



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

Typical of the Hunt For Gold.

DURING the summer of '95 I had been on a prospecting trip through the deserts and mountains of central and western Arizona...

I had been asleep in the bottom of the freight wagon, but the heat grew so intense that I was awakened, and sitting up I noticed the yucca tree with the letters B. T. cut in the bark...

On arriving at Congress Junction, a station on the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railroad, I found the agent to be a friend, and as at that time there was no place of accommodation...

While enjoying cigars after supper I was giving my friend a history of my trip, and incidentally mentioned having seen the bearing tree, when with an interest greater than he had before shown, he said:

"Did you notice signs of an old camp ground anywhere about there?"

"Yes, not more than 100 yards from the bearing tree. Why?"

"Well, there were three men here who were looking for a yucca bearing tree near an old camp ground. They spent three weeks in the search, leaving here with enough water in their wagon for one night's dry camp and returning every second night for water. After three weeks search without finding the tree they gave it up and went away, only about a month ago."

"Why were they so anxious to find that tree?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this," my friend replied. "One of the three men had been a cook with the surveying party who marked that tree; the other two were employees of the Wells-Fargo Express Company in San Francisco, whom he had interested in his tale, and who were bearing the expenses of the search. It seems that the cook, according to his story, had been with the surveyors all through their trip. The party were accustomed to leave camp early every morning and not return until night, and as the cook had but little to do during the middle of the day, he used to prospect around among the hills, within walking distance of camp, and it was while they were camped near this bearing tree that he found the wonderful rich gold mine, and he wanted to find that camp ground, claiming that if he could only have that place as a starting point he could find the mine."

"How rich did he say the mine was?" I asked.

"He knew nothing about mining, but he said that, with only a case knife he had picked out over \$40 worth of gold from the rock."

"Go whiz!" I exclaimed, "if he found such a bonanza as that, why did he not locate it, or stay with it?"

"Well, there were several reasons. To begin with the cook was a green Englishman, who had only been in the country a short time, and he was afraid to tell anything about what he had found, or to show his gold, fearing that the rest of the party would rob him of both gold and claim; so he kept the whole matter secret, intending to come back afterward, but it was several years before he got around to it. The way he happened to come back now was this: he had drifted to San Francisco, and was there dead broke, when he happened to mention what he had found in Arizona to an acquaintance, an express driver, who told the two men that came down here with him. He told them that, with the bearing tree as a starter, he could go right to the ledge, and he had no doubt about being able to find the bearing tree, but as I told you, they spent three weeks looking for it."

"Now, if you can only get track of these men," my friend continued, "they would probably let you in on it. If you showed them the lost camp. Do you think you could find it again?"

"I don't see how I can."

"Well, I'll try and reach them and let you know."

The next morning I left for Prescott. When in Congress Junction again I found that my friend had gone to Oregon or Washington, and I never heard from him again. On two occasions I went out to the lost camp and searched the nearest hills for gold, though with no success, and I would greatly like to know if the cook really did find gold as he described, or if he made the whole tale out of his imagination.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

The Wolf of Park Point. Members of the Thirty-one Mile.

Lake Fishing Club will have heard of Park Point in Canada. And perhaps some of the older guides may remember the reason for the name.

Some thirty years ago two teams with provisions for lumbermen were chased by wolves on the clear, newly formed ice. As the horses became tired, the drivers stayed in a poek barrel, and threw out the meat to their pursuers.

The delay thus caused enabled the men to make the point, where for some reason or another the lake had not yet frozen over. One of the men insisted that the water was very shallow there and the loads of barrels were hastily dumped into it for safe-keeping.

Thus lightened, the teams outstripped the wolves, who were greatly hindered by their feet slipping on the glare ice, and arrived safely at their destination. Unfortunately the water is unusually deep at Park Point, and although many an attempt was made, the barrels thus jettisoned, have never been recovered.

It was some years later that the writer was driven to take refuge in a tree, by three wolves, not very far from the little storage cabin on the shore of Big Lake. It was late in November, the ground was hard as iron, so that no scent would be, and doubtless the wolves were hungry. He was alone at sunset, his only weapon a light muzzle-loading gun.

As he was returning from a long trip he had as ammunition only about two charges of powder, and a small quantity of fine No. 8 shot. His tree was a good one for climbing purposes, and his perch not very uncomfortable. Soon after securing his position, two of the enemies trotted off, giving tongue as though on the track of a deer. The other, a very large, gaunt, evil disposed brute, sat down, and with tongue lolling out, waited for supper to come down.

Finding it intolerable after a time to be gazed in that manner, and fearing lest he should fall asleep and losing his balance fulfill the desire of the greedy animal, the writer took out one of his greatly treasured and finely engraved gold sleeve links, and carefully loaded it on top of a good allowance of shot.

The wolf was only thirty or forty feet away when the charge struck him, and the whining of the brute as he canted away on three legs, was like the cries of a whipped cur.

Forty Days on a Rock. A terrible tale of the sea is told by the three survivors of the crew of the ship Gloucester, who have just arrived at Southampton, says the London Express.

The Gloucester sailed from South Shields for San Francisco on May 13 last, with a general cargo and a crew of thirty-four hands. After crossing the equator she encountered fearful weather, and was eventually driven ashore at the southeast end of Staten Island. The huge seas swept everything from the decks, and man after man was washed into the surging sea, some being dashed to death on the rocks in sight of their mates.

The only hope of escape to those left lay in getting along the boom, which overlapped a rock, and, although several attempted this, all but three failed. The Gloucester soon broke up, and those who remained on board perished. The three men who had reached the rock found themselves in a hopeless plight. They had no clothing, were weak and exhausted, and there was no sign of any human habitation. For forty days they existed thus, living upon seaweed and mussels. They had given themselves up for lost when they were found by some men from a neighboring military prison.

They were then conveyed, and most hospitably nursed through a long and trying illness, and eventually they were sent home by the Argentine authorities.

Engineer Saves His Train. The Southwestern Limited, the fastest passenger train on the Big Four system, was miraculously saved from being wrecked near Kansas, Edgar County, Engineer William White was pulling eight coaches, heavily laden with holiday passengers, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Coming down a grade near Adin Baber's stock farm, the engineer saw a herd of 200 cattle being driven over the track. It was too late to stop. With remarkable presence of mind White pulled the throttle wide open, and going at terrific speed, the engine struck the herd in the middle, killing ten of the animals. The engine pilot and coach steps were torn off the train, but its great speed kept it on the track.

Miraculous Escape in Wreck. In the Ontario and Western's disastrous wreck near Starlight, N. Y., when four men were killed and an engine and forty-four loaded cars of coal were derailed and flung down an embankment, William Sawyer, a thirteen-year-old tramp, had a narrow escape from death. He was riding on the rear end of the tender, and was almost asleep when he was aroused suddenly by the swaying motion of the train as the engine dashed down the mountain. The tender was whirled far out and the boy's hold was broken. He was flung about fifty feet, but in some miraculous manner escaped injury. Tons of coal from the wrecked cars were piled up behind and almost over him.

A Texas Fiber Plant. A fiber plant, closely allied to the Mexican thistle or Tampo plant, has been found growing in great abundance over a large portion of the arid belt in Texas, which, in view of the great quantity of fiber of other species of agave imported into this country, is likely to prove of great value.

MANUFACTURING GEMS

SMALL RUBIES FUSED BY ELECTRICITY INTO ONE STONE.

An Ingenious Frenchman Who Can Make a Big Ruby Out of Several—Some of the Cleverest Work is Done in Imitating Pearls.

Something of real present interest to dealers and the public alike is the success which has been achieved in the manufacture of rubies. While the diamond is the commonly accepted synonym for value in a precious stone, the ruby, which meets the proper requirements, is much more valuable. When possessing the real pigeon blood color evenly distributed and without flaw, the ruby is worth from three to ten times as much per karat as the diamond. This stone, therefore, is the favorite target for imitation. And, as before stated, it is in making rubies that the greatest skill has been shown. Electricity has done much for this art. A Frenchman—his identity is a secret to the world, and as yet he is known only by his works—has learned to melt small rubies, or fragments of rubies, and fuse them into one stone. The product is not an imitation. It has all the chemical and physical properties of the real thing. It is as hard, has the same specific gravity and is generally beautiful in color.

But, say the jewelers, it is not genuine. Such a stone is known to the trade as a "reconstructed" ruby. None but the most expert can distinguish it from the so-called real one. The connoisseur will admit that he distinguishes it by the absence of flaws rather than by the presence of defects. A reconstructed ruby is apt to be too perfect.

This reconstructed ruby appeared on the market about eighteen months ago. All came from one source, a wealthy dealer in Paris. At first the stones were in great demand, and sold for \$100 a karat; but as the public grew wise, the price has dropped to \$20 a karat.

The emerald is another stone which is cleverly imitated. A perfect emerald is the rarest thing in the world. It is characteristic of the emerald to be flawed, and all good imitations contain artificial flaws. A flawless emerald is immediately an object of suspicion. The only way in existence for the greater part of the work of nature and of man, the demand fell off. The buyer felt that the stone, made up of fragments fused in an electric furnace, was not just the same as the one taken from the earth, even though the latter might have more flaws, and unless deceived by the dealer, he would not pay as much for it. In consequence the price has dropped to \$20 a karat.

The "absent-minded beggar" was standing on Park Row near the bridge entrance when the Columbia professor came along, engrossed in a problem more unsolvable than that of Archimedes and his alleged gold crown. "Mister," said the beggar, "if yer please, kin yer help a poor man to a cup of coffee? I ain't had nuthin' to eat for a day."

The professor looked at the man, but the problem still absorbed him. He pulled out a quarter and looked at it. "That's all I've got, my man. Can you give me change for it?"

"Yis, Sir, I think I kin," and then he started. "Here you are, Sir," said the beggar, handing the professor two dimes and a nickel.

The professor took the change, but returned the nickel. "This for you and much obliged," he said.

"Thank you, Sir!" responded the beggar. And then the two absent-minded ones each pursued his way.—New York Times.

The Judge Attempts to Get a Cook. The wife of one of the members of the local judiciary has considerable difficulty in keeping servants, and the other day she dismissed three in a bunch. The Judge was rather annoyed at the consequent lack of service in his household, and announced that thereafter he himself would engage the servants, and then perhaps things would go more smoothly. So he cut out a number of advertisements from the "situations wanted" column of a newspaper, and started out in his cab to visit the various addresses. His first stop was in front of a little house in a narrow street, from which a cook had advertised. He saw her and was favorably impressed. "I am looking for a good cook," he said. "Sure, an don't I know it?" exclaimed the cook. "O! only left your house yesterday!" The Judge made a hasty and undignified retreat, and decided to allow his wife to continue in her direction in the household affairs.—Philadelphia Record.

Dredging Rivers for Gold. Dredging rivers in gold-bearing countries for gold has become a great industry, and dredges of wonderful power and capacity are being built to dredge sixty feet below the water line and to reach sixty feet above it, along the banks.

Where Halsans Are Grown. California is the only raisin growing State in the Union.

SMALL ROOMS IN NEW HOTELS.

Every Inch of Space Utilized in Order to Meet the Demand.

"The evolution in hotels during the past few years has been interesting," said Mr. Charles Logan, of New York, who is in town for a few days. "Of course, the most noticeable features are the extensive modern improvements, such as baths, washstands, telephones, etc., in each room and the generally improved equipment of the buildings. A feature which is not so noticeable, but one which is very important to the hotel man, however, is the decrease in the size of the rooms. Hotel rooms used to have high ceilings and were long and broad. Now they are mostly small, with comparatively low ceilings.

"Sometimes I hear guests ask each other why the rooms are so small nowadays, and they seldom hit on the right reason. It is because the cost of erecting and operating a hotel is much greater than formerly, while the extent of the patronage is about the same. It is necessary to make the most small that the same space may bring bigger returns.

"Take one big room which used to produce, say, \$3 a day, and it is now cut in two, so as to make the same space produce \$6 or \$5 a day. Take the case of your new hotel just finished here. The hotel which used to occupy its site contained about 150 rooms. The new one contains 250 rooms, but look at the difference in the cost of the two hotels and in the expense of maintaining and operating them. A hotel that used to cost \$200,000 now costs \$1,000,000."—Washington Post.

Progress in Free Surgery.

While surgery as applied to man has made great strides in recent years, there has also been very great progress in tree surgery, or the methods of treating trees and shrubbery when it becomes necessary to apply the knife or pruning shears. Many a tree is living to-day that would have died a few years ago from causes that would have brought on death, but which to-day are successfully treated. An instance of this progress can be seen in the Simon Cameron tree, as the spreading elm near the footpath leading from New Jersey avenue to the south wing of the Capitol is called. The tree received the name by which it is universally known now when the elder Olmstead laid out the Capitol grounds, and provided for a footpath which would have made necessary the removal of the stately old elm that was so greatly admired by Senator Simon Cameron. Mr. Cameron interested himself in saving the tree with the result that it was allowed to stand in the center of a space that would otherwise have been covered with a granolithic walk. The tree flourished until a year or so ago, when an amputation became necessary. One of its big limbs, showing signs of decay, was cut off. The operation was successful enough, but the wound being left open, in the course of time decay set in. The decay was working into the very vitals of the elm, and would have killed it in a few years, but recourse was taken to an operation that is now very frequently applied in tree surgery. The decayed portion was scraped off, and a cover of asphaltum was placed over it to arrest further decay. The tree is now as well off as would be a man with a limb amputated and properly dressed with antiseptics. In the course of time the wound will probably be healed and the tree will be perfectly healthy again.—Washington Star.

A Desirable Butter Worker.

The proper way of working butter is by pressure, much the same as is required when pie crust is rolled with a rolling pin. Now for the average farmer, who has only a small dairy, the style of butter worker shown in the accompanying illustration will give good satisfaction, and will be found easy of construction. It consists of a long, large rolling pin, in the end of which is put an iron pin that, in turn, is inserted in a hole at the end of the frame, the sides of this being considerably higher than the roller. Thus, by

FARM TOPICS

Feed Old Corn. Feed old corn in preference to the new, so as to allow the new corn, to dry. If old corn is gone, feed oats with the new corn, as the new corn sometimes does harm when fed too liberally.

All Crops Have Some Value. All crops grown on a farm are valuable for some purpose. A crop may not be suitable for market, but may serve as food for stock, thus liberating something more valuable to be sold. There is one receptacle for all materials that cannot be utilized—the manure heap. It is from the manure heap that the refuse of the farm is distributed, to be harvested again in other forms.

The Fat in the Milk.

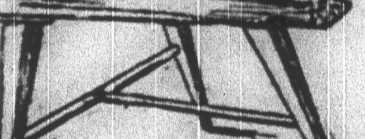
It is not the fat (cream) in the milk that causes an increase in cost for food, but the solids. The nitrogen, potash and phosphates are in the skim milk. The difference between the solids and the fat, so far as actual value is concerned, is but little, as the skim milk can be utilized on the farm to advantage. Fat in milk costs less in proportion to its market price than any other article produced on the farm.

When a Cow Goes Dry.

"Does any one believe a cow should go dry two months before calving to get rest and to nourish calf?" was a question asked at a farmers' institute. One answer was: "I have some cows with Jersey cross, seven years old, that have not been dry in four years, and gave thirty pounds of milk a day right along; just as they came in the quantity would shrink to ten or twelve pounds, and the calf apparently was as strong as those fed from the other cows that had gone dry." Another was: "I have found better results by allowing a cow six or eight weeks' rest before calving than to rush them. I have known animals kept up continually, to give a phenomenal record for one year and fall off the next." Here any two representatives of the sides of this perplexing question. Let experience teach the better plan.—The Dairyman.

A Brilliant Conception.

"I shouldn't venture an opinion," said the man who makes no pretensions to being a philosopher. "One's impressions on that point are likely to depend largely on the kind of society he happens to get into."—Washington Star.



Johnnie's idea of how a man plays by our—Puck.

Twould Be Too Many Cooks. Mrs. Hiram Offen—"And do you think you could do the cooking for the family with a little help from me?" Applicant—"No, ma'am, I do not!" Mrs. Hiram Offen—"You don't?" Applicant—"No, ma'am, but Ol'm sure Ol' dad do it without any help from you."—Philadelphia Press.

Non-Committal.

"Do you think the world is growing worse or better?"

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The Reapportionment.

"I suppose you realize that you are now at a critical period in your career," said the friend.

"I do," answered the new member of Congress. "I am kept awake wondering which of the old, old stories the people who get up anecdotes are going to make me the hero of."—Washington Star.

Literary Subjects.

"When did you discuss at your literary club this afternoon, dear?" asked the husband in the evening.

"Let me see," murmured his wife. "Oh, yes, I remember now! Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street from us and Longfellow."—Ohio State Journal.

A Difficulty of Language.

"I am afraid," said the eminent Chinaman, "that our people are very much misunderstood."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "whenever I hear two Chineses in conversation I am reminded of the celebrated remark that language was given for the concealment of thought."—Washington Star.

Bravery.

"It takes a brave man to be a physician," said the timorous person. "What makes you think so?" "Germans."



MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

A Snowflake Fancy. Each snowflake is a tiny star astrid, and many sparkling snowflakes do we see. When with our dear old skull we catch the swift And solid snowball hurtling fancy free.—Judge.

Stimulating Contributions.

Mrs. Von Blumer—"The minister preached the most touching sermon I ever heard." Von Blumer—"How much did he raise?"—Judge.

Some Are Worth Cultivating.

He—"What do you think about the microbes in kisses theory?" She (cheerfully)—"I've heard that we couldn't get along without certain kinds of microbes."—Puck.

A Bad Sign.

Jiffer—"I don't believe that Stubbs writes his poems at all." Juif—"You don't?" Jiffer—"No; he never offers to recite them."—Detroit Free Press.

The Two Seasons.

She—"You men claim to be the salt of the earth?" He (mildly)—"But, my dear, we have never denied your claim to be the pepper."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Decided to Stay.

"Oh, George, what do you think happened to-day?" "Did you find a \$20 gold piece?" "Better than that! Our new cook has sent for her trunk."—Detroit Free Press.

The Valuable Point.

Percy—"I've made Pauline sorry that she threw me over." Guy—"In what way?" Percy—"Why, I'm attentive now to a girl five years younger than she is."—Detroit Free Press.

The Coming Visitor.

Edgar—"Alice, my mother is rather brusque in speech and manner." Alice—"Oh, well, I don't care how she treats me, but I do wish you would caution her about being careful how she treats cook."—Detroit Free Press.

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"It takes a brave man to be a physician," said the timorous person. "What makes you think so?" "Germans."

"But we all have to fight them." "Yes, but the physician is the one who has to meet them face to face under the microscope. I don't hesitate to admit that if I were to find a germ looking me squarely in the eye I should get scared and run."—Washington Star.