# ALL KINDS OF CONGRATULATIONS

COUNTRY NOT GOING TO THE DOGS, ACCORDING TO THE CIVIL REFORM LEAGUE

IT FELICITATES THE NATION ON MANY ACCOUNTS

**Failure of Enforcement of Law in New York About the Only Thing That Is Not Approved—Daniel C. Gilman, of Baltimore, Is Elected President of the League.**

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 12.—The annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform league came to an end today. Reports were read from many states and from widely scattered civil service reform associations showing a well developed movement among women to aid the cause. This is particularly the case in the Eastern states, where numerous women auxiliary societies have been organized and are reported to be doing good work.

The following were elected members of the executive council:

Silas W. Burt, Edward Cary, Charles W. Collins, R. W. Gilder, W. G. Lowe, George McAneny, Samuel H. Ordway, William Potts, Carl Schurz, Edward M. Shepard, E. P. Wheeler, all of New York; R. H. Dana, Moorfield Storey, W. W. Vaughan, Boston; John J. Edson, F. L. Siddons, Washington; John W. Ela, Chicago; Henry W. Farnam, New Haven; H. B. Jacobs, George A. Pope, Charles J. Bonaparte, H. O. Reik, Baltimore; Charles Richardson, Herbert Welsh, R. Francis Wood, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, Philadelphia; Henry A. Richmond, Buffalo; L. B. Swift, Indianapolis; Henry Van Kleeck, Denver; C. B. Wilby, Cincinnati; Morrill Wyman Jr., Cambridge.

The committee on resolutions presented the following, which was adopted:

**Points to Commend.**

"The National Civil Service Reform League congratulates the country on the high character and ability of the national civil service commission; on the regulation of labor service of the federal departments in Washington by the adoption of registration; on the closing of the many back-door entrances to the classified service by wise amendments to the civil service rules; on the successful extension of classification to the rural delivery service, now including 11,300 officials; on the adoption and successful operation of the merit system in the federal service of Porto Rico and in all the service excepting schools in the Philippines; on the promotions in the diplomatic and consular service, which it is hoped will lead to the general adoption of the merit system in that branch of the service.

"It urges the extension of the application of the merit system to the consular service and Indian agencies by legislation if possible; otherwise by executive action. It regrets the defects in the administration of the civil service system in New York city. It calls public attention to the success of the federal, Massachusetts and Chicago boards in the very classes of the service in which the New York board seems to be deficient, as illustrating that the shortcomings in New York are due to faulty administration and not to any inherent weakness of the system.

**Against Veterans' Preference Bills.**

"It urges veterans of the Civil and Spanish wars and their friends to oppose the bills called 'veterans' preference' bills. Such bills will work, as they have worked in some states, great harm to the merit system. That system is the only efficient barrier to the spoils and boss system, both public enemies of the country, which the veterans have risked their lives to save."

Numerous papers were read, and the following officers were elected:

President, Daniel C. Gilman, Baltimore; vice presidents, Charles Francis Adams, Boston; Joseph H. Choate, New York; Grover Cleveland, Princeton; Charles W. Eliot, Cambridge; Arthur T. Hadley, New Haven; Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia; Seth Low, New York; Franklin MacVeagh, Chicago; Henry C. Potter, D. D., New York; P. J. Ryan, D. D., Philadelphia; Harry A. Garfield, Cleveland. Elliott H. Gowdin was re-elected secretary.

## APPLE LORE AND LEGEND.

**Chat About Fruit of Untold Virtues and Innumerable Uses.**

It is scarcely too much to say that of all the "gods dethroned and deceased" Pomona shows, next to Venus, the most enduring vitality—and Venus, after all, reigns in quite a different sphere. Ceres, it is true, must not be lost sight of, but her domain again, though contiguous, is distinct, and all things being considered, it will be generally conceded that it is Pomona who holds the widest, if not the most important sovereignty. Taking the apple as the conventional exponent of this sovereignty, it is difficult to decide in which aspect it is the more interesting—as the center-piece of world-old myths, or as the fruit of untold virtues and innumerable uses. With regard to the former, it must be admitted that all is not gold that glitters; every legendary fruit is not an apple that we call so. It would be, for instance, intensely interesting to trace out conclusively the origin of the association of the apple with the Forbidden Fruit. It is needless to say the Bible nowhere so identifies it. Milton, whom, all unconsciously, many people take as their primal authority in things Scriptural, it is true, makes the serpent speak of "those fair apples"—

Fruit of fairest colors mixed,
Ruddy and gold * * * * *

From the boughs a savory odor blown, emphasizing, by the way, the fact that the idea of the Hebrew word for apple is that of fragrance.

But the association of the apple with the Forbidden Fruit certainly did not originate with Milton, and, despite the want of authority, in art and legend and folklore, the "snow-tinted Eve" is invariably presented holding the fruit. Old writers, such as Mandeville, told of "Apples of Paradise," which distinctly showed the mark of the bite, and we perpetuate the notion in every-day parlance when we speak of the "Adam's apple" in a man's throat, that protuberance owing its name, it is said, to the tradition that it was caused by the fatal mouthful. Numerous and learned have been the disquisitions on this subject of the Forbidden Fruit, and among the substitutes for the vaguely legendary apple have been suggested the fig, the orange, the apricot, the shaddock, and the banana. This last, indeed, seems to be another fruit also referred to by old Mandeville as Apples of Paradise. "Long apples, very sweet and of good savor, and although you cut them in ever so many slices across or endwise, you will always find in the middle the figure of the Holy Cross. They have great leaves, a foot and a half long." The cruciform mark in the banana is familiar to all; it is said, indeed, that in some parts of the East pious persons refrain from eating it from a sense of reverence.

But we find apples, or, at any rate, titular apples, playing a continuous and important part throughout secular mythology. The apples of the Hesperides have well-nigh passed into a proverb, and comparative mythologists have reveled in the significant facts of the forbidden fruit, the watchful dragon, and the feminine influence, not to mention other more serious theories. It was one of these apples that Ate, "the Abominable," cast amid the wedding guests, and

all the full-faced presence of the gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus.

On it was written: "To be given to the most beautiful," and thereupon ensued the strife determined by Paris when he gave that "fruit of pure Hesperian gold" to Venus. With others of these apples Hippomanes beguiled swift-footed Atlanta, who turned aside in the race to pick up the dazzling fruit he cunningly dropped on the course. But, at least, according to some theorists, we have a national interest, almost amounting to a heritage, in these apples. Britain, these say, was originally the garden of Merddin, to whom were given "seven score and seven fair apple trees, guarded by Olwedd of the Crisped Locks." Another of the Triads tells us of "the delicious apple tree with blossoms of pure white and widespread branches, which produces sweet apples for those who can digest them," in another we read of the "yellow apples and leaves, desirable objects * * * sweet and beneficent tree." It is said by those who claim to interpret that the apples which Hercules fetched from the Hesperides represented in figures astronomical divination, and incidentally other esoteric wisdom; the "blossoms of pure white" typify the sacrificial robes of the Druids; the fruit their mystic doctrine, which it was not given save to the enlightened to "digest;" the "wide-spreading branches," the far-reaching authority of the priests. So realistically was the "culte" of this mystic apple preached that it is said the Saxon Christmas made anxious and exhaustive search for the whereabouts of the orchards where grew this most marvelous fruit. From our Norse ancestors, again, we derive another transmitted fealty to my lord, the apple. Iduna, consort of Braga, god of Wisdom, keeps in a gold box the apples of immortality. Of these the heroes taste when they enter Valhalla, and the gods themselves leave Asgard the beautiful to renew their eternal youth by partaking of the blessed fruit. In the legend of William Tell, in its various aspects, we again have the apple, and mythologists vie, each with the other, in finding its proper significance, while the golden apple, the apple blossom, and the apple tree play a continuous part in those fairy tales of all nations which, the learned tell us, embody, albeit distorted and in figure, the mysteries and religion associated with the "early gods."

But, quite apart from its traditional aspect, the reign of the apple is alike effective and crescent. It played, and possibly in remote localities plays still, an important part in rustic merry-makings. "Bobbing for apples" has been depicted often enough both by pen and brush; the custom of throwing the pared peel over one's shoulder and noting the character of initial it makes, is familiar in every household where there are children; to "eat the apple at the glass" was, we know from Burns, one of the recognized rites of Halloween; still in some country places does Twelfth Night see the libation to the apple trees, which is among those survivals of Paganism which are more common than we always realize. In the old medical recipes the apple is very much to the fore, and one comes across its name with a feeling of positive relief among the other fearful and wonderful ingredients which were prescribed for much-enduring humanity. Those of us who use pomatum still pay verbal homage to the royal fruit; "apples added to swine grease and rosewater" being one of the earliest recipes for the unguent traditionally beloved by butcher boys and nursemaids. Not quite so apparent is the connection of the pommel of a saddle with the fruit reverenced by gods and goddesses, heroes and druids. The association must be sought for in the idea of a protuberance.

Space does not permit of reference to the allusions to the apple in literature. In Shakespeare we meet with it generally under the name of "crab" or "pippin." In the guise of the former, Puck tells he was wont "to lurk in the bowl"—another glimpse of one of the old uses of the apple; Shallow invites his friends to his orchard to "eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing," the particular sort, we learn later on, being that still, in places, known as "leather coats." Thomson tells us that

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores;

and Philips, whom he rightly styles "Pomona's bard," has a very great deal to say on the subject. But what he says is chiefly in connection with cider. Perhaps one of the prettiest poetical references to the apple is in Austin Dobson's "Rosine," where he compares the color on a girl's cheeks to

An autumn pippin, where the red
Seems to have burned right through the skin,

which is, after all, only a graceful paraphrase of the "apple-cheeked lass" of familiar speech.—London Globe.

## PET CAT GOES MAD AND CREATES A PANIC

**Becomes Violent and Puts a Whole Family to Flight.**

MARION, Ind., Dec. 12.—A pet cat at the home of Attorney T. B. Dicken, became mad and seized Miss Gladys Higgins, a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dicken, and before the young woman could free herself the animal sank its sharp teeth in her ankle. When she attempted to beat it off it bit her through the right hand.

Roy McMichaels, her brother-in-law, attempted to drive the animal away when it attacked him and bit him in the hands and arms. The feline then ran to the home of Alonzo Boller, a neighbor, and attacked Mrs. Boller. She was seriously bitten, and scratched before she could free herself. The animal then visited other houses and attacked all who came in sight. It then disappeared and was not seen until the next morning, when it returned to the home of T. B. Dicken. Miss Lola Dicken was in the yard and the cat ran at her, but she fled into the house, closely pursued. The cat dashed into the house and the members of the family ran into different rooms and locked the door behind them.

Mr. Dicken procured a stick of wood, and, with a well directed blow, laid the animal out.

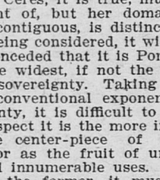
**Ground for Suspicion.**

When Robley D. Evans was waited upon at his home in Washington by a delegation from Iowa to express the regard of the citizens of that commonwealth for the man who had commanded the battleship Iowa in the fight at Santiago the visitors were invited to have a drink. Cap. (now admiral) Evans said to his guests: "I am sorry that my favorite brand of whisky is exhausted, but I have some that is said to be first-class. Also there is some brandy which I have had in the house twenty years, and which I know to be the very finest made. Which will you take?" and the host turned first to Congressman Hull, who led the delegation.

"Pass over the whisky," replied Hull, deliberately but firmly.

"Are you afraid of the brandy?" queried Cap. Bob.

"Yes, I am," frankly admitted Hull. "If it's been in the house twenty years without being drunk up by you there must be something wrong with it. For one, I don't intend to take any risks!"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# GROWTH IN RETAIL DISTRIBUTION

THIS OCCUPIES FIRST PLACE IN THE TRADE SITUATION JUST NOW

WHOLESALE BUSINESS BECOMING MORE QUIET

**Climatic Influences Check Activity in Building—While Other Branches of Industry Are Also Quiet, the Great Basic Conditions Make for Further Prosperity—Further Increase in Railway Earnings.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Bradstreet's tomorrow will say: Retail distribution, further stimulated by colder weather and the advance of the holiday season, has expended largely, until now it easily occupies first position in the trade situation. Wholesale trade, except where inroads upon retailers' stock have induced reorders, is relapsing into the quiet usual at the stock-taking period. Building trade activity has been checked by the climatic influences prevailing and the distribution of lumber and building materials generally is less active. Other leading industries also note the quieting down usual at this season.

Great basic conditions, however, make for further prosperity. Railway earnings, swelled by heavy traffic in grain and miscellaneous products, offsetting smaller movements of live stock, provisions and cotton, show an increase of 7.2 per cent over November, the same month a years ago.

**More Active in the Northwest.**

Cold weather and snow have helped distribution at retail in the Northwest, and the outlook is for an unprecedented holiday distribution on the Pacific coast. Reorders of heavy goods from jobbers are still of moderate proportions at the West, but spring sales are larger in dry goods than a year ago, as they also are in shoes and clothing. Holiday trade is brisk for this early stage of the season at the East. It has been a narrow market for cotton. Heavy clothing, shoes and rubber goods have moved into consumption largely during the week, and spring business is reported of flattering volume.

There is but little new in the cotton goods market, the export branch being still very dull. Woolen goods are firm and the mills are well employed. Hides and leather are dull and rather quiet. Lumber is quiet, as already noted, but prices are unimpaired.

Alone among the industries iron and steel show some symptoms of weaker prices for crude materials, but this, on the whole, is more apparent than real, because demands for supplies are as pressing as ever and the production has not yet overtaken consumption.

**Regarded as Readjustments.**

Lower prices for coke, iron at the West, and weaker quotations for foreign foundry iron at the seaboard may be really regarded as readjustments of the abnormal situation as previously prevailing. Heavier forms of finished material show no signs of weakness. Rather more interest is taken in pig iron, judging from the reopening of negotiations by the leading interest with the Bessemer association for delivery in the second half of 1903. Pig iron production at the East is improving.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending Thursday, Dec. 11, number 247, as against 185 last week, 233 in the same week last year, 247 in 1900, 211 in 1899, and 234 in 1898.

Wheat, including flour, exports for the week ending Dec. 11 aggregate 3,761,047 bushels, against 5,704,440 last week, 3,879,800 in this week last year, and 4,875,577 in 1900.

Wheat exports since July 1 aggregate 120,507,495 bushels, against 136,303,381 last season, and 86,008,003 in 1900.

Corn exports aggregate 1,301,286 bushels, against 1,151,563 last week, 278,307 last year, and 4,853,458 in 1900. For the fiscal year exports are 5,160,186, against 19,794,958 last season, and 84,906,396 in 1900.

**Bank Clearings.**

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The following table, compiled by Bradstreet, shows the bank clearings at the principal cities for the week ended Dec. 11, with the percentage of increase and decrease, as compared with the corresponding week last year:

| | | Inc. | Dec. |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York | $1,267,889,275 | ..... | 18.8 |
| Chicago | 165,209,947 | ..... | 6.1 |
| Boston | 133,092,989 | ..... | 6.0 |
| Philadelphia | 106,994,022 | ..... | 1.2 |
| St. Louis | 46,930,540 | ..... | 17.5 |
| Pittsburg | 37,932,971 | ..... | 18.7 |
| Baltimore | 22,057,993 | ..... | 6.0 |
| San Francisco | 29,168,169 | 22.4 | ..... |
| Cincinnati | 22,838,050 | 16.0 | ..... |
| Kansas City | 20,975,860 | 0.3 | ..... |
| Cleveland | 14,186,211 | ..... | 2.9 |
| Minneapolis | 17,396,796 | ..... | 13.6 |
| New Orleans | 17,527,876 | 1.4 | ..... |
| Detroit | 10,294,460 | ..... | 27.4 |
| Louisville | 11,069,977 | 7.6 | ..... |
| Indianapolis | 12,290,724 | 25.9 | ..... |
| Providence | 6,862,300 | 2.0 | ..... |
| Omaha | 7,316,547 | 1.4 | ..... |
| Milwaukee | 8,120,521 | 3.6 | ..... |
| Buffalo | 7,022,352 | 5.2 | ..... |
| St. Paul | 7,333,672 | 8.0 | ..... |
| St. Joseph | 3,791,013 | ..... | 33.5 |
| Denver | 4,448,487 | ..... | 9.4 |
| Seattle | 4,366,813 | 44.0 | ..... |
| Washington | 4,208,761 | 20.0 | ..... |
| Portland, Or. | 3,586,283 | 2.3 | ..... |
| Des Moines | 2,469,337 | 32.1 | ..... |
| Sioux City | 1,634,381 | ..... | ..... |
| Tacoma | 2,153,410 | 74.8 | ..... |
| Spokane | 1,599,098 | 14.7 | ..... |
| Davenport | 856,050 | ..... | 13.7 |
| Helena | 664,921 | 6.9 | ..... |
| Springfield, Ill. | 597,138 | 3.4 | ..... |
| Fargo | 691,641 | 18.1 | ..... |
| Sioux Falls | 278,613 | ..... | 13.6 |
| Mansfield, Ohio | 189,914 | ..... | ..... |
| Totals, U. S. | $2,083,914,355 | 17.6 | ..... |
| Outside N. Y. | 816,025,080 | ..... | 3.5 |
| **Canada.** | | | |
| Montreal | $19,223,007 | ..... | 0.4 |
| Toronto | 18,229,696 | 4.2 | ..... |
| Winnipeg | 5,438,862 | 12.8 | ..... |
| Halifax | 1,830,531 | ..... | 14.6 |
| Vancouver, B.C. | 1,053,535 | 16.3 | ..... |
| Hamilton | 1,097,691 | 18.9 | ..... |
| St. John, N. B. | 912,637 | 4.0 | ..... |
| Victoria, B. C. | 681,187 | 22.2 | ..... |
| *Quebec | 1,601,817 | ..... | 0.9 |
| Ottawa | 2,026,420 | 1.8 | ..... |
| London, Ont. | 780,153 | ..... | ..... |
| Totals, Canada. | $50,104,363 | 2.9 | ..... |

*Not included in totals because of no comparison last year.


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# DEAD FOR SIX HOURS

REMARKABLE CASE OF A MINER BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE

**He Saw His Fellow Miners Searching for His Body and Heard All the Kind Things They Said About Him and the Loss the Community Had Suffered.**

A member of the Old-Timers' club, of Butte, tells a story which he says is true. He was one of the heroes of this story, and he says that he can bring one man now living in Butte up to the bar to swear that his story is absollutely, entirely true in every particular and detail. Usually the Old-Timers don't exact from a story teller an oath that his yarn is true, but this odl-timer says that he wouldn't tell the story unless all of the members of the club took his word for it that it was true. So his story is regarded as gospel truth.

"As you all know," began the speaker of the evening, "I am and have been for years a miner. I have worked in a number of mines in this camp and I know much about the workings under this big copper mound. My story is laid in the time when the big leads in the camp were merging from silver into copper-producing ore. I need not mention the name of the mine in which I was working.

"I was at work on the day shift. They were ten-hour shifts in those days, and we went to work at 7 o'clock and quit at 6 o'clock. There were four of us working in the face of a drift on the 1,000-foot level. Along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the timekeeper came into the drift, and we all got mixed up in a discussion of the silver question. We were all silver men, all right, but the timekeeper and one of my partners took the negative side of the debate just to make the discussions more interesting all around.

"I was thirsty, and, excusing myself, I left the four men in the midst of the argument to go out to the station, where a keg of water was kept. In order to reach the station I had to pass a crosscut, and when I reached this I met one of the men from the east end of the crosscut. He said they had just fired a round of holes, but that he didn't know where his partner was. After spitting the fuse the two men had started for the main drift, one walking ahead of the other, neither paying any particular attention to the other, until one had reached the drift, when he looked back to see if his partner was coming. He had heard the report of the shots, but his partner was nowhere to be seen.

"I ran back to the face of our drift and told my partners what I had heard, and they returned with me to the crosscut. The timekeeper had gone up to the 900. The crosscut was a narrow tunnel extending about 100 feet west and 600 feet east from the drift, and there were no passageways leading from it.

"The miner feared that his partner had turned back for some reason and was blasted fatally. He said they had fired four fuses, but he thought that he heard only three shots. Se he was naturally afraid to go back until he should hear the fourth shot. We concluded that it was a missed hole, so I suggested that we go into the tunnel and search for the missing man. Perhaps he may be a mangled man in the face of the blast and we ought to do something at once, is the way I argued.

"The other miners were timid and they hesitated. Finally I said I would go in alone, and I went. The hole was filled with smoke, but not so dense that one could not breathe in it pretty well, as breathing goes in a bad place like that. About twenty-five feet from the face of the crosscut were a few sets of stulls and some lagging poked over the caps. It was a kind of broken horse in the formation, some talc and loose rock which it was necessary to prop up. I had just cleared the timbered section and had reached a point only a few feet from the face of the tunnel when 'bomb' went the 'missed' hole and I was a blank. Such a sensation comes to a man but once. I was dead, as dead as a mackerel, but I was not hurt. I was blind, yet I could see. All of my senses had left me, yet I stood in the midst of a whirling sea of blood, and could see the mountains which encircle Butte, could see men and women walking on the streets of the city, and watched the cage descend into the mines and ascend with their loads of ore and miners. I could see every drift, slope, level, crosscut, winz and shaft in the camp, from the surface to the sumps, and could see the men at work. I saw four men I had left in the drift and the expressions on their faces changed, and I noted every change.

"I saw them cautiously walking into the crosscut and watched them as they carefully picked up the broken rock made by the blasts and lay them aside in their search for my body and that of the missing miner. I heard every word they uttered, and they were words of sadness and full of agony.

"Sweetest music came to my ears and the melody swelled until it fairly rang, and I heard sweet voices singing in the hallelujah chorus from 'The Messiah,' and the 'Ave Maria' came as a most enchanting finale to the grand concert. It was a sacred concert being held in one of the churches. I could heard the priest chanting the mass, and I also heard the coarse and vulgar voices that came from the beer halls down town.

"All the while the miners were toiling in a vain endeavor to find my dead body and that of the other miner. I saw one of the men going out of the drift and heard him give the alarm to other miners on the hill. I saw men from a dozen mines hurrying to the spot where I lay dead and I heard the word as it passed from one to another in the city, and I heard inquisitive reporters asking how it happened, and I heard men saying that I was a good man and that the community had lost a good citizen when I died.

"After a while the miners succeeded in removing all of the broken rock from the face of the drift and I heard them saying that there was no dead body there. I saw myself that there was no dead body.

"All was quite. The men had left and were talking up town about the strange occurrence. I relapsed into a cold quiet, and I didn't know how long I remained in that state, but I have since learned.

"Like a thunderbolt, as if a meteor had descended from the sky and crushed me into the earth, a shock came to me which restored to my spirit all of my senses and faculties. My eyes opened against a wall of black, my arms refused to respond to the call of mind, my legs were pinioned, my whole body was held in a vice-like grip.

"The shock I experienced was produced by a vicious kick on my ankle bone. Every muscle in my body squirmed and twitched, and I gave vent to a terrible shriek, for the first physical effect of the blast was now quite apparent. The shriek was in concert with another and similar shriek which came from somewhere very close to me. I said something—I don't know what—but no sooner had I said it than a reply came.

"'Where are we?'

"'Who are you?' I asked.

"'I'm Pete. Are you hurt, Bill?'

"I replied that I wasn't hurt and that I wasn't Bill. I told my strange companion who I was, and he wanted to know how I got there and why Bill had left him.

"'Have you a match?' asked Pete.

"'I have,' said I, 'but I am squeezed in here somehow and I can't get into my pocket.'

"'By George, I have one,' said Pete, and, he being in a more favorable position, succeeded in striking the match. His candle lay alongside of him and he lit it.

"Pete crawled out of his hole and surveyed the situation. He got me out, and then we stood in the drift and looked at each other. Neither was hurt even a little bit. Pete told his story. After he and his partner had fired the fuses he started back after his watch, which he had left on top of the lagging near the face of the drift, and as he was in the act of reaching for it three blasts went off and the concussion knocked the life out of him, and also boosted him up above the lagging among a lot of rocks and debris. My story was similar. I was shot up over the lagging by the blast and wedged between the timbers and a slab of rock. I was stunned; so was Pete. I have told you how it affected me, and when I told Pete what I had seen and heard while I was dead he startled me by saying that he had experienced exactly what I had; that he had seen and heard all of the things I had heard and seen, and the funny part, he thought, was the very elegant bouquets the men up town gave the reporters to publish about him.

"We had been dead for six hours."—Anaconda Standard.

**Unpractical Man.**

Cooke—It's surprising how unpractical some men are.

Brooke—Why, how's that?

Cooke—Well, there's Prof. Linguist, for example. He spent the best part of his life acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get in a word edgeways.

**Helpless.**

Ascum—So you are engaged to be married to Miss Strong, eh? How did it happen? You told me you always got so bashful when you were alone with a girl that you couldn't speak.

Timmid—That's just it. When I didn't answer her question, she said, "Silence gives consent," and that settled it.—Philadelphia Press.

**New President for Haiti.**

PORT AU PRINCE, Haiti, Dec. 12.—The chamber of the communes finished the elections of senators today, and the national assembly will have a session within a few days to elect a new president of the republic. The majority favor Seneque Pierre, whose election is assured in case Gen. Nord, the war minister, does not oppose him. Gen. Nord will enter the capital with his army on Sunday next.


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**Washes Sand and Gravel and "Pans Out" Fine Flakes of Gold—Placer Miner Says Indiana Is Full of the Yellow Metal and the Best Field in America.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 12.—R. L. Royce, who has been prospecting for gold in Morgan and Brown counties for the past two years, came here today on a business trip, and while discussing his experiences in his chosen work, he aroused a laugh by remarking: "Young men in Indiana will live to see Indiana the greatest gold placer mining state in the Union; the greatest, not in the largest wealth in dollars in each cubic yard of dirt, but the greatest in profitable productive area, and in total amount of gold produced. I have just panned the finest gold in the world out of an Indianapolis street."

Investigation demonstrated that Royce was not altogether boasting. It developed that shortly after his arrival he asked if a sewer was being dug in any part of the city where there is a good gravel deposit, and he was referred to Northwestern avenue, in North Indianapolis. Royce went to the excavation and filled an ordinary shoe box with the sand and gravel, with which he returned to the city, and, with an ordinary washpan he "panned" our flakes of gold. Said Mr. Royce of his experiment: "As the dirt and gravel was gradually washed out there was left in the bottom of the pan a trace of a black, lead-like silt.

**Gradually Washed Out.**

"As this was gradually washed out, bright, yellow flour-like flakes settled to the bottom of the pan. That was gold, the finest in the world, with the possible exception of the Snake river product. It will run 909½ per cent pure, and when gold is selling at $20.60 per ounce at the mint it will bring over $19, while the farfamed Alaska and California gold will run but $15 to $18. The men who are throwing dirt out of that sewer in North Indianapolis are throwing out gold with every cubic yard. It is a well known fact that gold always sinks bby its weight; therefore the richer deposit is always found under the surface. The 'color' that I washed would indicate that in that sand and gravel deposit it will run from 1[illegible] cents a cubic yard on the surface to a very rich deposit further down, and that the average for the bed would probably range from 45 to 50 cents."

Mr. Royce asserted that most of the Indianapolis people could find richer deposits of gold in their yards than is being mined today with great profit in sections of California and South Africa, and they had only to learn the art of "panning" and go to work to determine the truth of the statement. He also asserted that there was plenty of soil in this city and along White river in this section of the state, extending down through Morgan, Brown and surrounding counties, that will run from 50 cents to $1 per cubic yard, and there were certain deposits in clay that would average much higher.

**What Royce Says.**

"The trouble with Indiana people," said Mr. Royce, "is that they don't figure on any gold that does not glitter. They have an idea that all gold comes in nuggets and can be picked up. But the finest gold is in flakes and is washed out of the earth. It has only been within the last few years that machinery has been invented that will make gold washing in Indiana profitable, but we will see the day when Indiana will be a great gold producing state." He referred to men in Morgan and Brown counties who have been washing gold for years, and even with the crudest methods known in gold washing they have been clearing from $1.25 to $2 per day.

"If they can do that," said Mr. Royce, "with pans and rockers, what ought people working with the latest machinery do?"

Mr. Royce is still prospecting in Brown and Morgan, and his success has done away with the ridicule first rewarding his efforts, and he has compelled the state geologist to admit that there is gold there in greater quantities than first supposed. It is Mr. Royce's firm belief that there are single deposits in hills in Indiana, if they could only be located, and if worked by the latest and most saving mechanical methods, would yield sufficient to pay off the state debt.

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