

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



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DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

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REST.

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only Rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been
my prayer
For Rest, sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry—a weak and human cry—
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh—a weak and human sigh—
For Rest—for Rest.

My way has wound across the desert years;
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of
my tears
I pine for Rest.

'Twas always so; when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My weary little head—'e'en then I prayed
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the West
Life's sun is setting; and I see the shore
Where I shall Rest.

My duties as Dental Operator bring me to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, on the second Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each month. I would inform the public that I will be pleased to see any one wishing my services at Mrs. Sweeney's on Main St., near the square, at that time.

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THE CATAMOUNT'S CRY.

The Story of the Wanderings of Babe, the Pride of Bonita Gulch.

From the Washington Star.

In 1880 I had some money to salt down and went to New Mexico to investigate the reported rich finds in the Magdalena and rounded up one day in Bonita Gulch, a small mining camp up above the foothills in the Magdalena range.

There was at that time great apprehension of raids from the Apaches. They were not confined to their reservation, but had been raiding the whole southern part of the Territory, leaving ruin and devastation in their wake. Few women were brave enough to face the dangers of such a life, and those who did accompany their husbands were like angels of light in those dreary mining camps. There had been four, but a month or two before my arrival Mrs. Barnes, a delicate creature, unused to hardship, had quietly slipped away from it, and the surgeon from Fort Craig had pronounced it heart disease, aggravated by the altitude, but the boys said it was bite starvation. She left a worthless husband and a ten-year-old daughter, who was one of the brightest, most lovable children I ever knew. Jim Barnes had been a man once, I suppose, though everybody had forgotten when, but Babe idolized him, and when not too drunk he was good to her. The child had been christened Miriam back on earth, but being the only kid in camp she was very soon rechristened Babe. She was a pretty child, womanly in her ways, but as innocent of the depravity of the human heart as a baby. Every miner in the country knew and loved her. Many of them had children in the 'States,' and Babe crept down into their hardened old hearts, finding utteringly the little spot that never closes to winsome childhood. The most debased among them would have shed his own blood to save Babe pain. Oaths were strangled at her approach and her abhorrence of whiskey was so carefully regarded that I doubt if she ever saw one of them, excepting her old father, drink a drop. Once a fool tenderfoot, two-thirds full, offered to kiss her, and it took him a week to recover from the basting the miners gave him when Babe tearfully told of the insult.

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noises made by beasts of prey so as to mystify the wariest of us and would laugh gleefully at our discomfort. As no one tried to restrain her she spent most of her time roaming about the mountain, on the side of which Bonita was perched.

July settled down over the Gulch, warming the great boulders to white heat. The shimmering waves of light grew garish and wearisome, and one day, overcome with the intense sultriness, all work was abandoned and half a dozen of us gathered under some trees late in the afternoon, waiting for old Sol to hide behind the tallest peaks. Our talk naturally drifted to the Indian subject. Two days before San Jose, only a dozen miles away, had been raided by the Apaches and not even the children had escaped horrible butchery. Suddenly, far up the trail, we heard the clear notes of a mocking bird. I raised on my elbow to listen, and then smiled to think how even my quick ear had been deceived, for through the interstices of the trees I saw Babe's red dress.

'This yere kid goes 'a tamperin' round that bresh once too often, an' then Bonita hangs crape on her door an' weeps a whole lot,' remarked Broncho Bill as he rolled over to a cooler place.

'Now yer shoutin', my son. I speaks to Jim Barnes 'bout this yere myself an' he allows I gets away off my base, a-mixin' in his family affairs, which I regards as some troo, an' bein' I ain't no inter-nashunal arbertratin' committee I drors out of the game,' and Kaintuck punched his remarks by trying to drown a young tarantula in tobacco juice.

'It's a dabbinged outrage,' asserted Shorty, angrily. Shorty was particularly devoted to Babe because he had a little kid down in Texas. 'The other day she war up there singin' like a cherubim an' I couldn't stand it nohow, so I lays down my pick an' trails up after her. 'Babe,' I says, some stern, 'the 'Pachs'll take that yaller mane of your loo to braid lariat ropes some day if yer ain't keerful 'bout pervadin' her' 'up yer by yersef, an' she jest shook them long braids an' luffed fit t' kill. 'Why, Shorty,' she said, 'they wouldn't hurt a little girl like me.'

'Now, I asks this yere congregashun what's ter be did with a kid like that? She ain't no more idee of harm techin' her than them birds she's imitatn'. She's that chipper an' trustin' that I kaint bear to tell her what a lot of ornery cusses there air—'

'What's that?'

Almost with one voice we broke in on Shorty's sermonette, jerking our guns as we sprang to our feet. Floating down the mountain had come a low, wailing sound, such as a baby makes when it cries out in its sleep. We listened breathlessly. Again it came, weaker than before, but full of suffering.

'Pachs!' muttered Modoc.

'Panthers, more likely,' said Broncho Bill. 'The cussed catamounts was prowlin' round this mornin' when I's up to the north drift.'

'Maybe it was Babe fooling us again,' I suggested.

'God-a-mighty, I clean forgits the kid,' groaned Shorty hoarsely, paling under the dirt and tan. His love for the child was almost ferocious. 'I'm a goin' after her!'

He had only taken a stride or two, with the rest of us at his heels, when Babe appeared at the edge of the cliff and gazed anxiously out. We shouted to her and she turned into the trail, where we kept her in sight as we climbed to Barnes' cabin, where we met her.

'What were it babe?' 'Pachs er oldsters?' questioned Shorty, as she rushed into his arms.

'I—I thought it was a baby at first, but I couldn't find it,' she replied, flushing and paling, while the tears came into her big blue eyes. 'Do you think it was a baby boy?'

'Bivil a bit, Movourneen,' Emerald replied, as he stroked her bright hair. 'Devil a bit of a

body up and carried it to the gulch. It was a hard night for us all. Jim wasn't worth powder to blow him up, but he was all that Babe had, and her grief hurt us worse than if it had been her own. She finally sobbed herself to sleep in Shorty's arms and he laid her on the cot in his cabin. Then we disposed ourselves as best we could about the camp to guard against an attack. All through the long hours we watched and listened, but not even a bird sang to break the dead quiet of the tropic night. Toward morning every mother's son of us went to sleep at our posts. Just before daylight there rose on the morning air a scream of awful terror, which brought everybody in Bonita pell mell from tents and cabins. Up the dangerous narrow trail we could hear the patter of receding hoofs.

In the uncertain light we counted noses. Everybody, women and all, were accounted for—all but Babe. Shorty rushed into his cabin and came out raving like a maniac. Babe was gone! While we slept the redskins had stolen the pride of Bonita Gulch.

In the confusion which inevitably followed much time was lost and the miscreant was well out of our reach before we got on the trail. We had hunted Indians before, however, and felt no hope of getting them. We knew we were simply placing ourselves in the power of the redskins by following them into their mountain fastnesses, where they could turn on us and slaughter us like sheep. Still, we could not give up our treasure without at least an attempt to secure it, no matter how futile. A few remained at Bonita to bury Jim and protect the women and cabins and two set out for the fort to have the troops put in the field.

A week later, wornout, footsore and disheartened, we returned to Bonita from our fruitless errand, and the troops, just as unsuccessful, were again in quarters at the fort.

At Bonita we found fresh fuel to feed our consuming wrath in the persons of a Mr. Mallory and his wife. Mr. Mallory, who was a rich contractor, had brought his wife and little daughter, 18 months old, and a nurse girl to Socorro with him. After completing his business there he had to go to the 'Hard Luck,' about twenty miles away, and his wife importuned him to let her visit a 'real' gold mine, and like a fool, he consented. Most of the trail to the 'Hard Luck' was on the government road to Fort Craig. Ten miles out from Socorro they were attacked by Apaches, himself and wife stunned and left for dead, the drivers killed outright, the carriage and wagon destroyed, teams run off and no trace of the nurse and child left. When Mr. and Mrs. Mallory recovered their senses they found that they had been dragged into a dense pine forest. Both were suffering intensely from flesh wounds and from the terrible nervous shock. For three days they wandered in the unknown region before they struck the trail which led them at last to Bonita. Mrs. Mallory, from hunger and grief, was on the verge of insanity.

One afternoon eight days after the Apache episode we were lounging under the trees anathemizing the Indians and government and everything else instrumental in bringing so much grief upon Bonita, when Shorty lifted his head and with upraised hand checked the flow of invectives, but he dropped back with an apologetic sigh.

'I kalkerlates I'm hoodooed along of this kidnappin'. Every time the wind stirs a leaf on the trees I think it's a child cryin' some. This yere last deal of Providence breaks the bank, an' I pulls stakes terrormer for new diggin' unless this yere play—'

A low, wailing cry cut Shorty's speech off mighty quick, and with an expletive he jumped to his feet knocking the breath out of Broncho

Continued on fourth page.

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