

# GOLD

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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## CHAPTER XII. The Gold Trail.

WE came upon the diggings quite suddenly. The trail ran around the corner of a hill, and there they were below us! In the wide, dry stream bottom perhaps fifty men were working busily, like a lot of ants. Some were picking away at the surface of the ground; others had dug themselves down waist deep and stooped and rose like legless bodies. Others had disappeared below ground and showed occasionally only as shovel blades. From so far above the scene was very lively and animated, for each was working like a beaver, and the red shirts made gay little spots of color. On the hillside clung a few white tents and log cabins, but the main town itself we later discovered, as well as the larger diggings, lay around the bend and upstream.

We looked all about us for some path leading down to the river, but could find none. So perforce we had to continue on along the trail. Thus we entered the camp of Hangman's Gulch, for if it had been otherwise I am sure we would have located promptly where we had seen those red shirted men.

We wandered about here and there, looking with all our eyes. The miners were very busy and silent, but quite friendly, and allowed us to examine as much as we pleased the results of their operations. In the pots and cradles the yellow flake gold glittered



"Where can we dig a little of this gold ourselves?"

plainly, contrasting with the black sand. In the pans, however, the residue spread out flat, shaped along the angle between the bottom and the side, and at the apex the gold lay heavy and beautiful all by itself. The men were generally bearded, tanned with working in this blinding sun and plastered liberally with the red earth. We saw some queer sights, however, as when we came across a jolly pair dressed in what were the remains of ultra fashionable garments up to and including plug hats! At one side, working some distance from the stream, were small groups of native Californians or Mexicans. They did not trouble to carry the earth all the way to the river, but after screening it roughly, tossed it into the air above a canvas, thus winnowing out the heavier pay dirt. I thought this must be very disagreeable.

As we wandered about here and there among all these men so busily engaged and with our own eyes saw pan after pan show gold, actual metallic guaranteed gold, such as rings and watches and money are made of, a growing excitement possessed us—the excitement of a small boy with a new and marvellous gun. We wanted to get at it ourselves. Only we did not know how.

Finally Yank approached one of the busy miners.

"Stranger," said he, "we're new to this. Maybe you can tell us where we can dig a little of this gold ourselves." The man straightened his back to exhibit a roving humorous blue eye, with which he examined Yank from top to toe.

"If," said he, "it wasn't for that eighteen foot cannon you carry over your left arm and a cold gray pair of eyes you carry in your head I'd direct you up the sidehill yonder and watch you sweat. As it is, you can work anywhere anybody else isn't working. Start in!"

"Can we dig right next to you, then?" asked Yank, nodding at an unbroken piece of ground just upstream.

The miner clambered carefully out of his waist deep trench, searched his pockets, produced a pipe and tobacco. After lighting this he made Yank a low bow.

"Thanks for the compliment; but I warn you, this claim of mine is not very rich. I'm thinking of trying somewhere else."

"Don't you get any gold?"

"Oh, a few ounces a day." "That suits me for a beginning," said Yank decidedly. "Come on, boys!" The miner leaped back into his hole, only to stick his head out again for the purpose of telling us:

"Mind you keep fifteen feet away!" With eager hands we slipped a pick and shovels from beneath the pack ropes, undid our iron bucket and without further delay commenced feverishly to dig.

Johnny held the pail, while Yank and I vied with each other in being the first to get our shovelfuls into that receptacle. As a consequence we nearly swamped the pail first off and had to pour some of the earth out again. Then we all three ran down to the river and took turns stirring that mud pie beneath the gently flowing waters in the manner of the "pot panners" we had first watched. After a good deal of trouble we found ourselves possessed of a thick layer of rocks and coarse pebbles.

"We forgot to screen it," I pointed out. "We haven't any screen," said Johnny. "Let's pick 'em out by hand," suggested Yank.

We did so. The process emptied the pail. Each of us insisted on examining closely, but none of us succeeded in creating out of our desires any of that alluring black sand.

"I suppose we can't expect to get color every time," observed Johnny disappointedly. "Let's try her again."

We tried her again, and yet again and then some more, but always with the same result. Our hands became puffed and wrinkled with constant immersion in the water and began to feel sore from the continual stinging of the rubble.

"Something wrong," grunted Johnny into the abysmal silence in which we had been carrying on our work.

"We can't expect it every time," I reminded him.

"All the others seem to."

"Well, maybe we've struck a blank place. Let's try somewhere else," suggested Yank.

Johnny went over to speak to our neighbor, who was engaged in tossing out shovelfuls of earth from an excavation. At Johnny's hail he straightened his back, so that his head bobbed out of the hole like a prairie dog.

"No, it doesn't matter where you dig," he answered Johnny's question. "The pay dirt is everywhere."

So we moved on a few hundred feet, picked another unoccupied patch and resumed our efforts. No greater success rewarded us here.

"I believe maybe we ought to go deeper," surmised Yank.

"Some of these fellows are taking their dirt right off top of the ground," objected Johnny.

However, we unlimbered the pickax and went deeper, to the extent of two feet or more. It was good hard work, especially as we were all soft for it. The sun poured down on our backs with burning intensity, our hands blistered, and the round rocks and half-cemented rubble that made the bar were not the easiest things in the world to remove. However, we kept at it. Yank and I, having in times past been more or less accustomed to this sort of thing, got off much easier than did poor Johnny. About two feet down we came to a mixed coarse sand and stones, a little finer than the top dirt. This seemed to us promising, so we resumed our washing operations.

They bore the same results as had the first, which was just the whole of nothing.

"We've got to hit it somewhere," said Johnny between his teeth. "Let's try another place."

We scrambled rather wearily, but with a dogged determination, out of our shallow hole. Our blue-eyed, long-bearded friend was sitting on a convenient boulder near at hand, his pipe between his teeth, watching our operations.

"Got any tobacco, boys?" he inquired genially. "Smoked my last until tonight unless you'll lend."

Yank produced a plug, from which the stranger shaved some parings.

"Struck the dirt?" he inquired. "No;

the ground. Again, the miner had to dig for it.

"All the surface diggings are taken up," our friend told us, "so now you have to dig deep. It's about four feet down where I'm working. It'll probably be deeper up here. You'd better move back where you were."

Yank stretched himself upright. "Look here," he said decidedly, "let's get a little sense into ourselves. Here's our pore old bosses standing with their packs on and we no place to stay and no dinner, and we're scratchin' away at this bar like a lot of fool hens. There's other days comin'."

Johnny and I agreed with the common sense of the thing, but reluctantly.

Now that we knew how, our enthusiasm surged up again. We wanted to get at it. The stranger's eyes twinkled sympathetically.

"Here, boys," said he, "I know just how you feel. Come with me."

He snatched up our bucket and strode back to his own claim, where he filled the receptacle with some of the earth he had thrown out.

"Go pan that," he advised us kindly. We raved to the water and once more stirred about the heavy contents of the pail until they had floated off with the water. In the bottom lay a fine black residue, and in that residue glittered the tiny yellow particles. We had actually panned our first gold!

Our friend examined it critically. "That's about a twelve cent pan," he adjudged it.

Somehow in a vague way we had unreasonably expected millions at a twist of the wrist, and the words, "12 cents," had a rankly penurious sound to us. However, the miner patiently explained that a twelve cent pan was a very good one, and indubitably it was real gold.

Yank, being older and less excitable, had not accompanied us to the water-side.

"Well, boys," he drawled, "that 12 cents is highly satisfactory, of course, but in the meantime we've lost about \$600 worth of loss and grub."

Surely enough, our animals had tired of waiting for us and had moved out packs and all. We hastily shouldered our implements.

"Don't you want to keep this claim next me?" inquired our acquaintance. We stopped.

"Surely!" I replied. "But how do we do it?"

"Just leave your pick and shovel in the hole."

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"Surely!" I replied. "But how do we do it?"

"Just leave your pick and shovel in the hole."

"Won't some one steal them?"

"No."

"What's to prevent?" I asked a little skeptically.

"Miner's law," he replied.

We almost immediately got trace of our strayed animals, as a number of men had seen them going upstream. In fact, we had no difficulty whatever in finding them, for they had simply followed up the rough stream bed between the canyon walls until it had opened up to a gentler slope and a hanging garden of grass and flowers. Here they had turned aside and were feeding. We caught them and were just heading them back when Yank stopped short.

"What's the matter with this here?" he inquired. "Here's feed and water near, and it ain't so very far back to the diggings."

We looked about us for the first time with seeing eyes. The little up-sloping meadow was blue and dull red with flowers, below us the stream brawled foam flecked among black rocks, the high hills rose up to meet the sky, and at our backs across the way the pines stood thick serrated. Far up in the blue heavens some birds were circling slowly. Somehow the leisurely swing of these unheating birds struck from us the feverish hurry that had lately filled our souls. We drew deep breaths, and for the first time the great peace and majesty of these California mountains cooled our spirits.

"I think it's a bully place, Yank," said Johnny soberly, "and that little bench up above us looks flat."

We clambered across the slant of the flower spangled meadow to the bench, just within the fringe of the pines. It proved to be flat, and from the edge of it down the hill seeped a little spring marked by the feathery bracken. We entered a cool green place, peopled with shadows and the rare, considered notes of soft voiced birds. Just over our threshold, as it were, was the sunlit, chirpy, buzzing, bright colored busy world. Overhead a wind of many voices hummed through the pine tops. The golden sunlight flooded the mountains opposite, dashed from the stream, lay languorous on the meadow. Long bars of it slanted through an unguessed gap in the hills behind us to touch with magic the very tops of the trees over our heads. The sheen of the precious metal was over the land.

(Continued next Tuesday.)

Charles Jelliff of Mansfield spent Thursday in this city on business.

Mrs. Jennie Dorsey and son, Charles, have returned from a trip to Indianapolis, Ind.

W. P. Sawvel returned Thursday evening from a business visit in Mt. Pleasant.

M. M. Russell of Howard spent Friday in this city on business.

Miss Mary A. Kelly of Los Angeles, Cal., is the guest of her uncle, M. M. Kelly, south of town.

Lloyd Barber, who lives near Philadelphia, Pa., is spending a week with relatives and friends in the city.

Mrs. H. M. Babbs of Bangs was in the city Friday, enroute to Newark to visit.

Mrs. Florence Wade, Lundgren, who has been in Manila, P. I., for the last four years, is here to visit her sister, Mrs. Maud Taylor of West Gambler street.

## SESSIONS OF THE K. C. T. I.

### Draw To Close With Election Of Officers

### Dr. Corson Specifies Three Necessary Possessions

### For Teacher Who Would Make Self Successful

### Neatness And Even Temper Are Two Great Adjuncts

### Practical Mensuration Is Outlined By Supt. Zemer

Supt. Zemer led the devotionals Friday morning.

Dr. Corson spoke first, his address being on "The Teachers in School."

He said that there are three things necessary for a successful teacher; she should be good-natured; she should be a good housekeeper, meaning by this that she should see that the school and surroundings are kept neat and attractive; she should be a good organizer.

He said that he thinks Abraham Lincoln was the best-natured person who ever lived and is a good example for all who have many trying situations to face.

He spoke of the importance of having good pictures in the schools and also of the school as a social center, but said that if community gatherings are held in schools something worth while should be planned for these meetings.

A practical talk on "Mensuration—How to Study It" was given by Supt. Zemer. He said that there is a great need of simplifying this work. He gave a practical demonstration of presenting the work to children in a way which they could understand and that would do away with mere memorizing of a long list of rules which mean nothing to them.

The last session is being held this afternoon at which time officers will be elected for the ensuing year.

## OCTOGENARIAN

### SEEKS DIVORCE FROM BRIDE OF LAST APRIL—SAYS WIFE DID NOT LIKE ADAMS MILLS.

Coshocton, Aug. 18.—"I'm 80 years old today but I can still jig a little if somebody'll play the fiddle," quoth Samuel Hazen of Adams Mills, Thursday morning, as he breezed into a local newspaper office to insert a notice to all merchants not to extend credit to his bride of four months, Eliza J. (Murphy) Hazen, of Roscoe.

"I don't know what got wrong with her," said Hazen, "We were married on the eleventh of last April and I treated her well, God knows. She got to making trips back to Roscoe. The last time she came back to my place on the Fourth of July. She left again on the twelfth of July and I have not seen or heard of her since. The only reason she gave was that she didn't like it down there. I understand that she has not been seen around Roscoe for the past few days. Of course I don't know that she will try to run up any bills on me but I am taking the safe course and warning the grocers and merchants not to let her charge anything to me."

Hazen was a member of Co. F, 97th regiment in the Civil war. He attributes his health to the fact that he has never abused himself. "Of course I have my fun," said he, "but never anything rough. I keep away from anything that is not good for me."

He stated that he expects to apply for a divorce and left to consult an attorney.

## VALUE OF INSTRUCTION IN SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE

The session Thursday afternoon was opened by singing led by Mr. Chubb.

Dr. Corson then gave an address on scientific temperance, the subject being "True Temperance Teaching." He said that the temperance question is not a scientific one alone, but a moral and economic one as well and that these different phases of the question should be presented to the children in a sane way, without making exaggerated statements. Children are reasonable beings and if they are told the actual facts about the effects of alcohol on the human body, and are shown the difference in the average length of life between total abstainers and moderate drinkers, as compiled by insurance companies, and other facts concerning the question secured from reliable sources the work will be very effective with them. One of the reasons that the temperance question is an important issue at the present time is because scientific temperance has been taught in the schools for the last 30 years and there is a new generation which knows the effects of alcohol.

Miss Gertrude Fleming then favored the institute by singing two selections.

Miss Fannie Thrallkill, who is teaching in the Minneapolis public schools, then read a very interesting paper on "Geography." She told something of the work being done in Minneapolis in this subject. She gave many ideas for planning work of this kind so as to keep up the interest and enthusiasm of the children.

SHIPPED TO NEW CASTLE

The remains of the late John Moricone, who died Wednesday night at the Mt. Vernon hospital, were shipped Thursday night to New Castle, a, for interment.

## FEAR EXPRESSED

### THAT BOWLEN'S ANKLE BONES ARE CRUSHED—HURT AT SHOPS

While working at the Cooper shops Thursday night George Bowlen, who lives on West Chestnut street, was painfully injured when a large casting which he was helping to move fell on his right leg. The flesh was badly lacerated above the ankle joint and the man was taken to the Mt. Vernon hospital in order that the injury might be more thoroughly examined. It is feared that some of the bones in the ankle may be crushed. The accident happened about midnight.

## BIRTHS

A son was born at the M. & S. hospital Friday morning to Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Doolittle of Gambler.

## REUNION HELD

The twelfth annual Wright reunion was held at Johnstown, O., on Aug. 16, 1916.

## SAME OLD STUFF FOR THE VOTERS

### (yers) P. Velvet's Imagination As Good As Ever

### ASSUMES PRISTINE ROLE

### Imagining Self An Old-Time Democrat—Lets Loose Of Much Stuff With Usual Disregard Of Facts—Read and Laugh

A (yers) P. Velvet, (who may have voted the Democratic ticket back in dear old Ceilina), let loose of the following characteristic bit of imagination in the Republican Thursday:

"The bosses can say what they please," remarked an old-time Democrat Wednesday, "but they can't jam Jim Cox down my throat. He was not my choice in 1914, and he is not the real choice of the Democratic party of Ohio this year. The Democrats, outside of ex-officers under Cox, didn't want Cox nominated but Cox had the play among the politicians and the rank and file were practically helpless."

A (yers) P. Neglected

To state that the primary law allows free nomination.

To remark that the people had their choice of three men.

To comment on the fact that voting is secret and that no names appear on the ballot when counted.

The People Should Know That

Drivel of this kind will appear from now until November.

The imagination and fancies of two years ago can't stand the test of the truth of 1916.

Bothersome Republican candidates may be silenced with the question: "How do YOU stand on Hughes and Willis?"

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

## In Use For Over 30 Years

## The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



BUY A FARM AND BE ON THE SAFE SIDE WHEN THE WAR IS OVER. ONE OF THESE SHOULD PLEASE YOU.

100 acres east of Chesterville, road to be paved. Lays nice, gently rolling, strong soil, well watered by springs and well. Several acres of timber. All-around corn, clover, alfalfa and stock farm. A bargain at price, \$100 per acre; good terms.

83-acre farm, only 4 miles out, worth the money. Gently rolling oak, walnut and chestnut land. A good producer. Improvements good. Nine-room dwelling, bank barn 40x60, sheep house, 20x60, buggy and wagon sheds, cribs, hog houses, etc. Three acres of well-kept orchard. Good fences. Watered by springs and wells. \$7,221.

93 acres, improved, nearly level, at \$7,000. All under cultivation but 15 acres of timber, clay soil. Good seven-room house, barn 40x60 and sheds, carriage house, cribs, cow barn, watered by wells, cistern and running water. Two miles to station. Possession soon.

143-acre Morgan township farm at a fair price. Long been considered one of the good farms. Lays level, 113 acres in cultivation and 30 acres of timber. Good ten-room dwelling, barn 30 by 60, cribs, etc. 3 1/2 miles to station. Only \$85 per acre buys it; good terms.

100 acres 3 miles southwest from Fredericktown. In a splendid section. Lays level, good land, fifteen acres of timber with abundance of good pasture; spring water in pasture. House, two barns, wagon-shed and cribs, fruit orchard and drilled well at buildings.

Good 77-acre general purpose farm, well improved. Lays nearly level. Good soil. Eight-room frame dwelling, barn 38 by 49 with three large sheds. Watered by spring, well and running water. Located 6 1/2 miles from Mt. Vernon and 2 1/2 miles to shipping point. A desirable farm and home at \$7,500. Good terms.

W. C. ROCKWELL FARM-LAND COMPANY  
Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

## WOOD BLAMES DRINKERS FOR BLIGHTED HOPES

### Mt. Vernon Congressional Aspirant Files Very Original Expense Report—Says He Was Original Hughes Man

Washington, Aug. 19.—The campaign expense report of Colonel D. Wesley Wood, unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in the Seventeenth Ohio District, which reached the clerk of the house yesterday, fairly reeks, as a campaign expense statement, with originality. As a legal document, filed in compliance with the corrupt practice act, it caused South Trimble, clerk of the house, to sway heavily on his chair. The Colonel inclosed a picture of himself and says: "My expense was \$7 for this cut and cards and postage."

Wood, who lives in Mt. Vernon, then declares that he was the original Hughes and Fairbanks man in his county and proves his efficiency as a prophet by showing that on June 7 he informed the local Republican newspaper that Burton had no chance, and that Hughes and Fairbanks would be nominated on the second ballot. He also says:

"Drinkers, gamblers and men who wanted to make the primary election law odious and worthless were against me. I was for national prohibition and suffrage for women to make them

equal before the ballot box with negroes and Indians.

"I will practice law in this little old village, where I have some friends and a few enemies. No lawyer in Congress, but a business man, was the slogan. I wear a plug hat, a long-tail coat and eat at a cheap lish house. Remember me kindly to all Democratic friends, for I have a few there."

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arnold of Loudonville arrived here Friday for a visit with Mrs. Arnold's mother, Mrs. Bessie Starner of the Columbus road.

Mrs. Omar Follin of Bangs left Friday for her new home in Pavilion, where Mr. Follin has purchased a grocery store.

Mrs. Claire Odell returned Friday to her home in Orrville after spending several days with relatives in this city.

Hon. P. A. Berry of this city went to Columbus Friday to attend a meeting of the state Democratic central committee.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Genin and son of Sistersville, W. Va., are spending several days with relatives in this city.

Mrs. Susie Patterson, Miss Rose McKee and Glenn Rine have returned from Gregory, South Dakota, where they spent two weeks with relatives and friends.