

HELENA WEEKLY HERALD

Volume XXI.

Helena, Montana, Thursday, February 10, 187.

No. 11

The Weekly Herald.

R. E. FISK D. W. FISK A. J. FISK
Publishers and Proprietors.
Largest Circulation of any Paper in Montana

Rates of Subscription.

WEEKLY HERALD:
One Year, in advance, \$3.00
Six Months, in advance, \$1.50
Three Months, in advance, \$0.75
When not paid for in advance the rate will be Four Dollars per year.
Postage, in all cases, Prepaid.

DAILY HERALD:
City Subscribers, delivered by carrier \$1.00 a month
One Year, in advance, \$10.00
Six Months, in advance, \$5.00
Three Months, in advance, \$2.50

All communications should be addressed to FISK BROS., Publishers, Helena, Montana.

THE STORY OF A MINE.

By BRET HARTE.

[Copyrighted, 1888, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and published by arrangement with them.]

Concluded.

The senator had returned behind his bastion of books again, and was visibly preparing for an assault. He saw it all now. He had been, in some vague way, deluded. He had given confidential audience to the niece of one of the Great Claimants before congress. The inevitable ax had come to the grindstone. What might not this woman dare ask of him? He was the more implacable that he felt he had already been prepossessed—and honestly prepossessed—in her favor. He was angry with her for having placed him. Under the icy polish of his manner there were certain Puritan callosities caused by early straight lacing. He was not yet quite free from his ancestor's cheerful ethics that Nature, as represented by an Impulse, was as much to be restrained as Order represented by a Quaker.

Without apparently noticing his manner, Carmen went on, with a certain potential freedom of style, gesture and manner scarcely to be indicated in her mere words. "You know, then, I am of Spanish blood, and that, what was my adopted country, our motto was 'God and Liberty.' It was of you, sir—the great Emancipator—the apostle of that Liberty—the friend of the down-trodden and oppressed—that I, as a child, first knew. In the histories of this great country I have read of you, I have learned your orations. I have longed to hear you in your own pulpit deliver the creed of my ancestors. To hear you, of yourself, speak, oh! Madre de Dios! what shall I say—speak the oration eloquent—to make the—that you call—the debate, that is what I have for so long hoped. Eh! Pardon—you are thinking me foolish—wild, eh!—a small child—eh!"

"To hear you, of yourself, speak." Becoming more and more dialectical as she went on, she said suddenly, "I have you of myself offended. You are mad of me as a bold, bad child! It is so?"

The senator, as visibly becoming limp and weak again behind his entrenchments, managed to say, "Oh, no!" then "really!" and finally, "Th—ahs!"

"I am here but for a day. I return to California in a day, as it were to-morrow. I shall never, never hear you speak in your place in the Capitol of this great country?"

The senator said hastily that he feared—he in fact was convinced—that his duty during this session was required more at his desk, in the committee work, than in speaking, etc., etc.

"No one," he continued, more gently, sitting down again, "has the right to forecast from my past what I intend to do in the future, or designate the means I may choose to serve the principles I hold or the party I represent. Those are my functions. At the same time should occasion or opportunity—for we are within a day or two of the close of the session—"

"Yes," interrupted Carmen sadly, "I see—it will be some business, some claim, something for somebody—ah! Madre de Dios—you will not speak, and I—"

"When do you think of returning?" asked the senator, with grave politeness; "when are we to lose you?"

"I shall stay to the last—to the end of the session," said Carmen. "And now I shall go." She got up and pulled her shawl viciously over her shoulders with a pretty pettishness, perhaps the most feminine thing she had done that evening. Possibly, the most genuine.

The senator smiled affably: "You do not deserve to be disappointed in either case; but it is later than you imagine; let me help you on the shorter distance in my carriage; it is at the door."

He accompanied her gravely to the carriage. As it rolled away she buried her little figure in its ample cushions and chuckled to herself, albeit a little hysterically. When she had reached her destination she found herself crying, and hastily, and somewhat angrily, dried her eyes as she drew up at the door of her lodgings.

"How have you prospered?" asked Mr. Harlowe, of counsel for Royal Thatcher, as he gallantly assisted her from the carriage. "I have been waiting here for two hours; your interview must have been prolonged—that was a good sign."

"Don't ask me now," said Carmen, a little savagely, "I'm worn out and tired."

For seven hours the gifted Gashwiler had continued the manufacture of oil and honey, whose sweetness, however, was slowly palling upon the congressional lip; for seven hours Roscommon and friends beat with impatient feet the lobby and shook lists, more or less discolored, at the distinguished senator. For seven hours the one or two editors were obliged to sit and calmly compliment the great speech which that night flashed over the wires of a continent with the old electric thrill. And, worse than all, they were obliged to record with it the closing of the congress, with more than the usual amount of unfinished business.

A little group of friends surrounded the great senator with hymns of praise and congratulations. Old adversaries saluted him courteously as they passed by with the respect of strong men. A little woman with a shawl drawn over her shoulders, and held with one small brown hand, approached him timidly.

"I speak not the English well," she said gently, "but I have read much. I have read in the plays of your Shakespeare. I would like to say to you the words of Rosalind to Orlando when he did fight: 'Sir, you have wrestled well, and have overthrown more than your enemies.'" And with these words she was gone.

Yet not so quickly but that pretty Mrs. Hopkins, coming—as Victrix always comes to Victor, to thank the great senator, albeit the faces of her escorts were shrouded in gloom—saw the shawled figure disappear.

"There," she said, pinching Wiles mischievously, "there! that's the woman you were afraid of. Look at her. Look at that dress. Ah, heavens! look at that shawl! Didn't I tell you she had no style?"

"Who is she?" said Wiles sullenly.

"Carmen de Haro," said the lady vivaciously. "What are you hurrying away for? You're absolutely pulling me along."

Mr. Wiles had just caught sight of the travel-worn face of Royal Thatcher among the crowd that thronged the staircase. Thatcher appeared pale and distant; Mr. Harlowe, his counsel, at his side, rallied him.

"Well, you got back soon, I see," said Harlowe briskly.

"Yes," said his client, without looking up, and with this notable distinction between himself and all other previous clients, that he seemed absolutely less interested than the lawyer. "Yes, I'm here; and, upon my soul, I don't exactly know why."

"You told me of certain papers you had discovered," said the lawyer suggestively.

"Oh, yes," returned Thatcher with a slight yawn. "I've got here some papers somewhere—'he began to feel in his coat pocket languidly—but, by the way, this is a rather dreary and God-forsaken sort of place! Let's go up to Welcker's, and you can look at them over a bottle of champagne."

"After I've looked at them, I've something to show you, myself," said Harlowe, "and as for the champagne, we'll have that in the other room, by and by. At present I want to have my head clear, and your toes—if you'll oblige me by becoming sufficiently interested in your own affairs to talk to me about them."

Thatcher was gazing abstractedly at the fire. He started. "I dare say," he began, "I'm not very interesting; yet it's possible that my affairs have taken up a little too much of my time. However—" he stopped, took from his pocket an envelope, and threw it on the desk—"there are some papers. I don't know what value they may be; that is for you to determine. I don't know that I've any legal right to their possession—that is for you to say, too. They came to me in a queer way. On the overland journey here I lost my bag, containing my few traps and some letters and papers 'of no value,' as the advertisements say, 'to any but the owner.' Well, the bag was lost, but the stage driver told me it was stolen by a fellow passenger—a man by the name of Giles, or Stiles, or Wiles."

"Blessed if I ever heard of you before!" "Because you came as a client; to-night you are my guest. All who enter here leave their business, with their hats, in the hall. Look; there isn't a law book on those shelves; that table never was defaced by a title deed or parchment. You look puzzled! Well, it was a whim of mine to put my residence and my workshop under the same roof, yet so distinct that they would never interfere with each other. You know the house above is let out to lodgers. I occupy the first floor with my mother and sister, and this my parlor. I do my work in that severe room that fronts the street; here is where I play. A man must have something else in life than mere business. I find it less harmful and expensive to have my pleasure here."

Thatcher had sunk moodily in the embracing arms of an easy chair. He was thinking deeply; he was fond of books, too, and, like all men who have fared hard and led wandering lives, he knew the value of cultivated repose. Like all men who have been obliged to sleep under blankets and in the open air, he appreciated the luxuries of linen sheets and a frescoed roof. It is, by the way, only your sick city clerk or your dyspeptic clergyman, who fancy that they have found in the bad bread, fried steaks, and frothy flannels of mountain picnicking the true art of living. And it is a somewhat notable fact that your true mountaineer or your gentleman who has been obliged to honestly "rough it," does not, as a general thing, write books about its advantages, or implore their fellow mortals to come and share their solitude and their "disc" efforts.

"Yes, lately, quite often; she was here this evening with mother; was here, I think, when you came."

Thatcher looked intently at Harlowe. But that gentleman's face betrayed no confusion. Thatcher refilled his glass a little awkwardly, tossed off the liquor at a draught, and rose to his feet.

"Come, old fellow, you're not going now. I shan't permit it," said Harlowe, laying his hand kindly on his client's shoulder. "You're out of sorts. Stay here with me to-night. Our accommodations are not large, but are elastic. I can bestow you comfortably until morning. Wait here a moment, while I give the necessary orders."

Thatcher was not sorry to be left alone. In the last half hour he had become convinced that his love for Carmen de Haro had been in some way most dreadfully abused. While he was hard at work in California, she was being introduced in Washington society by parties with eligible brothers, who bought her paintings. It is a relief to the truly jealous mind to indulge in phantasies. Thatcher liked to think that she was already beset by hundreds of brothers.

He still kept staring at the picture. By and by it faded away in part, and a very vivid recollection of the misty, midnight, moonlit walk he had once taken with her came back, and refilled the canvas with its magic. He saw the ruined furnace; the dark, overhanging masses of rock; the trembling intricacies of foliage, and, above all, the flash of dark eyes under a mantilla at his shoulder. What a fool he had been! Had he not really been as senseless and stupid as this very Concho, lying here like a log? And she had loved that man! What a fool she must have thought him that evening! What a snob she must think him now!

He was startled by a slight rustling in the passage, that almost ceased as he turned. Thatcher looked toward the door of the outer office, as if half expecting that the lord chancellor, like the commander in "Don Juan," might have accepted his thoughtless invitation. He listened again; everything was still. He was conscious of feeling ill at ease and a trifle nervous. What a long time Harlowe took to make his preparations. He would look out in the hall. To do this it was necessary to turn up the gas. He did so, and in his confusion turned it out.

Where were the matches? He remembered that there was a bronze something on the table that, in the irony of modern decorative taste, might hold ashes or matches, or anything of an unpicturesque character. He knocked something over, evidently the ink—something else—this time a champagne glass. Becoming reckless, and now groping at random in the ruins he overturned the bronze Mercury on the center table, and sat down hopelessly in his chair. And then a pair of velvet fingers slid into his, with the matches, and this audible, musical statement:

"It is a match you are seeking? Here is of them."

Thatcher flushed, embarrassed, nervous—feeling the ridiculousness of saying "Thank you" to a dark something—struck the match, beheld by its brief, uncertain glimmer Carmen de Haro beside him, burned his fingers, coughed, dropped the match, and was cast again into utter darkness.

"Let me try!"

Carmen struck a match, jumped briskly on the chair, lit the gas, jumped lightly down again, and said: "You do like to sit in the dark—eh? So am I—sometimes—alone."

"Miss de Haro," said Thatcher, with sudden, honest earnestness, advancing with outstretched hands, "believe me, I am sincerely delighted, overjoyed, again to meet—"

She had, however, quickly retreated as he approached, ensconcing herself behind the high back of a large antique chair, of the cushion of which she knelt. I regret to add also that she slapped his outstretched fingers a little sharply with her inevitable black fan as he still advanced.

"We are not in California. It is Washington. It is after midnight. I am a poor girl, and I have to lose—what you call—a 'character.' You shall sit over there"—she pointed to the sofa—"and I shall sit here"—she rested her boyish head on the top of the chair—and we shall talk, for I have to speak to you, Don Royal."

Thatcher took the seat indicated, contritely, humbly, submissively. Carmen's little heart was touched; but she still went on over the back of the chair.

"Don Royal," she said, emphasizing each word at him with her fan, "before I saw you—ever knew of you—I was a child. Yes, I was but a child! I was a bold, bad child—and I was what you call a—'forgaire'!"

Thatcher overlooked all the papers. I found the application; it was written by me. There."

"She tossed over the back of her chair an envelope to Thatcher. He opened it.

"I see," he said gently, "you repossessed yourself of it?"

"Why?" Thatcher hesitated—"you got possession of this paper—this innocent forgery—again."

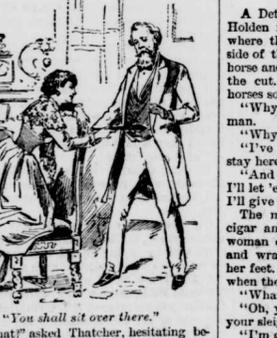
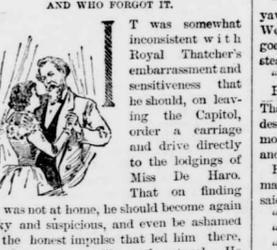
"Oh! You think me a thief as well as a forger. Go away! Get up. Get out."

"My dear girl!"

"Look at the paper! Will you? Oh, you silly!"

Thatcher looked at the paper. In paper, handwriting, age and stamp it was identical with the formal, clerical application of Michelorena for the grant. The indorsement of Michelorena was unquestionably genuine. But the application was made for Royal Thatcher. And his own signature was imitated to the very life.

"I had not one letter of yours wiz your name," said Carmen, apologetically; "and it was the best poor me could do."



Carmen de Haro contritely buried everything but her black eyes in her shawl.

"Paste Him in Your Hat. A man's success in politics depends in no small degree upon his ability to look cheerful and say nothing.—Philadelphia Press.