

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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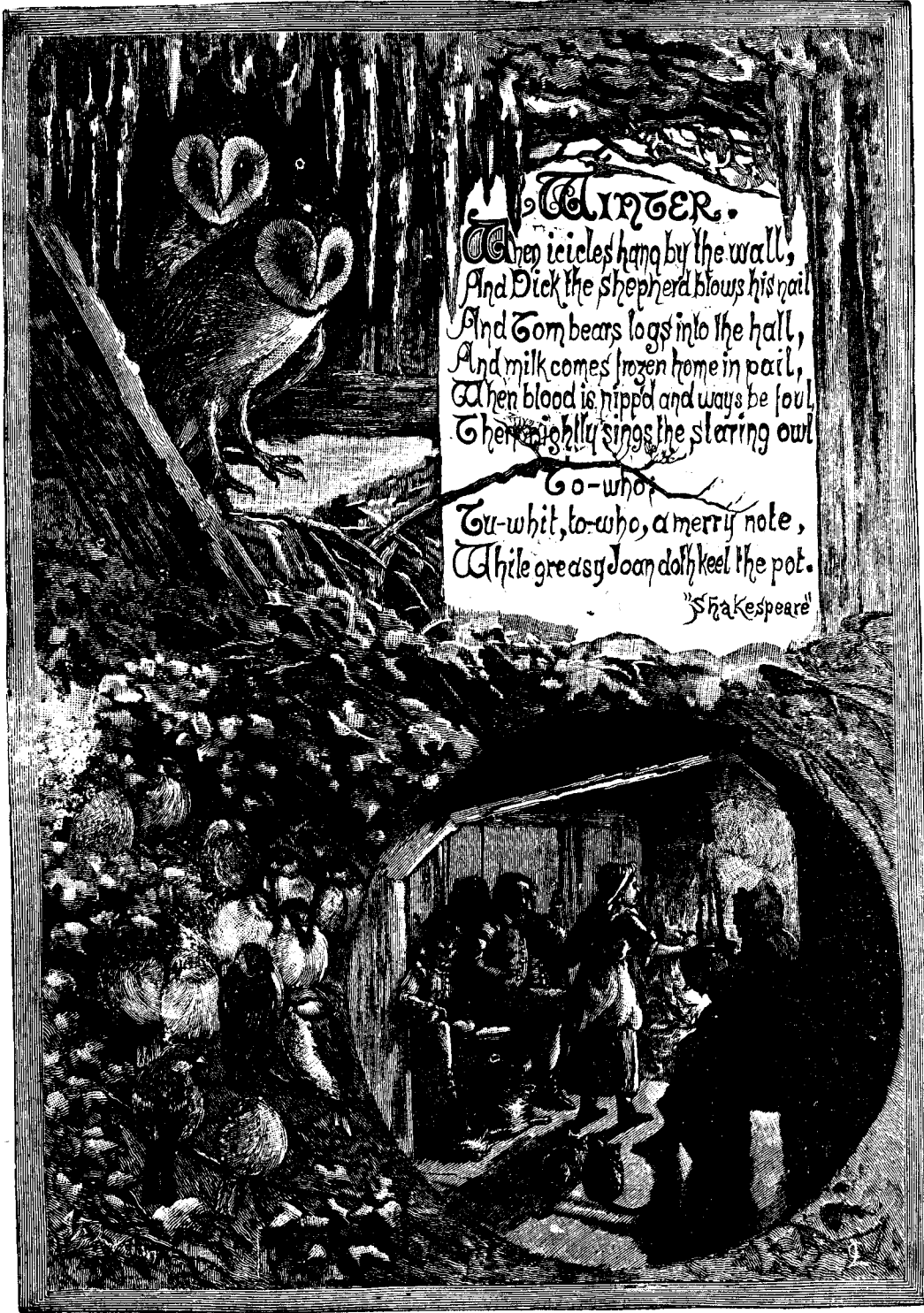
[No. 9.]

## A GREAT MINE.

BY BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

At Deadwood two small streams come down gulches from the west and unite. Follow up the south one three miles and you come to Lead City; the north one not quite so far, and you come to Central City. They are two and a half miles apart, with a great high mountain filling all the space between. From city to city runs one great body of gold ore, hundreds of feet thick, and of unknown depth. They have begun at both ends at the surface and cut down acres, hundreds of feet. It does not take a great deal of rock to make a ton, and every ton has gold in every part. Of course you cannot see it. Pick over tons and you cannot find a speck visible to the natural eye. But it is there, and faith and works—reduction works—will find it. They have run a tunnel from city to city, and trains loaded with gold in the ore run from side to side. They have sunk a shaft 800 feet from the lowest place—still gold. They have run drifts about under Lead City, and everywhere still gold, gold, gold! It might be the treasure-house of the nation. There is ore enough in sight to last hundreds of years. Go into the Bank of England and they shovel out your gold. But what the bank has is not worth mentioning compared with this deposit. How do they get it? With exceeding difficulty and infinite painstaking. God has taken care that we shall not get it too easily. Between man and every dollar is a great deal of hard work. A man alone could get nothing here. It takes great combinations of hundreds of men and hundreds of thousands of capital to get it out. It is one of the greatest object lessons of the use and need of united action.

Go on the top of the hill over Central. A railroad train comes down loaded with wood for the enormous steam works. It is flung into a lubricated iron-lined chute, and it dashes down hundreds of feet. The last few feet of the chute is turned up and the wood flies thirty or forty feet in air and falls in a pile covering half an acre. It is a regular volcano spouting four-foot wood. The hills have been denuded of trees for miles and miles to find fuel for such vast consumption. Under the broad acres they are cutting down run tunnels, and the ore is thrown down wells to the trains of cars beneath. These trains dart out of the mountain side and run into the tops of the crushing mills. The cars are dumped into great hoppers, under which run the mills which crush the great rock as easily as the corn-sheller shells corn. From there the ore goes to the stamps. These are logs of wood set on end, shod with iron. They are lifted about eight inches and dropped on the ore in a trough of water. There are 160 of them in one mill, making an other-



wise inexpressible racket. As fast as the rock is pulverized to dust it flows over the edge of the trough with the water and runs down an inclined plane where mercury has been placed. This is so avaricious of gold that it absorbs into its substance the invisible particles and holds them there in perfect solution. The powdered rock runs away with the water. It looks like a river of red paint. No animal will drink it. It ruins vegetation twenty miles below.

How can the avaricious mercury be made to give up its gold? Usually by fire. Evaporate the metal, and the gold remains. But no sooner is the mercury condensed

than its "accursed hunger for gold" returns. Sometimes the two metals are put in a buckskin bag, and under great pressure the mercury is driven through the pores and the gold remains.

How much do they get by this vast labour and marvel of machinery? Besides paying the workmen about \$1,200 a year each, besides the expense of maintaining these mills, they get out about \$10,000 every day—say \$3,650,000 clear profit in the year.

One instinctively queries why this incomputable amount is made so difficult to get, while in heaven it is so easy.

## THE THREE C'S.

One night between twelve and one o'clock, when there was scarcely a star overhead, or the least shining from the moon to be seen, a manager from a Sailors' Rest in the south of England was returning to his home; but as he passed by the Gospel Hall, before which a bright light was shining, he saw a sailor lying at full length. He stooped to see more clearly, and for a minute he thought he was dead. The sailor was quite insensible, and his head was hanging down from the step on to the pavement. Then he put his lantern down, but the eyes never moved; then he laid his own head down, but the horrible smell of gin revealed, alas! without any words, that the poor lad was dead drunk.

Two soldiers, whistling a gay tune, were passing by, and with their help, the manager, who was an old sailor himself, carried the boy into the smoking-room of the Rest, and laid him down.

He was so drunk that it was quite late the next morning before he showed any signs of recovering himself. When he did, he could only stare in a stupefied way, and wonder what sort of a world his ship had sailed into now.

"Into the three C's," said a cheery, pleasant voice; "and if you had sailed in here before, my lad, you would not have been steering so far away from the harbour you are bound for."

The sailor still looked bewildered, but the kind old blue jacket, lighting his pipe, went on:

"Our three C's, of which, thank God, I am now captain, are Coffee, Comfort, and Company, and if a fellow gets a share of these, why, it's pretty well his own fault if he does what you did last night. I was a careless young fellow once too, but a lady—God bless her! the blue jacket's friend—took me by the hand, and gave me such kind words, and such great help, that I only long now to pass them on to every young chap who comes in my way. No, you are not going yet," as the nearly-sober lad tried to raise himself from his sofa. "You are going to rest a bit, and have some tea and meat, and then you and I are going to read about a prodigal lad who returned to his father once, many years ago."

"Why!" the boy cried in utter astonishment, "the Robin Hood enticed me in, got me to play at cards, made me drunk, robbed me, and then turned me adrift, and I might have died for all they cared, while you, a stranger, have taken me in!"

And then Jack's eyes closed; he was very silent, but every word that the new friend said went straight to his heart. Once he spoke, and his voice nearly sobbed. "I had a mother long ago, and she talked like that; but she is dead now, and no one cares."

"No one cares?" said his friend, sorrowfully. "Did not Someone die for you?"