"He wuzn't drunk when he come, but the ore didn't work quite so—that is, it didn't come up to the assayer's figgers, an' Watson's so techy an' easy put out by enuything't goes wrong, he got howled up a little 'fore he knowed it."

"What did that air rock work, enuyways?"

"We ain't had it worked yet—we thought—it—she don't work at all," said Price, desperately, realizing the futility of further evasion; "there wuz a mistake somewheres. There ain't no mineral in that ore—the assayer sent us the wrong certificate—we've blowed ourselves in for all we've got, and so I've come to say't if you wanted to pull down your ante an' drop out 'fore the deal goes enny furder—why, o' course you can—but—I—I"——

Mrs. Hawes' eyes fairly blazed, with sympathy and love, doubtless, as she replied: "That drunken no caount Watson's been a-puttin' you up to this. He's been a-pizen-in' your mind agin the wimmen folks. Tole you I wuz too ole fur ye, did he? Been a-eggin' you on fur to leave me in the lurch, a'ter everything's ready for the wedding. This is sono o' that Heely Monster's doin's, but he don't make it stick—you sabe that! You thought I wuz stuck on that ole grave stun quarry o' your'n, but I'll jest fool ye once fur luck. It's you I want, an' I'll hev ye, too, if there's eany law in Arizony."

Oh, phenomena, forever incomprehensible, of the human heart!

When Price believed the woman of his choice was irretrievably lost to him, that he could no longer hope to win her, the glamor of the impossible endowed her with all the charms fancy ever dreamed of, but when he found that instead of losing her, she possessed him, body and soul, at the very moment when his felicity should have been the most complete and unalloyed, it was tinctured by a vague regret—the indefinable, intangible sense of disappointment which ever accompanies the realization of our cherished ideals.

This disappointment was heightened by the fact the bride would not consent to Watson being present at the marriage ceremony. Price would have liked to have his old partner witness the legal sanction of his bliss, but the lady was inexorable, and Price acquiesced, a performance in which he was rapidly acquiring proficiency.

* * * * * *

The discordant clamor of the charivari had long since been hushed; darkness had invaded the sidereal heights and silence brooded over slumbering Arivaca. The barkeeper of the Fashion was just locking the door of that establishment, and Watson, who had been compelled reluctantly to abandon his location before the bar, clung to an awning post, and inveighed against the folly of marriage and the wiles of woman.

"Common horse sense, decency, r'ligion, everything's agin it—the Bible's agin it, too."

"Oh, come off," replied the barkeeper; "what's the Bible got to say about it?"

"What's the Bible got to say about it? The Bible says jest eggsactly: 'Misfortunes never comes single'—that's what she says, an' when the Scriptures coppers enuything, young feller, you can play'er to lose every time."

Out on the desert the coyotes yelled in derision, and far off in the west the whistle of a receding train faded lingeringly away into the silence of the night—and even so melted into air all the glittering hopes founded on the Rise and Shine.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Right of Suffrage.

The right to vote comes from the state, and is a state gift. Naturalization is a federal right, and is a gift of the Union, not of any one state. In nearly one-half the Union aliens (who have declared intentions) vote and have the right to vote equally with naturalized or native born citizens. In the other half only actual citizens may vote. The federal naturalization laws apply to the whole Union alike, and provide that no alien male may be naturalized until after five years' residence. Even after five years' residence and due naturalization he is not entitled to vote unless the laws of the state confer the privilege upon him, and he may vote in one state (Minnesota) four months after landing, if he has immediately declared his intention, under United States law, to become a citizen.

The Number of English Speaking People.

It has been estimated that the English speaking people of the world number close upon 125,000,000, while the French speech is used by 50,000,000 people, the German by about 70,000,000, the Spanish by somewhat more than 40,000,000, the Russian by about 70,000,000, the Italian by about 30,000,000 and the Portuguese by perhaps 13,000,000. The English language has enormously outgrown its competitors since the beginning of the present century, and is used by nearly twice as many people as any of the other languages named.

Thumb Rings.

Few people know that about three hundred years ago it was the fashion to wear a ring upon the thumb. Several of Queen Elizabeth's rings that are still extant and well identified are so large that there can be no doubt that they were thumb rings. It was at about the same era the custom, indeed, not only to wear a ring upon the thumb, but to wear the wedding ring there.

BOSTON'S MILLIONAIRES.

LIVES, TRAITS, HABITS OF SOME CAPITALISTS OF THE HUB.

Men Who Lead the New England Metropolis in Wealth, and How They Acquired Their Money—Pictures of Eben D. Jordan, Oliver Ames, Benjamin F. Butler.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, March 17.—Here in Boston we have no Astors nor Vanderbilts, but there are a few who are not absolute paupers, and who are even likely to be fairly well off some day if they keep on. The largest individual taxpayers are: Joshua Montgomery Sears, who pays $50,000 on $3,617,000 worth of real estate and $125,000 worth of personal estate; Frederick L. Ames, who pays $40,375 on $3,000,000 worth of real estate; Eben B. Jordan, who pays $30,600 on $1,518,000 worth of real and $20,000 worth of personal property; Arioch Wentworth, who pays $20,700 on $1,454,000 worth of real and $110,000 worth of personal property, and H. Hollis Hunnewell, who pays $15,000 on $1,127,000 of real estate.

OLIVER AMES.

There are comparatively few Bostonians who would be considered extremely wealthy in other great cities of the United States. The millionaire has become somewhat common, and the man who wishes to attract attention by his fortune must express it with eight figures. There are many wealthy families about Boston, but comparatively few immensely wealthy individuals. This is due in part to the fact that Bostonians incline to enjoy wealth without risk, and while this may be fortunate for the possessors it is a doubtful blessing to the city. Besides, Boston was founded so many years ago that the wealth of the founders has been divided and sub-divided through many generations. Until recent years large families were the rule in New England, and consequently few, if any, of the early great fortunes have been kept intact. Children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren have helped fritter away the accumulations of earlier generations. In other cities the feverish excitements of gambling in grain, real estate and other speculative articles create fortunes in a day and disperse them in a day, but these opportunities are comparatively unknown here.

Of the millionaires of Boston Mr. Frederick L. Ames unquestionably stands at the head. Mr. Ames, though taxed only on a little over $3,000,000 in Boston, is estimated as worth $20,000,000 to $25,000,000. The Ames family fills no small part in the history of state and nation. Mr. Ames is a cousin of the governor of the commonwealth, and is eminently a railroad magnate. He is perhaps the only one in Boston who would rank beside the very rich men of New York, his only rival being J. Montgomery Sears. Personally connected with upwards of sixty railroads, he is a railroad man in the largest sense.

Never yet has a single word or taint of corrupt or dishonorable practices attached to him. His operations are always from practical standpoints. He is in no sense a speculator. He is fully competent to judge of the value, quality, resources, availability and possibilities of railway establishments, and as an adviser in those directions has few equals. Mr. Ames is a director who directs. He is reserved in manner; just and patient with subordinates; quick to determine and not slow to act; punctual, and withal, upright and just. Large hearted, genial, a good listener and a good talker, Mr. Ames is a man whom it is pleasant to meet. With his two cousins he is associated in the great manufacturing business at North Easton, where he has his summer residence. He has a palatial mansion in the aristocratic Back bay in Boston.

Governor Oliver Ames, like his cousin Fred, counts his wealth by millions. Though he pays a comparatively small tax in Boston, his legal residence being North Easton, where he was born in 1831, he occupies perhaps the finest mansion in Boston, on Commonwealth avenue, it being taxed on an assessed valuation of about $200,000. He has been four years lieutenant governor and three years governor, declining a renomination. He entered his father's shovel works and learned all branches of the business. In 1875, when he had been twenty-five years in business, his father, Oakes Ames, died, leaving an immense estate, scattered in almost every state in the Union, with an indebtedness amounting to $8,000,000 while appraisal showed that unsecured creditors could scarcely expect forty cents on the dollar. But in spite of the panic, which came six months after his father's death, and everything else, Oliver Ames made the estate pay in full and left enough to pay a million dollars of legacies and a surplus besides for the residuary legatees. Since then he has climbed rapidly up the steep hill of fortune. He has acquired large railway and other interests and has been a bold operator in the stock market. Possession of large means by him and his family has been coupled by a large public spirit and many notable illustrations of liberality. In domestic life a model husband and father, he bases his best and truest happiness upon his wife, children and friends. Governor Ames is affable, courteous, friendly and essentially democratic. Many of the older workmen at Easton, with whom he worked in years past in making shovels, are still addressed by him, and he by them, in their Christian names, and he has no more sincere friends than these same mechanics whose life labor has been spent in the employ of his family.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

[illegible] Rochester millionaires would be [illegible] in manufacturing [illegible] of the town. The duke of his fortune has been made by investing in some [illegible] Amherst is one [illegible] and his family Amherst is very fortunate indeed. He lives well, is very generous, and [illegible] Worcester, Springfield and Chicago, where he has [illegible] $100,000 a year. He is a large property owner in New York, [illegible] Boston, he has a large property in New York, [illegible] $2,000,000. He is pretty much identified with Boston [illegible] and [illegible] Boston, and [illegible] $2,000,000 and [illegible] over $2,000,000 [illegible] Boston [illegible] Jamin F. Butler, who is estimated by those who [illegible] to be worth between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. He is pretty much identified with Boston [illegible] and [illegible] Boston, and [illegible] $2