

LAWYERS AND EXPERTS

¹ There was a man who had grown old
In digging prospect holes for gold.
Right often in his pilgrimage
He dreamed he had the long-sought ledge;
Yet every time, with spirit saddened,
He was obliged to own he "haddened",
And every time he cried, "You bet
I'll hustle on and find her yet!"

At last he struck it; staked a claim;
Laid out a townsite round the same;
Sunk, drifted, stoped and crushed away,
And showed the thing would surely pay.
Fondly he thought that nevermore
He would be luckless as before.
Alas, his troubles were not orel

One dismal day his happy labor
Was interrupted by a neighbor,
Who coolly told him doubts had risen
Whether the ledge was "his" or "his'n",
And challenged him, without excuse,
His legal "apex" to produce.
"Apex! What's that?" he cried in woe.
"I cannot tell you", said his foe,
"But I presume the lawyers know.
And this much I can say is true:
Without it, all is up with you;
Nor is the apex all. You see,
You must have 'continuity',
And side and end lines, suited quite
To fit your 'extralateral right';
And it is further understood
A tunnel in the neighborhood
Will make your title far from good.
Then, other lodes may make connection,
Taking the space of intersection,
Or even unite with yours, and so
Gobble whatever is below.
Sure, many such things may combine
To make your mine not yours, but mine.
If you don't buy me, fear the worst!"

¹ Lines read in response to the toast, 'Lawyers and Experts', at the banquet given to the American Institute of Mining Engineers, at San Francisco, on September 27, 1899.