

Iron County Register.

Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
I've many things to purchase,
Dollars are hard to get;
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it,
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say,—but mean it,—
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why.

The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious too,
At first to glance it over,
And then to read it through;
And I to read the leaders,
And scan the book reviews,
And scan the correspondence,
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try;
The other people take it,
And, printer, so must I;
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know;
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar,
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down,
And send the paper promptly,
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcome benison.

—Christian Secretary.

Old Mexico and Her People.

[From a Letter in Pomroy's Democrat.]

Very much of Mexico is, to me, a dreary, parched, poverty stricken region, lying under the mildest, brightest skies in the heavens, only needing what Phil Sheridan said Hell needed to make it a Paradise. Occasionally there are spots like an oasis in a desert. A small adobe house, with white-washed walls, overgrowing with climbing roses, shaded by orange trees, surrounded by brilliant flowers of unknown names, give a glimpse of what may be in the future when other men and other measures replace the present changeless population and mental stagnation that rule the land. But such places are rarer than angels' visits.

We, most of us, can remember the pictures of the "Land of Gilead" in the old geographies and family Bible. There were the low, flat-roofed huts, with little square windows and doors, with a Mussulman or two squatting down by the wall, and a camel standing to one side. Change the camel to a burro, the Mussulman to a Mexican and the picture exactly fits most any part of Mexico, especially the man sitting in the sun. For steady, long-continued sitting in the sun, and immeasurable laziness, the Mexican has no equal.

My business lay at the foot of Popocatepetl, the extinct volcano, around which are grouped records of the darkest crimes and deepest mysteries in all history. The road from the City of Mexico leads by Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. Both lakes are famous in the old geographies for stories of their floating gardens. Lots of the things that the old books told of in Mexico have got away, but these gardens haven't. But they don't float any more. They did until a few years ago, when a big wind storm arose and sent Don Jesus Maria Huarfano's ranch bunting into Don Peter Bacca's garden, and kept bunting it until the garden went to pieces, and sunk into the fathomless depths of Chalco—two feet below the surface. Then Don Peter Bacca waded to shore, and brought suit against Don Jesus, in the Alcade's court, and it was appealed from one court to the other, until finally the whole nation got excited, and the Senate passed a law that every man owning a ranch having a pugnacious disposition should keep it tied up, and now those floating gardens are staked down, larriated and respectable, but teetering real estate. For 200 years these gardens were given to going on wild and reckless spree, until a parental government decreed that men should do what sensible men would do of their own accord.

Lake Chalco is connected with the City of Mexico by a canal twenty miles long, and little canals and ditches branch off from either side, into the richest of gardens. Here everybody goes to market by water—in flat-boats that carry tons, and canoes that carry one man and a few pounds of freight, and the canal is full of them, coming

or going. The freight consists of wood, vegetables, hay, pottery and flowers. Everywhere here they manufacture pottery,—yellow, brown, bay, brindle, ringed, streaked, striped and spotted. It is said that pottery-making once required some skill, but does not now. The poor devil of a native who has only skill enough to make a hideous caricature of a decent article, finds the readiest sale for his wares, which are sent to the United States, and other semi-civilized regions to supply the bric-a-brac demand for ancient Aztec, Peruvian, Chinese and Japanese ware. Nearly every boat carries flowers for the city market. All the year round here flowers grow and blossom out of doors, and a love for them is a national passion. A senora may be ignorant, squalid and as low as a brute, but she loves flowers, and in her hands a few leaves, grasses and buds will be formed into as tasty a bouquet as ever was fashioned by artistic florist.

Close to Lake Chalco is the town of Tuzaco, which is half Indian, half Mexican. That means dogs and dirt in abundance. Just back of the town are great heaps of adobe, a hundred or more feet high, which are said to be ruins of pyramids ante-dating those of Egypt. There is the ruin of an aqueduct, more massive than any I have ever seen. There are circular holes cut in the solid rock, with steps leading from the top to the bottom, which are supposed to have been cisterns. There are ruins of buildings that covered acres. Three hundred years ago they were there as they are now. That is all that any one knows about the matter.

It is surprising on what a small piece of ground a native will make a living. Often his ranch is no bigger than a common town lot. But a living is a simple matter with him. His usual wants are something to wear and having enough to celebrate an occasional religious festival by getting gloriously drunk on pulque. Pulque is one of the native treasures. It is a liquor distilled from a native plant. Whisky has no taste after it, and brandy is only a mild stimulant when it is around. If a man drink it habitually for a month, he can't after that have his pulse ever quickened by whisky. He will be dead. It is warranted in a week to put a shell on a man's skin so thick that if a mule kicks him he will not know it, unless he is looking at the mule.

Ameca lies at the foot of Mr. Popocatepetl half a day's horse-back ride from Lake Chalco; it is a pretty assemblage of Indian huts, shaded by beautiful trees, with little irrigating streams of clear water, running hap-hazard all through the town. Ameca is not a desirable place to loiter in, for too many stories are told of murdered men, and others captured by veritable banditti and carried into the mountains to be held for ransom. Some of the stories are doubtless true, but the dangers are exaggerated. It is the custom to mark with a cross the spot where a hman being meets a violent death, and if by chance the cross is removed, some devoted Catholic will supply another in its place. Crosses are plenty on all highways and by-ways of Mexico, but then they are the records of generations of crime. Some of them mark the death-place of men whose names are forgotten.

Coloradans pride themselves on the grand mountains in their State; but Mexico is entitled to the cake. Pike's Peak is a baby beside Popocatepetl or its twin Sztacahuatl. They rear their twin heads as far above timber line as Pike's Peak is above the foothills. One sunset there made a picture never to be forgotten. Down in the valley where I stood there was the gloom of coming night. The line of the horizon shadow from the setting sun lay half way up the mountain side; smoky clouds below it hid the base and the great peak hung in mid heaven; the icy summit was a blaze of light, standing on vast fields of snow and ice that the setting sun painted with gold and crimson; the crags of lava were tinted with green, and overhanging clouds were purple and black; below, the darkness grew deeper and the blazing, changing, mighty Popocatepetl was a picture framed in the skies.

I saw manufactories of glass, paper, salt and soda; but they manufacture in a sleepy, lazy, domestic kind of a way, as though it was done for amusement instead of a business. I had letters of introduction to Senor Cervantes, the owner of a paper mill, and presented them. I was received with all the stately cordiality imaginable, introduced to his wife and daughter, shown through the mill and grounds, and got a glimpse of social life among the intelligent higher classes, into whose homes the stranger seldom finds a chance to enter. Comfort, refinement and luxury, so far as the country could have, were as marked as in any home in the States. It was hard to tell where the mill ended and the home began. They stood side by side, with pretty walks and well kept flowers and shrubs, terraced garden grounds and a dozen fountains at play about the mill as well as home.

I once asked a shrewd old Spaniard what had been the cause of so many

revolutions in the country, and his answer was a new reason to me and worth recording. Said he: "All our Judges here, just like all our other officials, are corrupt, and take bribes. When the people have any real grievance—and they have lots of them—it is no use to appeal to the courts of justice. There is nothing else to do but revolt and have a new government."

Another one told me the cause was this: "When a party gets into power, its officers steal, and steal, and steal, until they have got all the other side had. Then the victims get mad, kick up a revolution, turn out the officeholders, and take a turn at the loaves and fishes themselves. And they steal, and steal, and steal, until the outs take their turn; and so the ball keeps whirling."

Boss Tweed's ring, or the Denver City Council, never learned the alphabet of official thievery. The Mexicans all know an unabridged dictionary of it. I saw one fellow near the Rio Grande with a train of sixty loaded burros, and asked him what he was doing. "Smuggling," was his answer and he told me he did it in day-light—never feared the Mexican revenue collectors or their police, for he paid them all. If we should annex that region what a harvest the members of the Legislature would have when several bonanza Senatorial candidates were seeking votes!

They say Boss Shepherd went to Mexico thinking he could teach those natives a trick or two in the way of gathering shekels, but was skinned by them at every turn. The Boss has a rich mine there, the San Miguel, it is named. When one of the revolutions occurred, the rebel party called upon his superintendent for a contribution of \$60,000 to help the cause. He refused, when they arrested him, put him in prison, and kept him there for six months, and then he had to pay \$50,000 to get out. But while he was in prison they took possession of the mine and worked out a half million of bullion. It sometimes grows very interesting for American miners down there. That was several years ago. Times are changing for the better. The Boss now has his mine defended by Winchester rifles and gattling guns, and swears he can and will whip the whole nation if they try any more games on him. I set the statement down as it was told to me, and not because I believe it to be true.

Uncle and Niece Married.

Marrying couples who wish to avoid, either from choice or necessity, the foolish extravagance of the orthodox wedding, may avoid it and also the parson's fee by simply going into either Iowa or California and expressing, before witnesses, an agreement to become husband and wife. There are about twelve other States where this form is also held valid, though Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, and Kansas make the contrary ruling. It isn't safe to court a girl warmly in any of these uncertain States. A case has just been decided in San Francisco holding valid the marriage of an uncle and his niece, contracted in this way in Italy, as the law of the country permits relatives to marry.

Personal Points.

Senator Hill's Georgia homestead, that cost \$20,000, has been sold for \$5,000.

White Shield, the noted and intelligent Chief of the Cheyenne tribe, died in Arkansas of a congestive chill.

Queen Victoria owns several large blocks of improved real estate in New York city, from which she derives handsome revenues.

The Courier-Journal says "there are thirteen grounds for divorce in Kentucky, and the next Legislature expects to ring in cold feet."

The Columbia (S. C.) Register says that some Edgefield young men carry the fore-paw of a rabbit in their pocket for good luck in love affairs.

Edward V. Valentine, the Richmond sculptor, is working at a heroic statue of John C. Breckinridge for Lexington, Ky., and a bust of Hayne, of South Carolina.

"Some genius" says the Chicago Tribune, "has invented a machine to play pianos. This will give American girls a chance to help mother hang out the clothes Monday afternoon."

The Lowell Citizen says: "There is a tariff on skeletons, and the Government must have, in the course of time, derived quite a revenue from the importation of ballet girls, to say nothing of Bernhardt."

Albert Hire, who is prominent in political affairs in Nevada, once saved his life by the use of a Masonic sign. He was attacked by Indians in New Mexico and was recognized by an Indian Mason when about to be scalped.

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