

A MEXICAN BOSS TWEED.

Reading the Cachuca in Buena Ventura and How It Affects Greater Politics. From the Philadelphia Times.

The manner of colonizing or "corraling" the Mexican vote in California is quite different from that practiced in the East. While the California method is equally effective it is more romantic and partakes more of pleasure than of political business.

Buena Ventura, California is a little town of about three thousand people, about twenty per cent. being Mexicans. But the Americans have overwhelmed the descendants of Montezuma, crowding them to the wall, or rather to the outskirts of the town, where there is a distinctive village of adobe huts.

The walls of the house are four feet in thickness, painted white without and within. This is the only adobe in town that is painted, and it is here that the "Gringos" and "Greasers" assemble when they want to paint the town.

The town "Greaser" is a derivative adopted by Americans to Mexicans of the lower class only. In this ancient adobe the "Boss Tweed" of the Mexican contingent keeps a restaurant. Metaphorically, the restaurant keeper carries the "Greaser" vote in his sombrero, and the American candidate for the enlightened suffrages of people must first square this "boss" before he can hope to secure the balance of power.

On the eve of an election groups of Mexicans sit here at the tables discussing American politics in their native vernacular, but at each table is an American political "heeler," whose arguments are very effective so long as he calls for wine. Wine is cheap in that grape-growing country. The ingredients for adulteration costs more, considering the trouble and time, than the wine. Of course, there is a bar, and the only article of drink not found in a Mexican bar is American whisky.

They have its counterpart, however—mescal, a deceptive concoction which glides down the throat like oil. A Mexican can drink any amount of it and live, but three drinks of this native chain-lighting makes an American feel like painting the village "any color so that it is red." The building is dimly lighted with tallow dips, but in the centre of the hall swings a large, old-fashioned lamp with a red shade, which looks something like a signal light in this dense fog of smoke.

The barkeeper is a large, swarthy Mexican, hair black and stiff, more resembling needles on pine limbs than human hair; his face is covered with black, coarse whiskers, he wears a large sombrero circled with a silver band about two inches in width, a red calico shirt, a waistcoat of many colors, the pattern being very large; his pantaloons were stuffed in his large cavalry boots of untanned leather; and around his body, or rather strapped to it, is the largest-sized Colt's revolver. He stands behind the counter smoking villainous cigarettes, talking politics, or rather shrugging his shoulders in a manner opposing or disproving the overtures that are being made to him for the men who were to be voted in bulk at sunrise the next morning. He receives orders for drinks, which were carried to the tables by two alleged "buena señoritas."

makes a lightning change and appears in the full military costume of his native country. Why a military costume it may be asked. Well, this is a state occasion. This "boss" is to deliver over a portion of his country to ours. He is to sell nearly the entire Mexican vote of that country to a pure and incorruptible American politician. Innumerable toasts are drunk and wine literally flows like water. In the first place, it is nearly as plentiful and there is a motive for it—to capture the Mexican vote and the "barrel" has been tapped for the purpose. Gradually the young people leave the table and resume the dance, but the men who have been picked up or "corralled" from all parts of the city and brought into the political feast remain. No do the political workers. These they remain drinking and gorging throughout the night. The doors are closed and no one is allowed to leave. Though noisy, there is no disturbance, as there are several peace officers present who are interested in their recreation, and they are "working" the Mexican vote, incidentally for the head of the ticket, but more particularly for themselves.

Filled and stupefied with wine and drugged with a villainous article of American whisky which had been introduced by the Mexicans were too drunk to note the difference, the poor wretches begin falling by the wayside, or rather under the table. At daylight the room presents a shocking spectacle. The floor is literally covered with these stupefied men stretched out in every conceivable manner and shape, smoking and groaning, resembling the noise of a quart mill in the distance. They had sold their manhood to the Mexican "boss" and the American politicians. The "boss" has now resumed his civilian suit. Just before sunrise these stupefied suffragers are awakened and roused from a benumbed condition with a high drink all around. Ballots are placed in their hands and the "noble two hundred" are marched to the polls headed and flanked by their "bosses," the political "heelers" and several peace officers, and there, stupefied and dugged with liquor, are voted.

Later in the day the streets and vicinity of the polls are crowded with drunken Mexicans, but they have already voted, and there are none so kind as to do them reverence in the matter of a free treat. They had sold their manhood at sunrise the hour for the opening of the polls—and now were fit only for the lockup.

"How much did they get for their vote?" may be asked. Not the two dollars per capita that the colored tramps in the Fourth ward of New York got. No; they got nothing except what they drank and ate. The Mexican vote is the balance of power in that town, and it frequently turns the tide in county elections. Hence, about the 15th of November, when it is not an "off year" the "Greaser vote" becomes an important factor and our sun-down citizens rise in the scale of popularity.

SPICY SIFTINGS. The orator who "waxed" eloquent was arrested for assault and battery. If Bradstreet makes a wrong prediction about business, isn't it Brad's treat? When a physician has cured a singer of hoarseness he sends in a bill of in-voice. Though some of our colleges are very old, they are still in possession of their faculties. Circumstances may make men, but one man isn't a circumstance to another, frequently. After being married and given in marriage it becomes a question which shall be given in. The old Greek philosophers as actors didn't draw well. One of the wisest of them could only Plato small houses. Elderly classical husbands, to their wives, previous to visiting their barber: "Men about to dye salute you." A sign on an English avenue liquor store reads: "Family liquor warehouse." Family liquors wear losses all out. A man arrested for stealing a helmet from the property-room of a theater said he was only taking a knight-cap before going to bed. A retired priest sought a position as waiter in a restaurant. "Have you had any previous experience in the business?" asked the proprietor. "Well," said the priest, hesitatingly, "I—I have taken orders."

Some one suggests hanging gardens, similar to those of ancient Babylon as a feature of the Columbian fair. Doesn't he know that hanging is done away with by law in New York? An electric garden would be more in conformity with the new law. Penalties of Luxury. From Time: What on earth are you doing with those beautiful three dollar hand-sewed shoes you bought yesterday? Husband: Trying to drive the pegs down. From Time: Natural for Him. First Arizonian—So Pete is dead. Did he die a natural death? Second Arizonian—Yes; hung first and then shot full of buck and ball.

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THE LOCAL MARKET.

These Quotations Are Revised and Corrected Every Day. Sugar—Granulated, per cwt. \$2.00; light brown, \$1.90; pulverized, B & A, New York, \$12.50; loaf, \$12.10, maple \$9.25. Coffee—Market strong, green Rio, 19024; Costa Rica, 19022; Java Mandailing, 40c; Mocha, 37040; roasted Rio and Costa Rica, 200; roasted Caribao, 20c; roasted Mocha and Java, 200; Arbuckle's, 25c. Tea—Japan, 35040; English breakfast, 45c; \$1.00; Gunpowder, 45c; \$1.50; extra Young Hyson, 75041. Pickles—Eastern—3 gal., \$2.50; 5 gal., \$3.50; 10 gal., \$6.00. Potatoes—\$1.75 per cwt. Cabbage—Per cwt., \$3. Eggs, per case, \$4.00. Butter, per lb., 20c. Cheese, per lb., 20c. Fruits—Dried apples, per 5-lb packages, 75c; \$1.00; ditto sliced, 50-lb boxes, 14c per lb; peaches, Salt Lake, 10c; apricots, 20c; evaporated ditto, 20c; blackberries, 15c; raspberries, 20c. California fruits, \$5.00 per case. 3-lb Standard tomatoes, \$3.25. 2-lb Standard cans, \$3.00. 2-lb Standard peas, \$3.50; seconds, \$2.75. 2-lb string and Lima beans, \$2.75. Dried Beans—Navy, \$6.00 per 100 lb; Lima, \$7.00; Bayos, \$6.25. Wheat, No. 1, per 100 lb, \$2.00. Corn, cracked, 100 lb, \$1.75. Bran, per 100 lb, \$1.50; bran and shorts per 100 lb, \$1.50. Flour—Per 100 lb, Pillsbury's best, \$4.00; Ogden, \$3.50; Stragg "Daisy," \$3.00. Corn meal, per 100 lb, \$2.50. Cat meal, per 100 lb, \$1.50. Lard—100-lb, \$1.50. Fresh Meats—Pork 15c; beef 20c; lamb, quarters, 70c; mutton 70c. Salt Meats—Ham 10c; bacon 15c; corned beef 10c; pork 15c; sausage 12c. Wood—Per ton, hard \$19, soft \$20. Hay—Per ton \$25.00. Straw—Per ton \$12.00. Oats—Per cwt. \$2.00.

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LAND OFFICE AT HELENA, MONT., Oct. 11, 1909. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the probate court of Deer Lodge county, Mont., at Deer Lodge, Mont., on Nov. 26, 1909. Gardiner land on pre-emption ds., No. 9550, for the n.w. 1/4 sec. 30, tp. 5 n. r. 11 w. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz.: Jacob Stuever, Burton Vincent, Charles B. Jones and Alberto Stevens, all of Anaconda. S. W. LANGHORN, Register.

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