

Coat of Frieze.

In compliance with requests of several anxious to memorize, and perhaps also to write the winter-frieze, a few Irish legends, we commence this week with the "Coat of Frieze." It was written about thirty years ago in Toronto, where the author was one day astonished as well as delighted by the presence of a man who had just arrived from the old land, bearing with him a present a brand new coat of frieze.

Air—Follow Me Down to Carton. Welcome, Oh! welcome, my coat of frieze, Long live I salute you, when I see you; More welcome by far than a golden prize In my frieze of Tipperary.

Over the hollows' foam, where sea monsters roam, A loving friend hath borne thee. In Gloucestroo brave mead and true From snow-white waves have shorn thee; Ould Nansen's tow has napp'd thy down And kindred waves did weave thee; Now thro' my sunny up and down In pride I march beneath thee.

My Canadian friends, when the Autumn ends, May purchase furs from Hudson's Bay, And Scotchmen bold, in the blizzards cold, Draw close their plaids of blue and grey; 'Mid the howling blast, when the snow falls fast, How chill their looks and dreary, While snug and warm in brave the storm In frieze of Tipperary.

When my frieze I don, oh what thoughts come on Of home and smiling faces rare, Of stalwart men, o'er moor and glen, To a path of crowding or to a fair, Or when the Irishman's mood is strange, To average the wrongs of Erie; And millions cheer'd when Dan appeared In frieze of Tipperary.

McGeel won't part with what loves his heart For all the dimes of the season land; But far more prize my Irish frieze In this cold and dreary foreign land. Without storm or strife it cheers my life While whispering to me tales of old Erie; It may seem strange but I'll never change My frieze of Tipperary.

"Grange, famous for a monster meeting held by Daniel O'Connell in 1812, at which he boasted of wearing on his person no goods but those of Irish manufacture, and sported a huge frieze coat with a profusion of repeat buttons. "An allusion to T. Darcy McGeel's ballad, "Would Not Give My Irish Wife for all the Dimes of Season Land." W. F.

THE LAST STRIKE AT OPHIR.

Ophir was the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra, and Wash Bonner was the most prosperous miner it contained. His claim, the "Blue Junata," was paying enormously, and Wash had become very popular; for he gave away his money as fast as he made it. Wash was a tall good humoured Misourian, lean, light-haired and sleepy. No one gave him credit for much energy or ambition, and the accident by which he had stumbled upon his claim when the camp was first settled was told far and wide as a case of "fool luck."

It happened this way: The camp began as a placer camp, and all the "claims" along the stream or on the flat were taken up, when Wash, a tall green horn of a new-comer, drilled in without a dollar to his name, and stood watching the saloon company of runaways from ships in San Francisco Bay, as they took out their "ounce to the man" from the best washings in the camp.

"What are you lookin' at, young fellow, said the captain of the company, "Why don't you stake out a claim?" "All taken," said Wash, slowly.

"Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man thinking at his comrades. "More than that here?" Wash borrowed a pick and went to the place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine in the district. It was a curious pocket-mine in a loose broken formation; and though every one rushed to the place and staked out the whole hillside, no other claim ever paid a tenth part as much as the "Blue Junata."

In the course of time, as the region became settled upon, men and families came in, Wash fell in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento Valley. He reviewed the past, a hundred thousand dollars had come out of his mine, and he had nothing left to show for it. He resolved that if the girl would have him he would never waste another cent. He went to the claim, worked all day, struck a "pocket" and took out more than a thousand dollars, the largest yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work and went to the town, "spiced himself up," drove down into the valley, called on the girl, proposed and was accepted.

"Jennie," said Wash, "you've got to take me, if you want me, just as if I hadn't any mine, and wasn't worth a playman."

"I do," said Jennie; "it's you I care for, Wash."

A month later they were married, and began housekeeping in a little house of white pine, built near the mine. Then Wash began the regular development of his claim.

For six months he kept up course though not a dollar had come from it in all that time. "They lived on what was left of the thousand dollars after the wedding expenses were taken out. Then one day, Wash said: "Jennie, the boys think the old mine is played out; but I don't. I'll never give it up while I live, I'll find a bigger pocket in that mountain-side than any man ever struck in California."

He climbed the hill and began work on a tunnel which should strike the broken gold bearing ledges at a lower point than he had yet reached.

Months more passed over the heads of the miner and his wife. One after another their friends deserted them; their credit gave out, and they lived on game, fish and berries, so that the little money they had could be spent for blasting powder. Every morning at day-break Wash, gaunt and silent, went to his work; every night at dark he stumbled home to his cabin.

"Jennie, I know there is gold there. We will find it soon. I never before worked a month in the old mine without taking out something. This dead-lock has lasted more than a year. It can't last always. I will find the lead again, and then we will let the rest go and buy a farm in the valley where we can forget about this fight."

She believed every word; for she was a loving, loyal woman, and she knew that this great, awkward Misourian was a man among thousands. The very boys in town hooted after him and called him

crazy; but she knew better. Her family had once urged her to leave him and come home, but they never ventured to suggest it again. Old miners passing by looked at the shabby man and said there was no gold left. Men who had thousands of dollars from her husband, and owed their entire fortunes to him, at last refused to give him credit for a sack of flour or a side of bacon.

"You stick to the mine, Wash; I'll stick to you," was all that Jennie said. She never told her husband that she had gone to her brother, who was rich, and asked him for a little money to carry them through the winter. "Not for that spend-thrift Misourian to waste, was his answer." "He can clerk in my store if he will give up this foolshness."

Somehow the camp was down on Wash. He had given away loads of money, but always after a fashion of his own. When old D. C. Selby was knocked out by the leading saloon-keeper, and nearly died in the snow, Wash took him up, learned his history, and sent enough of money to his family East to educate his children. That was well enough, but he told the saloon-keeper that he ought to be hung; and in the present crisis the old fellow was not idle in advising people to let that fool Misourian alone.

Wash's hair grew gray and thin, he stopped lower and lower. Deep lines were graven in his face, and his eyes became fierce and terrible. Men met him in the gulches trapping game, or down in the stream with his fish nets and passed him by without a word. Prospectors, climbing over the hills, heard the sound of his pick while he toiled in his tunnel, and laughed him to scorn. Because he found a few pockets, he is boasting right into the granite. Crazy as a loon, and his wife as bad. Her relations have done everything to help them—offered him a farm and the best kind of show down in the valley."

It was an afternoon of October. The saloon-keeper sat on the bench by his door reading a newspaper. He heard a noise at the head of the street; the village boys were shouting, "Here comes the crazy Misourian miner!" Wash, ragged and miserable, came into sight, and after a moment's hesitation, spoke to him: "Evening, Mr. Sloan."

"I can't do anything for you." "Mr. Sloan, listen to me. I hadn't a cent in the world. We've sold all our goods and worked in the mine together this month. Jennie's held the drill while I drove it. I can't get a pound of powder, but the holes are all set in the face, ready. Something tells me that this time it will touch gold. I can feel it just ahead. I've felt it all along, but now it's right there with reach of one more blast. I tell you, Sloan, I know it's there."

"You're crazy, Wash." "Sloan, you've got money. Give me one keg of powder, and I'll make you a rich man. I'll give you half if we take out. You don't know how I've worked this year. I've hammered from daylight to dawn, gone hungry and slept cold, and fell down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand here!" He seized the saloon-keeper's hand and held it to his breast. The man felt Wash's heart away several inches, as if it had got loose from its place, and its wild loud throbbing was like the beating of a mighty engine. "That," said Wash, "you see I ain't for long. That mine's for my wife. She stayed with it and with me. I ought to have dropped it and put my pride down long ago, but it's too late. Sloan, will you let me have the powder?"

"No." Wash looked at his old enemy and turned away. He had already tried others, the store-keeper, the hotel owner and every miner he could find. They thought it was foolishness and worse. There had been many things said about that crazy Wash who married a young woman and made her work like a slave in his worthless claim, and some of them were flung out at him that afternoon.

"I tell you, Wash," said one, "the insane asylum's the place for you, and the boys will have to get you there and send your wife home."

So far astray does the judgment of men and communities sometimes wander! No one in all the camp understood the proud unyielding soul that had settled itself to wrestle with Nature and her secret.

The afternoon wore on into night, and night into morning, and morning, noon and afternoon built up another day. Wash did not come back.

Some boys climbed the hill and went into the tunnel. There lay Wash dead, at the further end of the drift, his pick in his hand. He had gone back to break his own way into the treasure house, but his heart had burst in the midst of a giant stroke, and he had fallen across his own weapon. There his wife had found him, and she too, weak and sick and heart-broken, lay in a faint over his body.

Ophir Camp woke with a start to some dim sense of its crime. Tender hands carried Wash and his wife out of the tunnel, and did all that could be done for the poor woman.

A dozen men went back into the tunnel from which they had taken the dead man, and looked at the place where his last faltering shock had glanced on the flinty rock.

"Boys," said one, "I'll never forget that I told Wash that he couldn't have any more powder, not if he did in his tunnel. We'll set off them blast holes just as he wanted, and then we'll bury him in here where he dropped."

There was plenty of blasting powder now to be had for the asking, and in a few minutes more the face of the drift was ready for the blast, the fires set and lighted, word had got around the camp, and every man was gathered at the mouth of the tunnel. A few women were in the old cabin caring for the dying wife. A long silence followed the lighting of the shock, and suddenly the dull noise of the shock and the heavier masses of rock than usual startled the miners outside.

They ran into the tunnel with their lights. The blast had opened a wide path into an irregular cavern gleaming with gold. Above, below and on all sides was the shining precious metal. That last blast, for which Wash had struggled so bravely, had revealed a fortune. The excited miners rushed out again with a wild shout. A woman met them with a flushed and frightened face.

"How can you make such a noise?" she said. "The poor thing's gone, crying like a baby for her dead man." The miners drew close together,

ashamed and profoundly affected. After a little a few of them went back to the tunnel, and secured Wash's sick axe, which had been leaning against the wall. "We can't bury him here, now," said one; "the mine will be worked again. They must lie on the hillside, where all his old friends of twenty years ago are laid."

Meanwhile they are talking in low tones, when suddenly a miner, who had been looking at Wash's carving pickaxe which hardly another man in camp could have handled, gave a cry of surprise. In a little flaw in the welding of steel to iron a few inches from the point, was a fluke of wire gold, broken off and caught there by the last stroke of the man with it, both slaking at the foot of the wall of rock.

"El only Wash could have seen that before he died, 'twould have made him happy," said one of the miners. "He knew pocket-mining better than any man in the mountains. That's pocket gold; he could have had a thousand dollars on that bit of yellow wire. Wash made his strike himself without anybody's powder; but he died before he knewed it."

"What makes you say so, Jim?" queried a second miner. "Because I helped to pick him up. He just had both hands gripping his pickaxe handle, and the point of it was wedged in the rock. He lay just as he fell, going down with the stroke, as if he felt his heart giving way, and then he snatched and pick into that last blow. 'Twas an awful stroke he made. I never saw rock so split by mortal man before."

Wash had no relatives. His wife's brother came up and took possession of the claim which the miners had protected against all intruders. In a few weeks it became generally understood in the region that the wealth of the "Blue Junata" and greatest pocket" was estimated by conservative miners at a quarter of a million. It was managed with consummate skill, and one of the finest blocks of buildings in San Francisco was erected by the shrewd, selfish man of affairs who had refused to help "that crazy Misourian brother-in-law" of his. The hidden gold of the "Blue Junata pocket" went abroad in the world, blessing or cursing, according to the natures of the men who held it; the miner and his wife lay in the red hillside soil, under the pines, with the sound of the river, their struggles past.

But from the day that Wash fell dead in his tunnel, a light seemed to fall on the hillside of Ophir. Mine after mine gave out; miners after miners moved away. A land side swept off the cabin where Wash had lived, and though, as I have said, the "Blue Junata" yielded all that was expected, and even more, and founded one of the great Pacific Coast fortunes, none of its treasures brought happiness to those who worked it. To-day the camp is deserted, and its very name a memory.

The broken flames rose from the hillside, and the grizzly sleeps in the ancient tunnel where the Misourian sank dead in his last wrestle with fate. This is the true story of the last strike at Ophir.—The Independent.

A LEVEL HEAD. THE ADVANTAGE OF PRESENCE OF MIND IN AN EMERGENCY. During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks and there was no reason to suppose that it would end along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equanimity and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of odds. Ots A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio. But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: 'I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year.'"

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

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