

will light you as you dig;" she added, snatching up the lantern, and holding it so as to throw its gleam into the shallow pit, where, sure enough, my eye caught the tell-tale glitter of a thick thread of gold-quartz trending southwards, as Minnie had said. And now I fell absolutely to work, striking such blows as awoke the echoes of the cliffs, while Minnie, holding up the light overhead, encouraged me with fond and hopeful words to fresh exertions.

The weather was already intensely hot, at least to English appreciation, and now the lightning began to play among the serrated crests of the mountains, and the thunder growled afar off, but we were both too much excited to heed the signs of a coming storm, and it was not till the heavy rain set in with almost tropical profusion, that I remembered that Minnie was too tender and delicate to be exposed to the pelting of the downcoming deluge, and lifting the blue Mexican poncho which I had thrown aside for the purpose of giving freer play to my limbs, I turned to wrap it round her as some protection from the elements. To my surprise, she was gone. The lantern stood on a jutting fragment of rock, but of the fair girl who had so lately been beside me there was not a trace. I went in search of her towards the hut, calling out her name, with every term of endearment, but the hollow echoes alone returned the sound of my voice, nor could I find any signs of her, although I made the circuit of the brake where I presumed her steed to have been tethered. Had she, in some sudden impulse of maiden coyness or caprice, remounted her horse and ridden off homewards, without a word of adieu, or had she dreaded lest her father should discover and resent her absence? Could it be that her mind was disordered, that—no, the accuracy of the information which she had afforded me, whence acquired I could not guess, as to the whereabouts of the gold-vein to which she had led me, vouched for the clearness of her intellect, however wild and unusual might have been her words and bearing, under the influence of strong excitement. Meanwhile, I had other matter to occupy my thoughts. The sudden stroke of good luck brought with it a haunting fear lest some baleful chance should intervene to blight my reviving prospects.

"There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip," was a proverb which, in classical Latin as in homely English, kept ringing in my ears, as if a mocking spirit were whispering the words. How if one of those thousand mishaps that await the gold-digger should mar the completeness of my discovery? The bursting of a water-spout, a chance encounter with lurking Indians or white "road-agents," an attack of the country fever, or the abrupt dipping of the vein into hard crystalline rock, which must be slowly attacked by drills and dynamite, would upset all my calculations. There was not a moment to be lost, lest some incident should rob me of my new-fledged hopes; and accordingly, heedless of the heavy rain, I dragged myself back to the freshly turned soil, and laboured on, until at length, fairly worn out, I sank down on the edge of the pit and fell asleep through sheer exhaustion.

The first rays of the morning sun falling on my face aroused me, and I raised myself on my elbow and looked around. Memory, however, soon brought back to me the events of the past night—Minnie's strange visit, her unaccountable acquaintance with the existence of the gold-mine, the labours that had led to such a rich result, the newly kindled hopes that had sprung up as fortune smiled upon us. There lay the glittering heap of nuggets, of all shapes and sizes, from the flake like the scale of some monstrous fish to the queerly-shaped block that resembled an old fragment of some tree-root transmitted into gold. Altogether the "pile," in miners' parlance, was probably of a value of some nine thousand dollars, which, with what I had painfully amassed in the course of labourious months, made up two-thirds of the stipulated sum. Two days remained to me in which to become master of the remainder; and the bright gleam of the yellow vein, cropping through the rocky side of the excavation, seemed to beckon me on. How I worked during those two days and nights can only be guessed by those whom some mighty impulse has caused to put a consecutive strain on nerve and muscle for many hours together, crushing down bodily fatigue, as it were, by force of will. It is seldom with impunity that such a toll can be levied on the vital energies; but I was young, strong, and in love, and when the deathly faintness of extreme exhaustion came upon me, often would Minnie's sweet image arise before me as if to urge me on, and Antæus-like, I felt renewed vigour to resume my task.

It was a labour for a giant. I have since heard how at a later time miners from other spots came wonderingly to survey the pit that I had dug, marvelling that one pair of hands could have done so much in so brief a space. For although the vein continued to yield its golden treasures, trending to the south, it had to be tracked out, ever deeper and deeper, below the stony platform of the ravine, until at last I was plying my pick in a tunnelled arch of my own cutting. I had ceased to count or estimate the probable value of my winnings, and it was not until the evening of the last day that I finally desisted from my toil, and, spreading out my golden store on the earthen floor of my hut, assured myself that it was, at the very least, worth twenty-eight or twenty-nine thousand dollars. My work was done, my reward secured, and I fell asleep, and dreamed of happiness soon to be realised. There was not a blither heart in all America when, soon after sunrise on the following morning, I saddled my horse, and, with the leathern bag that held my treasure securely strapped before me on my sure-footed steed, set off for Jonathan Fairlop's farm to claim my bride.

Somehow, as I drew near my journey's end, and approached the well-known dwelling of the rich farmer, my high spirits flagged, and a chill ran through my limbs, as if my heart within me had foreboded evil. I drew rein, and rode slowly up to the trellised porch, screened by trailing roses that Minnie had planted. There seemed to be an unwonted stir about the farmer's doorway. A little knot of men, in their glossy Sunday suits of black broadcloth, stood conversing in an undertone beneath the shade of the porch. They turned to look at me, as I rode up and dismounted. One of them was an acquaintance of mine. He bent forward and spoke a word or two to the rest, and I noted that there was a look of sorrow, pity, surprise, in all their sun-burned faces as they fixed their eyes on me. I brushed by them and entered the house. The first well-known face that I beheld was that of Fanny Fairlop, Minnie's eldest sister. She covered it with her hands, and burst into a passion of weeping as our eyes met, then hurried away; and I heard her call "Father! father!" And then old Fairlop, in black too, came with a halting step out of an inner room

For the very first time since I had known him, the rough,

selfish old Kentuckian seemed softened. There were tears in his eyes, and his voice was gentle as he said:—"Poor lad, poor lad, I'm main sorry: don't you know it then?" "Know it, know what?" I asked hoarsely, as I looked to right and left, bewildered. The farmer laid his broad hand upon my arm and drew me forward, on into the inner room. "God forgive me, I was too hard with the pretty flower," he said, groaning. "To see her alive again, even as the wife of the poorest man in the country or the state, I'd give every red cent of my fortune, but it's too late now."

Yes, old Jonathan Fairlop had spoken truly. It was too late. There lay my poor Minnie in her coffin, calm peaceful, waxen white, beautiful with that strange fleeting beauty that the dead sometimes wear, and with a sweet, sad smile on her maiden lips, such as a tired child might wear when falling into a dreamless slumber. Dead! The pure white shroud, the black bier, the closed eyes that should no more welcome me, told their own tale with terrible distinctness. And now I knew for the first time how weak, worn, and ill I was. The voices of those around me sounded as if they came from a great way off; the solid earth rocked and reeled; the walls swam around me, and I fell swooning on the floor, and remember nothing more than that all grew dark.

When I recovered from the fever, brought on, no doubt, by over-fatigue and exposure to the weather, coupled with intense mental excitement, they told me, not unkindly, how Minnie had ceased to be. Hiram Lloyd's suit, encouraged by her father, the old man's peremptory command that she should give up all idea of the "trash of a Britisher" who could not pay his way and maintain a wife, and my apparent failure in the attempt to wrest from the soil the necessary sum on which the farmer had stipulated, had proved too much for that delicate frame and that sensitive organization. "It came suddenly at the last," her sister said. Thin, frail, and wasted, the mental agitation had proved a burthen too heavy for her to bear, and at length the labouring heart had ceased to beat, and with scarcely a whispered word of farewell or forgiveness she was gone. Strangely enough, she had died, so far as I could gather from those about her, almost at the same hour as that at which she had appeared before me at the door of my hut, eagerly calling upon me to seek for the buried gold to which she had so unerringly guided me. And when I heard this, there came a relapse in my illness, and, delirium setting in, there ensued a period during which I was in hourly danger, talking, as I thought, always with my dead Minnie whom I should never see again, till we two should meet in heaven.

They were tender with me during the time of my convalescence, and it was in kindness, doubtless, that they strove to persuade me that I had but dreamed of Minnie's visit; that my mind, sorely tasked and agitated, had deceived me; and that the spot whence the gold had been extracted had been one which I had noted as a likely one in some previous ramble and had sought under the impression that I was guided to it by her of whom my thoughts were full. I smiled, and let them speak. My own conviction remained unaltered. That my dead love had been with me was a comfort of which I would not let them rob me, but I said nothing. I bowed my head, and allowed them to believe me a convert to the hypothesis they suggested. I soon left that part of the country, settling in California, and working—as others seek refuge in strong drink—to banish the mournful thoughts that were with me ever. The gold I had won from the soil sufficed to purchase a large extent of virgin soil, now blooming with vineyard and corn-field, and I am a rich man, and envied, and all has thriven with me. But the zest of life is gone out of mine, and I wish, how I wish, that the weary pilgrimage were over, and I at rest—as Minnie is—for ever.—*All The Year Round.*

KINGS OF BUSINESS.

We make the following interesting and instructive excerpts from James Parton's lecture under the above head:—

Isaac Rich, who left a million and three quarters a year or two ago to found a college in Boston, began business thus: At eighteen he came from Cape Cod to Boston with \$3 or \$4 in his possession, and looked about for something to do, rising early, walking far, observing closely, reflecting much. Soon he had an idea—He bought three bushels of oysters, hired a wheelbarrow, found a piece of board, bought six small plates, six iron forks, a three-cent pepper-box, and one or two other things. He was at the oyster-boat, buying his oysters, at three in the morning, wheeled them three miles, set up his board near a market, and began business. He sold out his oysters as fast as he could open them, at a good profit. He repeated this experiment morning after morning, until he had saved \$130, with which he bought a horse and waggon and had five cents left.

"How are you going to board your horse?" asked a stable-keeper, who witnessed the audacious transaction.

"I am going to board him at your stable."

"But you're a minor," replied the acute Yankee. "And mind, I can't trust you more than a week." The next morning the lad, who had established a good credit with oystermen, bought thirteen bushels of remarkably fine oysters, which he sold in the course of the day at a profit of \$17. So he was able to pay for his horse's board. And right there in the same market he continued to deal in oysters and fish for forty years, became king of that business, and ended by founding a college; thus affording a new illustration of Professor Agassiz's theory that the consumption of fish is serviceable to the brain.

Last winter, in Norwich, a beautiful town near the centre of New York, I went over David Maydole's manufactory, where 100 men were employed in making hammers, enough men, you would suppose, to supply the world with hammers. He is one of the most perfect examples of a king of business I have met with in my life. If every king of business were such as he we should have the millennium the year after next. A plain little man he is, past 60 now, but in the full enjoyment of life and in the full enjoyment of his work. Upon being introduced to him in his office, not knowing what else to say, and not being aware that there was anything to be said or thought about hammers—having, in fact, always taken hammers for granted—I said: "And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes," said he, "I've made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, then," said I, still at a loss for a talk-opener, "You ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time."

"No, sir," said he, "I never made a pretty good hammer—I make the best hammer in the United States."

In Philadelphia, Henry Deaton and Sons sell five ton of

saws every day—an immense quantity, for a saw is very thin and light. Forty years ago he landed on these shores, aged fourteen, with his father and sister, and, two days after landing, the father died, leaving those two orphans alone in a strange land. He got work in a saw-shop, and by and by began business for himself in a small cellar. The simple secret of his marvellous prosperity is that he studied saws to the very uttermost, both theory and practice, and learned how to make better saws than had ever been made before.

Why are the Rothschilds the first bankers in the world? Because in a business career of 102 years, they have never failed to keep an engagement. Why is the Chemical Bank in New York the most solid and profitable bank in America? Because in the panic of 1837, when all other banks ceased to pay gold for their notes, that bank did not and never has. When gold was at 286, if you presented one of its \$50 notes at the counter, and asked for its equivalent in gold, you got \$50 in gold. Why is the Etna Insurance Company of Hartford the first of its kind in America? Simply because, after the great fires of New York, Portland, Chicago, and Boston, it did what it had undertaken and engaged to do—paid its losses. When Cornelius Vanderbilt at eighteen learned that to him had been awarded the contract for conveying supplies to the different forts in New York harbour, he stared with astonishment. He had disdained to compete with the other boatmen in price, but had offered to do the work on just terms. The commissary, observing his surprise, said to him, "Don't you know why we have given this contract to you?" "No," replied the youth. "Why, it is that we want this business done, and we know you'll do it."

There is a great deal in merely being able to feel money in your pocket, and not spend it. I must own that it is a very rare gift with the literary class. I have known a young writer in receiving \$30 for an article, invite a friend to dine with him at Delmonico's and ordered two bottles of \$6 wine. Such men, whatever their talents, usually remain drudges and slaves all their lives. The simple reason, in fact, why property, always and everywhere, gets into such enormous masses, is that it is the nature of the strong to husband their resources and themselves, and it is the nature of the weak to squander both. If you want to test a young man and ascertain whether nature made him for a king or a subject, give him a thousand dollars and see what he will do with it. If he is born to conquer and command, he will put it quietly away till he is ready to use it as opportunity offers. If he is born to serve, he will immediately begin to spend it in gratifying his ruling propensity. That propensity may be, usually is, perfectly innocent.

But all these qualities that I have mentioned—honesty, knowledge, self-control, resolution, perseverance, will not make a man a king of business. An individual, let him be the greatest man that ever lived, cannot accomplish unless he knows how to avail himself of the services of others. I remember hearing Mr. Prang, the great chromo-maker, say that the hardest thing he ever had to learn was to keep his own hands off the work, it was so much easier and quicker to take hold and do a difficult thing than to get another person to do it. But he soon found that the master of a large establishment must use all his skill and energy in doing just that, for it is only by doing nothing that he can do everything. A king of business is a king of men. He knows how men feel and think; what are their ruling motives and their disturbing foibles; where human nature is weak, where strong, and what makes men contented and discontented. He is a judge of men, and knows how to pick out the men he wants, and keeps them by treating them as he would like to be treated in their place.

Again: before a man can be a king of business or a king of men he must be monarch of himself. A great part of the secret of being able to control others is self-control. I remember Robert Bonner pointing out a person going by the office of *The Ledger* and saying: "I worked by the side of that man for years setting type, and a very good workman he was. Do you want to know the reason why he is still a journeyman printer and I am not?" I did want to know the reason. "Well," said he, "the reason is this—he used to buy five-dollar pantaloons, and as soon as they began to look shabby he cast them aside; but I bought coarse, strong three-dollar ones and wore them out. That's the reason."

Travers: the world over, search the history of our race in all times, and wherever you find a man truly superior to his fellows, a natural king of men, born to command, you will find him attentive to the interests and to the feelings and to the dignity of those who execute his will. If he is not man enough to be so from good feeling, he is man of business enough to do it from policy. If there is any one here who snubs persons dependent upon him, begrudges them their just compensation, cares nothing for their interests or their honour, that man is not naturally a master; he is one by accident only—he belongs by birth or breeding, or both, to the class of the defeated or the servile. He is merely a beggar on horseback, and perhaps stole the horse.

GROTESQUES.

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the great middle class of society?—Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

A bull rushed into a millinery store, causing a stampede among the ladies present. The lady in charge drove the gentleman out by exhibiting the price of an autumn bonnet.

In giving geography lessons down East, a teacher asked a boy what State he lived in, and was amused at the reply drawled through the boy's nose, "A state of sin and misery."

A farmer complains that a hook-and-ladder company has been organized in his neighbourhood. He states that the ladder is used after dark for climbing into his hen-house, after which the hooking is done.

One of the freaks of fashion is every now and then a craze for a particular colour. The rage just now is "elephant's breath." This is a very beautiful shade of blue, with a sort of mistiness about it. "A fallie of this shade," we are told, "elaborately trimmed, and with a tunic of black lace, was one of the handsomest dresses worn at a wedding reception last week." It must be just the sort of colour for a costume to carry out of town; for of course elephant's breath would easily go into a trunk.

Formerly in case of fractured crockery, it was the cat. In Worcester, Mass., it was the gas. The servant-girl came into the dining-room to light the afore-said gas. Upon the table was a glass goblet full of water. With one hand resting on the goblet Mary (or Bridget) with the other turned the key of the burner, allowing the gas to escape for an instant. Then touching the match, the gas flashed, and the goblet instantly flew into pieces. Scientific explanation: "The vibrations of the gas-jet were so violent as to cause vibrations in the glass too violent for it to bear." Too thin, we suppose.