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POOR DOCUMENT

A PROSPECTOR'S LIFE.

A HARD WAY TO ACQUIRE THE PRECIOUS METAL.

Scanning the Nooks and Crannies of Gulch and Mountain Side—Lonely Days with Sneaking Claim Jumpers.

In the spring time, often with no other companion than a stubborn pack mule, which he leads along by a halter, the gold hunter turns his back on such civilization as border towns can boast of and hides himself among the awful solitudes of the mountains, where he remains, except when he repairs to the nearest settlement to procure fresh supplies, pursuing his lonely and dangerous tasks until the storms of winter compel him to seek shelter again among the habitations of his fellow men. As the gold hunter ascends the slope of the mountain which he has selected as the scene of his explorations he notes every change in the structure or the composition of the rocks. When a favorable locality is reached, a locality where the geological formation indicates the presence of gold, he stops at the first spring of water, unpacks his outfit, pitches his tent, if he has one, which is rarely the case, pickets his tired mule, gathers a few loose rocks and places them in the form of a horseshoe on the ground to serve as a stove, and then, with bent head and watchful eyes, carefully scans every gulch and mountain side, pries into every nook and cranny in quest of those signs which mother nature always posts near the spot where she has hidden her precious treasures.

Far up on the rugged flanks of that storm riven mountain the gold hunter breaks off a piece of rock from a ledge and lo! it is flecked with bright, yellow specks, not unlike that yellow metal which all mankind is so glad to possess. His heart beats fast as he examines the specimen. He wets the bright specks with his tongue and picks at them nervously with his penknife. They crumble at the touch of that instrument, and then he throws the rock down with an angry gesture, and mutters disappointedly: "P'rgrim gold, be gosh."

Now he is down yonder in the gulch, which seems as though it might be the repository of a vast amount of the yellow metal, digging a hole in the gravel. The trend of the rift is north and south. Nature never piled up drift in that manner, especially in a ravine in this range of of mountains, without sprinkling it with gold. It was in just such spots as this that she loved to secrete her most beautiful metal whenever it was torn from its native home in the rock by the slowly advancing glacier or the floods of bygone ages.

The shaft is down three feet, and now the miner fills his pan with gravel from the bottom of the pit and washes it in the stream. Yes, there is gold in the drift, for on the bottom of the pan glisten three colors. They are mere specks, it is true, but they are the genuine article, and no mistake. This small find encourages the toiler to continue his search, for he knows that the heavier particles of gold, no matter what may have been their position in the drift when it was first deposited, will not rest easy until they have reached the bed rock and found a crevice for their grave. And so he sinks the shaft to the bed rock, twelve feet or more. He drifts east along the rock, he drifts west, north and south, and finds the precious stuff everywhere, but not in sufficient quantities to pay.

Again he is up on that cliff. How did he manage to scale those perpendicular walls which form its sides? It seems as though nothing but a bird could find a foothold, and yet there he is dancing wildly around something that glitters in the sunlight like an enormous ball of silver. That pile is ore, rich in silver and lead. He has just dug it out of the ground. Is it any wonder, then, that he is in an ecstasy of delight, for it seems as though he had struck it rich at last. A little assistance from capital is all he requires now to become a millionaire. He sits down for a moment and stares toward the east with a yearning look in his soft gray eyes. He is thinking, perhaps, of the home of his childhood, and how he has met with success at last. He leaps into the pit again and digs away for dear life. But the walls of the lode have suddenly come together. It was merely a pocket of ore, and will never make him rich or anybody else; and fortune, who seemed so near to him a moment ago, is as far away as ever.

The "pinching out" of that lode only disheartens our prospector for a moment or so, for there he is now driving a tunnel at the foot of that granite boss. There is a fine lot of ore lying at the mouth of the opening. It is a sugary, comby, drusy quartz and is sprinkled here and there with gold. Carefully examine the granite walls of the lode and see how clean they are. The most skilful workman could not have made them so smooth or polished them half so well. Observe those shining bunches of crystal there in the heading, a sure sign that the vein is a live one. It is six feet between walls and the lead matter averages $40 per ton. It is surely a rich ledge and the miner's fondest hopes may yet be realized.

But who are those two men who have have just come over the crest of the hill above the tunnel? One of them has a wooden box under his arm. It has no cover and there is a paper containing some writing fastened on the inner side of its bottom. They are a villainous looking pair these two, and are there for no good purpose. See how they crawl along, almost on their stomachs. They conduct themselves as though some one might see them and make a target of their worthless carcasses. But nobody molests them. They have come to a halt, set the box down on its end and pile loose rocks around it to keep it in place, and then sneak off the way they came like a couple of coyotes, which they closely resemble.

These two worthies belong to that disreputable class known here in the west as "claim jumpers." They have been sent out by some covetous speculator, who wants the earth and who sticks at nothing to get it, or at least a large slice of it. He has learned in some way of this promising prospect and has engaged these wretches to post a notice thereon claiming the property. There will be a fierce dispute over it now. The matter will be brought into the courts and will probably be settled some time in the next decade. It will be a conflict of the friendless and penniless against the rich and influential.

Such is the real life of a gold hunter, except in a few cases. After years of exhausting toil, and just when his efforts are about to be crowned with success, others step in and steal the fruits of his labors, or by trickery and fraud reap the harvest which he has sown.—Helena (Mon.) Cor. New York World.

Mormons have applied for permission to establish a community in Turkey.

Flowers of the Arctic Regions.

The polar flowers seldom have any perfume, and the few that exhibit this delightful quality, however feeble, are, I think, from that class that have crept over the cold border marked by the Arctic circle; or, in short, none of the fifty mentioned—Eskimo flowers, we might call them in a popular way—have any odorous blossoms are generally of the cold tints, as if in harmony with the chilly surroundings, instead of the warm hues that would break in upon the desolation with double effect by sheer contrast where so few cheering sights are to be seen. White and light yellow predominate, and these colors seem associated with frosts and cold weather, for it appears that these flowers we call "everlastings," and which are the longest to defy the nippings of the coming winter weather, are mostly tinted like the northern snows and yellow northern lights.

It is in the depths of old ocean that we find some of the largest expressions of plant life in the polar zone. Here, within a short distance of shore, are colossal kelps and other life that grow throughout the year; of course, vegetating the most in the short summer months. Land plants, as already said, are pigmies compared with those of the sea, or even the corresponding class in lower latitudes, and this dwarfed condition, a naturalist tells us, is not due so much to the intense cold in the arctic winter as to the fact they do not get enough warmth in summer to develop them perfectly. Dr. Joseph Hooker mentions it as a rare property of one of the graminee (the grasses), Trisetum Subspicatum, that it is the only polar species known which is equally an inhabitant of the arctic and antarctic regions. —Frederick Schwatka in Woman.

The Influence of Symbols.

An American, writing home recently from England, says: "I happened to be present at the funeral of a soldier, who, for bravery in the Zulu war, had received the Victoria cross. The badge was fastened to his breast as he lay in the coffin. His mother, bidding him farewell, touched the precious bronze token and said: 'It lessens my grief at losing him that he should take that into his grave!'

"It was the symbol to her not only of his heroic life, but of the gratitude of his country. I wondered, as I heard her, if we Americans make as much use as we might of the influence of symbols in training our uneducated classes."

A singular instance of the effect of this kind of symbolism was once shown in the famous reformatory school at Lusk. One of the teachers had induced about twenty of the boy give up profane and indecent language, and to do extra work, for which they were paid. But they were indifferent and half hearted in the effort.

"Form them into a society and give them a badge," suggested the superintendent.

The hint was carried out. In a month the boys were eager and enthusiastic in their work, and as proud of their prison society as were the old soldiers of Napoleon of the Legion of Honor.

The man who is successful in leading human nature to its highest endeavor must work upon the innocent weaknesses as well as upon the stern love of duty. Imaginative men and women like to symbolize their work or sacrifice for the world in some uniform or badge.—Youth's Companion.

Down on Mumblers.

"There is one bore that I wish you newspaper paragraphists would pitch into," says Mr. M. B. Husson. "You have pretty nearly succeeded with your jibes and flings in putting a stop to the fellow who used to carry his cane and his umbrella under his arm or over his shoulder and prod people with it. Now, I should like to see you take hold of the fellow with the low, mumbling voice, who talks to people in the cars. I have some acquaintances whom I shrink from meeting on the cars simply because I cannot hear more than half they say, and then I have to strain my ears so that it makes my head ache. I don't like to keep asking them over and over again what they have said, so I frequently pretend to hear them when I don't, and I sometimes make distressing blunders in my answers. Only last week one of these acquaintances told me that his brother's boy had died the night before. I only caught the words 'my brother,' 'boy' and 'last night,' and, concluding that a boy had been born to his brother, I said, pleasantly: 'Is that so? Well, we must make him set up the cigars on that.' Now, fancy how I felt when I learned the next day that the boy was dead. I wish you would go for these mumblers, who mumble in the cars or in other noisy places."—Chicago Times.

Fruits of Colombia.

The fruits and vegetables in Colombia are delicious and grow without culture or care. The plantain is in universal use and is always served as a vegetable. It is fried and boiled when the skin is yellow, when it is known as "green" plantain, and when it is black and the fruit is considered thoroughly ripe. The banana is never fried in the tropics, but is always served as a fruit. There are many varieties of banana. One of the most delicious species in flavor and fragrance is the little fig or guineo banana, which is scarcely a finger in length. The red banana is not a different species, but a variety produced by grafting at Baracoa, Spain. All the bananas in Colombia are yellow. The caruba, or passion flower fruit, the custard apple, called by an enthusiastic traveler "the spiritualized strawberry," and the guava are all delicious fruits which never reach our northern markets in perfection.—Amy C. Shanks in Good Housekeeping.

The Bucket Shop's Advantage.

"The odds are all with the bucket shops. I would not lay my money in any of them," said a veteran gambler. "The bet you make is against the shop. You lay your money that a certain stock will go down. The shop bets it won't.

"That seems even, doesn't it? But it isn't, for the shop keeps a portion of your wager whether you win or lose—commission, it is called. I say it is odds. Ten dollars is your bet on seven shares against $7.50 if the commission is one-quarter; and I think a man is a fool to be constantly laying money against a smaller sum. It will break him sure. You will seldom find an experienced gambler who can be induced to have anything to do with these concerns."—New York Telegram.

A Petroleum Engine.

A vessel in use in the upper Thames owes its motive power to the explosive force of petroleum. The boat is started by lighting a lamp, and the lamp must be extinguished to stop the engine. The fuel costs less than coal, while the omission of the boiler saves much space and the expense of a fireman and working engineer. The craft is of American origin.—Frank Leslie's.

A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.

I have a thought, but cannot give it speech;
'Tis like a material with which to make
An instrument of song, which, tho' I reach
The music buried there, I cannot break
Its attitude of silence with a word,
And so it lies, unspoken and unheard.

'Tis like a flower growing in the sea,
Which I may never, never cannot find,
But I may freely breathe the sweet perfume
And let its fragrance penetrate my mind—
It may be but the promise of a thought
Which God, in mercy to my soul, has brought,

Lest I be too content with lower things,
And I, in groping for expression, may
Unconsciously be spreading out my wings
For flight unto yon heaven's mount away,
For back of all earth's shadows doth appear
The form which casts but a reflection here.

—Bessie Q. Jordan.

DOURA AND DATE SPIRIT.

Strong Drinks of the Nile Region—Disobedience of Islam.

No injunction of the prophet of Mecca is more universally recognized and more commonly disregarded throughout Islam than that whereby wine (and inferentially strong drink) is forbidden to the faithful. The Ottoman government throws away a considerable source of revenue by refusing to recognize intoxicating liquors in that quality. It only imposes on such fluids the same 8 per cent. ad valorem duty that is paid on other kinds of merchandise, and consequently spirits are cheap in at least all the ports aad the big towns of Turkey. But up the Nile strong drink is to be found in every village. The beer of the country is to the European palate a horrible compound, but it is very easy to get drunk on it. Doura, a common grain, inferior in nutritive value to maize, though of the same family, is steeped in warm water and then pressed out by stamping. In due course fermentation sets in, and presently the liquor is ready for consumption. It does not keep well, but, as a matter of fact, no attempt is made to keep it, as it is made from time to time when wanted.

A sweet, sticky wine of very pronounced flavor even when new, and of a curious repellent acid flavor when old, is made from dates, which would probably make very good wine if they were scientifically treated. This wine is preserved in rough earthenware jars, glazed on one side, but not to the exclusion of air, and it is very rapidly intoxicating unless the stomach rejects it, as in the case of a European is very apt to be the result of investigation of its merits. But the British soldier found there was another product of the palm more to his taste. It could not be got in every village, but in all the large villages the production of money would lead to its supply. This was date spirit, and, though it has a hard and half rotten flavor, it is probably not more unwholesome, and is certainly not more pronounced in character, than London gin.

Its price ranged from fifty to sixty cents per bottle at first, but "Tommy Atkins'" demand soon sent the rate up, and before Christmas it was worth double this amount, and not easy to get at any price. In fact, the stock was getting low, though it is only right to say instances of intoxication among the troops were all but unknown. This must be put down to the credit of the soldiers, for, though liquor did not tempt them at every corner, it was to be had when demanded, and under the new British army regulations there is practically no way of punishing a private on a campaign except by shooting him, and that is traditionally the worst use to which he can be put.—New York Times.

Running Down a Kangaroo.

On level ground high bred horses and dogs in full training can be tolerably sure of running down a kangaroo, but if the animal can make its way to broken and rocky ground, especially where the trunks of fallen trees beset the track, it can mostly make good its escape. When brought to bay it is as formidable an antagonist as the stag itself. It has no horns, but it has hind feet, and at the tip of the fourth toe there is a claw of great length, shaped like a bayonet, and scarcely less formidable. A single kick from this weapon will rip up a dog as if the animal had been struck with a sharp sword, and even an armed man does not like to approach it in front.

Generally, when at bay, the kangaroo stands upright, resting its back against a tree, so that the dogs cannot attack it from behind. The hunter, however, takes advantage of this habit. He trains his dogs to make false attacks on the animal in front, without coming within range of the terrible claw, and while its attention is engaged in front he slips behind the tree and strikes his long hunting knife into the body of the kangaroo. Not many years ago the kangaroo swarmed like the bison in America. But now great cities have sprung into existence where, scarcely fifty years ago, not even a hut was to be seen, and the black men and the kangaroo were masters of the land. The time is not very far distant when sheep and cattle will have taken the place of the kangaroo, and Australia will only know her most characteristic animal by reputation. The kangaroo and the bison will alike fall victims to advancing civilization.—Good Words.

A Gorilla with a Cold.

A recent arrival at the London Zoo Zoo is a young male gorilla. European air does not seem to agree with the native of Africa, as he is now suffering from a bad cold and a loss of appetite. He crouches in one corner of his cage, and all that can be seen of him is a shaggy shape about as large as a human child of 12 or 13 years, covered with a dark gray fell, reddish upon the head, which is ugly even beyond the appalling plainness of his chimpanzee neighbor and relation Sally. Deep sunk eyes glitter now and then from under the cavernous brows and a wide mouth with black lips is seen wearily to yawn; while young Mumbo now and again scratches his bare chest with enormous hands at the end of long hirsute arms.—London Letter.

Eggs for England.

It takes nearly 100,000,000 foreign eggs a month to keep the English in cakes and puddings. The matter of the protection of the English hen from the competition of the pauper fowls of France has been thought so serious that even Gladstone has paid some attention to it. Experts estimate that the consumption of eggs in England is 100 a year for every person. Nearly $15,000,000 is paid every year for the eggs imported into the country.—Boston Transcript.

The Old and the New.

In its efforts to find the true boundary line between itself and Massachusetts New Hampshire went to the record office in London and procured fac similes of the orders of the king in council and of the old maps and surveys. These latter were compared with the recent surveys of a United States engineer and the two were found to be almost identical.—Chicago Herald.

Curious Effect of Camphor.

"If you want to get $5 worth of fun out of five cents go buy a nickel's worth of gum camphor and I'll show you how to do it," quoth Hermann Reiche the other afternoon as he sat in the door of his animal mart on Park row.

The reporter went out and got the camphor. When he returned Mr. Reiche took a piece of the aromatic gum and put it in a cage in which were four small Mexican ant eaters. The ant eaters had no sooner smelled the camphor than they began to rub it with great energy into their tails. They would take a small piece of it and rub it well on their paws. Then they would go for their tails with considerable energy. In a short time the ant eaters were exhaling a perfume like a last year's sealskin sacque just brought into service again. "Why do they do it?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Reiche. "Will other animals behave that way with camphor?"

"I give it up. I never tried it on them. But you may try it."

The reporter selected a piece of the camphor and offered it to a dog faced monkey. The monkey put it in his mouth. He thought it was rock candy. When he found he was mistaken he took it out of his mouth again and generously gave it to a meek little monkey with sad eyes. The meek monkey tried to eat it, too, and then hurled it with all his force straight at the reporter's eyeglasses.

"Try it on the bears," said Mr. Reiche. The camphor was given to two little Russian bears. They smelled it suspiciously, licked it, rubbed it on their paws, rolled on it and stood on their heads and worked it into their ears. It seemed to craze them with delight. In two minutes they had formed themselves into big furry balls and were rolling all about ther cage, grunting with supreme satisfaction. "Ah! I have it," said Mr. Reiche. "They are rubbing themselves with camphor to drive away the fleas."

"Instinct?" asked the reporter, and Mr. Reiche assured him that it was.—New York evening Sun.

Diet of the Stone Age.

Some curious evidences of the diet of our prehistoric ancestors of the "stone age" were recently brought before the Odontological society of Great Britain by Mr. Charters White. Mr. White was struck with the thought that, as particles of food become imprisoned in the dental tartar, sealed up in a calcareous cement, and can be made to reveal themselves on solution of this material, it would be an interesting revelation if the tartar found on these teeth of the stone age could be made to give up its secrets in a similar manner. He accordingly decalcified some with dilute hydrochloric acid, and examined the sediment. It consisted of masses composed of epithelial scales mixed with the contents of starch cells. Besides these Mr. White was able to identify portions of husks of corn hairs from the outside of the husks, spiral vessels from vegetables, husks of starch, the point of a fish's tooth, a conglomeration of oval cells, probably of fruit, barblets of feathers, portions of wool, and some fragments of cartilage, together with some other organic remains which he failed to recognize. The fact that vegetable tissue should be found in such a state as to be easily recognizable, after a lapse of probably not less than 3,000 years, is certainly remarkable.

It is to be hoped Mr. White will lose no time in examining the teeth of Pharaoh, Rameses II, whose well preserved mummy now ornaments the Egyptian museum at Cairo. The public is curious to know what the old gentleman ate for his last breakfast.—Scientific American.

Work of the Scenic Artist.

It will thus be noted that the scenic artist is not an erratic genius running riot in a paint gallery. He is generally a well informed, modest (except on first nights), painstaking, industrious worker. He must have a varied knowledge of many countries and many imaginary places, be well versed in architecture, unusually conversant with decoration, a student of history, an admirable draughtsman and a fine colorist. To these he must add the possession of perfect health and nerves of steel. He must be prepared, on emergency, to work day and night, to have his good nature tried to the uttermost, to be the recipient of criticism from incompetent critics, and never to lose his temper more than a stated number of times during the day or night. He must also be prepared to see his finest efforts often irretrievably ruined by the blundering stupidity of some carelesss workman, and all of his ambitious efforts greatly neutralized by the stupidity of theatre builders, who do not yet know how to construct a building for the drama, without in some way or the other destroying every possible stage effect.—James Schonberg in New York Star.

Success in Literature.

The author who will succeed is not the one who loses hope after encountering obstacles, and sits back languidly waiting for older writers to dispose of her work. But it requires decided talent, perseverance and patience, an unconquerable ambition and an intense love of the work to attain success in literature.

There is no worthy or absolute success possible in a labor we dislike. Unless the heart's blood and brain's fire mingle in the effort it cannot thrive. We must, however, bring something besides enthusiasm to a profession of any kind. We must bring ability, or at least adaptability. I am afraid women are more blind to their deficiencies in this respect than men. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Playing Marbles in Westminster Abbey.

The archdeacon pointed out the little holes in the stones in one place where the boys of the choir used to play marbles before America was discovered, probably—centuries it may be. It is a strangely impressive glimpse of a living past, like the graffiti of Pompeii. I feel it is often the accident rather than the essential which fixes my attention and takes hold of my memory. * * * The accident of the holes in the stone of the noble building for the boys to play marbles with makes me a boy again and at home with them, after looking with awe upon the statue of Newton and turning with a shudder from the ghastly monument of Mrs. Nightingale.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

His Favorite Satire.

He was a grocery clerk and as he seemed rather uncomfortable in the Snyderly parlor, Miss S. kindly attempted to engage him in a conversation.

"Have you read much, Mr. Herron?"

"Why, yes, a good deal."

"Are you fond of satirical writings?"

"Yes, they go pretty good."

"What do you think of Pope's 'Dunciad' and Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers?'"

"Oh, they are all right, but I don't think they compare with the roasts the baking powder companies are giving each other."—Nebraska State Journal.

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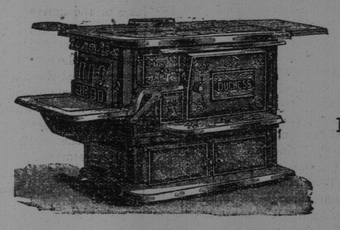

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