

THE CONVERSION OF DON ENRIQUE.

An Episode of Mexican Railway Life.

"It is most wonderful. Nay, more; it is marvelous, miraculous! Why, an hundred burros could not draw so great a load! Not even an hundred of the best horses of Las Delicias! Come, my friend, let us instantly depart. Of truth, it is the work of the Evil One himself, and to remain longer would be but to endanger the welfare of our souls. Let us never have railroads in our Mexico."

Don Enrique was a provincial Mexican gentleman who had journeyed in that good, old-fashioned conveyance, a rattle-trap of a diligencia, from his far-away rancho to the frontier town of Paso del Norte, where he had been persuaded, not a little against his will, to accompany a friend to El Paso, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, there to view the wonders being wrought by the Americans. The first railroad to enter El Paso had just been completed, and he saw for the first time in his life that wonderful machine, a steam locomotive. Its strange noise filled him with alarm; the foul smoke pouring from its stack almost strangled him; and, awe-stricken by its marvelous strength, he finally gave expression to his emotions, as shown above. He turned a deaf ear to the laughing remonstrances of his friend, meanwhile piously crossing himself and insisted upon immediately returning to the Mexican side of the river; there, he felt, they would be safe from the malignant influence of the diabolical machine. And upon arriving at Paso del Norte, he lost no time in starting back home; but it was with a heavy heart; he was oppressed with the fear that he committed a heinous sin.

A few months later he was informed that a concession for the construction of a railroad in Mexico had been granted to an American company, whereupon he held up his hands in speechless horror. Gaining use of his tongue, he denounced the impious government of his country in terms both vigorous and picturesque, but that accomplished nothing. And when the engineers who located the line of the road reached Las Delicias he used all the diplomacy at his command to turn them aside, but to no effect, for the road was surveyed to pass within a mile of his house.

In due time the graders came, a motley crowd of rude, rough men who laughed in his face, and with many an outburst of impotent rage he saw them tear an ugly trench across the breadth of Las Delicias. Then came the track-layers, and he raved and stormed like one beside himself as the lines of glittering rails crept up and past his home; he crossed himself with pious horror at sight of the telegraph wires. He was not in the least mollified when the railroad company paid him a good, round sum for its right-of-way across his property, and rejected with a superb gesture of scorn the annual pass that was also tendered him.

"No, no, señor!" he exclaimed, indignantly; "I was powerless to prevent this desecration of my beloved country, but I did what I could. And yet the infamous government has not enacted laws compelling me to patronize your railroad, and until that be done, neither I, nor my family, nor yet my servants, shall imperil their souls by going near your trains. Take back the pass to those who sent it, and tell that I, Enrique del Toro, do execrate it and them."

Don Enrique's opposition gave the officials of the road but little concern; his was only one of many such cases, nevertheless it was decided to propitiate him by establishing a station convenient to his use, and a neat frame building was erected not far from his house. When the time arrived to select a man to have charge on this station,

Bob Evans, a man who was a thorough railroader and with a reputation for coolness and "nerve," but who was utterly lacking in respect for Mexicans, was chosen. He was not the man to make overtures of friendship to Don Enrique, most decidedly not—and Don Enrique would have repelled such overtures had they been made. Weeks passed, with each seeming to be insensible of the other's existence; but there were agencies at work that were destined soon to break down the barriers between them.

One morning a vaquero galloped madly to the hacienda, bringing Don Enrique the terrifying news that a large war party of Apache Indians had swept down from the neighboring mountains, killing and burning, and were making for the hacienda. Many years had passed since the Indians had raided that country, and so Don Enrique was utterly unprepared to meet them.

"God of my soul, what am I to do?" he groaned. "We are too few to resist them. We must fly, but where? Oh, my wife, my daughter! Truly it is an evil day that has come upon us. We must fly from Las Delicias, but where can we find safety? There are no soldiers nearer than Chihuahua, and of truth the Indians would overtake us before we could go so far." And the poor man wrung his hand in despair.

"You forget the railway, Don Enrique," the vaquero answered. "Let us hurry to the station; the train may come at any moment, and all the Apaches of the Sierra Madre could not overtake that, it moves with such great swiftness."

"The railway is a device of Satan for entrapping our souls," Don Enrique sternly replied.

"And are not the Apaches Satan's own imps?" the vaquero rejoined with respectful persistence.

Enrique was loath to surrender his cherished policy of non-intercourse with the railroad, but his wife and daughter promptly championed the vaquero's suggestion, and when two women beset one poor man, that man has but one course to follow. He yielded, and immediately his household began its flight. Pell-mell, shrieking and gesticulating, they poured into the station, surprising Evans into speechlessness; and Don Enrique, his simple mind agitated no less by his fear of the clicking telegraph instrument than by his apprehension of the blood-curdling horrors of an Apache raid, attempted to explain the cause of their coming. He spoke Spanish, the only language he knew, and his excitement caused his words to pour out in an unbroken stream that was wholly unintelligible to Evans, who could understand Spanish only when it was spoken slowly and with careful enunciation.

Mexicans always amused Evans—when they did not disgust him. Their theatrical display of emotion, their effusiveness, startling gesticulation, and comical grimaces, when excited, were to him all that the antics of a cage of monkeys are to the small boy. In puzzled amusement he sat staring at Don Enrique, letting him talk away until exhausted, and then coolly informed him that he had failed to catch his meaning.

Don Enrique gasped with despair; what could he do to arouse that thick-headed American, he wondered. A happy thought occurred to him: grasping Evans by the arm, he dragged him to the window. "Mira, señor," he cried, pointing to the west, where a number of slender columns of smoke were rising, "Indios! Apaches! Muchos, muchos!"

Evans was a frontiersman, and his mind instantly took in the situation. With a bound he reached his telegraph instrument and began calling Chihuahua, while Don Enrique drew back from the devilish machinery as far as he

could. The Chihuahua office was prompt to respond, and the next moment an urgent call for soldiers went leaping along the wire. There was immediate excitement in Chihuahua; the fussy switch engine that was standing for the moment idly beside the telegraph office awoke with a snort, and darted to the end of the yard, where it hastily began sorting out coaches. In hot haste a messenger was dispatched to the barracks; breathless he rushed into the office of the commandante, and the next moment there arose an angry snarl of drums and a loud, excited calling of bugles. Then came a pattering of many sandaled feet and the rattle and jingle of arms, a hasty calling of rolls and counting of fours, following by sharp, quick-spoken words of command, and a column of swarthy, uniformed men emerged from the barracks. Again a sharp command, and they sprang forward at the double-quick, racing to the railroad station, where a train was now in readiness for them. Having seen the soldiers safely aboard, the conductor went into the telegraph office, where he remained a few moments; when he came out again he carried in his hand a crumpled bit of paper, upon which appeared the words, "Run regardless." His hand shot upward in a signal to the waiting engineer, and, with clanging bell and the hiss of escaping steam, the train moved out.

Anxiously the refugees at Las Delicias scanned the western horizon. In that direction almost a level plain stretched away mile upon mile to where it met a range of mountains that were velvety and blue with distance. Midway in this plain a cloud of dust arose, grew larger with every moment, and drew rapidly nearer. Now a dense roll of black smoke appeared, and ascended straight upward to lose itself in the blue of the sky, and an angry glare of flame leaped upward beneath it. The Apaches were coming in a whirlwind of death and destruction.

"A *Dois!* they are but little more than three leagues away!" groaned Don Enrique. "What shall we do?"

"No need for worry, señor," returned Evans, who was sitting with one ear over his telegraph instruments; and with exasperating coolness he struck a match and lit his pipe.

"No need for worry?" gasped Don Enrique. "Great God, man, thou art crazed with fear!"

But Evans did not reply, did not hear; he was entirely absorbed by what the telegraph was saying. Presently a look of satisfaction shone in his face, and he made a hasty mental calculation: "Indians ten miles away, an' comin' ten miles an hour; soldiers sixty miles away an' 'Cuesin' Jimmy Johnson a-pullin' 'em; result, some Indians to bury in 'bout an hour if Jimmy stays on th' rails—hot time for us if he don't."

The cloud of dust kept rolling nearer, and a group of tiny black specks came into view at its base—specks that increased in number with every moment, and that grew larger, took form, and became galloping Apaches. Nearer, nearer they came, and the sobbing, praying, hysterical Mexicans relinquished all hope of mortal aid; but not so with Evans. Leaning far out of his window, he was watching the track, and presently, far away where the lines of gleaming rails seemed to unite in one, he caught sight of another speck—a speck that was sending aloft a plume of inky-black smoke. "Fireman's workin' like th' devil," he mused, "an' Jimmy's got her wide open, comin' down a one per cent grade, too. Ain't he a bird?" Now he looked at the Indians, and a look of concern stole into his face. They were getting dangerously near. Going to his desk, he took out and cocked his revolver. It held six loads, one for each of the women if the worst should come—far better, death for them than capture

First Pub. Nov. 24-3

Notice of Petition for Letters.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In re estate of Robert Van Andel, deceased. The State of Nebraska, to Mary Van Andel, Frank Vincent Van Andel and to any other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice that a petition signed by John F. Riffe praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to John F. Riffe has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 11th day of December, 1900, at ten o'clock A. M., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate to John F. Riffe. Notice of this proceeding has been ordered published three weeks successively in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska, prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 15th day of November, A. D. 1900.

(SEAL.) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE,
Clerk County Court.

First Pub. Nov. 24-4

Notice of Incorporation.

The undersigned hereby give public notice that they have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming the following incorporation:

1. The name of said corporation is the "City Block Company."
2. The principal place of transacting the business of this corporation is at the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.
3. The general nature of the business to be transacted by this corporation is to purchase, own, repair, maintain, insure, rent, lease, mortgage, sell, and convey real estate, fixtures and appurtenances in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.
4. The amount of capital stock authorized in this corporation is \$20,000, divided into 300 shares of \$100 each, which shall be paid at or before the date of issuance of certificates therefor, either in real estate, money, or fixtures, or appurtenances, situated in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, at such reasonable valuation as shall be put thereon by the board of directors of this company, but the incorporation shall be deemed complete upon the subscription of three shares.
5. The time of commencement of this corporation is the date of the filing of these articles with the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, and the date of its termination is at the expiration of twenty-five years from said last named date.
6. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which this corporation may at any time subject itself is two-thirds of its capital stock, which may be secured in whole or in part by a mortgage or mortgages upon real estate owned by it.
7. The affairs of this corporation shall be conducted by a board of three directors, who shall choose a president from among their own number, and who shall also elect a secretary and treasurer but the last named offices may be held by the same person. The board shall also appoint or provide for the appointment of such subordinate officers as it may see fit.

R. C. HAZLETT,
C. F. SCHWARTZ,
F. D. CORNELL.

First Pub. Nov. 17-5

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to license and authority granted at Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 12th day of November, 1900, by the Honorable Edward P. Holmes, one of the judges of the District Court for Lancaster county, Nebraska, sitting at chambers; the undersigned executors of the last will of Nathaniel Leech, late of near the city of Calgary, in the district of Alberta, in the North West Territories of Canada, will offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash at the east front door of the court house of Lancaster county, Nebraska, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 11 o'clock A. M. on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1900, lot numbered twenty-one (21) in block numbered one (1) in Kennard's addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Said sale will be held open for bidders during the whole time between said hours.

JOSEPH LEECH,
GEORGE LEECH,
Executors.

First Pub. Nov. 24-3

Notice of Probate.

In the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska—E 1497.

The state of Nebraska, to Francis Van Andel, Mrs. Annie McRae and to any other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Mollie Van Andel, deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for the probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of John Riffe as executor. That on December 11th 1900, at ten o'clock A. M., said petition and the proof will be heard at the county court room in Lincoln, in said county, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record said will and grant administration of the estate as prayed for.

Notice whereof has been ordered published for three weeks successively prior to said hearing in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 19th day of November, 1900.

(SEAL.) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

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