

A PROSPECTOR'S LUCK.

BY JAMES McNELLY.

SEVERAL years ago, a lone prospector was in camp with a few Indians on the Mexican side of the line.

He was meeting with poor success, not on account of his Spanish, but because of the Indians' meagre knowledge of a country which they had inhabited for generations.

But here was a man who had left the States intending to prospect the desert; he had prospected the mineral states and territories of the union, and had been in most camps of any consequence; he combined hunting and trapping with prospecting.

On the morning the prospector made his start, going blindly, as it were—for the little information he had received from the Indians was discouraging as it was limited.

The sun had disappeared some time and the western horizon had grown purple when the prospector reached a spring—the only one which was known in the direction he had taken.

His burros had already lain down with their heads on. After removing the packs and loading the animals, he cooked his supper of fry-pan bread, coffee and lard.

When the prospector awoke it was dark and he gathered a few dried snags to make a fire, and covered himself with the rolling sand in every direction.

The next three days saw the same experience trial. The man went as far as he could go and return to the camp the same night, each day taking a different direction, and each day with the same result—no sign of water.

Then he started around the hill to get his bearing for camp. He cared nothing for his discovery of a few minutes before, although it was the richest sight of virgin gold human eyes ever rested upon.

He was able to cover 40 miles a day, and he knew he must have done this, though handicapped by the weight he carried, and the fine sand that offered no resistance.

The country he traveled over was all the same—rolling sand and cactus. But as evening approached he could see on the horizon a smoky blue ridge rising out of the sand.

had seen for days. He concluded to keep on, and by morning he began to reach it. Should he not see water he had still a little left for his return.

The man ate a little of the food and drank some of the precious water. What he saw was the face of the hills was not encouraging, but his waking dream came to him—a dream of cottonwood trees and willows under their shade a cool, running stream on either side of the ridge.

Was he dreaming? Or going mad? He feared the latter. He dropped the last piece he had picked up and started for the top of the hill, rubbing his eyes.

As the cactus started down the hill he picked up after it, though every second made wider the gap between it and his reaching hand, and every time the cactus would strike the hard, black bedrock with a thud it was like a dagger struck at his heart.

Several days out of Yuma they crossed tracks. They followed this trail in its zig-zag career, then they guessed the truth—some one was lost in the desert and they concluded to follow him.

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stream; he did not realize for a moment where he was, but when he remembered he jumped up and moved on, he knew not which way—only to be going.

He got on his knees and made a circle to find the tracks, for he could tell nothing from the tracks where he had lain in the sand.

When the man recovered consciousness he was lying on some brush against a large granite bolder which formed one side of a brush hut.

A few months prior to the white man's journey an Indian, named Pinto, a Mexican outlaw, for whom a large reward was offered, lived by skirting the desert from one water-hole to another, and relieving prospectors of their provisions (and miseries), if he saw them first, through the sights of his rifle.

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For several months the man who lived this adventure prospected in Alamo, in the hope of interesting, in the desert discovery, some prospector—American, Mexican or Indian, he cared not which—but to no purpose.

Monthly. He stumbled, fell heavily, and lay, thinking to rest a moment. Then he fell asleep. He awoke while dreaming that he was resting in the shade of some trees by a running

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WILLIAM ELLIS COREY. (Assistant to President Schwab of the Steel Corporation.)

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Good Girl. "Did you engage the cook, dear?" said the young husband. "Yes, I did," replied the young wife.

Same Thing. Mrs. Crimmon (at the ball game)—What does John, when the man at the bar says, "Get down and retires to his room?"

When He Mailed It. Mrs. Jones—John, are you sure you mailed those letters I gave you last week, and also the one I gave you this morning?

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