==Part Two==

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

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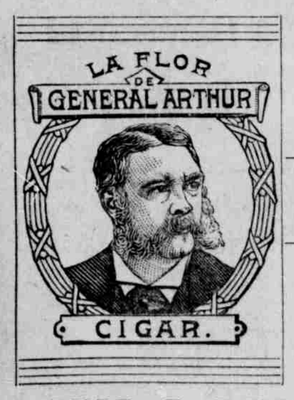

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MERE PLEASANTRY.

Belated Explanation.

One bright October morning small Joseph was riding in the country with his devoted mother. Besides the beautiful golden landscape, the youngster had a new toy watch for his diversion, and the prospect of a season of blissful peace filled his mother's fond and anxious breast. Suddenly a piercing cry smote the balmy air. Joseph was wailing, and wailing loudly, while corpulent tears streamed down his cheeks. He wailed and wept, and wept and wailed, so unremittingly that two miles of dusty road rolled away behind the carriage before his solicitous and alarmed mother could get at the cause of his great shriek. Finally she shook him a trifle and said peremptorily: "Joseph, tell me this minute—what are you crying about?"

Then Joseph, between blubbers, stammered moistly: "I—dropped—my—watch—out—o' th' carriage."

A Bargain Blunder.

Estimable women who vigorously pursue reformatory schemes in one direction often fail to keep up with the procession in other lines of progress. A most excellent woman, who was president of a very aggressive temperance association, had also an active fervor in the direction of auctions and other bargain counter attractions. One day when she was down in the city she happened along by an open door whence came the mellow tones of an auctioneer's voice. She went in and slipped into a vacant seat. A lot of bronze statuettes were under the hammer. If there was anything she had a special craze for it was bronze. Bronzes always looked so classic and intellectual sitting round. So she bid audibly on a nice looking bit of bronze which the auctioneer next held up. It was knocked down to her for 98 cents, or some such fabulous price, and she paid for it and carried it home in great triumph. Mother's bargains were always a source of mirth to the family, so the temperance lady slipped the bit of bronze in among the drawing-room bric-a-brac without any incriminating explanation. Nothing came of it until one day when a son from a distance came to make a visit. He was sitting with the family one day, when he suddenly ejaculated: "Great goodness! Where did that blooming Bacchus come from?" All eyes were riveted on the bargain bronze. It was, indeed, a riotous, unblushing Bacchus, and the temperance lady had not had time to study him up. Bacchus was banished to the garret, but the joke on the bargain lady is still rolling on.

New York Ignorance.

"New York people know a vast deal about New York," remarked a man on a west-bound train, "but what they don't know about the rest of the country would fill volumes. On a Hudson river boat recently I met a New Yorker, and we had a little genial conversation on politics. Then he asked me my State, and I very proudly told him that I came from Indiana. 'Indiana,' he mused. 'Oh, yes; that is President Harrison's State. Named for the Indians, isn't it? Well, do you have any trouble with the Indians out in Indiana now?' I assured him that the settlers were not often disturbed by Indians nowadays, and then tried to convince him that the wild Indians were nearer to New York city than they were to Indiana. He received that statement with suppressed mirth, and deftly changed the subject to railroads.

"'Of course, you have plenty of railroads in Indiana,' he said.

"'Yes,' I answered; 'Indiana is just about cut into ribbons by railways.'

"'How far between stations?' was his next query.

"'Two or three miles,' said I, 'and sometimes the fast trains do not stop for twenty miles.'

"'Gracious!' exclaimed the New York man. 'Is that so? Why, I thought it must be four or five hundred miles between stations out there.'"

What She Did.

A very vivacious young woman from a small town has just returned from a summer trip, and related the following experience to a coterie of Indianapolis admirers. "Up in Wisconsin," she said, "we stopped at a hotel, and in my room was one of those funny little electric light bulbs hanging down along the wall on a long cord. Mine was already lighted when I entered my room, so, of course, I didn't see anybody work it, and when I was ready to go out that night to the theater I didn't know what on earth to do with the thing. Of course, I wouldn't give myself away to the bellboy by asking him about it, and I didn't want to leave it so he could see that I hadn't put it out, so I just swung it round to the bureau and shut it up in a drawer. Yes, I was afraid it might set the bureau afire, but it didn't, and on the way to the theater brother Harry told me how to turn that little crank and put the plaguey little thing out."

How He Cheered Her.

Professional invalids have their diversions and seasons of gayety, doctors and nurses to the contrary notwithstanding. A lady who has been in ill health so long that she is profoundly tired of it mustered up strength and inclination to make a few neighborhood visits the other afternoon. At one residence she was met by the hostess with this remark: "Oh, dear me, Mrs. Sawyer, I am very glad to see you, but am right in the midst of my quince preserves. However, I know you will excuse me, and I'll send Henry right in to see you. He is so cheerful and jolly, and I know he will do you more good than medicine." So the lady of the house vanished, and Henry, the cheerful husband, came in to receive the visit. Some misguided people seem to have an idea that invalids are always anxious to talk about their maladies, and to this class Henry evidently belonged.

"Well, well, Mrs. Sawyer," he began, "is this really you, and are you able to go about? I can hardly believe it—indeed, I can hardly believe it. Wife and I were talking about you only this morning, and I said it was, indeed, a marvel how long you had hung on. Yes, Mrs. Sawyer, everybody that knows you is astonished at the way you have hung on."

Already Fixed.

Small Robert is a winning youth of four winters and summers, who enjoys society so much that he always assists his mother in receiving visits. The other day the family cleryman called, and Robert immediately advanced to a prominent position in the parlor. At the close of the visit the gentleman passed a caressing and patronizing hand over the urchin's curly golden head and remarked: "Well, young man, I suppose you will soon be big enough to go to school."

"No, sir," Robert answered, blithely. "I don't never have to go to school. I've got to go on a fire engine."

A Misdeal.

"The most dreadful thing happened at our house the other night," said a club young woman in a little coterie of friends. "It is a joke on me, but is too good to keep. We had some people from another town—nice, plain, elderly people—coming to dinner. They were the kind of people who really couldn't eat unless a blessing was asked on the food, and since father's death neither mother nor I have accustomed ourselves to perform that sacred office at our table. We talked it over, however, and decided that some one must ask the blessing. I remembered having seen a printed one in a family magazine, so, as I hadn't time to learn it, I wrote it out and pinned it on the tablecloth at my place, where I could read it off when the time came. As ill luck would have it, a very giddy young man of our circle called just before dinner, and, thinking he would make the event go off well, I urged him to stay. When we went out to dinner mother got a trifle confused, and, to my horror, assigned the giddy young man to my place at the table. There I was, in a great predicament; no blessing to ask, and that scatter-brained fellow liable at any moment to read that written document aloud to the assembly. He wisely refrained, however, and the ordeal passed off without any calamity. Of course, I had to explain the matter to him, and our rural friends, no doubt, have agreed that mother and I are degenerated heathen."

Her Candid Opinion.

Up in the Catskill mountains, this last summer, a party of Indianapolis people encountered a Boston woman. She was tall, spare, severe in appearance, wore glasses, dressed in sober gray, and conducted herself with rigid and circumspect reserve. Naturally, she came under discreet discussion by the Indiana people, and the odds ran high as to whether, when she said anything—if she ever did—she would quote Emerson or talk like one of Mary Wilkins's characters. One morning, before the melting influence of a beautiful dawn, the mooted question was settled. The Boston woman beamed at the sunrise over her spectacles, turned to one of the Indiana women, and said with mild enthusiasm: "I just love nature; it is so pretty."

EMMA CARLETON.

Unkind Remark.

Washington Post.

Those Minneapolis laborers who presented an inkstand to the Democratic nominee were not happy in their selection of a gift. What he seems to need is a bellows.

He Is a Republican.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Mr. Bryan is a very nice man," remarks Mr. Talbott, Bryan's partner, "but I shall vote for McKinley."

A TRIP TO MOUNT MAZAMA

AN OREGON MOUNTAIN, LITTLE KNOWN BEFORE, SO CHRISTENED.

Curious Geological History of Crater Lake, on Its Summit—Interest of Scientists in the Region.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 11, two cars of Mazamas left Portland, Ore., for Ashland, 341 miles to the south, where a wagon train was fitted out, and the entire party of about fifty started for Crater lake, one hundred miles distant, on the summit of the Cascade range of mountains. The Mazamas, being strictly a club of mountain climbers, experienced no difficulty in fitting out in good shape. The train consisted of six wagons, including one commissary, one baggage and four passenger wagons. As "civilized man cannot do without cooks," two excellent ones were taken along. The route over which it was proposed to travel from Ashland to the lake is known as the Dead Indian road, because a certain untutored savage went to glory in this vicinity and scorned a decent burial. It is a mountain thoroughfare in every respect, rocky, rooty, hilly in places, through a forest of wonderful growth, beautiful streams and lakes, charming scenes and a country practically unknown, six and a half feet from the roadbed. We planned to climb Mount Pitt by the way, so set ourselves early to work to collect information relating thereto. Our efforts were abundant, but the information secured was scarce. Every one knew there was such a mountain, and had seen it, but no one seemed ever to have approached nearer than the Dead Indian road.

Mount Pitt is a snow-capped mountain, located on the crest of the Cascade range, in southern Oregon, about thirty miles from the California line. It is 9,760 feet high, and has but one well-defined glacier, the Sholes, of any size. Among mountain climbers it is little known, never having been brought into prominence until the Mazamas visited it this year. It is extremely rocky, and, along the ridges, bare of snow in August, to and including the summit. There was an unconfirmed rumor that the proper point of attack upon it would be the north end of Lake of the Woods, which point we reached the second day out, and learned, to our disgust, that it would be necessary to carry drinking water half a mile, through brush and over logs, as the lake at this point proved to be a marsh of putrid water. The same unreliable authority placed the mountain at six miles distant. Next day thirty members of the party, including eleven ladies, left camp with a pack train to carry blankets and provisions, determining to find a way around the marsh and to reach the summit of the mountain, if possible. Without a trail or a guide, we pushed on, stopping three or four miles on the way to lunch on the banks of a sparkling stream of pure, cold water. When leaving, canteens were filled, more from habit than the fear of necessity, for the Cascade range is famous for its many streams of water, but hour after hour we trudged along, with no sign of water. Six miles lengthened into fifteen, and the shades of night began to fall, but still no water. The day was warm, and at dusk we reached a point on the mountain beyond which it was impossible to go with the pack train. All hands, and especially the ladies, were tired, but no one complained. Water, water, was what we wanted and must have. Camp must be made at once where the horses stopped, while several members of the party pushed on up the mountain, looking for patches of snow. The night was dark, so a line of signal fires was established, and at a late hour blocks of icy snow were brought in and parched lips were cooled, while coffee was made from snow, which was also melted over an open fire, and produced a supply of water in taste resembling concentrated smoke.

A MOUNTAIN CAMP.

Camp was pitched in a spot at 6,500 feet elevation, wholly given up to rocks, with here and there a spot the size of a blanket, from which enough stones could be removed to make an uncomfortable bed. Early next morning we were on the move, and as we passed the last signs of struggling vegetation the unwelcome fact became apparent that the atmosphere was filled with smoke, in consequence of which distant points could not be seen. The only snow peak visible was beautiful Mount Shasta, standing proudly above the smoke, away off in California. On all sides of us the country seemed filled with charming lakes, the waters of which gleamed through the hazy atmosphere, adding to a scene of wonderful grandeur a beautiful, maiden-like shyness, subdued by a veil of smoke. Slowly and carefully the ascent was made, and by 11 o'clock, on the 16th of August, every member of our party stood on the summit, and the stars and stripes were unfurled to the free mountain air. A copper box, containing a record book and ample space for small mementoes, was brought with us, as also a copper tube, containing maps of Oregon and of the immediate vicinity, both of which were carefully placed among the rocks and left on the summit for the benefit of future visitors. Previous to leaving camp in the morning instructions had been left with the packers to take the train and blankets down to the first water, twelve miles distant, and return with the horses, that the ladies might ride. They went down the mountain all right, but failed to return with the horses, so all hands were compelled to walk the entire distance. Our ladies are true Mazamas, who were never known to complain, and as the day wore away, their cheerful voices turned a thirsty tramp into a merry party of sightseers. At sunset we were still several miles from Lake of the Woods, so were compelled to make a camp on the banks of a beautiful mountain stream, in the midst of a dense forest. Water was now abundant, but provisions were extremely scarce, while our appetites had grown out of all reason. The constitutional kicker, who is usually present on such occasions, had been left at home, so every one made the best of it, and tried to make it pleasant for the others. The result was, that there never was a jollier, happier crowd drawn together than gathered around the campfire on that evening, in this almost unknown forest, to listen to recitations, song and story.

Next day we met the wagons and moved on, arriving at Crater lake on the morning of the 19th. A cloudless sky would have revealed to us the grandeur of this wonderful place, in a manner to make the heart glad, but the atmosphere was heavy with smoke, obscuring the more distant points, and revealing those near at hand but dimly. Crater lake rests within what was once an enormous mountain, towering many thousand feet skyward, and covered with perpetual snow. Down its rugged sides great glaciers forced their way, leaving their marks behind, that science might read the handwriting on the wall, and it is reported that one of these monster fields of ice left a track four miles wide over the ragged edge of a mountain now almost deceased. In the language of geology it is written that this mountain did not blow out, as a spouting volcano, but telescoped, without obliterating the tracks of ancient glaciers, as they crept downward. When this remarkable change occurred, an enormous cavity was left, four by five miles in extent and four thousand feet deep, within which a circular cone arose, affording a lest smoking vent. Subsequently this great cavity partly filled with water, clear, pure and cold, to a depth of two thousand feet, leaving the cinder cone projecting 845 feet above the surface, which is now known as Wizard island, and the water as Crater lake. In the top of Wizard island is an extinct crater one hundred feet deep, known as the Witches' Cauldron. The water is remarkably clear and always of the deepest possible blue. Bluer than the sky above, or the most extravagant colors of an amateur artist. Bluer than the rejected lover. There is nothing so blue but indigo water on wash day, and yet this is not the same tint. It is a pure ultra marine, more exquisite in its delicate tinge than an artist can conceive or copy, and yet, along the shore, or in shallow places, it blends into the most exquisite turquoise. When the air is still the reflection is as perfect as a plate-glass mirror, and at such times it is hard to tell where the rocks cease and reflections begin. When storms beat upon its surface, waves lash the shore like an angry sea. The walls rise on all sides nearly perpendicular, from one thousand to two thousand feet high, with here and there, at rare intervals, a canyon, down which one may descend to the waters below. The surface of the lake is 6,239 feet above sea level, or about as high as Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and is two thousand feet deep. Aside from the ocean there are but few deeper bodies of water in the world, namely, Lake Bical, in Siberia, and the Caspian sea.

A MOUNTAIN CHRISTENED.

When this great mountain fell within itself, it left a ragged rim, at an elevation of from seven thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level, or close to the line of perpetual snow, banks of which may usually be found here throughout the entire summer. Close to one of them, in a beautiful grove, we made camp, and trusted to it for our water and a convenient place to keep fresh meat and other articles of the commisary department. One week had been set aside for the club's annual outing at this place, and Friday was designated as Mazama day. In the forenoon a business meeting was held in the Witches' Cauldron, and as the mountain itself had never been named, appropriate exercises were held in the evening, at which time Miss Fay Fuller, of Tacoma, vice president of the club, and the first lady to reach the summit of Mount Rainier, broke a bottle of water, distilled from snow taken from the crater in Wizard island, and christened it Mount Mazama. This name has been accepted by the United States Geological Survey, and will, in future, appear on government maps of the lake and vicinity.

Every year the club organizes an excursion into the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, and one special feature of these outings is the campfire talks and entertainments. This year the best American talent was present and the finest lectures imaginable were delivered by the following gentlemen: Mr. J. S. Diller, geologist of the United States Geological Survey, who has spent the summer preparing a geological map of Crater lake and its environs; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the United States Biological Survey; Prof. B. W. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission; Prof. F. V. Coville, botanist of the Agricultural Department, and others. These lectures give to the Mazamas an educational feature that is unsurpassed by any similar institution and encourages the members in scientific research. Next year it is altogether likely that the number of eminent scientists in attendance will be greatly increased. At the close of the christening exercises, on Friday evening, at a given signal, a quantity of red fire was burned on the rim of the Witches' Cauldron, and the lake was brilliantly illuminated. Next year it is not unlikely that the club will spend ten days or more at Mount Rainier, during which time, all who wish, will have an opportunity to climb to the summit, and to get pretty well acquainted with the mountain, in the vicinity of Paradise Valley, one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth. During the intervening time every effort will be made to induce eminent scientists to participate in the outing, and to speak at the campfires. It is probable, too, that the members will devote considerable attention to scientific kite-flying, in the hope of being able to send them up, not only from the top of Rainier, but also from other mountains, and thus study the atmospheric conditions at an altitude of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand feet. When it is remembered that the world's record has been recently broken, by sending a kite to a height of less than eight thousand feet, it is readily seen that the experiment will prove both interesting and instructive.

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

While with the Mazamas this year I received from the United States Forestry Commission, a request to return to Portland and accompany them to Crater lake, which I did. There were in the party Prof. C. S. Sargent, of Harvard; Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, of Yale; Gen. H. L. Abbot; Mr. Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey; Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the forestry expert, and John Muir, of California. At Pelican bay, on upper Klamath lake, we were delayed a few hours, so Mr. Pinchot and I improved the opportunity by fishing. This is certainly the sportsman's paradise, or the Indian's happy hunting grounds. Ducks, bear, deer and other game abound and the fishing is superb. The natives persisted that no one could catch anything here with a rod. Nevertheless, Mr. Pinchot insisted on using his, weighing just four ounces. A trolling line was attached, and he soon had an eight-pounder, which was landed in ten minutes. This he expected to do on every occasion, but quietly expressed his disgust for such lazy fish. It was not long, however, until a nine and one-half pounder took his hook, and it required just one hour and forty-seven minutes to land him. These fish are known as silver trout, and often weigh as much as fifteen pounds.

We were blessed with a fat, good-natured Chinese cook named Sam Lee, but better known as Smiley, or, as inadvertently written now and then, Smi Lee. Billy, the driver, excited his enthusiasm in reference to the lake, so he determined to see all there was of it. Soon after arriving, a portion of our party started to visit Wizard island. One member, of portly proportions, dreading the long, hard climb up the cliffs when returning, decided to stay in camp. The drivers and cook followed us in another boat. When well under a way a severe storm struck us, and we were compelled to put ashore. The other boat returned immediately, but the Chinaman was badly scared. The side of the canyon being wet, it was necessary to climb it on all fours, and when describing it afterwards, Smiley pawed the air like a horse. When safely in camp, he entertained his hearers as follows, accompanying his words with a liberal supply of gesticulations: "Billy all time tell me go down to lak, heap fun. Me go down, all same foolee, but no catchee. Lind blow all time. Watta jump up and down; two little ships no good. Lain hit me in face, fix me like dlowned lat. Climb up over locks, all same horse. When I go some place next time, I go to Potland or Slan Filsco. Big man he heap smart. He no go down to lak. Damned old lak no good."

W. G. STEEL.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT GOLD

HOW THE METAL IS BEING HOARDED IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Curious Forms in Which Gold Is Found—The African and Australian Dimes—Wealth of Indian Rajahs.

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

DENVER, Col., Oct. 15.—I met here the chief American agent of the cyanide process for reducing gold. The process is patented, and the agents of the Scotch firm who own the patents are now to be found in all the gold regions of the world putting up mills. The American agent told me that he had recently contracted for mills in Montana and Nevada, and that a number were going up in Utah, Colorado and Arizona. In Juab county, Utah, the old dumps of gold mines are now being worked over by means of cyanide, and the same is to be done with many of the abandoned gold mines of Mexico. I am surprised at stories I daily hear as to the new developments of our gold territory. The old districts are being reprospected, and from the results it is safe to say that the best of our mining regions have not, as yet, been touched. The great mountain chain running from Alaska to Nicaragua seems to be an almost unbroken mineral bed. Gold and silver are found in the continuation of the chain in South America, and miners are working to-day at intervals all along the Western part of our hemisphere from the Yukon river even to Patagonia.

The most of the gold which has made the world rich in the past has come from nuggets and from veins so large that you could see them. The flood of the precious metals which is now beginning to deluge the earth comes from infinitesimal particles, so scattered through the rock that not a gleam nor a glint of them can be detected by the naked eye. According to some scientists this gold has been deposited in the rock in the form of gas. Ages ago, say they, there was an eruption in the bowels of the earth, at which time this gas, mixed with gold, rushed up through the vertical fissures with great force and soaked its way into the porous rock in which the gold is now being found. It was by this means that the little bits of gold were dropped throughout the rock, the precious particles being so small that they could not be detected. Many of the old miners had no idea of their existence, and their extraction now is only possible by means of the cyanide process. There is plenty of gold in salt water. Scientists say that gold is generally diffused in the waters of the ocean, and one eminent chemist states that the sea water of the British coast contains one grain of gold to every ton of water. The proportion is much larger in the Great Salt lake, and the man who can invent a cheap process of getting out such gold will have a fortune.

FORMS IN WHICH GOLD IS FOUND.

Few people have any idea of the queer forms in which gold is found. Dame Nature is the most wonderful of jewelers, and she has decorated the bosom of old Mother Earth with gold in a thousand different shapes. I saw a box of gold nuggets and crystals taken from the Little Johnnie mine near Leadville. Many of them would have made beautiful brooches without redecoration. Some appeared frosted, and others had been torn from the rock in the form of sheets and plates. A great deal of gold is found in crystals. Not long ago there was brought to the Philadelphia mint four thousand dollars' worth of Australian gold. It was made up of little gold crystals, ranging in size from that of a marrowfat pea to that of the head of a pin. Gold is also found in cubes and eight-sided crystals are common. Some of the gold nuggets from the California mines are shaped like moss. The Little Johnnie has produced a great deal of wire gold. I have seen bits of rock from Cripple Creek upon which, when subjected to an intense heat, the gold would bubble out and stand up like little gold pinheads upon the dark stone. Gold, in its natural state, is usually mixed with silver. The new Utah gold deposits are associated with arsenic. In the Mercur mine you find the yellow ore in connection with quicksilver, and in South America it is sometimes mixed with bismuth.

I have spent some time watching the placer miners in different parts of the West. Placer mining was the chief source of gold production in the days of 1849. It is still carried on, but the output is much less than in the past. The chief placer mines of to-day are in Siberia, where the earth has sometimes to be dug up in a frozen state and melted before the gold can be extracted. This is the case in some parts of the Yukon river mines. The fact that there is a gold placer is an evidence that there is gold-bearing rock near by, and miners pretend to tell from the character of the gold of the placer as to the nearness of the gold-bearing rock from which it comes. If the gold dust is very fine it is supposed to have been carried a long distance. If coarse it is thought that the lead is not far off. Some of the first mining of California was of gold scales, which measured less than 1-16 of an inch in length and one millimeter in diameter.

Placer miners usually find their biggest nuggets in streams where the bowlders are large. Where the streams are fine gravel the gold is generally small and scaly. The biggest nugget ever discovered in this country was taken out of a mine at Carson hill, in Calaveras county, California. It weighed 195 pounds and was worth more than $43,000. A number of other large nuggets were found in this same region, ranging in value from $1,000 upward. In 1855 a nugget of gold was discovered in Sierra county, California, worth $10,000, and in 1850 a mass of quartz and gold was picked up in Tuolumne county, which was worth $30,000. Outside of California some of the biggest lumps of gold discovered in the United States have come from the South. North Carolina has produced three nuggets ranging in size from 13½ pounds to thirty-seven pounds, and in Georgia a number of big nuggets have been discovered, the largest of which weighed 737 pennyweights.

AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA.

Through the mining engineers whom I have met here in the West and information which has recently come to the Director of the Mint at Washington, I am able to give some facts as to the mines of Africa, which are making such a change in the gold product of the world. These gold mines are a surprise to geologists. One famous man said that he would have rather expected to find gold in the fens of Scotland than in the Rand district of South Africa. Mr. Wm. Weston, a leading mining engineer of Cripple Creek, and a graduate of the Royal School of Mines of London, tells me that he believes that the South African gold deposits originally consisted of the bed of a great lake, which, having been dried up and solidified, was by the action of the elements so heaved up that it stood half on end. The upper part of this great gold deposit is now being mined, but as the region is further developed the miners will have to go deeper and deeper into the earth and the cost will be much greater. As it is, the prospects of an enormous quantity of gold from South Africa are