MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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2—It does so impartially, wasting no words.
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THE APPEAL.

THE APPEAL STEADILY GAINS
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4—It is the organ of ALL Afro-Americans.
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Minnesota Historical Society

THE DAYS OF GOLD

SOME OLD CHARACTERS OF THE MINES.

Amusing Antics of Poor Men Suddenly Made Millionaires by a Trick of Fortune—Why Mrs. Flanagan Suddenly Retired from Business.

In the flush times in Colorado queer characters became rich in a day. One of the most picturesque of them was Pat Casey of Black Hawk. Pat was a day laborer without education. He could not read or write, and could hardly count. But when he was working on a little prospect hole one fine morning a single blast disclosed a great vein of wonderfully rich gold ore and he became at once "Mr. Casey."

His mine was one of the show places which tourists visited, and he himself was the greatest curiosity around the mine. He was much ashamed of his illiteracy, and one of his foibles was to keep a pile of pencils on his table in the office of the mine. Whenever he saw strangers coming he began sharpening a pencil, and never failed to inform the admiring visitors, in a brogue that was all wool and a yard wide, that "I use twilve lid pincils a day in me business."

The superintendent of the adjoining mine was a Colonel. When Casey heard this he had all his men called up out of the mine and made a speech to them from the dump pile.

"Byes," said he, "when there bese teendherfeet here, yez will all be sure to call me Kunnel Casey. And when they bese gone yez will all take a dhrink."

He heard that there was such a thing as a diamond drill used in mining, but had not the remotest idea what it was, but he was with difficulty dissuaded from buying one, having got it into his head that it was used to discover diamonds in gold mines.

There was an industrious couple named Flanagan in Black Hawk, who had been working away, in poverty, for years, the husband prospecting without finding anything, and the wife supporting the family by taking in washing. One day her customers found themselves without clean linen, and one of them went out to her cabin, up on the mountain side, to find out what the trouble was. He found her arrayed in all kinds of finery sitting on a wooden stool on the dirt floor of the log cabin. She received him with great cordiality, and produced champagne and cigars.

"My old man has struck it rich, so I have retired from business," said she.

There were in Leadville three brothers, prospectors, Gallagher by name, who had discovered a mine called the "Pine," or something like that, which suddenly turned out rich. They sold it, realizing $100,000 each. They had always been day laborers; and never had any money, and did not know the difference between $100,000 and $1,000,000. One of them, Pat, went down to Denver and put up at the Grand Central hotel, kept by "Uncle Dave" Gage, ex-city treasurer of Chicago. Pat's principal ambition had always been to own a gold watch, so the first thing he did was to go to the Denver Tiffany's and buy six of the largest possible size, with a chain weighing about a pound.

Leaving five of the watches in the hotel safe, he sallied out to promote the circulation of currency, good fellowships, and wet goods. When he came back the hotel clerk pointed out to him that his watch chain was hanging down and his watch was missing. He asked for another watch and it was given to him. But in trying to fasten it on the chain it slipped through his fingers and fell on the marble floor with a bang. Pat made several fruitless efforts to pick it up. Then he steadied himself against the counter and said:

"Never mind. Gimme 'nuther watch."

Few of these men kept their money, and in most cases less than six months found them once more taking up, not the "shovel and the hoe," but the shovel and the pickax and returning to the night shift for their daily wage.

The Scholar and His Books.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold.
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.
—Robert Southey.

Chance to Pay Up.

"Why," asked the old man, addressing his son-in-law, who had failed in business, "do you think I should set you on your feet?"

"Because I once did you a great favor," replied the addition to the family circle.

"Favor!" exclaimed the old man. "When did you ever do me a favor?"

"You seem to forget, sir," calmly answered the other, "that I took your daughter off your hands."

GOULD AND THE WORKMAN.

Philosophy in Uncivil Reply Given to Magnate.

James R. Keene sometimes relates an amusing episode in the life of Jay Gould.

Gould, according to Mr. Keene's story, had bought up a little railroad in the West, and, desiring to see how this road was conducted, he traveled incognito over a part of it one day on foot, talking to all the workmen whom he met.

There was one workman who was handling a pile of baggage with great roughness. He would drop from high places boxes marked "With Care." A trunk, under his treatment, burst open, and a white mound of underwear lay in the dust. Resounding thuds, smashes and crashes attended his maneuvers like a chorus. Mr. Gould said, in a stern voice:

"Friend, don't you think you are a little too violent? Wouldn't gentler methods give you just as good results?"

"No," said the workman. "No, not at all."

"Well, I don't agree with you," said Mr. Gould.

"You don't hey? Well, who cares if you don't?" the workman returned.

"Now," said Gould, "be civil. Remember civility costs nothing."

"Oh, go to h—l," the man blurted out, glaring at the officious stranger.

"No, I will not go to hell," was Mr. Gould's mild answer. "Hell is the last place I would think of going to."

The workman gave a loud laugh. "And it is the last place you will go to," he exclaimed.—Exchange.

TRUE TO HIS TRAINING.

Warship's Mascot Departed Life in Regulation Form.

In the forecastle of the cruiser Raleigh at the New York navy yard "Abraham," rooster and mascot, died on Sunday. He was nineteen months old, and had only been in the service a short time. The cause of death was an explosion following upon acute appendicitis.

On the same day the dog mascot of the ship, who had taken a special liking to "Abraham," deserted.

"Abraham's" untimely end so moved the fo'cs'le that yesterday the men gave him a naval funeral. Some of his feathers were saved as souvenirs. His body was sewed in canvas and weighted with a brick, and was dropped ceremoniously into the Wallabout. Landsman Peter O'Donegal officiated. Herman Schotts was chief pallbearer.

On Sunday morning "Abraham" was in his usual good health, when he began kicking about the forecastle. His inexperience in the making of bombs was his undoing. He poked his bill into the black powder. He is alleged to have swallowed a large quantity, and was immediately attacked with pains in his hull. Thinking he had the grip, members of the crew carried him into the cook's galley. The stove was red hot. Details are grewsome. In O'Donegal's arms "Abraham" exploded with a loud report. But his training did not desert him. Bringing his port foot to his comb, he reported by code to O'Donegal as he expired "Sir, my magazine has blown up and I am sinking."—New York Herald.

A Woman Doctor.

I know a woman
Who lives life with a childlike zest
And has a heart for all things human;
And well she loves the world, and best
Whatever in the world is loveliest;
Yet cannot wholly scorn the rest—
Vice, dirt,
And poverty, and helplessness, and pest.
Not hers to avert
From the prone wretch beneath the wayside palm
The virtuous Levite skirt;
She asks not What is his desert?
But, Is he hurt?

That found,
She pours her cunning oils into the wound
And tends the wastrel with the costliest balm.
For this she made
Herself a Good Samaritan by trade;
Cloaked her large heart
And bounteous feeling
Behind the faculty and art
Of healing;
That oftentimes those whom she relieves
Give, kneeling,
Thanks for that day they fell among the thieves.

Wanted Her Share of Love.

George Francis Train sat one spring morning in Union square, as was his custom, surrounded by children to whom, contrary to his attitude toward adults, he was always affable and agreeable. On the outside of the group surrounding Mr. Train stood a small colored girl looking wistfully at the white children who were receiving all his attention and hearing his wonderful tales. After they had dispersed and Mr. Train was alone, the black child advanced timidly and said to him:

"Do you love children?"

Looking at his questioner in some surprise, he admitted that he did. Then in a low voice she said:

"I am a child."—New York Times.

Stone as Clothing Material.

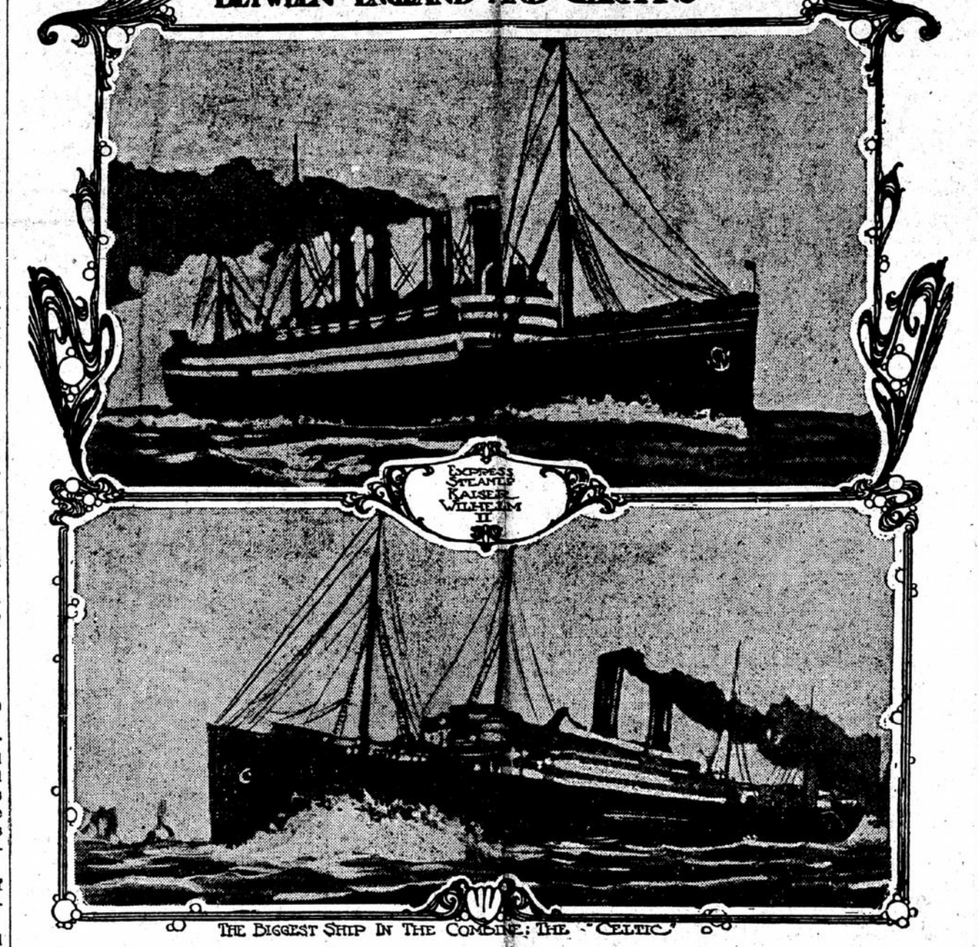
The weaving of stone into materials for clothing, the making of flexible and lasting granite trousers, black marble coats and fancy onyx waistcoats may be a possibility of the future, says one of the scientific papers. Already curtains are made of asbestos and cloth manufactured from chalk, while a certain spinner has an armchair covered with a soft and silky fabric of Titian red which he wove toilsomely out of a rock-red shell.

A Barrier.

"What have you in the way of beefsteak to-day?" asked the cheerful customer, who hadn't paid his bill.

"Well," replied the frank butcher, "I reckon about the only thing in the way is its price."

FIGHT FOR THE LEAD IN MIGHTY OCEAN LINERS
BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY



THE BIGGEST SHIP IN THE COMBINE; THE "CELTIC"

The Kaiser Wilhelm II., the big new North German Lloyd steamship, arrived at quarantine at New York, on its maiden voyage, April 21. The Kaiser left Cherbourg at half past 1 o'clock April 16, being delayed at Southampton to take on 700 tons of fresh water.

Although on its trial trip the liner attained a speed of 23.80 knots an hour, it did not maintain any such record as this, the maiden westward passage of the Atlantic, the time being five days and twenty-three hours from Cherbourg to Sandy Hook over a course of 3,160 miles, which is seven hours and fourteen minutes behind the Deutschland's maiden record. The liner Celtic was passed April 20, and also an Allan liner. It was found necessary to keep to the northerly route on account of ice. Four icebergs were passed April 19.

The ship proved an excellent sea boat and exceptionally steady, with only slight vibration.

The Cedric, the last great addition to the White Star fleet, combines steadiness of keel with vastness of bulk, but she has no pretensions in the way of speed. Now comes this German craft, whose builders not only claim unprecedented speed for their creation, but who are willing to guarantee a reasonable amount of steadiness in a seaway, and to the voyager who wants but little in the way of food a fair insurance against the little's loss.

For the last dozen or so years it has been very much a game of seesaw between the various lines which have been competing for the lead. First one has had it, then the other. For a time the British White Star was in the ascendant, the Teutonic and the Majestic of that line having no rivals save the two Inman racers, the City of Paris and the City of New York. This almost evenly matched quartet were still striving for supremacy when the Cunard company sent along the then unmatched Lucania and Compania. These elbowed all the rest aside and were having records very much their own way when, suddenly, a German competitor appeared—one with the imposing name of Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

It was not known what this new champion was to do, but she showed it on her first trip, crossing the bar with three broken records in her wake—that for sustained high speed during the voyage, for the best single day's run and for the fastest maiden trip ever made across the Atlantic.

Following this vessel came the Deutschland, and then the speedy Kronprinz Wilhelm, both of which made a few records of their own in the way of speed.

And now comes from a German shipyard this third racer, a vessel for which the unequaled speed of twenty-four knocks an hour is claimed.

Forty thousand is the indicated horse power of the new champion. To give an idea of this steam wrought energy, it has been estimated that in order to obtain a like force by human effort 40,000 men would each have to move 165 pounds a distance of 3 feet 3⅜ inches per second.

To supply this power to the engines nineteen boilers have been placed in the vessel, these having a total heating surface of 107,639 square feet, equivalent to two and a half acres. The bunker capacity is 5,700 tons, a quantity sufficient to supply 5,700 families with fuel for a fortnight, but fed into the glowing maw of this huge vessel the quantity is insufficient for even one round trip between New York and Bremen.

Of course, steamships never race at least their captains always deny that they ever do; but whenever vessels of rival lines happen to be near each other, and moving in the same direction, it unfailingly happens that they are handled so as to create an impression among the passengers that each is striving to do a little better than her best.

Coming to a description of the Kaiser Wilhelm II., it may be said that she has accommodations for 775 saloon passengers, 343 second class and 770 steerage passengers. The crew consists of 600 all told, making a total of 2,488 for whom accommodations are provided. A unique innovation in this "express" liner is the installation of what the company describes as "imperial rooms," "luxury apartments" and "state cabins," three grades hitherto unknown to the sea voyagers.

Another unique feature is a complete telephone system, which extends throughout the ship, with a "central" and all its appurtenances. Mr. Jones, engaged in a poker game in the smoking room, may be able to call up his spouse and explain to her just why it is that he will be home late; while Mr. Smith, who is looking on at the game, can call up the wine steward, and tell him just what he thinks about him and that last decoction that he furnished. The vessel has also wireless telegraphy.

As the steamer is to carry the imperial and United States mail, a special postoffice has been fitted up according to government instructions. In this postoffice several higher and subordinate officials will be busily engaged with the sorting of the mail so that it may be distributed immediately after the arrival at the port of destination.

HEIRESSES TO BE SERVANTS.

Curious Conditions in the Will of a Bachelor.

The curious will case about which there was much talk in Munich last week savors more of the good old fairy-tale days of "once upon a time" than of this modern and undomestic generation. Herr X. was an eccentric old bachelor who lived in a country town in Bavaria. When he died he left a will with instructions that it was not to be opened until five years after his death.

His nearest relatives—a brother and sister, with a school girl daughter apiece—waited with impatience till the time should elapse, for it was known that the old gentleman had amassed a small fortune by successful lottery speculations. At last the will was opened and the contents made known to the expectant families. A certain proportion of the money was left to various charities; the rest was to be divided equally between the two nieces on condition that each of the girls became maid servants in a respectable Munich family and remained in service for a year, at the end of which time the legacies were to be paid over, provided the would-be heiresses were able to produce an excellent character from the mistresses they had served during the year of probation.

One of the nieces has made a virtue of necessity, and is serving her kitchen apprenticeship with a good grace; the other, unable to support the ignominy of donning the cap and apron, has refused to fulfill the conditions of the will, and her father is disputing its validity on the ground of the old man's insanity.—London Tattler.

HOTEL LIFE IN EUROPE.

Some Experiences of Travelers on the Continent.

Mr. C. E. Johnstone in Travel says that experienced wanderers in out-of-the-way places are thankful for what they can get, and he instances a traveler who was proposing to pass the night at Njegus, a tiny village in Montenegro.

"Have you succeeded in finding a room?" asked Mr. Johnstone.

"N—not bad. There are three other people going to sleep in it."

"Oh, well, that's all right. Is the bed clean?"

"N—no, I don't know that the bed is clean. But then one can get clean beds at home!"

In one continental hotel a German lady summoned the waiter in the dining-room and said:

"Close that window or I shall die."

"Garcon!" exclaimed an English lady, sharply, "leave it open or I shall expire."

At this point a Frenchman interposed politely: "Leave it open till the German lady has died, and then close it till the English lady has expired. Then we shall be able to do as we like!"

It was in Rome that an English schoolboy was asked what sight-seeing he had been doing that day.

"Oh, churches."

"And what were their names?"

"Well," said the boy, slowly. "I am not quite certain, but I think one was called Vietato fumare Maggiore (Smoking-Is-Forbidden the Greater), and the other was called Santa Marie si prega di non sputare" (St. Mary You-Are-Requested-Not-to-Spit).

He had at least read the notices on the walls!

WENT WITH THE DOG.

Senator Depew Overlooked Part of the Bargain.

At this point we pressed Senator Depew to tell us a funny story. He was taken somewhat aback, and hesitated for a moment.

"I haven't had time to think up any new ones recently," he said. "Tuesday I was in Newport, Wednesday I was in Albany, and to-day I start for Biltmore, N. C. But I will tell you an old one.

"When I was a boy in Poughkeepsie the coach dog (the white dog with black polka-dot spots) was all the rage, and all my boyish soul yearned for one.

"I heard a man in town had one which he would sell for $5. Five dollars was a lot of money in those days, but I scraped it together and bought the dog.

"He was a handsome fellow, spotted as blackly and neatly as heart could wish, and I, with my purchase on a leash, started proudly home.

"It was just such weather as we have had this week. I was half way home with the coach dog when we were caught in a fierce downpour of rain. The dog stopped still, and the spots commenced to run. He had been painted, and not with waterproof paint at that.

"In ten minutes the dog was white all over, and so was I—he with rain and I with rage.

"I hastened back to the bunko man. 'Look at this dog!' I cried. 'You've cheated me!'

"'No, I haven't, Chauncey,' was the fellow's reply, 'but I did forget to tell you that there is an umbrella goes with that dog.'"—Roy L. McCardell in New York World.

LIFE IN FAR-OFF OREGON.

What Old Friends Had to Relate After a Long Separation.

As a reporter was walking down Alder street yesterday a man, whom he did not at once recognize, accosted him and in a few words showed that he was an old friend who had been absent from the city for a number of years. As they walked along he asked the reporter if he remembered the time Sandy Olds shot Emil Weber. The reporter replied that he remembered the incident.

"Well," said the returned friend, "I happened along at Third and Alder just in time to see the shooting and the sight got onto my nerves and rather badly rattled me. You came along and remarked that I was looking pale and suggested that we go down to the Reception and get a drink to brace me up. We did so," he continued, "and I would like to return the compliment now."

"I had thought that incident was closed," was the reply. "Weber was killed by Olds' shot and Olds after serving a year in the penitentiary and knocking about the coast as a roustabout gambler for years finally died of consumption in Albina something over a year ago. How long is it since that shooting occurred?"

"Oh, twelve to fifteen years."

"Well, that is a long time between drinks, but the Reception has moved and I have quit drinking, so we will excuse the return of the compliment. Your memory of the treat, however, goes to show that there is something of the old saying, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will sometimes return after many days,' though generally in a very soaked condition."

Many old residents will remember the shooting of Weber by Olds, but it is doubtful if many of them have any drink coming to them in connection with the tragedy.—Portland Oregonian.

A Toast.

A toast to those who come to grace,
This day, our board.
And, with the cheer of smiling face,
To share our board!

They are our friends, and friends are sent—
O plan benign—
To be the home's best ornament,
Heav'n spare me mine!

And may our larder e'er contain
Of meat and drink
Enough to forge for friendship's chain
Another link!

Youths Turning to Crime.

The startling statement is made in Minneapolis that of the forty-one prisoners in the Hennepin county jail, not one is above twenty-three years of age. The condition that brings about this state of affairs is worth inquiring into. A Hennepin county judge commenting upon the situation says that he believes the increase of crime among young men is due to their being forced out of many sources of employment by girls. The one thing certain is the fact that there are more young men occupying cells in jails and penitentiaries than there were a few years ago, and it behooves those persons who interest themselves in criminology to inquire into the conditions that have brought about this increase in the criminal tendencies of young men.

The War of Corpuscles.

The war between the white corpuscles of the blood and the microbes of disease was first described by the Russian pathologist Metchnikoff. While devoting himself to the study of inflammations he in each case noted the presence of white cells in the blood currents in abnormal numbers. Inside these white cells he invariably found the specific microbe of the disease under consideration—it seemed that the big corpuscles were devouring the poisonous microbes. Sometimes the number taken up by a corpuscle was too great and it died as a result. If this overcoming of the white corpuscles by the microbes was general the patient died.

Bishop Potter's Position.

Bishop Potter was unable to attend the Clara Morris testimonial at the Broadway theater last week and so wrote a letter saying it wasn't because of his lack of appreciation of Miss Morris or of the calling to which she had brought so much honor, but because of pressing engagements elsewhere.

"Besides," he wrote on, "I half fear that the audience might feel toward me as once did an old maid parishioner of mine whom I visited in illness. 'I like you in the pulpit,' she said, 'but out of it you are simply odious.'"—New York Times.

A Problem for Scientists.

Prof. Reitter recently introduced to the Society for Internal Medicine in Vienna a woman with a musical heart. For the last four years she has suffered from palpitation, and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar singing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a malformation of the heart valves, which sets up vibration.

Encroachments of the Sea.

Careful calculations made a few years ago show that the thirty-six miles of Yorkshire coast between Flamborough and Spurn Head lost annually two yards and a quarter, or thirty acres a year. Over one mile in breadth has been lost since the Norman conquest and two since the occupation of York by the Romans. Other parts of the English coast also suffer greatly from the encroachments of the ocean.

IDEAS ON MARRIAGE

"OLD GORGON GRAHAM" TELLS A FEW TRUTHS.

His Advice to His Son Pierrepont May Be Taken to Heart by Many Aspiring and Eligible Bachelors—Case of Romance and Reality.

Of course you're in no position yet to think of being engaged even, and that's why I'm a little afraid that you may be planning to get married. But a twelve-dollar clerk, who owes fifty-two dollars for roses, needs a keeper more than a wife. I want to say right here that there always comes a time to the fellow who blows fifty-two dollars at a lick on roses when he thinks how many staple groceries he could have bought with the money. After all, there's no fool like a young fool, because in the nature of things he's got a long time to live.

I suppose I'm fanning the air when I ask you to be guided by my judgment in this matter, because, while a young fellow will consult his father about buying a horse, he's cock-sure of himself when it comes to picking a wife. While a man doesn't see much of a girl's family when he's courting, he's apt to see a good deal of it when he's housekeeping, and while he does not marry his wife's father, there's nothing in the marriage vow to prevent the old man from borrowing money from him, and you can bet if he's old Job Dashkam he'll do it. A man can't pick his own mother, but he can pick his son's mother, and when he chooses a father-in-law who plays the bucket shops, he needn't be surprised if his own son plays the races.

Never marry a poor girl who's been raised like a rich one. She's simply traded the virtues of the poor for the vices of the rich without going long on their good points. To marry for money or to marry without money is a crime. There's no real objection to marrying a woman with a fortune, but there is to marrying a fortune with a woman.

While you are at it, there's nothing like picking out a good-looking wife, because even the handsomest woman looks homely sometimes, and so you get a little variety; but a homely one can only look worse than usual. Beauty is only skin deep, but that's deep enough to satisfy any reasonable man. (I want to say right here that to get any sense out of a proverb I usually find that I have to turn it wrong side out.) Then, too, if a fellow's bound to marry a fool, and a lot of men have to if they're going to hitch up into a well-matched team, there's nothing like picking a good-looking one.

Some fellows propose to a girl before they know whether her front and her back hair match, and then holler that they're stuck when they find that she's got a cork leg and a glass eye as well. I haven't any sympathy for them.

They start out on the principle that married people have only one meal a day, and that of fried oysters and tutti-frutti ice-cream after the theater. Naturally a girl's got her better nature and her best complexion along under those circumstances; but the really valuable thing to know is how she approaches ham and eggs at seven a. m., and whether she brings her complexion with her to the breakfast table. And these fellows make a girl believe that they're going to spend all the time between eight and eleven p. m. for the rest of their lives, holding a hundred and forty pounds, live weight, in their lap, and saying that it feels like a feather. The thing to find out is whether, when one of them gets up to holding a ten-pound baby in his arms, for five minutes, he's going to carry on as if it weighed a ton.—From "Letters From a Self-made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THEY WERE HIS ALL.

Witness Had Right to Complain About Loss of His Teeth.

A little tale is told about the prosecution of William F. Blake, for assault upon one McTernan. It is a true story, but is good enough to be fiction.

Mr. McTernan had detailed at some length how he had gone into the saloon at No. 835 Westminster street, at the request of Mrs. Margaret Colbert on the evening of Feb. 23; how he had been attacked, as he alleged, by William F. Blake, and had had a quartet of teeth completely dislodged by a blow from the defendant's fist; how he had then been kicked in the side thrice, and how he had borne it all without lifting his hands to defend himself. On the face of it up to that point the narrative sounded like one of aggravated assault.

Then Harry P. Cross took the witness in hand to cross-examine him.

"You say Mr. Blake struck you in the mouth?" he asked.

"He did," was the emphatic reply.

"With his fist?"

"Yes, with his fist."

"And knocked out four teeth?"

"Yes; four teeth."

"Now, Mr. McTernan," asked the lawyer, "about those teeth. Were they false?"

"They was," said McTernan, after an instant's hesitation, "but they was all I had."—Providence Journal.

The Flying Frog of Borneo.

The flying frog is found in Borneo. He uses an expansive membrane on each of his feet in sailing from tree to tree. The webs enable him to do this in the same way as the wings of our modern flying machines enable their inventors to remain for a time in the air.

Defective Page