

SKETCH.

Since the day when the slaves of the Builder brought to the capital of Solomon's Kingdom the precious mineral destined for the adornment of his masterwork, the Miner's calling has ever been recognized as fraught with danger and impending calamity.

The list of accidents that mark the trail, that point through this means, towards a solution of the bread and butter problem is all too evident to need corroborative testimony, nor is the strain imposed upon life spent in the gloom of the burrowings that lead toward the heart of old Mother Earth conducive to the arrival at a green old age.

The sword of Damocles suspended by a single thread was security itself when compared with some of the dangers that are faced by the man who elects from choice or necessity to devote his days to the search for those commodities that adorn our civilization as well as keep in operation the mighty wheels of our Industrial System. Contact with the water that is nearly always present in underground workings has made rheumatism in many forms a curse to be dreaded by the Miner. The possibility of death or injury from explosion and falling rock, the absence from sunshine and often the lack of air itself, constitutes a Debit on Life's Ledger pages that should be taken into consideration by the world whose interests the mine-worker serves.

Early in the fall of 1891, Eli Carpenter and Jack Seaton, in the search for the elusive dollar drifted into the hills that have since become tributary to the City of Sandon. Good fortune awaited them, and it was not very long before these same hills were being treaded by the feet of many Argonauts. Enough of the precious metal was found to warrant the expen-