

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Reading for Prospectors on Rainy Days.

Oh, little did my mither ken,
The day she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to see.

First Discovery of Gold.

A number of parties claim to have been the first to discover gold here, but they are all wrong. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was being built through this district the engine of the construction train had to pump its water out of the creeks and ditches along the track with a hose. Two years afterwards the engine was sent to Montreal for repairs, and in cleaning out the boiler the workmen found a lot of placer gold in the sand at the bottom of it. This is authentic. To the iron horse, therefore, and not to any man belongs the credit of having been the first to find gold on the Sudbury range.

Hymn by Carlyle.

Want thou a temple? Look above,
The heavens shine over all in love;
A look? For thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.

Mary's Little Lot.

Mary had a little lot, and thought she'd better sell; she placed it on the market, and the way that lot did well; it sold four times within a week, and every time it went, the lucky man who bought it cleared 25 per cent. "What makes town lots go flying so?" the eager buyers cry. "Oh, the city is on a boom, you know," the agents do reply. And so the owners mark them up, yet buyers do not squeal, but run impatiently about for fear they'll lose a deal.

Worth Talking About.

Accuse me not of arrogance,
If, having walked with nature,
I now affirm of nature and of truth.
—Wordsworth.

Does Mining Pay?

Now that we are on the eve of the commencement of the opening up and developing of our mineral resources, it is quite apropos that we should ask and answer the question—Does mining pay? In the whole history of the world nothing has built up places so quickly and surely as the discovery of the precious metals, and of those, the world has never yet had enough, and certainly will not have enough in the lifetime of the children of any child now living, which is saying a good deal, and looking far enough ahead for the purpose of a present investment.

The richest countries in the world have been mining countries, look at California and Australia, both countries, we might say, built up by gold alone. Take the richest men of America, with the exception of Vanderbilt and a few others who have made their "piles" out of railroads and monopolies, the colossal and sudden fortunes of the day in America have been made and dug out of the bowels of the earth.—South St. Marie Express.

It Didn't Find Him.

N. Y. Tribune: A letter with the following address has just been sent to the Dead Letter office:—

"Sylvester Brown, a web-faced scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cord-wood for his gub
In Silver City, Idaho."

A Prospecting Hermit.

It is nothing unusual to meet queer characters in a mining region, but I had a new experience in this line while out prospecting last week. In a lonely valley between two ranges of rocky hills on the Vermillion river I came across an old shanty, and on entering it I found a tall handsome man, about thirty-five years of age, cooking his evening meal. I sat down with him to a welcome dish of partridge broth and camp bread. The latter is baked in a large pan or flat kettle placed in a hole in the ground and covered with hot coals, and is the best bread in the world when made right. I soon noticed that he was an educated man, and was surprised at the chaste, beautiful language he used, reminding one of Goldwin Smith's writings. But I learned by degrees that he could speak German, French, Italian, English and even Greek fluently, and was a graduate of the leading universities of Europe. His mother owns a fine estate in Scotland, and he left a mansion to live in a miner's camp, with a bundle of wild grass for a bed in one corner, and a shirt he had just washed hung by the fire to dry. But he was as happy and cheerful as the hermit in the Vicar of Wakefield. At parting, however, he remarked, "If my mother knew how I live, what would she say," and asked me not to mention his name.

Her Letter.

"So here I am writing at home, dear,
And you so far away,
And when you read the letter,
I wonder what you will say.
The green leaves whisper around me,
The nightingales sing above,
Just as they did that day, dear,
When you told me all your love!"

"I can see her," he fondly whispered,
As he sat by the far camp fire,
And read and read her letter
With heart that could never tire.
"I can see her true eyes shining
As she leans on her little hand,
And gazes and dreams about me
Here in this distant land!"

Making a Night of it.

Readers of Dickens will remember his story of the two cockneys, in London, who went out on one occasion "to make a night of it." A similar incident occurred here last fall, as related by the local correspondent of an eastern paper:

Two commercial travellers from Toronto, after doing a good business with some of our merchants, thought they would have a good time with some of the boys, and thereby hangs a tale. They invited a select few of the local sports to go out with them for a day's shooting on a small island in Ramsay lake, about two miles east of the town. They took along a basket of ale, several bottles of stronger stuff, grub enough for a Sunday school picnic, guns, dogs, ammunition, and a tent and blankets, as they were to camp out over night. But on reaching the island, in a row-boat, they found game very scarce. The only living thing they saw the whole afternoon was a solitary little rabbit, and even that they did not get. The best shot of the party motioned to the others to keep back. Sh-sh! He had a double-barrelled gun, and the rabbit sat on its hind legs a few yards ahead, looking straight at him. Bang! went the first barrel of the gun, but the rabbit only blinked with both eyes. He tried the second barrel—the rabbit blinked again. It was too exasperating, and throwing down the gun, he called his dog, but as soon as the rabbit saw the dog it ran for its life. One of the others remarked "Wasn't that the coolest rabbit you ever saw?" when the Irishman of the party answered, "It knew there was no danger." But if the shooting was bad the drinking was good, and the next thing they did was to get up a sparring match, but a light coming on before they were through with it, some of them lost their caps in the brush. Worse still, when they came to put up the tent and make a fire to cook their supper they discovered that they had forgotten to bring any matches with them! But they passed the bottle around offener to make up for it, and soon fell asleep. Towards midnight it turned very cold, and two of 'em, who had not indulged as freely as the rest, got up very quietly, and taking the boat, made for home. Next morning a settler living on the lake shore saw to his surprise a bare-headed man on the island, looking like Robinson Crusoe in the distance and shouting for help. He went over with his boat and brought them back to the mainland. It is needless to say that the two travellers left town by the first train.

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