

THE ROMANCE OF MINING; ITS PERILS AND REWARDS

Discovery of Gold in California a Pure Accident—Origin of the Name "Comstock Lode"—Horrible Experience of Scottish Coal Diggers.

"Any writer on mining," says Archibald Williams, of the "Romances of Mining," "in its general aspect is, when casting about for a starting-point, driven to express what others have said before him—that the history of mining is the history of civilization." This is so true that I shall do no more than indicate a few of the slight incidents, which, when united in their vast sequence, spell out the greatest romance in the world, a romance which, perhaps, even now, is but dimly guessed at.

THE ELDERADO OF THE GREAT WEST.

Sometimes these incidents are attended with the most astonishing carelessness. For example, the first discovery of gold in California was the result of pure accident. Dr. J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, a former pioneer miner, tells the story in his "Four Months Among the Gold Finders in Alta, California." "Captain Sutter, a neighbor of his, told the author the story. A Mr. Marshall was engaged at the time in making some alterations in his sawmill on the American River, and, as the tail-race of the mill was too narrow for its requirements, he had thrown the mill-wheel out of gear, and had thus loosed into the race the whole body of water imprisoned behind the dam. A mass of sand and gravel was swept off by the current's force. He was walking along the left bank of the stream when he noticed something bright, which he took for a piece of opal, a stone which is very common there. It was lying on a spot made bare by the crumbling of a part of the bank. At first he paid no attention to this glittering object, but while he was giving some directions to his workmen he noticed several more of them, and, mildly curious, he picked one of them up. "Do you know," said Mr. Marshall to Captain Sutter, "I positively debated with myself two or three times whether I would take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of the pieces, and had decided on not doing so, when, further on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up, and to my astonishment found it was a thin scale of what appears to be pure gold." Unfortunately for Marshall and his friend, though the find proved to be

the "true stuff," the secret had leaked out within a few hours.

THE FINDER OF THE COMSTOCK LODE.

Just ten years after the discovery of gold in California, two miners, named Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Reilly, were engaged in digging a water-hole in a gulch of the Carson River Valley, when, to their inexpressible delight, they saw the glorious "color." While they were hard at work, convinced that they had made their fortunes, there strolled up to them a certain Henry Comstock, "whose otherwise contemptible personality will go down to history because it gave its name to this wonderful mine." "An ex-trapper and fur-trader," continues Mr. Williams, "restless, yet lazy, he had wandered about for years, taking up a claim here and there, to soon quit it, and resume his prospecting. One evening he chanced to find the two Irishmen cleaning up their rocker for the last time before stopping work for the day. His practiced eye took in the situation at a glance. With matchless effrontery he informed the lucky pair that they were trespassing on his land; and by sheer talking prevailed upon them to concede his claims! Thus it was that, though the true discoverers have been forgotten, the name of the Comstock has survived."

THE KIMBERLEY DEPOSITS.

The extraordinary Kimberley deposits owe their discovery to a little Poor child who was collecting pebbles from the river for amusement. One of these was so bright that it caught the eye of the child's mother, who took it indoors and showed it some time afterwards to a neighboring farmer, Schalk van Niekirk. He, not knowing its true character, but thinking it of some value, offered to buy it; the woman laughingly said he was waylaid to have it for nothing. Niekirk, in turn, submitted the stone to an English trader, Mr. J. O'Reilly, who offered to take it down to the coast and let the experts have a look at it; he to share any profits with the owner. O'Reilly, while passing through Colesberg, cut his initials with the stone on one of the hotel windows, and pronounced that he had got a diamond; but the people present were so incredulous that one of them took the thing and threw it into the street, whence it was recovered only after a long

search. At Grahamstown scientific tests revealed a genuine diamond. The stone, which weighed 21 1/2 carats, was sent to the University of Edinburgh in Paris, and afterwards found a purchaser for the sum of £500.

THE GREAT MOGUL.

One of the most interesting stones in the world, "The Great Mogul," was discovered about the middle of the seventeenth century. Its weight, which is 800 carats, places it next to the "Jagersfontein" and "Cullinan" jewels. A French traveler, Tavernier, tells of how it was shown to him at Agra by Shah Jehan, its owner in 1665. "The first piece," he says, "that Aked Khan, keeper of the king's jewels, placed in my hands, was the great diamond, which is rose-cut, round and very high on one side. On the lower edge there is a slight crack, and a little flaw in it. Its water is fine, and weighs 319 1/2 carats, which make 230 of our carats. In the rough state it weighed 787 1/2 carats. . . . It was Hortensio Borgis who cut it, for which he was also badly paid. When it was cut he was reproached for having spoiled the stone, which might have remained heavier, and instead of rewarding him for the work, the King fined him 10,000 rupees, and would have taken more if he had possessed more."

DAWSON CITY.

No book on mining would be complete without a reference to "The El Dorado of the North." Mr. Williams gives a chapter of it, in which he comments on the extraordinary changes which have come to Dawson. A writer in the "World's Work," speaking of the improvements in 1903, spoke of Dawson's system of waterworks, its telephone system with long-distance connections with the chief cities, its telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, its schools, its churches and municipal buildings. "Three years ago," he says, "the in-

habitants of Dawson lived principally on dried and salted meats. All Game meat is brought in, frozen in winter, and in refrigerator cars to White Horse in summer, and all vegetables are grown in market gardens near by. Nothing pleases the Dawson citizen more than to entertain a skeptical visitor from the south at table with lettuce, asparagus, green peas, or celery, cauliflower, cabbage and carrots, according to the season, grown in his own rear yard."

THE PERILS.

The chapter devoted to the dangers of mining is the grim side of this stimulating panorama of the world's wealth. I quote from it one simple story, horribly significant of the worldwide perils of mining. In October, 1836, a big fall took place in the Kilgammie pit, of the little town of Ayrshire. All the men escaped except one, John Brown, who returned to fetch his jacket, and had his egress blocked by a second smaller fall. A fortnight later search was made for his body, and the searchers thought they heard groanings. That poor Brown could still be alive they could hardly believe, and accordingly attributed to the noises to his spirit. However, the attack on the fall was continued, and on the 33rd day after the accident the open workings beyond were reached. Here they found Brown, still alive, but so wasted that his backbone could be felt by anyone laying a hand on the pit of the stomach. When the poor miner reached the light of day, his body and head were found to be covered over by a fungus that grows upon decaying timber props, a sight never seen before! But the rescue had come too late, and in three days poor Brown died. Giraud, a well-known, beat even this record. He was entombed at the bottom of a well near Lyons for thirty days. Like the unfortunate Brown, he died within a few days of his rescue.

younger and a prettier wife. I have vowed never to wed, but to give my life to good works. I shall love you as a brother—as a son—always. East Graniteton sat for two minutes in dead silence, staring toward the choir loft, and then the voice of Mrs. Crosby arose. "Well, she's a fool. That's all I've got to say," she said.

HOW THE STORY BECAME PUBLIC.

A few minutes later Layne hurried through the church and left on the first train, while Miss Melvina became the model of self-sacrifice, for to be an old maid from choice is far different from being one of necessity. East Graniteton pitied and admired and scolded Miss Melvina until a few days ago, when the climax came. It was discovered that Layne was a Portsmouth man who had been hired to act as Miss Melvina's lover at \$4 a day, outfit and expenses, and to propose to her as publicly as possible. The facts came out because the man, after spending his earnings, tried to blackmail Miss Melvina, and she, with the fighting spirit of the Allens, aroused, chose to have him arrested and to let the whole story become public rather than to submit to the scoundrel's demands.



Will Cut Himself. "What awful table manners he has. I believe I shall cut him." "If he continues to eat with his knife he will probably save you the trouble."

PERFUME OF QUEENS.

During her recent visit to Paris Margherita, the Queen Dowager of Italy, made extensive purchases of perfumes, and the papers reveal that her favorite essence is violet. This has brought out a discussion of the perfumes used by the queens of Europe. It is alleged that the Czarina spends in Paris no less than 50,000 francs annually on perfumes, creams, soaps and toilet waters. Violet is her favorite also, in large quantities of it are put up in flasks especially for her.

She is so fond of perfumes in general, however, that her rooms are daily sprinkled with essences of elder, jasmine, narcissus or tuberose. Sometimes the atmosphere is so charged with scent as to be almost intolerable to other people entering the apartments.

For the preparation of the Czarina's toilet waters violets are especially plucked between 5 and 7 o'clock in the evening, because in her opinion that is the hour when the plants give forth the most exquisite odors.

Queen Alexandra of England is addicted to the ess-bouquet, the formula for which as used by the English royal family is said to be a secret, handed down from father to son since 1829. The components are said to be musk, ambergris, rosewater, violet, jasmine, orange flower and lavender.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands has a less complicated taste. Eau de Cologne is good enough for her. She uses half a litre a day of it. She uses considerable fancy soap, toilet creams and powder. She takes a warm bath of seven minutes' duration daily, followed by a cold douche. She is very proud of her beautiful complexion and takes every pains to keep it unimpaired.

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WOMAN HIRES A MAN TO MAKE LOVE TO HER

Had a Sweetheart and Proposal But Lover Was on Salary and Cost \$4 a Day and Expenses—The interesting Denouement.

Miss Melvina Slade of East Graniteton, N. H., had a sweetheart and a proposal. The lover was the handsomest, best dressed, and "best mannered" man that ever graced the society functions of the beautiful village up in the Green mountains, and for three months Miss Melvina was the most envied and perhaps the most talked about woman in all that district.

Now it has developed that the lover was on salary and that Miss Melvina's only love affair and her triumph over the gossip of the town cost her \$4 a day and the expenses of the courtship. Yet, had it not been for the facts were discovered, Miss Melvina would have counted the \$42 well spent.

Miss Slade now is 42 years old. She was the daughter of the Rev. Frederick Slade, a United Brethren missionary worker, who made his home at East Graniteton and preached at many revivals.

Melvina Slade was 32 years old when her father came home from his last protracted meeting to die. She was 35 when he died.

People said Melvina Slade was a hopeless old maid, and when she died they said it was a pity he had not died years before and given her a chance. A year later Squire Allen died and left everything to his granddaughter.

After nearly forty years of penury and oppression she was rich and at least rich for East Graniteton—and, better than that, was free. Her first move was to buy pretty clothes. People laughed and said Melvina was looking for a husband. Then she built the finest monument in the cemetery and had recorded there all the virtues of her father. People laughed again and speculated as to what Squire Allen would do if he knew his money had been used to raise a monument to the memory of Rev. Mr. Slade.

But she was happy, or at least comfortable and contented, until one day she overheard some one say: "There goes Miss Slade. Poor thing, she never had a beau." The girl who spoke noticed in consternation that Miss Slade had overheard her, but she did not know until Miss Slade confessed to her recently that her words, thoughtlessly spoken, had brought home to Miss Melvina a sense of longing. For the first time she realized her loneliness. It was not that she wanted to get married or even desired the friendship of men. Indeed, she feared men and disliked them, but she thought that all the other women and girls in town pitied her and thought she could not get a husband or sweetheart if she tried aroused all the resentment in her nature. She felt hurt and bitter, and her pride was sorely wounded, and the hurt was all the greater because she felt in her heart that what the women said was true.

TORMENTED BY THE GOSSIPS. It was early last spring that Miss Melvina conceived her great idea. She went down to Portsmouth for a visit, and when she returned she informed some of her friends that she had met a handsome young man down there. "Now, Miss Melvina," they would say, "don't you be marrying him and moving away." "Law—no," she would answer. "I'm never going to marry. I'm too old." "Why, Melvina," they would declare, "you don't look a day over 30." And then they would go away and say: "Poor Melvina. She's getting foolish. The poor old thing thinks a handsome young man down at Portsmouth's in love with her."

Everybody said that the young man was a myth—until one day, late in June, a handsome, athletic looking man, about 25, carefully dressed, well groomed, and prosperous looking, arrived in East Graniteton and went to the Rumory House, where he engaged the best room for a week. The name he wrote on the register was W. T. for you, dear. You must find a

Andrew Layne, Portsmouth. He had a 10 cent cigar, flicked the dust off his patent leather shoes, and asked Ethel Goodard, the clerk, to direct him to the home of Miss Melvina Slade.

LOVER ARRIVED AT LAST.

Although it was only four blocks to Miss Melvina's house the handsome stranger stopped two natives on the street and inquired the way again and again. Before he reached the old Allen home where Miss Melvina lives the word had flashed all over town that Miss Melvina's handsome young man had arrived. When he returned to the hotel almost every one in town either passed him or peered through the shutters at him.

East Graniteton was excited. Everybody admitted he was the handsomest young man ever in town and wondered what he saw in Miss Melvina. Some openly said he was after her money and one asked her: "Has he any money?"

"O, yes," said Miss Melvina. "He is in the leather way." Whereupon East Graniteton magnified him into a millionaire leather merchant and wondered more than ever.

Miss Melvina's time of triumph had arrived. Every girl and most of the widows tried to snare Layne away from Miss Melvina, but he remained steadfast.

"He's just dead in love with her—crazy about her," said one. "But why, beats me." Layne took her everywhere, and East Graniteton watched in amazement and wondered when the engagement would be announced.

WAITING FOR THE ENGAGEMENT TO BE ANNOUNCED.

"When's it to be, Melvina?" asked one. "I'm never going to marry," said Miss Melvina. "Either him or any other man."

The remark was repeated, and East Graniteton growing cynical, added, "Unless he asks her."

But the sensation came on Sept. 8, the night of the M. E. social. Everybody went, and Layne and Miss Melvina were the centers of interest. Miss Melvina positively was pretty. Even the envious ones said she looked ten years younger. She was merry and excited as a schoolgirl.

Along about 9:30 in the evening, after the ice cream and berries had been served, Miss Melvina and Layne disappeared. It was whispered about that they were billing and cooing up in the choir loft.

Now the Methodist church choir loft in East Graniteton was a sounding board which is remarkable. Persons who have sung in the choir declare it is impossible even to whisper up there without being heard all over the church. It seemed that neither Miss Melvina nor Layne knew this, for suddenly about a quarter of the population of East Graniteton ceased eating berries and ice cream and stilled their clatter of spoons to listen to a private conversation.

"Miss Slade—Melvina—I love you," came a man's voice.

PROPOSAL WAS OVERHEARD.

East Graniteton gasped. "Won't you try to love me! I am younger than you, but that is all I tell you. I have money, houses, everything. Say yes, dear, I cannot live without you."

Again East Graniteton gasped. Everybody listened for the sound of a kiss. Then, after a silence, Miss Melvina spoke: "I'm sorry," she said. "I appreciate the honor you do me, but I cannot marry you. It hurts me to say this, but I never will marry not even the best man on earth—unless it is you."

Her voice quavered and then she spoke again: "I admire you, more than any man I ever knew. I wish I could love you for you deserve everything you want, but it is better we do not marry—because for you, dear. You must find a

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A girl ten years old, named Mary Sears, living in Arkansas, was riding her pony along a highway, when he shied at a cow and she was thrown to the ground and suffered a broken arm. It was a mile to the nearest house, and the girl was not able to mount again, and in too much pain to walk. The pony seemed to understand this after a time, and he galloped away and reached the house of a planter and kept up a whinnying until he was taken notice of and a man sent to follow him back to where the girl was found. It was plain that the intelligent animal knew that something out of the usual had happened, and in this case he was just as good a messenger as a boy would have been.

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