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The Story of a Life. A child in a nursery crying—a boy in a cricket field "out!" A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gut— A heart dried up and narrowed—a task repeated in vain— A field plowed deep and harrowed, but bare and barren of grain. Some sense of experience wasted, of counsel misunderstood, Of pleasure bitter when tasted, and pain that did him no good. A future hope half-hearted, for dim is the future now. That the ripple coil is parted, and death is damp on the brow. And the debt to pay by the debtor—a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse, A feeling he should have been better, a doubt if he could have been worse; While the ghostly finger traces its ghostly message of doom, And a troop of ghostly faces passed on in a darkened room; With ghostly shapes to beckon, and ghostly voices to call, And the grim recorder to reckon, and add the total of all. A sum of life expended—a pearl in a pig-trough cast— A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last? The dead man propped on a pillow—the journey taken alone— The tomb with an urn and a willow, and a lie carved deep in the stone!

BLAKE'S WIDOW.

Jem Blake was shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly. The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances, than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Sala in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch. Jem had been a quiet man and a good neighbor, with a hand always ready to help one who was out of luck so public sentiment ran pretty high against Antonio. It is the general inclination had been followed—as, up to that time it always had—the last named gentleman would have found very scant opportunity to make any remarks in his own behalf. However, things were advancing at San Sala as well as elsewhere, and it wouldn't do to hang Antonio with a regular trial, no matter how a reasonable proceeding might be to the people at large. So ran the opinion expressed by Judge Pibaldo, whose ideas on such subjects were usually accepted without comment. Nevertheless there was more than one dis-senter in the present instance, to whom it was by no means clear that there could be any sense or profit in thus beating about the bush. "Ef Antonio's got ter be hung, why don't we hang him?" This was the pertinent query of Jake Smith, the leader of the opposing faction, and his view of the question put it in so clear a light that the judge had great difficulty in impressing people with his conviction. He said that things had gone on in an irregular way long enough; and here was a way to start the law in properly, and give it a fair show. Besides, it didn't make any kind of difference? Antonio had shot Jem, hadn't he? Well, then, what was the use of talking? All the jury would have to do now was to return their verdict of guilty in the first degree, and there you were all comfortable. It was just the same thing in the end—exactly. "I tell yer," said the judge, who felt the weight of his title, albeit the same was altogether one of courtesy; "I tell yer there's nothin' like doin' a thing reg'lar; particularly when yer know just how it's comin' out." So the judge's argument, supported by his influence, and increasing bias at San Sala in favor of more civilized views, settled the matter and it was decided that Antonio Gueldo should be tried before he was hanged. As there was no place specially arranged for such ceremonies, Judge Pibaldo hospitably offered the use of his shed. Here a rough table and chair were placed for the judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being caked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's grocery store. Jake Smith looked on at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strolled down the road, turning into the lane that led to Blake's. When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it. Blake's widow sat there, as she had sat pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with flickering brightness the floor and cradle in which Jem's baby was sleeping. There it was, just as it had been three days ago; (could it be only three days?) just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes, and left him standing in the door by the cradle, (how fond he was of the baby) just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol, and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright; just the same as she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbled in white linen with his blood, and the baby playing

with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him on the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to the grave, she followed with the baby in her arms. Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times. "Poity clipper?" asked he. Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch. "They're agoin' ter try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe." "Try who—Antonio?" She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes. "Yes. The judge is making a court out of his shed. I hope it 'll turn out all right, but it seems like giv'g that Mexican a chance he oughtn't to have." "He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet. "I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss to speak for him—a fellow that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston, and it makes me kind o' nervous." Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look. "Poity, aint he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. "Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little fella—I—er stammered and treated him like a mortal enemy. "Of course he's had—you've got—there ain't nothin' I could do fer ya, maybe?" She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head. Jake bent down, and, with his big forefinger, softly rumbled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he had found her, and the baby staring down the path after him. He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped, but he changed his partial intention after fingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward, with the exclamation, "Wall, some women do beat the dickens amaz'n'." II. Of course everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meager. Pibaldo's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store. Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed, sharp-featured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conferences with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kindred. Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied, and even the judge was heard to utter some misgivings; however, by the time the proceedings had really commenced he gained confidence. The court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow. Pretty soon there was a stir at the door, they a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room. "I be blamed," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought her baby!" What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however that might be, there it was clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheek contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark locks. With some difficulty way was made through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took not a to distract his attention with a chip from the floor. As for the baby, it sat there with its big, blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye. Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge empty on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and, more than that, Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as she ran out. At this point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo's pistol and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure for that. There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there was a witness for this he could not be found now. And so the prosecution closed. The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction the witness who had sworn to having seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the case with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally, he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition dur-

ing the whole of the day on which the murder was committed. It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look toward Pibaldo, but the judge was nonplussed, and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "things has took a turn I didn't altogether expect. I s'pose you've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'. Ef you kin make out accordin' ter that, that Antonio Gueldo killed Jem Blake, why, just recollect, that's the jury yer here fur." The jury filed out, and the expectant audience occupied itself with tobacco and whispered comments. Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box, and cast anxious glances through the open door, toward the clump of poplars where the jury were deliberating. Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips, and a strong expression of determination coming into her face. It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pibaldo rose wiping his forehead with his shirt sleeve. "Straightened it out, have yer?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman. The man nodded slowly in return. "Wal, he's have it then." "Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "ef yer hadn't corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence, we might a done better, but accordin' ter that, Antonio wasn't thar when the murder was done, an' ef he warn't thar, he couldn't a done it, an' ef he didn't do it, why—then—of course, he's—not guilty." Pibaldo didn't dare to look at anybody; he stared up at the rafters—down at the table—nowhere in particular; and then turned halfway toward Antonio. "You kin go," said he, speaking with great deliberation, "but I wouldn't stay round here too long." There was a dead pause for a minute, and nobody moved. Jake Smith expelled a single expressive word, which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up. "Have you got through, judge?" she asked. "Wal—I s'pose so." "And there is nothing more to be done?" "I'm afraid ther ain't." "And he's free to go?" "Y-a-a-a." Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin, and picked up his hat. The baby crowded, for it saw the glittering thing again. There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor, and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast. A line of thin blue smoke curled up from the muzzle of the weapon, and formed a halo around the child's flaxen head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother. Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless—then she turned, and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly, and the baby carrying the pistol. The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything at last. He Couldn't Miss the Chance. The other night, when a certain Detroit club had gathered in its hall, a member announced the serious illness of one of the officials. A second member at once moved to the platform and said: "Gentlemen, no one can regret this sad news more than I do. It seems to me that the occasion calls for a few remarks expressive of sympathy and condolence. I do not wish to occupy your valuable time, but I feel it a duty to say of the ailing brother— Here a member came upstairs and announced that the person was dead. He had just heard the news on the street. "Very well, then," continued the speaker, "remarks eulogistic of his many virtues are certainly in order after this announcement, and I can go ahead without fear of transgressing upon the time of the club. We all knew the deceased. We were familiar with his many noble traits of character. A brother has died and a king has fallen. It will be long ere we see him again. Here another dilatory member put in an appearance and announced that the person referred to was not dead or even ill, but was in perfect health. Without the least change of countenance the speaker continued: "That being the case, I deem it my duty to indulge in a few remarks on the happiness we all must feel at knowing that our dear brother still lives. Life is but a span, and man cometh up like a flower and is cut down. The familiar faces beside us to-day may rest in the grave to-morrow. Death comes so silently and swiftly that— Here the person himself entered the hall, having been detained beyond his usual time by some occurrence on the street. The speaker didn't seem in the least put out, but waved his hand around the hall and said: "I certainly am not trespassing upon the valuable time of the club when I say that we all rejoice to see our brother here. I am now more than ever convinced that I should indulge in a few remarks. I will go back to the beginning and— But the club rose up as one man and choked him off, and the meeting opened for the dispatch of business.—Free Press. The Russian ambassador to London, Prince Labanoff, has his horse shod with silver—not for vulgar display, but because he thinks it the best metal for the purpose.

The Coral Fishers of Capri. Coral fishing is a slavery to which nothing but sheer poverty drives the fishermen. From April to October their life is a life of ceaseless drudgery. Packed in a small boat without a deck, with no food but biscuit and foul water, touching land only at intervals of a month, and often deprived of sleep for days together through shortness of hands, the coral fishers are exposed to a constant brutality from the masters of their vessels which is too horrible to bear description. The fishing is itself hard work. The two beams of wood laid crosswise, with hemp and loose netting attached to them, which serves as a dredge, are dragged along the sea bottom with a rope, which it sometimes requires the crews of half a dozen boats to haul to the surface. If it breaks, the whole boat is in peril; if the sailor who is paying out fails to note the moment when it catches the coral, his thigh, over which it runs, is cut to the bone. A long pull tears the branches entangled in the net from the rock, or breaks off rock and all, and a shout of joy bursts from the wearied fishermen as the tangled mass of coral appears above the waves. To the masters the fishery is lucrative enough; of the eight thousand francs which form the returns of a single boat, some two thousand are clear profit. But, measured by our notions, the pay of the men seems miserably inadequate to the toil and suffering which they undergo. For the whole period of eight months, it varies with the strength and experience of the seamen from \$60 to \$90; the boys receiving as little as \$20; and of this much is absorbed by the extortionate shopkeepers of Torre. Enough, however, remains to tempt the best of the Caprese fishermen to sea. Even a boy's earnings will pay his mother's rent. For a young man, it is the only mode in which he can hope to gather a sum sufficient for marriage and his start in life. The early marriages so common at Naples and along the adjoining coast are unknown at Capri, where a girl seldom marries before twenty, and where the poorest peasant refuses the hand of his daughter to a suitor who cannot furnish a wedding settlement of some twenty pounds. Even with the modern rise of wages, it is almost impossible for a lover to accumulate such a sum from the produce of his ordinary toil, and his one resource is the coral fishery.—Saturday Review.

The Florida Orange Crop. Se. J. French, of Jacksonville, Fla., an old and experienced orange grower, gives the following as an estimate of the cost of an orange grove, according to locality: Cost of ten acres of land for a grove, \$50 to \$100; cost of clearing, \$100 to \$150; cost of fencing, \$50 to \$75; cost of breaking, \$30 to \$25; cost of setting out 500 before \$200 to \$300; cost of care and fertilizing, five years, \$500 to \$1,000; total cost, \$920 to \$1,540. In addition to this the young trees cost, ready for setting out, from thirty-five to fifty cents each. At the age of nine or ten years from the seed the tree begins to produce, the average being about 500 oranges to the tree. For the next two years the increase in production is rapid, being about 1,000 oranges per tree the third year. There are quite a lot of trees in Florida that produce 10,000 oranges, but these are aged, having been planted before the war. Oranges, like apples, have their "off" years, but at fifteen years from the seed it is safe to say that the trees will produce on an average 3,000 oranges each. There are fifty trees to one acre, according to Mr. French's figures given above, though it is usual to set out sixty, which, at 3,000 oranges per tree, would give 1,800,000 oranges as the yield of the ten acres. There are at one and a half cents apiece as they hang on the tree, the average price this season, would give \$22,500 of the ten acres. This estimate, let it be borne in mind, is a low one, for some Floridians are this year realizing \$25,000 from six acres. The Florida orange crop this year is much larger than ever before. From such counties as are easily accessible the figures point to a crop of about 440,000 boxes. In Putnam county alone the 1879 yield was nearly 5,500,000 oranges, and next year with the large number of blooming trees that will come into bearing the crop will amount to 25,000,000 oranges. It will require a train of ten cars once a day for ninety days to transport the crop of this county.

Our Bodies After Death. Within a very near approach to truth, the human family inhabiting the earth has been estimated at 1,000,000,000; the annual loss by death is 18,000,000. Now, the weight of the animal matter of this immense body cast into the grave is no less than 624,000 tons, and its decomposition produces 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of matter. The vegetable productions of the earth clear away from the earth the gases thus generated, and decomposing and assimilating them for their own increase. This circle of changes has been going on ever since man became an occupier of the earth. He feeds on the lower animals and on the seeds of plants, which in due time become a part of himself. The lower animals feed upon the herbs and grasses, which, in their turn, become the animal; then, by its death, again passes into the atmosphere and are ready once more to be assimilated by plants, the earth or bone substance alone remaining where it is deposited, and not even there unless sufficiently deep in the soil to be out of the insorbent reach of the roots and plants and trees. It is not at all difficult to prove that the elements of which the living bodies of the present generation are composed have passed through millions of mutations, and formed parts of all kinds of animal and vegetable bodies, and consequently it may be said that fractions of the elements of our ancestors form portions of ourselves. Cyrus W. Field has more decorations bestowed by foreign potentates than any other American.

Ole Bull's Pennsylvania Castle. About thirty or thirty-five years ago Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, with one of those idiosyncracies peculiar to men of genius, turned his attention to "colonizing and speculations in lumber. Engaging a number of his countrymen, who had reached New York on their way to the fertile fields of the West, he brought them to New Bergen, Pa., laid out a city and erected cabins for their use. He purchased an immense tract of land in that region from parties in New York, and made preparations to open up the forests on a grand scale. About six miles below New Bergen, on Kettle creek, high up on the summit of the mountains, he built for himself a home. Endeavoring to implant in this wilderness some memories of the land he had left, he constructed a castle and furnished it with all the embellishments that could be imported into that out-of-the-way place. A beautiful road winding up the mountain side on a gradual ascent led to his retreat. Artists were brought from afar to add to the splendor of his castle, and the painter and glazier gave their handiwork to complete the structure, while paper of the most expensive kind covered the walls and added its charms to the edifice. One mammoth room was set apart as the concert hall, and here Ole Bull exercised all his ingenuity in its decoration. The roof was composed of glass, and the barbaric splendor was well calculated to make one forget the outside surroundings and yield themselves to the subtle strains of his violin and enter with spirit into the gayeties and festivities with which Ole Bull tried to surround himself. But all this was doomed to molder and decay. Before the artists had yet ceased their labor trouble began to show itself. Dissatisfaction began to manifest among those who had come with him to this land, and although he expended money freely and tried to bring peace and harmony among his retainers, the specter of rebellion would not vanish. About this time, too, he discovered that the title to his land was not worth the cost of its writing. He had bought it from parties who had no claim on it whatever, and now the real owners came forward and asserted their rights. Overwhelmed by the thickening troubles that came on him, he suddenly abandoned all and reappeared again among the haunts of civilization, and with his beloved violin as his companion, began to retrieve his wasted fortunes by treading the boards behind the footlights. The colony he had brought with him, being left without a leader, gradually broke up and became scattered far and wide. Now scarcely one remains to tell the story and record the history of New Bergen. The castle on the mountain top suffered from the ravages of time and the despoliation of the curiosity-seeker. Hundreds visited the place, and most all carried away some memento of this "Ole Bull's Folly," till now scarcely a log remains to mark the spot. The only reminder of the past is in the name of the little village that clusters around the foot of the mountain. It is called Oleona, which is supposed to be what remains after the "shortening process" of "Ole-owns-it."

Photographs by the Electric Light. An illustration of the use of the electric light for the purpose of photography was given recently at a New York photographic establishment. The lamp used was that of the late Mr. Fuller, a well-known American electrician, and is similar to the carbon lamps in ordinary use. It was suspended five or six feet from the floor, and was about the same distance in a straight line from the sitter. The lamp was without a globe, but when a negative was to be taken a large ground-glass screen was held before the light. The time occupied in producing a clear negative was about a minute. A number of photographs which had been taken at the first trial of the light were exhibited. They were very brilliant and had a great deal of color, and some of them were taken in such a way as to show the black shadow caused by the light. The "life-spots" of the eyes and other high lights were very marked, and the different features were mapped out distinctly without being too sharply defined. Mr. Dana, the photographer, explained that the greatest difficulty to be overcome in using the electric light in photography was the comparative uselessness of the chemicals which are used with the solar light. This difficulty, however, he had overcome by prolonged and careful experiments. The electric light pictures, he said, would be easier to develop than those taken by sunlight, because as the negatives were very strong they could be easily toned down, and a weak picture by sunlight could not easily be strengthened. All the dark shadows, such as those made by earrings against the face and by a beard on the coat can be easily taken out. One advantage of this mode of photography, it is thought, will be that it will enable persons who are engaged during the day to have their pictures taken at night when they are at leisure.

Living in Quiet. A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of dispute. It mostly happens when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like that the original subject of difference become a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair above all means of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of the domestic day."

A SHINING LAND.

The Wonderful Wealth Contained in the Dead Rivers of the Pacific Slope. Mr. A. J. Bell, a practical mining engineer of Chicago, who has been making personal observations, is of the opinion that there is more richness in the "dead river" of the Pacific slope, in the shape of gold, than there is in the silver resources of the "carbonate regions." He predicts marvelous results from hydraulic mining for gold in these dried-up river-beds in California and Nevada, and extending through portions of Montana, Wyoming, Western Colorado, passing out through the region of San Miguel into New Mexico, a region but little explored in very few places, even by boring, to find the lower or main old channel. He says: It is already estimated that among these dead rivers, lying up 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, there lies a treasure of more than \$300,000,000, the annual product being uniformly about \$8,000,000. In one little spot in Nevada county there has been taken out about \$100,000,000. Some of these dead rivers have a fall of eighty feet to the mile, affording good opportunities for drainage, under-currents and various modern appliances for saving fine gold. In some of these old rivers the gravel is white and the gold quite evenly distributed, so that very exact estimates can be made as to the probable amount of gold. It is easily washed out, while the blue gravel is mixed more with a tenacious clay, giving much trouble often in getting out the gold, but it is much richer than the other, especially near the bed rock. There have been some wonderful rich specimens taken out of the blue lead. I noticed one Dutch Flat, the finest I have ever seen, was an immense bowlder studded with gold nuggets, which were worn smooth on the surface. I was told afterward it was valued at \$8,000. It was surely a grand bowlder. It is no uncommon thing to pick up in blue lead diggings fine specimens of rock carrying nuggets of gold, which, to the inquiring mind, naturally bring up the thought from whence came these wondrous stones. In this same question will, perhaps, be asked the brains of many scientific men, while the practical miner will be studying equally hard to find out how to get the vast known deposits out. No doubt other "dead rivers" will be found in other parts of the mountains, and at very different altitudes; one class of men speculating as to how it came so, another practical class getting out the precious metal. With \$100,000,000 from Nevada, \$90,000,000 from a little county of Placer, what may be expected when the whole Pacific slope has been put in thorough working order? In the matter of hydraulic mining, surely this class of mining promises as good returns for the outlay as any opening up, even "carbonates" not excepted. The Days of Forty-Nine. The record of the men of Forty-nine teaches that only a persistent prosecution of one line of effort can give success. The average wages made by miners in 1849 were from \$20 to \$30 per day, and in rich diggings from \$300 to \$500 per week. Most of us would now be satisfied with this—\$15,000 to \$25,000 a year. But men grew credulous, because there were so many unquestionable marvels, such as the occasional finding of gold in nuggets, or lying loose in pockets. Early in 1850 two nuggets of gold were found, weighing about twenty-three pounds each. Others of not quite such astonishing size were brought to light in 1849. Each of such cases set nearly wild the miners who were toiling at a claim that paid less than at first, and very soon they began a series of what were then known as "rushes." On a branch of Poor Man's creek, Plumas county, in 1850, a nugget of gold weighing eighty ounces, and worth \$1,664 was found. In half an hour a party took out \$8,000 in gold. At Vallecita the largest chunk of gold was discovered. It weighed twenty-six pounds and was valued at about \$5,000. These rushes grew very common, and no year passed without one or more of them. Hence these men became living illustrations of the proverb: "Rolling stones gather no moss." They have many irritations—not in mining—but in practical life; men who filter their lives away for want of concentration, want of persistent effort along some line. Every beginner in life, therefore, should try early to ascertain the strong faculty of his mind fitting him for some special pursuit, and then direct his utmost energies to bring it to perfection. A man, says Emerson, is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle; there it shows deep and beautiful colors. To succeed in life man needs the motto of St. Paul: "This one thing I do." One of the most frequent causes of failure in life is that greediness which leads men to attempt to grasp too many of its prizes. There was the Truckee lake rush, gotten up by one Greenwood, among the miners of Coloma in 1849. He told the miners that he had seen gold in abundance on the shore of the lake. Hundreds rushed there, but they found no color of gold. There was the Gold lake rush. In May, 1850, two miners were overheard by a third telling of a lake where gold lay loose on the shore like pebbles. He guessed the lake to be Gold lake, near Downieville. The story was whispered about and thousands left good claims where they were making from \$30 to \$40 per day and dashed off to that secluded spot, whence they returned in a few months "dead broke." The Vallecita chunk spoken of was found by an Indian. Some one had dug a little hole in the bank of a creek, just on a level of the bed-rock, with an old broken pick and then had gone away, leaving the pick lying by the hole. The Indian came along, dug about a foot further and found the chunk.—Territorial (Nev.) Enterprise.