

MINA'S GOLD.

MINERS SWEATED AND
DIED FOR IT 1850-60.

...time of blasted hopes for thousands who left the States full of expectancy—Plenty of Gold Left—Indications.

Taken from 1850 to 1860 the great majority of diggers did not, in my belief, average \$1 per day for their work and time. There was often so much time used up before the actual gold bearing earth could be worked or washed. Men worked one, two, and sometimes three years in digging ditches to get water on their claims. Water is almost as necessary for gold workings as is air for human breathing. Ditches had to be dug (canals would be the more appropriate name) over 100 miles in length to tap the snow fed streams in the highest Sierras. Digging up there in places was no small feat. There was little to dig in, and the water was in places brought in immense flames, boiled to the sides of precipices 200 feet from the valley below. In river mining years were sometimes spent in blasting rocks through a quarter of a mile of flinty rock, and then, when the river bed was finally laid bare, little gold was found. In river mining certainly one claim out of three proved a total failure. On dry, upland surface diggings men spent years waiting for water, that is, waiting either for the promised ditch to be completed, or waiting for the winter rains. How did they live? Perhaps by packing buckets of dirt half a mile to the nearest creek or river and there washing it. Or by "rocking out" a digger or two a day from the off-turned over gravel on some river's banks. And a miserable, squalid life it was for thousands who had come out from the States full of the expectancy of returning home in five years at least with a pile of money and the girl left behind.

But they stayed on, and fifteen and twenty years in cabins which here would not be deemed fit for stables, cooking for themselves, washing for themselves, forgetting what it was to sleep in clean sheets or any other kind; living on tough beef, beans and bacon, working like packhorses summer and winter; getting yearly more gray and grizzled and angular; looking year after year on the same gloomy, sterile, chaparral covered hillsides, their only recreation the Sunday trip to the nearest store or camp for their provisions, where they might or might not, but generally did, wind up with more or less of a drunk, and then for two, three or five miles over hill and down gulch trudge home again. Little wonder they got drunk. It was the only method of getting temporary relief from a lifetime of blasted hopes—the only salve to apply to the old longing for their eastern homes. These were the men whose eastern relatives sometimes thought strangely of because they did not make or send home money. Most of them now are buried and enriching the soil they dug in. Many of them are in nameless and unknown graves. Many went insane. Sometimes one was left, the only resident "on the Bar." Then it would be reported that Smith was acting queerly, and Smith's next translation would be to the county hospital and from thence to one of California's two insane asylums.

Is there much gold yet in California? Lots of it. Lots of it, though, where you must put a dollar and a half in to get one dollar out. Lots of it in places where, after you dig a certain depth, you meet too much rock to blast and hoist out and water to pump out. Like Springfield Flat in Tuolumne county—a geological curiosity—a plain a mile square, out of which all the red clay dirt has in former years been taken to a depth of ten or twelve feet, leaving exposed great knobs and ridges of reddish rock, washed and worn by some great water power untold ages ago into fantastic shapes. These are all really lower bowlders from the size of a small church down. They are of marble. Break off a piece and the fracture under the yellowish red of the outside is as white as loaf sugar. Rich gold, and plenty of it, has been taken from Springfield Flat. It was worth nearly \$19 per ounce, when Tuolumne River gold brought but \$17. But Springfield Flat could never be bottomed on account of the enormous bowlders so strangely piled in there and the water beside, though the nuggets grew bigger as they worked down into the crevices. It is on the "boulder range."

This is a remarkable underground geological freak, running many miles in southern California, of great bowlders similarly piled on each other, and in places, as at Vallecito, where shafts were sunk in it, the bottoms have tumbled out and revealed subterranean streams running underneath.

There are ranges of low hills bordering the San Joaquin valley in Merced, Stanislaus and adjoining counties, where small "prospects" of gold may be obtained. There are miles of these "washed gravel" mounds. But save in rainy weather, when the water comes right down on the spot where you want to use it, there is little working these places to any profit. What with digging and carting the dirt half a mile or more to the river and there washing it, and possibly being under the necessity of "puddling" it before you can wash it, there is more than a dollar spent in getting a dollar out. Yet gold lies in those hills—lots of it, could you get it out in a lump. And there is many another deposit locked up in California's hills and mountains which time may reveal, but to look for it now is to look for the needle in an acre of haystacks.

This side of the "Rockies" has never been "prospected" for gold so thoroughly as the other. There nine-tenths of the first settlers have been miners more or less. Whatever their occupation, they have kept an eye open for "surface indications," and a pick and pan handy to test gravel for gold whenever they had leisure and water to wash it. As a result, from Cariboo to Mexico scores of gulches exist that a white man has visited, but that has felt the good seeking miner's pick. On this side, and especially at the extreme east, an idea prevails that because it is an older settled country it can have no unknown mineral deposits. Few people here know how to prospect or wash a pan of dirt. Gold dust may be in your door yard for ages and give no sign of its presence, and many people wouldn't know what it was if it did.—Fremont Mulford in New York Star.

Varieties of Hay Fever.

Hay fever is not hay fever at all in most cases. Intelligent physicians have found that the varieties of this fever are scores, if not hundreds, in number. The pollen of orchard grass is one of the most common irritants producing violent sneezing and expectation for hours or days. It can be cured by the use of witch hazel extract snuffed up the nostrils. But these grasses affect some people. So the flying pollen of willow trees affect others. Jimson weed has the victims, and so have many more common plants. A German scientific journal reports that the pollen of the palm tree is exceedingly irritating to the nose, throat, eyes and ears. It is well for hay fever patients to know that the stomach can suffer from the pollen that affects their other organs. Between the vegetable and animal kingdom.—Globe-Democrat.

THE FAIR SEX.

A New York girl has varied the custom by being married at sunrise.

Mrs. John A. Logan is having a portrait bust of herself made by Mr. Flannery, the sculptor, who made a bust of her husband.

Mrs. Leland Stanford's jewels are valued at a round million. Her diamond necklace is the finest in the United States and possibly in the world. It cost \$74,000 and consists of large "blue tint" solitaires.

Queen Victoria has decided to import a number of Indian servants for her personal establishment. Last year she sent to India for two, who always stand, robed in their native picturesque attire, behind the royal chair.

Miss Ethel Sprague, who is living with her mother at "Edgewood," her home, just out of Washington, recently entertained her young friends by giving a "blackberry party." The novelty of this party was that the guests helped themselves off the bushes that grew so thickly in the garden of this fine old place. The idea is an attractive one, much more so than would be that of a "strawberry party" if one had to help one's self from the vines.

Speaking of Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the American whistler, The Saturday Review of London remarks that many people have been asked out to hear her, regarding the whole thing as a joke, and have come away in simple wonder at the unlooked-for display of her powers. They have found her a sound musician and a subtle mistress of her particular art. They have found that, through her special medium, she could fill Covent Garden with a sound of whistles or whistles.

...notes the execution of which only years of rehearsal could achieve. It may be difficult to conceive a whistling prima donna; but the fact is that whistling as a fine art is worthy of attentive study. Those who have once heard Mrs. Alice Shaw cannot fail to realize that, if whistling were cultivated as a fine art by those who, in addition to musical endowment, have strength of vocal chord, a high roofed palate, and a flexible buccal aperture, they might be trained to take part in a concert, as of many clarionets, with an effect more thrilling than the most exquisite instrumental music has ever conjured up, and which, from its novelty alone, would be more surprising than any concert hitherto heard, whether instrumental or vocal.

Symptoms of Jekyll and Hyde.

Edgar S. Kelly, the composer, relates in The Theatre that a short time ago a student devoted to chemistry and of a speculative turn of mind, was deeply impressed by Mansfield's Dr. Jekyll. A few weeks afterward he was on two occasions awakened by strange convulsive motions of the muscles of the throat, and looking into the mirror he was startled to find that his features were so distorted that no one would recognize them, and it was some time before they became relaxed. For years he had felt that he was possessed of an evil spirit which tempted him to do cruel and absurd things, but he had thus far contended successfully against it. It now seemed as though it were to appear in a new form. Dr. Malcolm accounts for this as the result of morbid brooding over past shortcomings, magnified through lenses of a supersensitive conscience, thus assuming abnormal proportions, while the muscular contractions were due to insufficient protection for the neck while asleep. These incidents contain the germs of a story similar to Mr. Stevenson's, and may console those prosy individuals who claim they prefer to read that "which might have been true," by the thought that there is less of the improbable in the narrative than might seem at first glance.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Millionaire's Lofly Parlor.

A New York millionaire is having built a suite of rooms on the top of the lofty Equitable building, over 200 feet above the sea level. The apartments are reached by a flight of gilded iron steps. The suite consists of three rooms—a parlor, dining room and bath. All are to be carpeted and crowded with costly bric-a-brac. The little suite of rooms is provided with oval windows four feet in diameter, and will be lighted by electricity and furnished with steam heaters for the winter months or any inopportune cold wave that may break in upon the summer's heat. This superb apartment is the highest in point of elevation from the ground level of any similar suite of rooms in the world. In the hottest day of summer breezes blow in the alititudinous parlor and makes a sojourn there quite as enjoyable and cooling as a siesta in the mountains under the shade trees.—Chicago Times.

Women Who Will Work.

A recent writer is exceedingly out of tune because German women will work. He sees the farms bought up and the American stock bought out, because the American woman will not do garden and field work. Walter Besant insists that no woman should be compelled to work at all. It is a shame, he says, that "any lady should ever have to stand in the labor market for hire like a milkmaid at a statue fair." He likes the French plan, where, as soon as a daughter is born, they commence to accumulate her dowry. But the women themselves are inclined to settle that question in this country by assuming absolute equality. An increase of general out door helpfulness undoubtedly would make financial matters more secure and healthy mothers more common.—Globe-Democrat.

For Weary Shoppers.

The International Hygienic society has begun the erection of two buildings or "kiosks," in a fashionable shopping quarter, for the benefit of wearied women shoppers who have no place to leave their parcels or meet their friends or get a cup of tea during a long shopping bout. The Duke of Westminster has granted the land.—New York Sun.

Dr. Leiser propounds the idea that sickness can be regulated by a system of breathing. One must sit still and breathe regularly and freely according to a fixed schedule.

The man who volunteers the information that he is sober is not to be believed.—Washington Critic.

AT THE TABLE.

LITTLE PEOPLE SHOULD FEED LIKE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

Effects of Disorderly Conduct at the Dinner Table—Teaching Good Manners to Hungry Children—A Task for the Mother—Sad Results.

How often it is the case that when guests are at table to whom some deference and ceremony may be due, we see the children made the center of observation and conversation, allowed to clamor for what they want, to reach and grasp and take and put back, and indeed sometimes to make a pandemonium of the whole occasion! They talk their own talk, and they make other talk nearly if not quite impossible; they join in the general conversation unprepared, obstruct it or silence it altogether; they delay the waitress and the dish, they express their wants with vehemence, they leave their seats, they climb back to them, they quarrel, they cry, they have to be appeased, they retard the helping of others, they spill and smear and make their neighborhood dangerous, and their daubed fingers and faces and tears, and their tricks and their manners generally are enough to cause such qualms in the observer as will prevent a repetition of the attempt to dine in their company; for the guests are driven to leave the table with a feeling that pulse and water are better with peace than the stalled ox is to the accompaniment of children ruined by indulgence.

Yet none of this should be or need be. It is not, to be sure, an entirely easy matter to have it otherwise; it requires constant oversight and effort to prevent it, to counteract it; for healthy, happy, hearty children are all so easily spoiled. A child who will come to the top of a tree to get a nut, just as the cultivated garden flower, when neglected, will waste its seed summer after summer, and at last return to the wild stock from which it was brought to its educated blossom.

And it is certainly far from an agreeable task, this teaching of table manners to children of good appetites, especially if there be among them any awkwardness, left handedness, absent mindedness or forgetfulness, or worse still, any disobedience or resentment; so disagreeable a task indeed is it that it sometimes seems as if it might be best to have a person stand behind each little chair, for no other purpose at all than to attend to every movement of the child's hand and arm and mouth till habits are established that shall be irrevocable. To see that the food is taken up with the fork and not with the knife; that the knife and fork are both held as they ought to be; that the mouth is not allowed to display its contents at every revolution; that the morsels are not spilled and scattered over chair and floor and bib and cloth; that the fingers are not used as chopsticks; that the drink is not swallowed in resounding gulps, or the soup sipped with relishing gurgles; that glasses are not set; that hands do not reach forward and grab for the contents of a dish, or hover and handle before selection when a dish is offered; that the left hand shall not replace the right; that the movements shall not be hurried or abrupt, violent or of too wide sweep; that the tongue shall be a silent member.

Few things more early manifest the good sense and taste and a mother, than the behavior of her child at the table. A child who, unprepared, stuffs food into the mouth as if the spoonfuls were to be snatched away otherwise and vanish into thin air, who bends over the table as a pig does over a trough, and makes scarcely less noise about it, whose hair dangles into the plate, whose elbows rest on the table or make acute angles with the ceiling, whose knife and fork stand erect at intervals, who lolls along the board, whose fingers are greasy, whose face no less so, whose mouthfuls are held high in air for the general survey before plunging them to their doom, whose glass is in a slop—all of whose actions in the gratification of appetite or the satisfaction of hunger are more those of a young savage, not to say young animal, than of an intelligent child—such a child betrays that its mother has paid no attention to decorum or decency in bringing it up, but has eaten and drunken and amused herself, and never taken the trouble to turn her head to see whether the child behaved like a civilized being, satisfied that, if only the food had disappeared from its plate, it had then been properly fed.

This neglect on the part of a mother is a great pity, for it makes a sad difference with a child's happiness whether it finds itself sought for and beloved, or avoided and contemned and laughed; at and the latter fate can hardly be hindered if a child's manners at table are bad to nauseation. It will see other children preferred before itself, kindly entertained and caressed, and it will have the injurious sense of being a young person—injurious because calculated to make it wild and reckless in many other ways, and therefore again unloved. And certainly a child is happier for the consciousness that it is quite the equal of other children in all those things which are within its volition and capacity; and all children, it is notorious, love to be praised for their gentlemanly or lady like deportment. It seems hard then that, owing to the idleness or indifference of the parent or the proper care taker, a child should be denied the pleasure which it might have of being noticeably gentle mannered at the table.—Harper's Bazar.

Fell on Lincoln's Shoulders.

When President and Mrs. Lincoln first passed through Cincinnati on their way to Washington, a kind hearted old lady determined to show Mrs. Lincoln the courtesy due her rank, and so she made a magnificent wreath of flowers. This she suspended by a frail cord over one of the seats along the proposed route. One end of the cord she held in her hand while seated in a second story window. In a second story window on the opposite side of the street sat a friend holding the other end. The plan was to drop the wreath in the lap of Mrs. Lincoln as her carriage passed under it.

When the carriage came along, however, Lincoln was in the front part of it, standing up, occasionally bowing his head and waving his hand. His tall form touched the wreath and it dropped over his head and around his neck. The crowd laughed, and the kind lady who had planned to do honor to the wife of the man she so much revered burst into a flood of tears. These tears were, however, wasted. It was a happy accident. A wreath, not of laurel, but of beautiful, fragrant flowers, had been made to deck the shoulders which were to bear burdens heavier than had ever been borne by mortal man.

Mr. Lincoln smiled at the happy accident, bowed to the involuntary donor, and so reconciled her that her tears were at once brushed away.—Prairie Farmer.

Just Like Papa.

Mamma—Harry, you must be still! No respectable person will stamp and pound and about the way you are doing.
Harry (doubly aggrieved)—Why, mamma, I was only just imitating the way papa preaches.—Burlington Free Press.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

Clippings from the Newspapers—Paragraphs of General Interest.

Five hundred dollars per acre has been paid in some cases in England this year for cherries on the trees.

California expects a wine crop of 25,000,000 gallons this year, an increase of 8,000,000 over last year.

Four men at Gainesville, Fla., in twenty days killed 600 alligators for their hides and teeth.

Some people have real good ideas of comfort, and so a Boston undertaker is making two \$5,000 coffins.

It is reported that 15,000,000 cotton-wood trees have been planted in southwest Kansas this year.

The verdict of the appointed judges is that British grown tobacco cannot be made to pay.

Tea cultivation, it is said, is to be tried by a rancher at Elko, Nev., who proposes employing Indian women and children to gather the leaves.

At Vienna, last year, 363 Jews became Christians, and another paper says that "at no period since the First century have conversions from Judaism to Christianity been so frequent as they are at present."

The authorities of Green county, Ky., recently imposed a fine of \$900 on the Louisville and Nashville railroad for breaking the Sabbath by distributing ties along the line of the road.

Telephone rates are comparatively low in Sweden. At Greta, for instance, the subscriber pays an annual rental of but \$4 and gets the use of the telephone system extending 100 miles in the country.

In London dressmakers and others are fined heavily for allowing their girls to work over hours in the shops. Jay, the great mourning storeman, was recently up in the police court on a charge of this sort.

Hao, a relative of the Chinese general of the same name, has just been decapitated for trading in forged decorations. The engraver who did the work received 100 lashes and was banished for three years.

A company has been formed at Pittsburgh with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, with the object of opening a tin mine in Mexico near Durango. A tract of land has been purchased covering an area of ten miles square.

Hah-skin-gay-goh-lah, the Apache who has just been taken to the Ohio penitentiary to serve an eighteen years' sentence for murder, has been put to work with thread and needle patching prison garments. He says he "no likee squaw work."

The island of Foula, one of the Shetlands, is for sale. It is three miles long by two broad, and it is famed for its rocky coasts and abundant wild fowl, and is one of the few spots in Great Britain in which the great skua, a very rare bird, still lives.

Correspondents of newspapers will find it convenient to have the front edge of their desks divided, for the distance of one foot, into inches and fractions, for the purpose of measuring their printed matter. This simple device does away with the inconvenience of a wooden ruler.

The flag of the Pedee Light artillery was surrendered, but when the war ended in defeat was hidden under the color bearer's coat, and by him carried back to the lady who, four years before, had given it into his keep, and by her has been religiously kept ever since, and only brought out upon occasions of the battery's reunion.

Aluminum, the silvery metal that used to cost \$240 a pound thirty-five years ago, is now produced at the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, for twenty-five cents a pound. Common clay everywhere contains from two to ten pounds of it in every 100 pounds, and it is likely, within the next decade or two, to become more common than iron.

Missouri contains over 20,000 manufacturing establishments, which furnish employment for about 150,000 persons. The capital employed is about \$200,000,000. The material annually used and worked up amounts to \$300,000,000, and the products put upon the market amount to \$500,000,000, while the wages paid are nearly \$100,000,000.

A review called Der Frauenfeind, or "Enemy of Woman," is to be started in Vienna. The editor, Herr Grose, has set before himself the object of emancipating man from his subjection to "that doll woman, whom idiots idealize and fools bow down before as to divinity." He says that there are exceptions to this denunciation, and generously exempts whole classes of the sex from the scope of his review.

The Russet Leather Shoe.

The russet leather shoe is frankly confessed by a certain literary and common sense dude to be really the lazy or the economic man's shoe. Its chief merit lies in the fact that it does not need to be blackened or dusted. It is the experience of gentlemen who are sensitive about their foot wear that a shoe ought to be polished about as often as a cleanly man washes his hands. The patent polished shoe is objected to on the ground that it has become greatly cheapened, and, like the Prince Albert coat, has been driven out of fashion's realm, because the toughs have adopted it. Besides, in hot weather, the patent leather shoe is very heating, so the russet leather shoe finds favor in the young men's eyes. But if coolness and economy are what are desired, why not go farther east and get those wonderful shoes that the Chinese make with braided straw? They are nearly the same color, are lighter and cooler, while they are also far more unique.—New York Evening Sun.

Bibles Put Into Circulation.

More copies of the Word of God, in whole or in part, were put into circulation by the British and Foreign Bible society during the last year than existed in the whole world at the beginning of the present century. Adding the circulations of other Bible societies, the number would be vastly greater.—Missionary Herald.

A thrifty Scotch chemist proposes to dispose of corpses by putting their various materials to profitable use.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

of this year and would keep pace with the times should

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