

The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA.

A CHAP OF MANY PARTS.

We used to call him "Syntax" 'cause his grammar was so pat.
An' 'bout 'cause he had 'em fine—the rules we all guessed at.
Likewise we called him "Fractions" 'cause his knowledge so intense
Consistent sums an' figures hung our hides upon the fence.
We nicknamed him as "Atlas," for his Geography was great;
He'd map the hull dem kentry an' bound the bull dem state.
An' spellin' was so easy that he quit it there an' then.
An' sidd into the rudiments of history at ten.
A lecture s'waved-off creature not worth a second glance.
His ma put lard upon his hair, he wore his father's pants.
He fetched his dinner in a pail—'twas mostly made of mince.
But there was sumthin' 'bout the chap I've often called up since.
He had a way of clinchin' on his underlip, you see.
When sumthin' quite absorbin' set his thought machinery.
A-goin' an' a-buzzin' on his quiet lecture game.
That set us all a-wobblin' while he got there jest the same.
He didn't like tomfooln' an' he didn't like to play.
At games the boys an' girls got up to pass the time away.
But he could crack a joke, you bet, to knock us all to beat.
An' put a nob upon the same with that ole smile an' oiled the ticket that we voted for this fall.
He never went to huskin' bees with other girls an' boys.
But kept his ole a-burnin' in the midnight of his joy.
An' often when we seen the light a-gleamin' why, I say,
Wed' stop an' wonder why 'n thunder could he do that way!
He moved away an' left us, an' he settled into town.
He hung his shingle on the wall—it read: Attorney Brown.
An' then he sorter sidded from our fancy, 'n' thought an' all.
"I'll be back on over the ticket that we voted for this fall."
We whooped, hurraied an' hustled for the votes to put him in—
This lecture chap we used to think who wasn't worth a pin.
This lecture quiet creature—who was playin' of his game.
Away back in his school days—but a-gettin' there the same!
An' now we are all glad to shake his hand an' be his honor's great.
To grip the fist of our elect—the governor of state.
—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

A Timber-Cruiser's Defense.

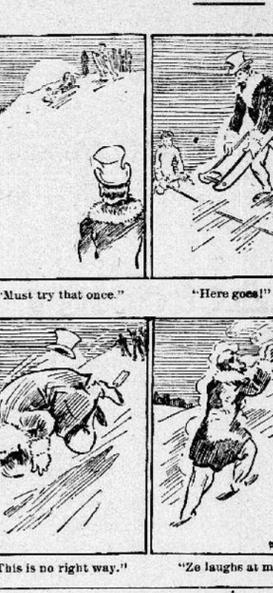
By Franklin Welles Calkins.

THE occasional perils encountered by the professional timber-cruiser—the man who goes into the wilderness to investigate the value of timber lands—are well illustrated by the experience of Harvey Secoin, of Beltrami, Minnesota.
Young Secoin had for some years served as assistant to his uncle, Lot Levering, a cruiser of wide experience and high fife. Levering was, however, at last laid by the heels by the cruiser's arch-enemy, rheumatism, and his young pupil was called upon by the Beltrami Lumber company to return an estimate of the standing timber on some 20 odd square miles of land they had bought, at a venture, in the heart of Itasca county. This was a vast territory, the lower river courses of which were as yet but uncertainly traced upon the maps.
While loading a wagon with his boat and effects at Beltrami, Secoin was greeted by a smooth-faced stranger, wearing a suit of drab corduroy and a soft hat. This man presented a card which read: Frederick Zalmeier, Real Estate, St. Cloud, Minn.
"I came on last evening's train," he explained. "Just heard you were off for the upper Big Fork. Yes, well, I've got a piece of land up there I kill two birds with one stone on the lively hire. Besides, I'd like to go with a man who knows the woods."
As the man was prepossessing enough the cruiser consented to accompany him, and ten minutes later Zalmeier was ready with blankets and grip-sack. Then, with an experienced driver, the two land-lookers set out.
For a number of days they pushed over a bush-grown "surveyor's road," and then travelled by boat for one day upon the spring flood of Big Fork. Then the cruiser searched for a government blaze and markings, and took observations.
"We've passed your line a little," he reported to Zalmeier. "You'll find your markings by compass, six miles east and one and one-half miles south of here."
"Bless us, young man," said this cheerful fellow, "how you know the woods! I'm going to hire you to do my job. I'll wait here until you get back, and I'll take your word for it, soil, timber stand—"
"But I can't do your job now," interrupted Secoin.
"Not for \$25?"
"Not for twice—ten times 25!" replied the cruiser indignantly. He thought a real estate man ought to better understand a cruiser's duty to his employers.
Looking keenly at his companion, he saw a swift, involuntary change of countenance, and instantly he flung with suspicion. Then he said, uncompromisingly:
"Mr. Zalmeier, if you know anything about cruising, you'll find your land easily. If you're afraid of the woods, follow the river back to the government road and go home."
"But," said Zalmeier, blankly, "I prefer to go."
"That you can't do," promptly responded the cruiser. "I've done by spondee I agreed, and I shall carry you no farther."
"Oh, well," said Zalmeier, cheerfully, "since I've come so far, I'll have to look after my land, of course," and he shouldered his grip and blanket roll and set off into the woods.
Secoin lost no time in paddling down stream, and at about four o'clock crossed the south line of the pine lands which he was commissioned to estimate. He now exercised a cruiser's caution, hiding his boat and his camp within the depths of a

tamarack swamp, and wading to and from solid ground by the compass.
He soon became much interested in his work, and after a few days of running lines and taking observations, he began to know that his report was to be very satisfactory in its final showing—far beyond the expectation of his employers.
He had almost forgotten his quondam companion when, in running a new line through an immense stand of sky-scraping white pines, he came upon fresh timber "slash"—a broad, destructive piece of work, which had laid low many thousands of the giants.
Very sharply now he remembered Frederick Zalmeier, and the gentleman's anxiety to send him upon a foreign errand. He understood in a flash that had he done that business, he would have been left, minus boat and supplies, to make his way homeward; and in the meantime a company of timber thieves would have got to Rainy Lake river with their booty. Perhaps they had already done so.
Secoin hurriedly followed the slash to the river, where he discovered a recently abandoned camp in the edge of the timber. Following the river several miles, he discovered that the thieves were driving logs not a great distance below. Once they got this timber to Rainy Lake river there would be no means of identifying a log of it, and they could drift it at leisure to the shore of Lake Superior.
The cruiser returned in much excitement to his camp which, a day or two before, he had advanced beyond the tamarack swamp. It was dark, but on lighting a fire he saw a bulky white envelope pinned to a near-by tree-trunk. He tore it from its fastenings, and found it contained an elaborate lumberman's estimate, in duplicate, covering by forties every section of the tract he had been sent out to traverse. A smaller envelope contained a letter which read:
"Mr. Secoin: You will please sign both these estimates, return one to your folks, and leave one with us. You will also find herewith the certified check of John Jones payable on demand by Oscar Steiner, room 11, Superior building, Duluth, and money enough to pay your fare back to Duluth. A word to the wise, and so forth. Zalmeier."
The check was for \$3,000, and was accompanied by a worn \$10 bill. The young cruiser sat chinking with wrath, yet not daring to act upon impulse. The thief might be watching, and must be led to think that the large bait he had flung was taken.
Secoin had no doubt that the check would be made good upon his signing and returning a false estimate—an underestimate, which would easily discourage his employers from further ventures; the thieves would retain the duplicate estimate, bearing his signature, as a warranty that he would fulfill his part of the fraud. They could well afford to pay a considerable sum for the certainty of gleaming a fortune out of this remote wilderness.
The cruiser carefully bestowed the envelope in an inside pocket, and calmly set about getting his supper. He was not surprised to discover that all his supplies of food, except barely enough to last four or five days, had been stolen.
After he had eaten, he rolled himself in his blanket, not to sleep, but to think.
East of him, as he knew from his cruiser's map, lay the Chipewea reservation of Moose lake, and he determined to reach the agency there at the earliest possible moment.
He lay in perfect quiet until the last ember of his little fire had flickered out. Then, putting his hand-ax in his sheath, he crawled cautiously for 100 yards or more in the direction in which he wished to go. Then he rose, and with a trained instinct for points of the compass set out upon his night journey.
For several miles he hurried among the great trunks of white and Norway pines, then across rolling jack-pine lands, until he reached the Moose lake levels. Then he became engaged in a tamarack swamp; he could see no stars, and his sense of direction availed little. He lay in the damp bog until daylight, and then cut his way out. He reached Moose lake agency at 11 o'clock in the morning. The agent was in his office, but had little patience for Secoin's story and appeal for assistance.
"I can't help you," he said. "I can't let an employe or an Indian leave the reservation upon your company's errands."
Weary and somewhat discouraged, the cruiser set out to seek information from some one among the natives, and at the very least to secure a gun and ammunition; but the Indians and half-breeds scattered about in cabins and bark lodges regarded with suspicion all his efforts to interest them.
After a vain attempt to exchange his ready money and his ax for an effective breech-loader, he met on the agency road a young man of about his own age, carrying a medicine case. This was the agency physician, a new attaché at Moose lake. Secoin introduced himself, and the young doctor, glad to see a stranger, invited him into his office.
There Secoin again told his story and his necessities, setting forth his plan of action should he be able to secure a messenger and a good gun for himself.
"So," said the doctor, his face flushed with excitement, "you propose to tackle those fellows, if necessary—in that way?" His eyes shone with admiration for the cruiser's pluck.
"I wish I could go with you, but my hands are tied here. You may take my express rifle and all my shells, some of 'em explosive bullets, and—'pay?' You're welcome, man. Now just write what you want to say to your company, and I'll find a man to get it to them. Sit down at my desk."
When the letter was ready, the doctor opened his medicine case and handed the tired cruiser a small tablet. "Swallow that," he said, "and go into the back room and fall on your couch. I'll wake you in time."
The cruiser laughed and obeyed. Three hours later, much refreshed and equipped for his perilous undertaking, he bade his new friend goodbye, and again struck into the wilderness.
He traveled due northwest until midnight, slept upon a bed of pine branches, and 24 hours later stood up

on a bluff, looking down upon the low-reef of Big Fork.
He had timed the loggers' progress, steered his own course and reckoned that of the river with tolerable accuracy. Not far below he presently saw two or three drivers at work. Dodging these men and making a detour of several miles, he discovered a gang breaking a small jam.
Shrewdly calculating that this advance force would not finish before nightfall, he made a fresh circuit and camped at the formation of a jam where there was evidence that he had pretty well covered the lower drift of the "run."
He immediately set to work rolling up short logs, stumps and drift stuff. Six or seven hours of hard labor gave him a bullet-proof shelter some four feet in height, built upon the center of the jam. Inside this he laid a bed of "baby pine." He had about six days' rations, and water was, of course, within easy reach.
It was two or three hours after sunrise before he saw the advance-guard of the river-drivers. They were coming leisurely over a rise among the stumps, with pikes and cant-hooks on their shoulders. At 30 yards or so his odd-looking rampart caught their attention, and the men stopped and stared. The cruiser rose, showing his head and shoulders, and carelessly swung his gun to a "ready."
"You may as well go back, boys," he sang out. "The Beltrami company's in charge here."
The river thieves stood with open mouths for some seconds. Then one of them spoke. "Guess that guy means business, fellers," he said.
The others evidently agreed with him, for they turned promptly upon their heels. At the end of 15 or 20 minutes the cruiser heard men shouting above, and a foreman calling orders to some one to "go for the dynamite."
There were no logs afloat to speak of, and the cruiser knew there was a jam up above somewhere. Doubtless they intended to "blow it," and so let the whole raft down upon him. But he felt no fear; his jam was too solid to be pushed by a raft.
An hour passed, with no demonstration from above. Then came a dull boom of dynamite, which sounded a quarter-mile or more up-river.
Presently a log appeared sailing round a bend some 200 yards above; but hardly had the timber heaved in sight when it disappeared in the foam and spurt of a surface explosion. Instantly the cruiser understood. By means of dynamite floated down against his jam and exploded, these river thieves intended to break it or to annihilate him.
Secoin was worried. Stick dynamite, such as river men use, is a low explosive, to be shot only by fulminating caps, but very powerful. It works downward so that, under slight confinement, a few pounds will fairly empty a creek channel of its water or of its obstructions.
While the cruiser watched, another log appeared, but was caught in an eddy, and was finally exploded within 50 yards of his jam. Another came on and burst at the edge of the raft; splinters shrieked spitefully above his head, but these small charges were tentative. The thieves were timing their waterproof fuse.
After another interval of quiet, two large logs lashed together swept round the bend.
"Now look out!" thought the cruiser. These timbers also were caught in a tumbling eddy. They were tossed, heaved and hustled, and for a moment Secoin hoped they might be held until their shots went off, but they were presently flung out at one end.
As they floated upon smoother water, the head and rim of a large keg came to the surface—a keg which had been lashed beneath, but was now forced upward by the break that had spread the timbers.
Secoin knew perfectly well that the keg was filled with stick dynamite, a hundred pounds at least, and carried enough long fuse and caps to insure its explosion against his jam.
Should he run for it? Very likely he would be shot by men lying in wait. Yet certain destruction awaited him at the jam unless he swiftly unloaded his rifle and refilled its magazine with some shells loaded with explosive bullets. If he could put one of those inside.
He aimed and fired quickly. His first shot missed. His second struck the keg and exploded, splintering its rim. The big torpedo was getting dangerously near. In frantic haste, the cruiser fired a fusillade at his growing target—four, five, six, seven shots, and the river suddenly parted in mid-channel.
The sight was appalling. Two huge sheets were blown upon either bank, and a vertical wave ten feet high rolled swiftly in upon the jam. For a moment Secoin gave himself up for lost. He looked for the jam to part under his feet.
Then the edge of the big raft above was lifted, its great logs tumbled and piled upon one another until the heap formed a breakwater through the interstices of which spouts and jets fell upon the logs below. For several minutes the water rushed against and through this suddenly formed and effective dam. Then the commotion subsided, leaving the jam doubly effective against any kind of a "break" which river men may devise.
In reaction from his recent fright the cruiser became hilarious. In a reckless exuberance of spirit he climbed behind the new rampart, and turning his gun upon the pine stubs up-river, bombarded them furiously with explosive bullets.
The thieves had doubtless expended all their dynamite, for they bothered the plucky cruiser no more.
Two days passed before he ventured out of cover. Then, making cautious explorations, he found a deserted drivers' camp and a clear field. A week went by, and he was living on game rations when armed men from Beltrami came to his rescue.
Secoin finished his work without further obstruction, and at the end crossed to Moose lake agency to return the borrowed gun. His friend, the doctor, listening to his story with shining eyes, said: "I wish I'd been there."—Youth's Companion.

THE FRENCH PROFESSOR.



"Must try that once." "Here goes!" "What a trouble now?" "This is no right way." "Ze laughs at me." "I will yet be avenged!"

THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

It Was Printed as Early as 1643—Interesting Examples of Ancient Liners.
An interesting question has arisen as to the first advertisement to appear in a newspaper printed in the English language. In a paper called the Imperial Intelligencer, published in 1648, appeared an advertisement referring to the theft of two horses, and this has been commonly regarded as the first. The London Intelligencer, however, printed August 11, 1643, contained an advertisement of a book on the "Sovereign Power of Parliament," sent out-dating the horse theft advertisement five years. After the appearance of these early advertisements, by slow degrees the practice of invoking the printer's aid gradually became prevalent until at the beginning of the eighteenth century the germ of advertising became fairly developed, says the Detroit Free Press.

OUSTED A TRESPASSER.

A Sassy Sparrow Jumped a Woodpecker's Claim But Was Put to Flight.
This last spring, said the man who is fond of watching bird-life, "a couple of red-headed woodpeckers started to build a nest in a telegraph pole near my home. The pole was an old one, having been splined, and the birds started to dig out a hole at this point. I think that they thought when they sounded the spot that there was a rotten place within where it would be easy work making a nest. But they were doomed to be disappointed, for the pole was a firm one and the building of their home progressed slowly. They were gritty, however, and relieved each other at short intervals and the 'tap, tap' of their bills went on steadily from sunrise to sunset.
"Their perseverance won out at last and they had a home that they might call their own. For the first time in several weeks they left the spot together, probably to celebrate the finishing of the nest. While they were away a sparrow chanced to discover the hole and proceeded at once to jump the claim during the absence of the rightful owners.
"When the woodpeckers returned from their celebration," said the bird-lover, according to the Detroit Free Press, "they discovered the sparrow lugging straw into their home as fast as it could be carried. If birds can swear, those two woodpeckers did when they went for that sparrow with blood in their eyes. From their actions I rather gained the idea that they tried to impress him with the fact that they hadn't been working on that hole for a month for the fun of the thing. I think under the situation that the intruder was lucky to escape with his life."
Why He Fell.
"Why did you fall?" asked the judge. "I lost my balance!" said the defendant bank cashier.
The judge had intended to make his sentence merely 99 years; but after that he decided to double it.—San Francisco Bulletin.
It Doesn't Pay.
It isn't worth while to be always complaining about your poverty.—Washington (Pa.) Democrat.

The Day of the Pacific

By HERBERT HOWE BANCROFT
Author of "The New Pacific," Etc.

Nowhere is history so rapidly being made as in and around the Pacific ocean; nowhere is the evolution of events which stand for progress of more increasing interest and importance.
THE PACIFIC IS NOW ONE OF THE WORLD'S HIGHWAYS OF COMMERCE, not a hazy dream or half-mythical tale, with its ancient mariner, and amazonian queen, and Crusoe island, and terrestrial paradise. The long since departed albatross has returned to stir the winds of fresh benedictions, and now appears in the southern seas, where also are found in material form the fanciful creations of Defoe and Dante.
A dozen lines of steamships, or thereabouts, now cross the Pacific between America and Asia, where for two and a half centuries a single galleon made its slow and clumsy way forth and back from Acapulco to Manila once a year. Ships comprising scores of lines ply along shore, unite the islands and mainland, or sail direct for foreign ports.
Thus Hawaii and California are linked; Australia with Asia and America and all the larger islands; North America with South America, Africa and Europe; Japan and China with Southern Asia; Alaska with Pacific ports; Mexico and Pacific ports; Central and South America, while the shores, islands and rivers of Asia swarm with foreign vessels where half a century ago a timid commerce found for the most part sealed ports.
THE DAY OF THE PACIFIC IS UPON US, AND AMERICA WILL BE THE DOMINATING POWER ON THAT GREAT BODY OF WATER, COVERING ONE-HALF THE WORLD'S SURFACE, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, AS ENGLAND BECAME OF THE ATLANTIC IN THE TWO PRECEDING CENTURIES.

PITH AND POINT.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.—O. Dewey.
After a man has given up the struggle of trying to be satisfactory, his obituary comes along, and says he always succeeded.—Atchison Globe.
"An Alabama lawyer shot at a client and missed a vital spot." "Why did he do it?" "I dunno. Perhaps he wanted to administer his estate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Doctor—"Did you follow my advice and count until you fell asleep?" Patient—"I counted up to 18,000." Doctor—"And then you fell asleep?" Patient—"No; then it was time to get up."—Baltimore World.
Harry—"Now, what would you say, Uncle George, as to the right course to escape poverty?" Uncle George—"When you have got enough money together to purchase and support a yacht, don't buy it."—Boston Transcript.
Mrs. Figgitt—"My husband is a very reckless man about the house." Mrs. Droppin—"Too bad!" Mrs. Figgitt—"Yes; why, he even stepped on my Turkish rug yesterday. Just to think, I've had it seven years and it has never before been stepped on."—Boston Journal.
Coming to the Point.—Mr. Grogan—"What a power of funerals they do be havin' at the church these days. Shure, it's started me thinkin'." Miss Casey—"Thinkin' av what?" Mr. Grogan—"That when it come time fur my funeral would you be the widdy?"—Philadelphia Press.

RUSSIAN POLICE METHODS.

Torture That Was Abolished by Alexander I. Extensively Practiced Under Nicholas II.

The century of the abolition in Russia of the torture as an organized system of legal inquiry with a text for numerous articles on the humanity and progress of their country. No doubt it was a great step to take, but it has still to be ratified in practice before Russia has any particular occasion to rejoice. In the old days the torture was applied to all suspects as a first means of inquiry; and when the unhappy wretch had been compelled to confess something—usually, as Empress Catherine expressed it, anything which was put into his mouth—he was subjected to a second "inquiry" by the same or more severe means, in order to secure confirmation of his first confession. Occasionally the whole process was repeated twice more, with a view to extorting the names of accomplices. The tortures applied were much the same as in other countries, but could be added to by the ingenuity of individual officials.
Thus, during the reign of Anne, when the ex-torture and favorite of the empress, Biron, was in power, it was a favorite form of torture to stand a culprit naked in the snow during the severe northern frosts of midwinter, and to drench him with buckets of water, either ice-cold or cold and hot alternately, a form of "inquiry" which had the disadvantage of too often killing the poor wretch before he had time to confess anything. Thumb screws, the clog and every form of whipping and beating with almost as many names for the various processes as are to be found in the dialogues of the slaves of Roman comedy, were every day attributes of the old Russian halls of justice.
Just 100 years ago to-day Emperor Alexander I. abolished the torture as being a "shame and a reproach to all mankind." But he forgot to order the legal instruments of torture to be destroyed, and these lingered on, and were undoubtedly used for another quarter of a century. Officially the torture has, of course, actually disappeared—at any rate, those forms of it which require elaborate instruments for their application are no more to be found. In actual fact, however, says the London Standard's Moscow correspondent, and in secret, there is a great deal of torture going on in the most enlightened centers of the Russian empire at the present day and it is exercised by the police intrusted with the discovery of crime, the "detective police."

A PUZZLED SCIENTIST.

Wasn't Sure of His Ground When It Came to Horse and Male Teeth.

Men of science do not know everything that is worth knowing, says the Chicago Chronicle. A railway conductor whose route ran through the foothills of the Rockies relates: "I once had a party of college professors and students going out to Kansas and Colorado in search of relics of past ages. There was a professor who had written more about the drift period, the stone age and all that than any other man alive, and a cowboy who boarded the train insisted on seeing him for a moment. I brought about the interview, and when they had been introduced the cowboy said: 'Professor, I've heard what a mighty smart man you are, and I want to ask you a question. If you can answer it I'll tell you where your party can find the most of the bones of a mastodon. I saw them less'n a week ago with my own eyes.' 'I shall be glad to answer any question,' cheerfully replied the professor. 'Then tell me why a horse should have two sets of teeth and a male only one, though both are grazing animals?' 'The professor sat right down, and the smile faded from his face and the cowboy laughed and went his way. A mule has just as many teeth as a horse, of course, but it was evident that the great man hadn't studied him. He looked seriously for a long time and then turned to me and said: 'Didn't that young man twist things about? Isn't it that a mule has two sets of teeth and a horse only one?' 'Delightful Mr. Smith. 'The Cook.—Mr. Smith says you are a perfect fright. 'The Pretty Parlor Maid.—He's a hateful old thing, anyway. 'The Cook.—I heard him say so to Mrs. Smith. 'The Pretty Parlor Maid.—That's different. Do you know, I think Mr. Smith a most agreeable gentleman.—Boston Transcript.

TYPICAL HUNT FOR GOLD.

A Camp Cook's Hitting Story About a "Bearing Tree" in an Arizona Desert.

During the summer of 1895 I had been on a prospecting trip through the deserts and mountains of central and western Arizona, which terminated in Yuma county, where I disposed of a freighter, started for Congress Jet via the Bonanza mine in the Harqua Hala mountains, Harrisburg and Cullen's Well, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times.
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, and near by there was an old camp ground and a well with rusty tin cans. The ordinary observer might not have noticed the tree, but as I have followed surveying I recognized the yucca as a "bearing tree" of some survey, and was surprised at seeing it, as I supposed the country never had been surveyed.
On arriving at Congress Junction, a station on the Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railroad, I found the agent to be a friend, and as at that time there was no place of accommodation here but the railroad section house, he invited me to share his quarters until the train for Prescott arrived next morning.
While enjoying cigars after supper I was giving B. T. 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 on their trip 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 said.
"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 employes 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 the way 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 pried out over \$40 worth of gold from the rock."
"Gee whiz!" I exclaimed; "if he found such a bonanza as that, why did he not look it or stay with it?"
"Well, there were several reasons. To begin with the cook was a green Englishman who had only been in this 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 three 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?"
"Most assuredly 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.
Quick Death from Snake Bite.
To illustrate the quickness with which death comes from the bite of a big rattler: A resident of New York city was after quail with two fine pointers. After scattering a large covey he began to pick up a stray bird here and there. One fell about 50 yards ahead, and calling to his dog: "Dead bird," he reloaded and slowly advanced. Just as the dog reached the bird he was seen to leap into the air a foot or two, the action being accompanied by a faint yell. Now the quail fell, as I have said, only about 50 yards away, but when the hunter reached the spot the dog lay stone dead. He had been struck by a rattler six feet in length, and death was nearly instantaneous.—N. Y. Press.
Coming to the Point.
Mr. Grogan—What a power of funerals they do be havin' at the church these days. Shure, it's started me thinkin'.
Miss Casey—"Thinkin' av what?"
"That when it come time fur my funeral would you be the widdy?"—Philadelphia Press.