

THE LINE OF CONTACT

In Auriferous Formations—An Old Miner's Advice.

Where Slate and Granite Come Together—The Promise in the Newcastle Region.

(Special Correspondence of Record-Union.) ST. HELENS (Or.), May 17.—A lucky forty-nine miner on being asked by an emigrant who came to the mines a year later, what were the best indications for finding "pay dirt," answered, "Keep a sharp look out for places where the slate and granite come together. When you find it, do most of your prospecting below that line. You may not find pay, but you will find it rich in such places oftener than anywhere else."

The forty-nine had noted many exceptions to the rule. But by following it he had a buckskin purse well filled with "coarse gold and fine." Moving to new mining districts in which neither slate nor granite existed, like that on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, our forty-nine still gave close attention to places where two different country rock formations come together and with fair general results.

Among miners this is now generally known as the "line of contact." A liberal per cent of paying quartz chimneys have been found along these lines of contact. There are many exceptions to the rule. But in places where they have probably been discovered in about all of the primitive rocks, both within the contact line, and miles away from it. However, when an old miner finds one of these lines of contact running through a highly auriferous range, and comparatively unprospected, it is a point so favorable for finding valuable quartz chimneys has been neglected. If he takes a lively interest in all that pertains to mining discoveries, the old-time fire may burst out anew, and much time be devoted to learning all about what has been done in times gone by, and speculating on a probable future.

In going East from Sacramento on the Central Pacific Railroad, the first line of contact claiming our attention is crossed by the railroad track about one-fourth of a mile above the town of Newcastle, in Placer County. For various reasons this is one that will claim a good deal of our attention. It is within the boundaries of a rich and extensive placer mining district mined out years ago. Many quartz lodes have been opened and are now being worked in that district with the successes and failures usual in all mining operations. Very little attention has been given to prospecting for lodes that do not show an outcrop there.

For a distance of more than two miles careful examination failed to show that any crosscutting had been done on this line of contact in prospecting for blind lodes or deposits. Near the line of contact both the slate and the granite become coarser and are just such formations as old experienced miners would say, "that a quartz lode could live in that." The railroad cuts here show many quartz strings, some of which carry gold.

The fact of this line of contact remaining almost unprospected, is no evidence for or against the existence of valuable quartz chimneys within that line of contact. Pay chimneys do not often crop out above the surface.

earth for the benefit of mankind. Quite a number of mining men went to bed poor and woke up rich within the memory of OLD PIONEER.

IT WAS EASY TO DO OVER. How Her Husband's Desk Was Transformed Into a Sideboard.

A suburban woman is obliged to endure the gibes and jeers of her family without retaliation because of her credulous faith in a suburban cabinetmaker, says the New York "Times." An heirloom, on the husband's side, was an old-fashioned mahogany desk of more curious than artistic make. It was useless as a desk and not pretty as a piece of old bric-a-brac, so when an idea for its evolution came to her she was doubly pleased. She consulted the suburban cabinetmaker, who pronounced himself willing to carry it out before she broached it to her husband.

"Make a buffet, or serving sideboard, out of my great-grandfather's desk!" repeated he, when it was broached. "It can't be done, my dear, and I hate to have it touched, too."

"But you don't like it," now coaxed the wife, "and the cabinetmaker says it will be very easy to do over. It will be the desk, slightly enlarged, that is all. The lovely doors will be set under the shelf as panels and those graceful columns will stand out in added beauty as front supports. He will have to add a little wood and introduce a mirror, but all the choice mahogany of the desk will be preserved and show much more effectively."

In the end he was persuaded, and the desk was taken away. Some weeks passed, during which the wife made several visits of inspection to the cabinet shop, seeing parts of the work and acquiescing to various suggestions and additions to the original plan.

The solved buffet was finally delivered one evening not long ago. Its own father would never have known it. There were six feet of sideboard against the former two of desk, and the original doors and columns were there, but that was all of the first piece of furniture, which had been built on and added to till it stretched half-way across the dining room.

The wife turned pale, the husband groaned. "What have you done?" cried he.

"My lost great-grandfather's desk!" exclaimed the other.

SAVED BY A SONG.

How Colonel Fogg Escaped From the Oriental Plague.

Never Had the Traveler Tried So Hard to Be Hospitable—A Thrilling Adventure.

The Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Colonel John Hay, once paid Colonel William Perry Fogg the compliment of declaring that in his story of his escape from an Oriental quarantine there was enough of exciting adventure to form the basis of an extensive novel.

Both men were Cleveland writers who achieved renown through their literary works. Colonel Fogg's account appears in his book of travels printed in 1875, as "Arabistan." While the churches of the East and the millions of people fleeing death from starvation and the plague in India, the tale from the pen of the Cleveland ex-newspaper man is timely, and an extract from the book will be read with interest.

He tells of starting out from Bagdad to visit the ancient city of Babylon. Sending his interpreter to the Governor for certain favors, he returns with the startling news that the Governor has just received a telegram from Bagdad, declaring Hillah in quarantine, as the plague has broken out in that town.

"But I might as well go," says the author, "that place being outside the cordon sanitaire. Here was a dilemma. Prudence dictated an immediate return to Bagdad, but pride and a desire and hope to see Babylon opposed that course."

Of his waking the next morning he writes: "To my surprise I found we had already reached Kerbelle. My marhallah was moored alongside many other boats of various kinds. Following a description of the ancient city, he said: "We will return to the marhallah, on which I was slowly retreating towards Moseyib."

"The captain of my boat, who was suddenly aroused by Yusef, who pointed to a large boat, rowed by six men, on which I could see officers and soldiers in uniform coming rapidly down towards us. Yusef, in evident alarm, told me that it was the Governor of Moseyib. I quickly aroused myself as the boat came abreast of us, and the Governor stepped on board my marhallah. He held in his hand a dispatch which he read, and Yusef translated. It was from Bagdad, and contained the alarming intelligence that Kerbelle had been placed in quarantine and directing him to turn back and leave the river."

Governor proposed that I should sing. I felt that he had me at a disadvantage. Now, my talents as a vocalist had never been developed, and I needed as much urging as if I had really been a first-rate tenor. But the Turk insisted and by way of encouragement volunteered to hum an air he had heard at Pera. This was so horribly discordant that I yielded at once, and gave him the "Star-Spangled Banner" mixed up with the "Beautiful Star."

"As my audience understood neither the words nor the tune, it is not surprising that I achieved a wonderful success and elicited great applause. He slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'You are a good fellow; I like you. Come and dine at my house—then we drink arrack and have more songs. When the moon rises let you go to 'Bagdad.' I saw a twinkle in Yusef's eyes as he translated this speech, and he said to me in English, 'We are all right now, sahib.'"

The traveler's account goes on with the evening spent in the home of the Governor until the latter retired, and Colonel Fogg and his companion started by moonlight across the desert, reaching Bagdad to be welcomed as one coming from the dead.

GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE

Eleven Miles Over a Rough Road in Less Than an Hour.

In the "St. Nicholas" George B. Smith tells of remarkable ride once made by General Grant, from the village of Bethlehem to the Front House in the White Mountains. The driver was Edward Cox and Mr. Smith described the ride as follows:

When, about 7 o'clock of that calm August evening, the Presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with a glance of his connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's side, he said to Cox: "If you have no objections, I will get up there with you." "It is pretty rough riding up here, General," was the reply. "I can stand it if you can," said Grant, and he climbed to the place and settled himself in a high silk hat, black suit and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothing as was possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in their ideas of comfort, and the expression of his face, which was in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist!" and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph operator at the St. Clair sat with his finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely 7 o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several of the drivers, who were expressing their gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia. Not a word of what he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of my readers who have visited this famous hole, the Profile, will remember Echo Lake, and the little cannon kept there to wake the echoes. In the distance of a few rods, a famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the Presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by, the gunner should fire a cannon. In fact, the fact of the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal gun, chatting, discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—bang! went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the President. "It cannot be," "Look at the time!" "Some mistake has been made!" Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

The proprietor hurried a bell-boy to the lake, to ascertain why the gun was fired before the time. But it was the fact of the house. At the hotel we were listening for the signal gun, chatting, discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—bang! went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the President. "It cannot be," "Look at the time!" "Some mistake has been made!" Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

A New French Heroine.

The French have discovered a new heroine, whose name they unfortunately do not know. In the Terrible Year, when the German army was approaching the building, Ed Cox stepped up on mourning arrived in the town and took up her quarters in a house about half a mile from the chateau where Bismarck was lodged. Every morning and every evening she went out with her gun, and in three days her bag amounted to six German sentries. Then she was taken by the enemy, but at once released. Three more Germans fell to her rifle, and then once more she was seized, but the mercy of the enemy was great, and she was once more set at liberty. But the sport was too good to be lost, and her expedition was continued until the enemy thought the thing had gone far enough. So the next time they caught her they put her up against a wall and let daylight through her unconquered breast. This story is quite true, because a certain Mr. Darmont, who was 10 years old at the time, says so. He has written some pretty bad verses about her, which were recited the other day at the celebration of the glorious battle of Champligny, and were most warmly applauded. Besides, he can see the wall against which the ruffian soldiers put her up, and the bricks are in it to this day—therefore, says, deny it not. But it is a pity that only one man knew her name, and that he is dead.—London Realm.

The Royal—White and Pure as the Driven Snow. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

BESELENA'S PRATTLE.

(Special Correspondence of Record-Union.) PORTLAND (Or.), May 19, 1897.—That the boys and girls of to-day are not insufferable little prigs, is certainly not due to the literature written for their benefit; in nearly every case by men and women who have no more idea of the style of reading matter that will please children, than they have of what style of writing matter is pleasing to the king of the cannibal islands.

The healthy growing boys and girls of to-day instead of being given books of adventure that would delight their soul are fed upon Sunday-school literature that tells all about goody goody who chided and scolded and being naughty because they live in a wholesome fear of his satanic majesty. In the end these sanctimonious little prigs usually have the good taste to die, killed no doubt, by an excess of their own righteousness. I never grieve at the untimely death of a child of those holy kiddies, around me I'd be tempted to stick it with a hat pin to see if it were made of really blood like other folks, or only just savdust.

As a rule children don't reason about things; they are guided mostly by impulse. When they are old enough to distinguish right from wrong they are good because they have a wholesome fear of being found out and punished when they do anything amiss. The power of reasoning and of carefully weighing the consequences is something that few grown people have in a state of nature. I don't say it is all nonsense for the Sunday-school books to maintain that the small boy did not steal because he was afraid of everlasting damnation. The average small boy is not the least bit afraid of everlasting damnation if he wanted to steal, the question of punishment at some remote period would not deter him; he would steal anyway, and like a great many other people trust to luck not to be found out. Instinct, as I have said, is the motive power which guides children until their reasoning powers slowly develop with the growth of their bodies. Just why the average mother will keep a book of adventure away from her son has always been more or less of a mystery to me. Personally I have never found this style of literature to be harmful; it only the blood and thunder clap-trap that excites the imagination, and that is not only not their innocent little darlings don't indulge in this kind of literature on the sly then they are very much mistaken. Its only the unattainable that whets one's appetite.

Even such thrilling tales as "Wild Bill the Scout of the Plains" isn't going to effect a normal boy, while it may be an abnormal boy who isn't properly balanced mentally and who has a strain of wild blood in him somewhere. It is blood that will tell every time, and a small boy who shows an abnormality of any kind, and an appealingly early age will go on sooner or later, in spite of all parental barriers.

These are the days when one just wants to lounge in a hammock with a cool, loose dress on, a fan and plenty of books, and not forgetting a light novel. I find that it doesn't pay to go in for heavy reading during the hot weather. One's reading should, I believe, be regulated to suit the seasons just as one regulates one's clothes, or one's diet. But in these latter days of reason and analysis its hard to get a really good novel. Analysis and logic are very good in their places but I do not recommend either one of them for the dog days. In the analytical novel, the heroine, as soon as she finds out that she is in love, sets to work to analyze the feeling. Now any one who knows anything about love knows that it simply can't be analyzed; it is too vague, too intangible by far. No girl in her right senses, outside of one of the impossible books of which I speak, would think of doing such a thing. The man of the story doesn't analyze the feeling, he just goes on and loves. Birds differ very much in the heights to which they commonly ascend. The condor, largest of vultures and of all flying birds, has been observed soaring over 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half, above the level of the sea.

A further study of the amount of argon in the atmosphere has been made by Schoening, in which a remarkable uniformity appears in air from different sources. The average value is found to be 1.184 per cent. of the total volume of nitrogen and argon.

The mistletoe is a true parasite, forming never growing, save on the branches of oaks in moist situations. Of late years it is extensively raised in greenhouses, the crushed seeds being placed upon slabs of bark in situations as nearly as possible approximating its original habitat.

THE NONPAREIL "The Nonpareil" Specials in Shoes for To-Day. 1st—600 pairs Women's Oxford Ties, in black and tan, pointed and square toes. \$1 10 Pair. 2d—450 pairs Misses' and Children's Ox Blood Shoes, lace and button, cloth and kid tops, round and pointed toes. To clean out the line we are going to sell them at 98c for sizes from 3 1/2 to 11, and \$1 20 for sizes from 11 1/2 to 2. Dress Shirts. Special Men's splendid quality Muslin Shirts with colored bosoms. The very latest style, bosoms made from splendid quality percale in new colorings and new patterns, collar button guards on neck band, reinforced and well made. No trouble to follow fashion's decrease at this price—50c. Men's Underwear. Special Men's Summer Underwear, ribbed, blue and white, drawers, shirts, blue gray. Drawers well made, with slits, facing at waist; shirts well finished and trimmed. Just the garment for common wear and workmen. Saturday special price 50c per suit. Men's Suspenders. Special Men's Suspenders, every pair a bargain; all would sell readily for 25c per pair, many of them for more. Some woven silk web ends and some kid ends, strong buckles, good quality webbing, in light, medium and dark colors, the best value ever shown at 10c pair. Men's Wool Sweaters—Special Men's Wool Sweaters—a garment which is coming into vogue. Close-knit elastic ribbed garments in navy, tan, black, white, maroon, or green striped at bottom and on collar with some contrasting color, causing striking effect. Price \$1 18. Night Shirts. Special Men's Night Shirts, made from good quality, heavy bleached muslin, full width and length, plain white or trimmed with neat patterns of Cash's fast color embroidery in red or blue, neck sizes 14 to 18. Special price 35c. WASSERMAN, DAVIS & CO. Agents for Butterick Patterns. Big New Store, K, Between Sixth and Seventh.

D. M. BISHOPP, Optician, 306 J STREET. Full line of Optical Goods, Spectacles and Eye-glasses, from 25c upward. Best work done. Can buy them anywhere else. Lenses ground to order for all refraction defects and warranted to fit correctly. Moderate prices. Neatness and representation.

WHERE IDOLS ARE MADE. Birmingham, England, Has a Factory for Making Heathen Gods. It has recently been discovered that there is in Birmingham, in the very center of Christian England, a factory where idols are made for heathen nations, says the "Pottery Gazette," London. Many attempts have been made to obtain admission to the factory, but a strict watch is kept upon outsiders anxious to pry into the secret chambers where the heathen gods are made, and journalists, especially, are prevented from entering the works.

A few facts were, however, to be gleaned concerning this extraordinary industry. Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Tokyo to Timbuctoo. The export trade to the heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazars of Cairo, Damascus, Ceylon, etc., for sale to unsuspecting travelers anxious to take home some mementos of their stay abroad.

The price of gods varies greatly. You may get a Birmingham-made one in a London curiosity shop for half a crown, or you may run up the pretty bill of £20 for an especially ugly one, "stolen," according to the dealer, "by a sailor during the Chinese war." In the Cairo bazar, however, the price of a first-class god of this kind may run from £20 to anything. A traveler informed the writer that there was little difficulty in detecting a god of native make from one of Birmingham manufacture. The first generally displayed some slight irregularity or change of design due to the native working by hand, while the Birmingham god was as superlatively correct in form as the most immaculate dandy is in dress.

The trade in idols is kept such a close secret that it is difficult to estimate the output, for in the Board of Trade returns the gods would doubtless be classed under the humiliating title of "works of art or curios." But there is no doubt the trade is a fairly large one, and that some cute Birmingham men do very well in the business.

Doing It. "You should make an allowance for your son's studies, firmly. Most young men have to sow their wild oats." "Make an allowance? I've doubled it since he started in."—Detroit Free Press. What He Left. Hoobs—Why did the cashier leave the country? Dobs—The only reason was because he couldn't take it with him.—New York Tribune. Mean Thing. Mrs. Brown—What will you give toward a new bicycle for me? Brown—The wind for the tires.—New York Journal. No great man ever had time to play checkers in the middle of the day.—Aitchison Globe.

We Must Sell More Shoes before the decided change in Our Shoe Department can take place. Our stock is very large, and although a good portion has been disposed of, we must reduce still more. To tempt you to buy now, even if you're not quite ready, we quote some new items for to-day: Ladies' Shoes. Dark Chocolate Lace Shoes of soft vici kid; needle toe and tip; very good fitting. Regular value, \$2 50. SALE PRICE, \$1 55. Misses' Shoes. Tan Button Shoes, cloth or kid tops, coin or narrow square toes, in all widths and sizes. Sizes 1 1/2 to 2. Regular price, \$2. SALE PRICE, \$1 15. Men's Shoes. Fine Satin Oil Calf Shoes, lace or congress, with good, heavy, oak-tanned sole leather bottoms. SALE PRICE, \$1 50. Boys' Shoes. Little Gent's Shoes in vici kid. "New coin" toe, with low heels. Very dressy. Regular price, \$1 75. SALE PRICE, \$1 35. Remember, these Shoes are all NEW, STYLISH and RELIABLE STOCK, and although reduced greatly for this sale we are ready to return your purchase price should you not be entirely satisfied. The W. B. Nathan Co. 101 1/2 BETWEEN 6 & 7