

exchequer. By all means let us encourage technical instruction in every possible way—none need it more urgently than the present generation of American youth; but let us avoid the temptation of adding to the functions of the State in a matter of this kind, lest while seeking to enlarge the area of American skilled industry and the market for its products we add to the burthens already imposed upon it for the support of an already overgrown Government machine, which needs to have those functions restrained rather than enlarged. There is nothing in this way that private enterprise cannot accomplish infinitely better and infinitely more economically than the State.—*Jewellers' Circular.*

LUCK V. SKILL IN MINING.

During a recent visit to the mountains, a reporter quietly listened to a discussion going on between several miners regarding luck as specially applicable to and associated with mining ventures. The participants were about equally divided in opinion as to whether luck or shrewd judgment was paramount as an actuating motive in the generality of mining operations. Appeal was finally made to an old California miner, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, and he responded as follows:

"It may not be business to say so, but during many years of experience I have noticed that the prospectors who believed firmly in luck, and who had the most 'notions' and superstitions, always got on to the best ground. They did less work and less tramping, but their luck always brought them more cash to spend in the rainy season."

"Can you tell us some instances where nothing but luck brought a fortune to a fellow?" asked one of the party.

"Golly, I could talk of occurrences of this kind all night, but there is one case that was running in my mind all the time this confab has been going on, only the chap was not particularly a miner, but a carpenter who did jobs in the mines when work was slack in the towns."

"Oh, never mind that, but tell us about him," said several voices at once.

"All right; and if you discover anything but 'nigger-luck' in the story, stop me without ceremony. 'Spouse you've heard of Lucky Baldwin over on the coast?"

"Of course we have," said everybody.

"Well, he's the chap. Did you ever

know why we dubbed him Lucky Baldwin?"

"No," was the general response.

"Well, shove the cigars this way and I'll tell you about him."

Lighting a cigar deliberately with the puffing method peculiar to one most familiar with a wheezy pipe, the old man finally said:

"Times had got a little dull and stocks were low, and so Baldwin, who was always studying up some wild scheme or other to make money, concluded to go to China on some racket, and, as he happened to have 1,000 shares of Crown Point, which had cost him \$8 a share, he was mighty anxious to realize on them. The price being off several points, he raised the wind some other way, and, feeling that the time would come when he could get even on his stock, he left it with a friend to sell when the price rose to \$8 a share, and off he went to China. Soon after his departure the Comstock got into a bonanza and prices began to fly up. Baldwin's friend, who, by the way, was a carpenter also, watched the market closely, and when his \$8 limit was reached he rushed down to a broker and told him to sell 1,000 shares of Crown Point at \$8. 'Where's your stock?' asked the broker. 'Here it is,' said the carpenter. The broker examined it and then said: 'Have you power of attorney to sign Baldwin's name?' 'Not a power,' replied the carpenter. 'Well, then,' said the broker, 'I can't sell this stock, nor will anyone else.' You see, Baldwin, in accordance with his customary carelessness, or rather ignorance of business methods, had gone off without transferring or indorsing the stock made out in his name. Of course, his business trip to China was a failure, as were all his deliberately-planned enterprises, and he arrived in San Francisco strapped, but soon found that instead of having \$8,000 waiting for him it had swelled to an even \$1,000,000."

"No wonder they call him Lucky Baldwin," said a Chicago tenderfoot.

"Hold a moment, pardner," remarked the old Californian, "nobody thought of giving him that name then for a little lucky turn like that. Wait till I get a little farther along with my story, and you'll see a better reason for the name."

"Is there more coming? Great Scott! Wasn't one million enough on a scratch?"

"We didn't give names those days in

California unless a man earned them—you can bet your bottom dollar on that Baldwin cashed in his stock, and as he was considered rather fresh, the boys put up a job to divide the million among the gang. Jim Keene was Baldwin's broker, and he and the rest concluded that they would saddle a big block of Ophir on Baldwin at from \$10 to \$15 per share, which they proceeded to do, thus tapping him of half his pile. No sooner had Baldwin got this bundle of Ophir into his possession than the big bonanza was struck in Consolidated Virginia and California, adjoining the Ophir, and that stock doubled up in sympathy."

"'Rah for Baldwin," cried the Chicago tenderfoot.

"Keep cool, pard, that was only ordinary luck," growled the old Californian.

"Thunder and Mars, another million and you say only ordinary luck?"

"That's what I said. Ophir kept right on doubling up so fast that the gang wanted to get Baldwin's stock, and so they put up another job on him. You see the Bank of California held most of the balance of Ophir stock, and so Ralston sent for Keene and 'sized him up' to vote Baldwin's stock at the annual election, so that the Bank would have control of the mine. Keene being still agent for Baldwin, pocketed his plum and went square back on Baldwin. Lord, wasn't Baldwin mad. The stock kept going up, and Baldwin, knowing that the old assessment dodge would be played on him, shoved his stock on the market just exactly as the conspirators expected and wished he would, until he hadn't a share left, obtaining the highest prices, which were from \$250 to \$300 per share. No sooner had he unloaded on the gang than the stock began to tumble as rapidly as it had risen, and it busted the Bank of California, but Baldwin had over \$10,000,000 to his credit, and the name 'Lucky Baldwin' was duly earned and accredited to him. You see there was not a bit of sense or smartness from the beginning to end, so far as 'Lucky' was concerned. He blundered into the first million, was trapped into a bad investment, and was angered into selling out in the nick of time, and so luck—stupid nigger luck—made him the straw which broke the back of the great institution known as the Bank of California, and transferred its gold into his own private pocket."

"What became of Lucky Baldwin?"