

laugh. "It's brass; the whole business is brass; there isn't a grain of gold in that rock. Let's go and have something."

As the two were walking towards the entrance to the bar, the one laughing, derisively, and the other looking like a man entering a pawn shop with his last suit of clothes under his arm, a reporter of the *Tribune*, who overheard the remarks quoted, tapped the uncle on the arm and asked what the conversation was about.

"O, not much, stranger," he said, suddenly checking his laughter. "It don't amount to much. Charley here, a young nephew of mine, who came from Illionia to meet me, ran against a brace game to-night, and the sharpers got the best of him. Funny, ain't it? Somebody has sold him a chunk of quartz stuffed with brass fillings for gold. He only paid \$30 for the experience. 'Till do him good. I'm from Deadwood; been in Deadwood three years. I guess I know a quartz specimen from a chunk of salt. Jine us?" With the desire of ascertaining more, the reporter "jined." The nephew seemed ashamed of himself, but after warming up under the insinuating influence of an alcohol straight and the derision of his uncle, he told the story of his purchase. His name is Charles Hanson. He arrived here two days ago to meet his uncle, James Hanson. The uncle did not arrive from the Black Hills until last night. Meanwhile Mr. Hanson, Jr., had piloted about the city as best he could in quest of means wherewith to while away the hours of waiting. Tuesday night he dropped in at the Palace theatre on Blake street, and while investigating the mysteries of the boxes there, quite accidentally like made the acquaintance of two genial young bloods, who claim to be from San Juan, and stated they were out on a lark. He was not averse to having some fun himself, and together with the two spent the evening in taking in the resorts of pleasure and quiet. Now that he thought of it, he acknowledged that he had to foot most of the bills. Each of his new-found friends had a large black quartz nugget of gold, which they said had been given them by Judge Bowen as specimens, from his Summit mine. They were beautiful specimens, he thought, and from his limited knowledge of gold and gold quartz, he judged they each contained at least \$50 worth of the precious metal. As the trio were bring-

ing the festivities of the night to a close, one of the alleged San Juan boys apologized for the fact that they were not overstocked with money, and suggested that if Mr. Hanson would accompany them to a faro bank, one of the nuggets might be given as collateral for enough to play with. He was tired and sleepy, though, and declined. Yesterday afternoon one of the San Juanitos, so-called, met him on Larimer street, and after a pleasant recounting of the former night's experience, confessed that he was broke and would sell his nugget at a discount. As much out of sympathy for his friend's condition as anything else, Mr. Hanson took the nugget and paid all that was asked therefor, the sum stated. He showed it to his uncle with the result known. "Now I'll prove that you were swindled," said Mr. Hanson, Sr., taking the nugget from the nephew and lending the way to McMorran's drug store. Purchasing a small vial of acid he poured it all over the specimen, the supposed gold sizzling and turning as green as a fresh-landed lobster. "I told you so; it's the same old trick. I've seen lots of the boys caught by it in the Hills. The specimen was excellently gotten up, being a perfect imitation of the Bowen specimens before having been submitted to the lapidary polish. The pores and interstices of the brown quartz were all filled with what people would have sworn was the pure quill." "How is the trick done?" asked the reporter. "Simply enough! The sharpers take a chunk of quartz, dip it into glue, and then blow brass fillings into the pores until they refuse to hold more. Then they roll it in the dirt to make the deception complete."—*Denver Tribune*.

CARON DE BEAUMARCHEAIS.

The following occurrence took place on a fine day in the month of July, 1750, in the city of Paris:

Mr. Caron, an honorable, modest watchmaker, living in the St. Denis St., drove his only son and heir-apparent, Pierre Augustin, out of the house.

And he had good reasons.

The young gentlemen, who, since his thirteenth year had been an apprentice of his father, and counted upon as following in his footsteps, could by no means be held up as a pattern of a diligent horologist and orderly citizen. He was far from being ignorant; on the contrary, he

was too smart; he lacked likewise not in accomplishments—in fact, he possessed too many—so many that his father grew desperate. The young man, for instance, rather played music than wrestled with the intricacies of dothing; and worse than all, he exhibited a talent for committing all manner of frivolous jokes, which, in an honest citizen's boy, were entirely out of place.

Father Caron, however, was no strong-hearted parent; he loved all his six children, his scapegrace son the most; he therefore, was willing enough after a lapse of a fortnight, when his passion had cooled, and at the intercession of all the paternal and maternal uncles and aunts, to receive the scamp again into his house—provided, however, he was willing to submit to the following conditions:

First, to dispose of nothing of his, the father's things, without due permission—not even an old watch key.

Second, to rise in the summer at six and in winter at seven, and to labor until supper, in order to honor his calling.

Third, feast and Sundays excepted, to eat nothing outside of the paternal house, and to be back by nine o'clock on these exceptional days.

Fourth, to quit that unhappy music; or at most to play violin or flute only in the evenings after work.

Fifth, not to go out without leave, and to invent no bad excuses therefor.

Sixth, to be satisfied with free board and eighteen livres per month, and to liquidate his indebtedness gradually from this sum.

The young Caron did not even attempt to soften the vigor of these, to him, very harsh conditions. He subscribed them obediently, full of repentance, and again entered into the house and business of his father. He began suddenly to develop a peculiar zeal for horology. In order to show his father that he could be capable of becoming one of the foremost watchmakers of his time, he invented the pin escapement for watches. He incautiously confided his secret to a very famous watchmaker in Paris, by the name of Lepaute, who misused the confidence so far as to proclaim himself openly as being the inventor of the escapement. But Caron was not the man to quietly let his right be usurped in this manner. He proceeded publicly against Lepaute, claimed the invention solely for himself, and demanded the arbitration of the Academy. This scientific body, in-