

THE ADVENTURES OF A MINER

His Thrilling Experience With an Evil-Eyed Road Agent.

Was Held Under the Highwayman's Gun for an Hour—How He Made His Escape.

"Once upon a time," said a Colorado mining expert, "I went rummaging around my state looking for coal that was supposed to exist, and after a long trip in a wagon I was nearing the railroad station. As I drove along the edge of a wooded hill I was suddenly brought up with a round turn by a man stepping out of the bushes and sticking an ugly looking gun straight at me. The man told me to throw up my hands, and that is what I did. The man told me to move up past him till he told me to stop. This I also did, his gun covering me all the time. Then he climbed into the wagon and sat on a box of mineral specimens I was taking back to Denver with me. He never said a word after he told me to drive on when he had seated himself, and I didn't say anything at first, but it wasn't long until I couldn't stand it, with him sitting there so dead still behind me, so I ventured to speak.

"Excuse me, partner," said I as pleasantly as I could, "but I would like to say that if it's all the same to you I wish you would sit here on the seat with me. The old gun may go off, and it wouldn't make it any pleasanter for me to get a bullet in the small of the back."

"Huh!" he grunted. "Are you armed?"

"I told him I was not, and he moved up and sat down besides me, keeping his gun ready for business. As the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could see the station about half a mile away he looked hard at me.

"I'm going down there with you, young fellow," he said, "on a little business, and if you say anything about me to anybody or speak of me at all and any disturbance comes up I'll shoot you first off. Do you understand?"

"He was silent for the rest of the way, and when we stopped and he got out he told me to remember, and I nodded. He strolled over on to the platform, and I went to the stable with my horses and came back to the station. I went out on the platform for air. He had moved down to the far end, and I concluded that I would move off in the other direction toward a water tank I noticed a couple of hundred yards up the track. About the time I had my plans made a handcar came down with six section hands on it who had seen me drive up to the station with the man and his gun. They had seen him loafing about the platform and informed me that to their notion he was a train robber, and they proposed to run him in. They were entirely unarmed, however, and they knew what it meant to tackle a fellow with a gun, so they began to calculate among themselves how to get their man.

"The section hands moved down to the platform, and as it was about noon they got out their dinner buckets and began looking around for a good place to spread their lunch. One of the hands suggested that they might get him dead to rights by spreading their lunch over in his neighborhood, and perhaps if he had been hiding in the hills very long he was hungry enough to ask to join them. The proposition was accepted at once, and the crowd went over and opened up their buckets. They asked me to go along, but I wasn't a bit hungry, though I was as hollow inside as an empty barrel. My friend, however, wasn't feeling that way, for as soon as he saw the food spread out temptingly before him he went right up and asked if he couldn't have a bite. He ate like a man who hadn't eaten for a long time, and he was soon so absorbed in it that he forgot his caution and let go of his gun.

"In a minute a section hand had it, and in another minute they had piled on top of him, and while some held him others tied him, and then they stood him on his feet and started him over to the platform to wait for the train. I was a good deal easier in my mind when I saw the ugly cuss fixed so as he couldn't train his gun on me, but it did not add to my comfort for have to listen to the fearful way in which he cursed me for everything vile and shameful in having betrayed him. Who he was or what he was nobody knew then, and I never did find out, but I guess he was a train robber all right and got his dose, for I never saw or heard of him again, and I was on the lookout for a good many years, because

I knew if we ever met there, was going to be shooting to kill."—Ex.

For Stranded Nomads.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The question of bringing back the hungry gold hunters stranded at Cape Nome is giving much concern to officials here. Press dispatches from San Francisco yesterday brought word that 4000 men at Nome have signed a petition calling upon the president for relief. The petition has not yet reached here, and it is not likely to do so for a week at least. Treasury officials, however, are already considering what shall be done to aid the men. If, as seems possible, some sort of expedition be sent, its management would doubtless come under the direction of the treasury department, although there is a possibility that the war department might be called upon to furnish transportation.

"To feed 4000 men for eight months on the Arctic shores would be an expense which is out of the question," said one official today. "The only thing which can be done is to send a fleet of ships there sufficient to bring the men back to the Pacific states. That, however, presents another embarrassment, for, while Seattle was the point from which most of the gold hunters embarked for the north, it is certain Seattle would protest most vigorously against having such a horde of destitute dumped upon it.

"Whatever action is taken must be taken at once, for after the first of October winter will fairly have set in on the Alaskan coast. There is almost no native fuel, and after that time miners camped in tents on the shore would be confronted by death from freezing, even had their provisions not given out. There is, therefore, only about six weeks in which to get the men out, as the round-trip to Nome from Seattle will easily take 20 days. It follows that there is need for most urgent haste.

"If the situation as serious as reported the government will probably send relief. Treasury officials have been much concerned all the summer over the influx to the Cape of men who have no means of support and who almost certainly must become charges upon the government. Nevertheless no steps could be taken to check their mad rush north. As a matter of fact, it is generally regarded here that many of those who have gone to Nome have relied upon being brought back by the government in case they failed to make money at the new camp.

"The action of the treasury department in sending a relief expedition to Point Barrows for the relief of the imprisoned whalers three years ago strengthened the faith of the Nome people in getting facile relief, and now they are relying implicitly on being brought back home at the national expense."

Officials say the steamer companies which took the men north should bring them back. There is little hope, however, that the companies will do any such thing. Instead, they figure on leasing their boats to the government for as many trips as may be necessary to bring the stranded miners home. The revenue cutter Manning left Seattle yesterday for a cruise in Alaska waters. The Cutting is already there and the McCulloch will also be sent north. None of them, however, has accommodations for more than 50 miners at the very most, and they can do little to bring back any of the distressed horde.

Learning the Bicycle.

Elwood Rathbone told of an experience he had in trying to learn how to ride the bicycle. "I first tried to learn with some friends, but I made such a poor list of it and they laughed so much that I gave it up in disgust. However, I was nettled by my failure. I saw stout women and men skating about on bicycles, and it hurt me that I could not do the same. Then I remembered learning to swim when a lad; how I first got so I could propel myself through the water, but could never get my head up and consequently could only swim for so long as my breath held out. Then one day I found I could keep my head above water, and since then I have been able to swim as far as my strength would endure.

"This determined me to make another trial, and I sought a school in a neighborhood where I was unknown. Entering and finding no one present whom I knew, I engaged a helper and thought I was making excellent progress, when my attendant slipped on something and let go of me. My wheel immediately turned round and with fiendish intent made for the path the rest of the bicyclists were following. Realizing the awful design of the monster beneath me, but powerless to control it, I screamed to a blond haired young maiden with soulful blue eyes, who led the van, to get out of the way. But my bicycle would not be denied. With a crash we came together, and I lit on one ear, with the young maiden—who was a heavyweight, by the way—on top. Eighteen or 20 others who were follow-

ing promptly piled themselves on top of us.

"As soon as I was extricated and had got the dirt out of my eyes and throat, I essayed an apology to the soulful eyed girl. She received it in scornful silence, and then remarking, 'You lobster, what you need is a nurse,' started off on her career again. I paid the attendant and quit, but I staid long enough to see a dozen similar accidents happen to others. The last one was brought about by the golden haired maiden's wheel executing the identical maneuver that mine did. She brought to the earth an exceedingly rotund man, but as she happened to be between him and the earth he lit on her with a squash. I dragged her from the wreck and stood her on her feet. 'You don't mind my helping you, do you?' I said tenderly. 'I'm the lobster man, you know.' I was going to say a lot more, but there was a look in her eye that caused me to hold my tongue, but nevertheless to go on my way rejoicing. I've let the wheel alone since."—Ex.

Crooked Faces.

"One of the principal obstacles in the way of successful portrait photography," said an old time local expert, "is the asymmetry of the average human face. The features of 99 people out of 100 are undeniably asymmetrical—in other words, the right and left sides are different in size, shape and general contour. We don't notice this variation unless our attention is attracted to it, but it is there all the same, and for some reason that I am not able to explain it is generally emphasized by the camera. 'My goodness, my face is all crooked in that picture' is a comment that is frequently heard when ladies examine proofs. They are generally told that the effect is due to the lighting in the print and that it won't be noticeable when the photograph is finished. As a matter of fact, the retoucher can work wonders in removing the evidences of asymmetry. He can lift the corner of the mouth, soften the angle of a jaw and make both sides of the face tolerably fair 'mates' without losing the likeness.

"What I say applies, of course, to full face pictures only, for when the head is turned slightly the deviations are scarcely ever discernible. Nor does the rule hold good invariably even with the front faces. Odd as it may seem some people owe their charm of feature almost altogether to the fact of asymmetry. One of my patrons is a bewitchingly pretty little lady, yet the sides of her face are as different as if they belonged to total strangers. One eye is oblique, while the other is straight; her nostrils are not all on a line, and her mouth has a most extraordinary twist. From these details you would suppose that she was nothing short of a monstrosity, but the very combination I have briefly outlined is the thing that gives her face an irresistible piquancy. Among men asymmetry often lends great strength to a countenance. Bismarck was a striking example of that fact, and so was Gladstone. If you are skeptical, take a full face picture of either and cover one half of it with a card. Then reverse the process and examine the other side. You will be surprised. In fact, you will discover four different men, all distinct types."—Ex.

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The Native Blarney.

Speaking of the soft answer which turns away wrath, the Muscotog Record notes that a little Irish boy in the local school was recently reproved by his teacher for some misdoing. "I saw you do it, Jerry," said the teacher. "Yes," replied the lad; "I tells them these ain't much you don't see wid them purty black eyes of youn."

Mr. Roche Is Missing.

New York, Aug. 7.—The Hon. James Boothby Burke Roche, member of parliament, has apparently disappeared. For almost three months his friends in this city have not heard from him, and no word from him has reached his hotel. Mr. Roche has large interests in this country, and for some years it has been his annual custom to visit America to look after them.

While in this city—and, in fact, while in this country—he always stays at and makes his headquarters at the Holland house. This year he arrived in America in April and took rooms, as usual, at the Holland for the first month or so. After that he left the city on frequent trips, always, however, retaining his rooms. These trips usually lasted from three to ten days.

About the middle of May Mr. Roche casually said to the clerk at the desk that he was going out of town for two or three days, but that his room was not to be disturbed or changed. From the time of Mr. Roche's departure in May the hotel people have received no word, either directly or indirectly, from the missing man. They are seriously alarmed over his absence, and fear that he may have met with foul play, or

that some harm has befallen him. Among Mr. Roche's interests in this country was a charter from the Canadian government to erect a telegraph line from a point on the Canadian Pacific railroad through to Dawson city, or some other point in the Klondike gold region. He paid frequent visits to Washington while here, it was supposed for the purpose of seeing governmental authorities, to extend his line into Alaska. It is possible, of course, that he may be somewhere in the far northwest looking after his telegraph project.

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