

FORTUNE CAME KNOCKING.

The Prisoner's Story of a Mining Engineer in Old Montana.

"As a general thing a civil engineer in the field gets more 'kicks than happiness, yet once or twice in a lifetime fortune comes knocking at his door as it did mine," remarked the chief, as he deftly extracted a live coal from the campfire, lit his pipe and settled himself back on a heap of pine boughs, with his back against a big log destined as a back log for the all-night fire later on, while the rest of the crew settled themselves in comfortable positions and prepared to listen.

We had started the captain, which was a rare event, for he was a taciturn man, and had the Indian way of rarely speaking, except to give a direction or answer a question, and then in the briefest manner possible.

Supper was over, the fried fish, bacon and bread and coffee had been disposed of, and the last man having spread his blankets, the younger of us were having a quiet laugh at one of the chainmen, who declared that he had the night before gone to the little stream which ran down the mountain, a few yards from our camp, for a pail of water about 1 o'clock and found the stream dry, yet at 5 in the morning when we started to get breakfast it was rushing down the mountain side as noisily as it had the night before when he turned in. All the old gags of "why don't you wake up before you go for water?" "what brand do you drink?" "where did you get it?" "do you have those spells often?" etc., had been sprung when the chief spoke as above quoted.

He continued: "The way I made my pile was by aid of just such a stream as Jim says this one outside is, though there will be plenty of water in it tonight, judging from the sound of that storm outside, and a wet day tomorrow, that will not let us move about much, so if you care to listen, I'll give you the story:

"It was at the close of 1868, when most of you youngsters were in short pants and I had just completed my survey of the territory of Montana and was thinking of pulling stakes and pushing on to a wilder and more unsettled country. For I thought it was getting rather thick when they had four post offices in the state, and there was nearly 60 at that time, besides there was more than a dozen lawyers in the territory, and I knew that there was trouble for all the rest of us from then on. I am here, yet I know, but then there are few places now covered by the old Stars and Stripes but are more thickly populated, and I fought too long under the flag to change to a new one. The Indians were pretty thick and rather nasty that fall and, while I could generally get along with them, being called 'Silver that Runs' by them on account of the flask of mercury I carried at times for the artificial horizon, some of which I presented the chiefs and medicine men, to be used as a prize when they were very sick. The results convinced them that I was very big medicine myself, and as I say, I could generally get along with them, but the safe rule with an Indian is never to trust them this side of the happy hunting grounds, and by the way, the same rule may apply to most white men. I had moved in close to Helena and occupied myself with the small matters of mining claim lines and locating mill sites for the miners, making my headquarters in Sioux Gulch with the Horton boys, old friends of mine, who had found, in the long run, that ranching in that country was fully as profitable as mining.

"One day I was accosted by three Germans, who had a mine a few miles up the gulch, called the 'Wild Horse Mine'. They were in great trouble, for banking on the continued widening of the pay streak, they had invested the best portion of their money in machinery and had almost completed a tunnel in the side of the mountain, to tap the mine at a point some hundred feet deeper than the shaft already sunk, when the mine gave promise of living up to its name, by suddenly turning from a vertical vein to one of 30 degrees downward and inward, thus rendering a 400-foot tunnel almost useless. Sadly they abandoned the idea of a connecting tunnel to tap the vein and commenced to follow along the new direction, with the vein constantly widening and giving promise of richer ore and more abundant metal day after day, until the chances seemed to justify the expenditure for machinery that had just been made. But a few days before they had started up the new steam drills, feeling very proud, as they contrasted the rapid strokes of the drill, which both lightened their labor and enabled them to excavate with fully 10 times the speed of the old hand drills, when suddenly one of the drills struck a stream of water, which shot into the mine and made things lively until they could get it plugged, which was done after a few minutes delay.

"Very soon they struck water again and again, until at last it seemed as if they could not stick a drill hole into any of the rock about them without finding water, which is the last thing any miner wants to see in a mine. Well, they got a pump after a vast deal of trouble, for pumps were few and far between in this country in those days, and let the water in through one or two holes and tried to control it. It did not seem to succeed at first, but after two days they suddenly got control of it and in a few hours the water ceased to flow and they put in a blast in a few holes and blew out a section of rock and then

for their lives, for in two minutes after the blast was fired the water was six feet deep in the mine and rising fast. Tools, drills, pump and everything else was abandoned and in a short time under water, which rose until it was 10 feet deep, and after three days dropped to six feet, and after a few hours began to rise again slowly until 10 feet was reached, which continued with regularity for some days; first 10 feet of water, then six feet, then 10 again. They borrowed a couple of pumps and rescued their own at low water and started them all and pumped until patience and fuel gave out. No use, still that deadly rise and fall continued.

"The 'Wild Horse Mine' and its owners became a busted outfit. The bottom was out of the mine and the owners' pockets, for while they had \$6000 worth of machinery, which, with the freight overland, had cost them \$10,000, they had no mine and there was no immediate call for water works in that section just at that time. So they came to me with the proposal that if I would control the water they would give me a quarter interest in the mine. At first I refused, for I considered the stock too well watered to be of much use to any one but a stock broker or eastern tenderfoot, but at the intercession of the Horton boys, who gave the Dutchmen credit for being good, hard-working fellows, who would be ruined completely unless I could find a way to help them out, I consented to walk over to their hole in the ground and take a look at the rather curious feature of a mine that had a tide which rose and fell once in three days, with a mean variation of four feet, and as low water was to occur that day I started and slowly walked over with the Hortons and the Dutchmen.

"As we approached the mouth of the mine, I noticed a dozen or two yards from the mouth of the shaft, a fine mountain rill tumbling over the rocks with a fall of about 25 feet. It was about four feet across and a foot or 18 inches deep, and after admiring the fall a few moments I asked Jake, one of my would-be German partners, why they had not put up a wheel and used the water power to run their ore crusher, instead of the more costly steam engine."

"'Won't do,' he replied, 'it will stop pretty soon and won't run again for three days.' I stared at him with amazement.

"'What!' I exclaimed, 'not run for three days?'"

"'Yes,' said he, indifferently, 'it will stop by 3 o'clock this afternoon.' I said nothing more, but determined to be on hand when it stopped and try and find out why it stopped. I examined the mine and found things about as I have already outlined them, and casually asked Hans, another of the Germans, when he expected the tide to commence to rise again, when I was astonished to hear him say 'about 3 o'clock and then the water comes up about three days, then goes down again in one day.' I examined the tunnel and by aid of my pocket compass determined its general direction with reference to the mine and the stream, and with my pocket rule in lieu of a transit made a rough calculation, which I kept to myself, sat down to dinner, after which I spent an hour or more in examining the last ore taken from the mine.

"About 2 p. m. I climbed the rock to the brink of the waterfall and found the hole in the rocks through which the stream came, a few feet back of where it took its plunge. All there was to be seen in that direction was a hole the size of a man's body, yet while I looked the water, which for some few minutes had appeared to be rapidly getting lower, stopped with a low rumbling sound. The show was over. I turned on my heel and led the anxious Germans back to the office, and in 15 minutes became the owner of a one-fourth interest in the 'Wild Horse Mine' for the usual sum of a dollar, etc., with the condition that I was to have sole control of the mine for one year and that my partners were to take up work at once on the abandoned tunnel and run it not exceeding 100 feet in any direction I named. Work on the tunnel commenced the next day at an angle of 60 degrees to the right of the former line toward the stream, but 50 feet below the head of the fall, and 10 days afterward I was awakened one morning with the news from those disgusted Germans that they had struck water in the tunnel and could go no further. I think at that moment that I could have bought the rest of the 'Wild Horse Mine' for another dollar.

"'Good,' said I, and put on my hat. 'Good,' grunted Jake; 'bad, bad!' I tink dot mountains vas what you call one sponge, ain't it?' and with the three walking dejectedly at my heels we set out for the tunnel. A nice two-inch stream of water was spurting from the face of the rock. To make a long story short, I plugged that hole, loaded it with 30 pounds of powder, put in a time fuse, had the tools taken from the tunnel, lighted the fuse and took to my heels. A minute later a muffled explosion shook the earth and a yellow stream of dirty water, the full size of the tunnel, shot from its mouth. I looked at the waterfall. It was stopped. I sent Jake down the shaft to see if the water was rising or falling and he came back with a face like a full moon, with the information that the water was running out as quick

as 'ne'er was.' By 6 p. m. that night there was not a drop of water in the 'Wild Horse mine,' and but a small stream flowing from the tunnel.

"The next morning we blew out the heading of the shaft and found ourselves in a rock chamber 20 by 80 feet, which was the natural reservoir that had caused all the trouble for the mine; had furnished the little waterfall with water and myself with a comfortable fortune which is safely invested in United States bonds, from which I carefully cut the coupons every six months. What had happened? Was this the passage from the reservoir to the outlet above? The fall was simply a natural syphon, which once started drew out the water until it was low enough to let air into the long end of the tube; when it stopped and took two or more days to fill up and the operation was repeated. When my German partners punched holes in the rock, they simply added so much space to the reservoir, causing it to take longer to fill and therefore the time was extended to three days.

"I, having settled the proposition in my own mind, found the abandoned tunnel running in the right direction and far enough below the floor of the cave to drain it comfortably and quickly. When we got rid of the water we simply traced the vein on the opposite wall of the cave and went on taking it out." Now one word, readers, don't laugh when a man tells you a curious story. Don't be ashamed to ask questions. All successful men are noted for asking questions and are good listeners when others talk. And last but not least, never be too old or know too much to let some one else tell you a new wrinkle about your trade.—Sing Sing Star of Hope.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Three ancient Roman weights were recently found at Rome. They were of green marble, with bronze handles, and prove that the Roman pound was equal to three-quarters of a pound avoirdupois.

In Rotomahona, New Zealand, there is an immense geyser which covers an area an acre in extent, and constantly throws columns of water to vast heights, some of them ascending three hundred feet, with clouds of steam which go much higher.

Imagine, if you can, a live-stock train 16 7/8 miles long—numbering 2,397 cars and containing 34,785 head of cattle, 38,456 hogs and 22,234 sheep, and you will have some idea of the record-breaking day for receipts at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, on Wednesday, July 24, 1901. It was the biggest day ever known in the history of this big live-stock mart.

The old custom of giving a purse to the bride at a wedding is still observed in an odd fashion in parts of Cumberland, England. The bridegroom provides himself with a number of gold and silver pieces, and, at the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," hands the clergyman his fee and pours the other coins into a handkerchief held by the bride. In other places the bride asks her husband for a gift of money or property on the day after the wedding, and this request he is bound in honor to grant.

Wood is to be the newest food, says Heinrich Reh, a professor of chemistry in Berlin. He has secured a patent upon a form of animal fodder which has sawdust as its chief ingredient. He argues that animals have a decided liking for young shoots, roots of shrubs, tree bark and other heavy food of the same nature, and, since experiments have proved that the nutriment contained in such growth remains in it even after it has become wood, he observes that, with a little salt and water added to it, the sawdust will prove to be a highly nourishing diet.

The other day as D. C. Misner was passing the Dillsboro (Ind.) Bank he saw upon the sidewalk what he thought was a snake about a yard in length and of a peculiar color. He struck at the supposed reptile with his walking stick, and was surprised when the "snake" parted in twain. Upon examination it was ascertained that the peculiar-looking object was made up of myriads of small, wiry worms, each about an inch in length. The mass was formed exactly like a snake and was moving along about as rapidly as a snail. Later in the day Mrs. Sarah Ketcham, residing north of the town, found a similar mass of wriggling worms in her dooryard.

The Stormy Petrel.

The petrel is usually named the stormy petrel. The bird is, under the name of Mather Carey's chicken, the terror of the sailor, who always considers the bird as the precursor of a storm. It is the smallest of the web-footed birds. Few storms are violent enough to keep the winged creature from wandering over the waves in search of the food that the disturbed water casts to the surface. Like the fulmar, the petrel is so exceedingly oily in texture that the inhabitants of the Feroe Islands draw a wick wick through its body and use it as a lamp.

Disappointed.

"I think," said the historical novelist, "that I shall not put any history into my book."

"Oh, Percival," his wife said, "I was so in hopes that you would make your next book different from your others."—Chicago Record-Herald.

When a man finds himself in a hole he must expect his friends to look down on him.

HIAWATHA IN OJIBWAY.

AN INDIAN PLAY ACTED BY INDIAN CHARACTERS.

Unique Alfresco Performance at Desbarats, Ont.—First Produced to Entertain Poet Longfellow's Daughters—Revival of Redmen's Ancient Arts and Customs.

Wholly apart from the spectacular attractiveness of the play, there is a significance in the performance of the Ojibway Indian drama "Hiawatha," presented daily at Hiawatha Camp, Desbarats, Ont., which drew out the water until it was low enough to let air into the long end of the tube; when it stopped and took two or more days to fill up and the operation was repeated. When my German partners punched holes in the rock, they simply added so much space to the reservoir, causing it to take longer to fill and therefore the time was extended to three days.

The idea of the play originated with L. O. Armstrong of Montreal, for more than 20 years a professional explorer—if the term be permissible—who had built a neat summer house on one of the Desbarats group of islands in Lake Huron, which for centuries have been the summer playground of the Ojibways. Mr. Armstrong, himself an ardent admirer of Longfellow's poem, was delighted to find that the Indians were familiar with it. Sympathizing with the desire of their leading men to preserve their traditions, he suggested that they should be embodied in a dramatic representation of the chief episodes in the career of Hiawatha. The Ojibways took to the idea with enthusiasm, and, under Mr. Armstrong's direction, they made their first attempt at a national drama, when the three daughters of Longfellow visited Desbarats, the nearest village to the tribe's playground, in 1900.

When this memorable journey was made, the visitors were treated to a spectacle which, as Miss Alice M. Longfellow afterward wrote, "possessed an indescribable charm." The presentation was exceedingly crude, from the present-day point of view, nevertheless its very simplicity and the manifest seriousness of the Indians charmed the guests exceedingly and Miss Longfellow described the play as "a most unique and interesting drama of the forest, with the broad stretch of lake in front and the forest trees closing in on the scene." The interest aroused was so great that other representations followed, as a matter of course, until the performance of the national drama became an annual fixture at Desbarats, and performances are now given daily from July 10 or 15 to Sept. 1, and a comfortable hotel and picturesque tepees afford ample accommodations for visitors.

The reason for the crudity of the original performance is worth noting. Most of them, as a matter of fact, had forgotten what the ancient garb of the tribe was, and such of the older generation as remembered lacked either the materials or the skill to make the proper costumes. As the Zunis excel in pottery and the Navahoes in blankets, so the ancient Ojibways were masters of that most beautiful of aboriginal arts, bead and porcupine quill work, yet these Indians from the Garden River reservation (near Sault Ste. Marie) had not the slightest idea of artistic embroidery. Their leggins and moccasins were, in many cases, destitute of any but the most commonplace ornamentation, and their general appearance was far removed from that of the gorgeous personages of their tribal history and the Longfellow epic.

The indefatigable Armstrong, now heartily in love with the project, visited the Smithsonian institute at Washington and returned with drawings, photographs and object-lessons which, to make a long story short, have been the means of restoring to the Ojibway the imposing dress in which his ancestors made love and war, hunted and danced. The drama is now "staged" upon a small island just out from a natural amphitheatre on the mainland at Kensington Point—Or Hiawatha Camp, as it has been rechristened—and it is "costumed" with the greatest skill and with absolute fidelity to originals.

It is apparent that the national pride of the Ojibways has been greatly stimulated by the attention their performances have attracted, and they enter into them with much of the reverent spirit attendant upon the presentation of the Passion Play. Visitors are quick to note the analogy between the two dramas and frequent reference is made by them to Desbarats as "The American Oberammergau."

A drum used in the drama was once the property of Shingwauk, the most remarkable Ojibway of his time, and saw service at Queenstown Heights in the War of 1812.

Hiawatha of the poem is the Hiawatha of the play, and it needs only a reasonable familiarity with the poem to follow the action of the play understandingly, even though it is given in the Ojibway tongue. The scene is an island fronting a natural amphitheatre on the mainland. On the right of the stage, from the log seats of the spectators, is the tepee of Nokomis. On the left, across a short stretch of water, rises the point of a high cliff, thick with trees, and a little further to the left the hill which terminates at the cliff also forms a watershed down which the Falls of Minnehaha dash in a green and white spray. This representation is finely done in oil by Francis West, and is the only departure from nature in the whole setting. At the left again, beside the falls, the Ancient Arrow Maker and his fair daughter Minnehaha sit at the entrance of their tepee. Across Lake Huron about half a mile, looking directly over the open stage, is the gap between Campment D'Ours and Copper Islands, with St. Joseph's Island in the distance. At the right, a mile or more away, the main ship channel runs through the Devil's Gap—a re-duced counterpart of the Palisades of the Hudson. Directly west of the stage, half a mile distant, are two miniature islands. That with the two trees sticking up is Woman's Face. It was a waste of words to comment upon the exquisite beauty of such a scene.

A column of smoke arising from the peak of the cliff is a signal fire lighted by the Great Spirit to call all the nations that they may smoke together the pipe of peace, the Pukwana. Brave in feathers, robes and weapons the warriors assemble; some in canoes, some rushing down over the hill from the forest, some picking their way along the margin of the lake. They glare at each other with looks of hatred—your average Ojibway is a good simulator—and strike at each other with their tomahawks. Suddenly the voice of the Great Spirit is heard lamenting the quarrels of his people; and, moved by a common impulse, the warriors rush to the water's edge, throw down their garments of deerskin and their weapons, and, dashing into the water, wash off the warpaint. Sitting in a circle, "Indian fashion," then they smoke the pipe of peace.

The wedding feast is made very appropriate excuse for the introduction of a series of dances and songs in which steps and melodies which have echoed through the great northern forest for uncounted generations are reproduced.

The insult to old Nokomis and Minnehaha by Pau-Puk-Nokomis, in the absence of Hiawatha and the braves, and their angry pursuit of him now constitute the most thrilling details of the play.

Omitting mention of several other noteworthy incidents, which there is not space to describe, the drama is ended with the mystical departure of Hiawatha.

"Realistic" is a word inadequate to describe the effect of this remarkable scene. It was the real thing which the spectators of the Indian drama at Desbarats witnessed and the picture will remain in their minds until the magic spell of the poem shall have been broken. As a bar of purple and bold sunbeams sparkled westward across the lake from the island of the Woman's Face to the ledge of the Indian prophet, Hiawatha came forth and raising his hands to the blue sky above him, chanted to his people his sad farewell. The refrain was caught up and repeated by the sorrowful men and women, and a wave of melody floated across the waters as tender, as solemn, as thrilling as the noblest song of Wagner. It lifted this wonderful performance above the plane of a mere exhibition and made it an event. With the majestic stride of a chieftain, Hiawatha placed himself at the shore and with hands uplifted, touching neither paddle nor canoe, and voice chanting the melancholy farewell, the Indian actor passed slowly from view until when he had become only a speck in the splendid path over which he glided.

He disappeared wholly at last in the shadow of the Woman's Face. There could be no finer piece of stagecraft.

Trouble in Selling Safes.

A young salesman of one of the big safe-manufacturing companies who was telling his troubles to his roommate the other evening, said among other things that the increasing number of modern skyscrapers was injuring the safe-makers' business in this city.

"The average firm that supports a big suite of offices in any of the new buildings," said he, "wants a roomy, fire and burglar-proof safe, that necessarily weighs some pounds. Well, you sell your safe and send it down. Then the janitor says that he hasn't an elevator in the place to lift it. The superintendent upholds him, and we have to make a contract with a wrecking firm to lay a block and tackle and through the window. That costs money, and eats up profits. The refusals to admit heavy safes on elevators is growing more common with each new building."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Excuse.

Farmer—What do you mean, you young rascal, up there in my apple tree?

The Young Rascal—The apples on the ground are all wormy.—Boston Transcript.

MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

An Ancient Cemetery in Paris His Supposed Burial Place.

One of the old houses of Paris, situated at 17 Rue Beautreillis, is about to disappear, and the place thereof will know it no more. It has been handed over to workmen who will demolish it to make room for a workshop. Rue Beautreillis is an ancient and narrow street which the omnibuses do not penetrate, remnant of the times when the Place des Voges was the Place Royal and the home of beaux, "peruked," and red-headed. In the garden of the doomed house, famous in times past as the residence of distinguished persons, is a grave which local tradition says is the resting place of that mysterious figure in history—the Man with the Iron Mask. One remembers that this remarkable person died in the Bastille in 1703, and the local register says he was buried in the parish of St. Paul. Now, this garden undoubtedly forms a part of the ancient cemetery of St. Paul and the church itself is near at hand, set in the midst of a cluster of old houses. It is in the garden that the famous Iron Mask is said to have been buried, and the spot is the Mecca of Jolly pilgrimages. Outwardly, the place is unlovely enough, ragged and uncultivated. A few poor, bedraggled flowers try to live on, cut off from the sunshine by the overtopping houses, and prematurely faded by the smoke from a neighboring wash house, out of sheer respect for a great name. In a corner, where are the decayed trunks of some acacias and where a pool of stagnant water gives an additional aspect of melancholy, is the reputed grave of the Iron Mask. The old attendant will tell you that the water does not run away because there is a vault beneath covered over with a thick bed of cement. In the middle of the "Old Paris" society which passage which leads by gentle descent direct to the grave of burial. The question which is agitating the minds of the "Old Paris" society which watches over these matters is whether the bones of this fascinating figure of a former century are really there. This will be settled perhaps, when the tomb is opened. Will the strange instrument that he wore for so many years be found rust-eaten, among the remains? Actually there is on the grave a column which bears an inscription, cut with a knife. "Here lies Marchiali, the Man with the Iron Mask." It would appear that the inscription was copied from a stone, which was formerly in place there. The ancient cemetery of St. Paul is now almost built over. Here, however, if one may again believe the tradition of the quarters have lain the ashes of Rabelais of Mansard, the architect, who built the Bank of France, and the hotel, now the Musee, Carnavalet, of Moliere and his spouse, Armande Bejart,—Paris Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

The Cost of Clothes.

The expense of wearing good clothes in this country is quite equally proportioned between men in public life and ordinary civilians. It may cost some officials more to dress themselves becomingly in accordance with their positions, but as a rule extravagance along this line is left to men of wealth who exert a wider influence in society than in public affairs. An every-day business suit, cut to fashion and made of material which meets the fancy of men with established tastes, costs all the way from \$40 to \$80, the prevailing figure being near the \$50 mark. The Prince of Wales, however, with almost \$500,000 a year, contents himself with a \$40 suit, refusing to go higher. The extras that go with every complete wardrobe cost as much as their owners care to invest. The expenditure depends entirely upon the state of a man's pocketbook and his tastes. Dress suits cost from \$75 to \$125 each, while the numerous accompanying incidentals are graded to suit each individual case, says the Chicago Tribune.

The ordinary civilian of this country spends more money for clothes than his English brother. But among men in official life the Englishman easily outpouts the American.

Auctions in Paris.

Auctions in Paris are conducted in a much more satisfactory manner than in America. At the Hotel Drouot, perhaps the most famous auction rooms of Paris, one of the chief functionaries is an expert who values the several articles offered for sale. He does not attempt to place an exaggerated value upon the several articles, but, on the other hand, endeavors to give a fair and accurate idea of their intrinsic worth.

Of course, to do this, it is necessary that he should point out the defects in the articles offered, and this he does very frankly and accurately. An unprejudiced observer, writing in regard to a recent sale of a collection of antique wrought iron work, states that the professional expert in attendance gave estimates on the whole wonderfully near the mark. Occasionally his estimate would be higher than the price the article brought, but in many more instances his price was lower, especially when there was any competition to run the price up. Any one who has heard the absurd values placed on trash in American auction rooms would, indeed, be astonished to find goods selling for more than the official valuation.

Addenda.

She—O! no, I admit, you can't believe one-half the things you hear.

He—No, nor one-third, even.

She—I guess that's so.

He—But you can usually repeat four-thirds, can't you?—Philadelphia Press.