

Jackson's Gold Mine.

The "Cousin Jack" gold mine in El Dorado county, Cal., was at one time a prosperous claim that paid its owners large monthly dividends and gave every promise of a still more profitable future.

The owners had considerable trouble with their superintendent, a burly Cornish miner, whose love of alcoholic stimulants and predisposition to fight were a source of constant annoyance. As often happens in gold mines the vein was "pockety," being very rich in some spots and barren in others.

It was while running through one of these barren streaks that "Big Jim," the superintendent, became involved in a dispute with the owners as to the proper course to be followed to find the pay chute again. A very ugly, and the owners, as was always the case when a "horse" was encountered, were themselves far from amiable. The outcome was that Jim received his conge the day following and a new "super" was in demand.

No one about the camp being available, I being one of the parties interested, set off for San Francisco in search of the man we wanted. I found him sooner than I expected. He was not a practical miner, but had, he said, and his letters of recommendation seemed to back up his statement—a thorough scientific knowledge of gold ores, was an assayer—in short, was almost ready to state that he could make the mine profitable whether the gold was in the rock or not.

I forthwith engaged the services of this man of science, and we were soon at the mine, where Mr. Jackson, my new acquisition, was duly installed as superintendent. We had paid "Big Jim" \$120 a month, but Jim was only a practical miner and not a scientist, so we could not, in all conscience, offer Mr. Jackson less than a fifty dollar advance on Jim's salary.

"Look here," remarked one of the partners to me one day, after our new superintendent had been with us about a week, "I don't think that that new scientific mining expert of yours knows any more about mining than a Plute Indian." I was obliged to admit that I myself had grave doubts on the subject.

Mr. Jackson obtained some remarkable assays from rock that wouldn't show a "color" in the pan, and when I sought to pin him down to any definite question as to the value of ores he gave evasive answers. He was certainly an expert at dodging questions if at nothing else.

In the meantime "Big Jim" had begged hard to be taken back, promising all manner of good conduct.

"I don't know nothin' about them air assays," said he, "but yer kin bet yer life I knows good rock when I sees it." Jim was particularly severe on our new superintendent, claiming that he (Mr. Jackson) couldn't tell a gold mine from a brass kettle. In this Jim was right, as the sequel will show.

Shortly after this Mr. Jackson came rushing over to the cabin one morning with a number of bright pieces in his hand. Was it possible, thought I, that a rich pocket had been found?

"What's the matter, Jackson?" I asked.

"You've got the richest mine in the world, sir," said he. "Look at these bits of metal. They were knocked down at the last blast. I've tested them and they are 900 fine at least."

"Why, you tarnation fool," broke in a voice over my shoulder, "that's brass."

It was Jim who spoke. He had evidently put up a job on the new superintendent, though where he got the lumps of brass from I have never learned. He was soon back in his old position, however, and Mr. Jackson was seen no more in those parts. I haven't heard of or from him since.

The Cousin Jack paid well for about a year after that and was then abandoned.

Who Invented Whisky.

Some quaint characters can be found in the odd places of this great cosmopolitan city now and then. I met one of them driving a street car on the Eighth avenue last night. He was a Welshman named Evan Jones—little iron gray old man, with clean black eyes and a highly rosette nose. He was a school teacher in his own country, a revenue officer in Ireland, an accountant in Bombay in an English shipping house, and now drives his car with the profane and cynical cheerfulness which characterizes old drivers, old printers and old night watchmen.

"I learned a new thing about whisky last night," said he to me yesterday, as I stepped on the front platform of his car. "What was it?" I asked.

"Why, how it was made first," he replied, as he pulled his old waterproof coat through the guard rail in front and bit off a piece of plug. "It was a monk who first invented it. Medved all alone in a little hole in the rocks. For years he had lived there. He was a man of great piety and learning. He could read the stars and fortell eclipses and storms and hard winters. He grew every herb and flower in the fields and could concock some powerful cordials and medicines. He could set broken bones and cure diseases, and he was as kind-hearted as a child and never harmed as much as a field mouse. All the same the people would have nothing to do with him. They avoided him, except now and then, when some mischievous

lad would roll a rock down the mountain side against his hut or else stone his old shaggy dog. No one ever said a kind word to him and he might have died and no one would have been near him. Then he invented whisky. First the people smelled it, and they used to hang around to see what it was and one day the monk found a poor fellow sick and cold and gave him a drink, and then a little flask to carry away. In a week the monk had more friends than an alderman with a poll. The people almost took him arm off shaking hands. They built him a fine little stone house, and he could have founded a monastery and grown rich, but he wouldn't, he kept on making whisky until he died.

"Where did I learn that?" said the old man, after he had paused a minute to say something sarcastic about a woman who wanted the car to stop on the wrong side of the crossing. "Why, there was two old ducks got on the car late last night, and both were pretty full. One was an Englishman and the other an Irishman, and it was the Englishman who told the story about the monk, and he wound up with: 'And this happened in Ireland and the monk was an Englishman, and the only time an Irishman is ever a friend to an Englishman is when the Englishman has the bottle.'"

"Ah, said the Irishman, he off wid ye. The first time Irishmen ever saw whisky was at the battle of Ballymacleugh, where the Sixtons put up a bad job on 'em. It was but a short time after the days of St. Patrick, and the Irishmen came down upon the English, and would have ate 'em but for their tricks. The English filled the trenches wid buckets of whisky and the Irishmen, drunk an' got to fighting among themselves, an' that is the way the English men first bate us an' brought trouble on Ireland."

"Yes," said the Englishman, "you give an Irishman a drink an' he'll fight his own father."

"An' if an Englishman offers a man a drink look out for him, for he wants to do 'im, mold that!" said the Irishman.

"An' that's the way they kept it up all the way down from fifty-eight street to Abingdon square," said the driver. "They were both good natured, and when they got off it was to take a drink and wait for the next car."—New York Star.

British Meat Eaters.

A gentleman having a thorough knowledge of the British cattle market, in writing from Liverpool, furnishes some interesting facts as to the British food supply, says an Ottawa correspondent of the New York Sun. He says:

"In a recent address given before the Croydon Farmers' club, Major Craigie, who is invariably well informed upon these matters, said that of every 100 pounds of butchers' meat consumed in the United Kingdom nearly seventy-four pounds are produced from home-grown stock, while only seven pounds are produced from live cattle which enter this country, the balance being imported in the form of dead meat. The dead meat trade is extremely extensive as shown by the fact that twenty years ago the whole dead meat trade amounted to only 62,000 tons, whereas last year it had risen to 396,000 tons, or nearly six times the former amount. On the other hand, in 1869 the live stock from abroad furnished only 77,000 tons of meat, and last year the supply from the same source was only 137,000 tons. Speaking of the production of meat in this country, Major Craigie calculates that for every thousand head of cattle produced by the British farmer, 67 tons of beef or veal is placed on the market. In a similar way every 1,000 sheep produced 12 1/2 tons of meat, and every 1,000 pigs produced not far short of 70 tons in one form or another. Upon this basis Major Craigie assumes that the total home-made trade would amount to 1,215,000 tons of which 988,000 would be beef. We have already seen that the foreign live-meat trade is represented by 137,000 tons, and the dead-meat trade by 336,000 tons, so that the nation consumes from all sources 1,788,000 tons of meat in the year. And yet these figures may not represent the entire consumption."

A Paper Mine.

"I recently met Henry Palmer, an old California friend and one of the Argonauts, who told me he had abandoned the West and settled in St. Lawrence county," says a writer in the New York Star. "What are you doing up there?" I asked. He excited my curiosity by replying, "Working a paper mine." "When I was a boy I worked in a paper mill at Camden and became familiar with the clays used for sizing and weighing paper. I concluded a short time ago to leave California and spend the balance of my days in the East. While on a visit to St. Lawrence county I was riding one day along a new road which had been cut for some distance through a peculiar formation of soft white rock. I examined it carefully under the microscope and found that it was fibrous, and seemed peculiarly adapted to paper making. I had tests made by manufacturers, who reported favorably, so I bought the land and began mining; we are now shipping over a hundred tons a day, and it is rapidly displacing the clays formerly used, as its fibrous nature makes it a part of the warp and web of the paper, instead of sizing only. No other such deposit is known in the country."

A Barber's Pleasant Talk.

Said the barber as he began operation on Mr. Billings' three days' growth of beard: "I have not always been in this business."

"Oh," answered Billings, who thought he saw a chance to be funny, "any one could see that. If I am not mistaken you used to be a butcher."

"I don't see how you guessed it, but you are right," was the reply of the artist. "Well, I wasn't exactly a butcher, but what you may call a second assistant. You see, it was my business to take a hog or sheep, or whatever animal might be in need of my attention by the chin—just this way—and take a big knife—just like this—and cut his throat. But I do you always persevere at it at rate when you are getting a shaved. It is a little warm in here—I had to give the business up. It got to praying on my mind, so to speak. There was a sort of fascination about the thing," continued the barber, as he began to operate on Mr. Billings' neck with a safety razor, "a sort of horrible fascination. I got so I couldn't look at an innocent lamb without thinking how easily and artistically I could hold your chin up a little higher please—haw gracefully and delicately. I may say, that I could let the glad sunlight into his breathing apparatus at one swipe, so to speak. You cannot realize what a passion it became unless you had been in my place. Hold your chin a little higher, please. There—that's the position, exactly."

And that barber continued to talk about the delights of butchering business all the while fixing Mr. Billings' glittering eye, till the poor man submitted to a shampoo, a haircut and a shave, but Billings declined to have his face done over a second time.

"I see I've lost a customer," said the barber to himself, as the victim disappeared up the street with a wild look in his eyes, "but I don't think he'll ever try to kid no more barbers when the barber has got him down and has got all the best of it."—Terre Haute Express.

Here and There.

Milk from a cow which had been bitten by a mad dog is supposed to have poisoned a whole family near Malta Bend, Mo., and it is thought they will all die.

It is said that for four years after the fight at Chikamauga the battlefield shone like bright moonlight, even on the darkest nights. The light came from the phosphorescent exhalation of the decaying bones of the heaped-up dead.

An old lady in New Haven, Conn., died recently and left \$2,000 to James Brown, of Stoughton, and when James was notified five of them appeared to claim the cash. As she didn't particularize the James she wanted to make happy they will have to divide the money between them.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court in California will give new trials to at least a dozen sentenced murderers as the decision places the burden of proof, even in murder, on the State whereas the old decision, which has been followed for thirty years, insists upon the defendant rebutting the charge of malice.

Opposing lawyers in Selma, Cal., who bet ten dollars in court and made the judge stakeholder, afterwards regretted their action, for as soon as quiet was restored the judge picked up the coin and ordered his clerk to enter a fine of ten dollars each against the attorneys for contempt of court, and to give a receipt for the money.

A French official returning to his home in the suburbs a few days ago, his wife and family were absent, found a burglar asleep on the sofa in the parlor with his jimmy and skeleton keys by his side and a lot of jewelry and other valuables packed up to take away. He was unable to arouse the man even by shaking him, and when he had sent for the police they had to throw cold water in the man's face to bring him to. It turned out that he had found a bottle which contained something that looked like wine and had taken a drink. It was really a powerful narcotic and put him to sleep.

Punishment in Edgely.

The moral of punishment by edgely is indicated about as distinctly as possible in the argumentation of the citizen of Utica who visited Artemus Ward's show: He walks up to the cage containing my wax figures of the Lord's Supper, and ceases Judas Iscariot by the feet and drags him on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he could.

"What under the son ara you about?" cried I. He: "What did you bring this pussyaneremus cuss here for?" and he hit the wax figure, a another tremendous blow on the head. Sez I: You are just ass, that air's a wax figure, a representation of the false Pookle." Sez he: "That's all very well for you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscariot can't show himself in Utiky with im, punity!—with such observashun he caved in Judassus hed."—Green Bag.

A Night Have Made a Mistake.

Texas Shiftings: Anxious wife—Doctor how is my husband? Doctor—He will come around all right. What he needs now is quiet. I have here a couple of opiates.

"When shall I give them to him?" "Give them to him! They are for you madam. Your husband needs rest."

The Poppy in China.

According to a work recently issued by the Chinese imperial maritime customs, written by Dr. Eddins and entitled "Opium; Historical Note on the Poppy in China," the Arabs took opium to that country in the eighth century, at a time when there was a flourishing trade between Canton and the ports of the Red sea and the Persian gulf. The medicinal properties of the drug are mentioned in a work published in the tenth century. From this time it was cultivated for these properties, and from the fifteenth century it appears plain that the manufacture of opium has existed in China, and it is not until recent years that there have been both native and foreign opium in this country. The smokers of it prefer to have the same sort of thing as an entree after the sweets. Epicures seldom care much for the sweets. Sugar is not favorable to digestion, moreover, tends to increase that over supply of adipose tissue from which so many folks begin to suffer even before they can fairly be called "middle-aged." Besides which, sweet is not merely a flavor; but a cloying of the sense of flavor; and, in short, few people who really appreciate a good dinner care much for the sweets. A vanilla bavaroise, an omelette and rhum punch or orange fritters, or some other dish of that character, which does not involve other pastry or much sugar, is generally acceptable. At least, such should be provided as some people would think they had not dined without a sweet course at all. But then, for the people who really have taste should come the savory. Mushrooms, or caviare, or anchovies, or cheese, or what not for the base—little substance, but rapidly and savor—a strong and well managed taste, to give the assurance that appetite is not surfeited, and to serve as the apex of the pyramid of an artistic Analyst.

She had been to Church.

Have a friend who does not go to church himself; but sends his wife regularly, says a writer in the Lewiston Journal. I dined with him last Sunday and he took advantage of the circumstances to display her devotional tendencies before company.

"What was the text, Sue?" he asked.

"Oh, something somewhere in Genesis; I've forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hughes sat right in front of me, wearing the worst looking bonnet I ever saw on a woman's head."

"How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he was simply superb! And Kate Selwin was there in a seakskin that never cost a cent less than \$100."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No; and the Jones girls were rigged out in their old silks made over. You would have died laughing to have seen them."

"It seems to me you didn't hear much of the sermon."

"The fact is, George, the new minister has a lovely voice; it almost put me to sleep."

A long silence followed, during which George absentely helped me to pickles and mustard, while his wife sat looking as demure as a saint at a circus. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"There! I knew I'd forget to tell you something! The fringe on Mrs. Brown's cape is an inch deeper than mine, and twice as heavy!"

My friend changed the conversation to the latest new novel.

MISSING LINKS.

No consideration is sufficient in law if it be illegal in nature.

Large numbers of Americans, especially from the Pacific coast, are now visiting Japan. They generally remain a few months and thus acquire a wide familiarity with Japanese manners and institutions.

The German army as a whole is to be laughed at. While this may on the whole lend new terrors to war, some singing makes people so reckless of death that they become actually brave, and this perhaps is at the bottom of the Emperor's order.

Another tailless comet has been discovered. Astronomers are astonished at the number of comets which have appeared of late destitute of their caudal appendages. Can it be that evolution is producing such strange results in the cometary world?

If the avaricious British syndicate which is said to be trying to get control of the ice-cream business could only get a corner on the ice cream-and-summer-girl-joke fiend and pack him away in sawdust for awhile, it would confer an appreciable boon on "many readers."

It was discovered the other day at St. Joseph that rats had eaten a hole five inches long and three inches wide in the discharge pipe of a sewer. It is understood that a secret organization has been formed among the plumbers there for the protection of these rodents.

The fellow who predicts the weather for a year in advance has been set in the shade by a venerable prophet whom newspaper men ran across at the railroad station in Springfield, Mass. He can read a paper four years before it is printed, and he can penetrate the future to such an extent as to learn that his death won't occur until the middle of next century. He didn't tell where he lived, but they all took it for granted that it was in a hospital for the insane.



A MEMORY OF EARLY DAYS.

Base of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed off with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose:
All the shuddering frame revolta
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and gripping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing and renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic according to size of dose. Unequaled as a liver pill. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. As a laxative, only one Pellet necessary for a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable. Being purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.



For "run-down," debilitated and overworked women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is a potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to Women; a powerful general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve. It

IRRIGATION.

Major J. W. Powell, the director of the United States geological survey, contributes an article to the March Century on "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region." The Snake or Shoshone river heads in the great forest clad mountains of Wyoming and runs across the line into Idaho, then passes quite across the territory until it becomes the boundary line between Idaho and Oregon. Passing the northeastern corner of the last mentioned state, it enters the state of Washington, and runs westward for a long reach until it debouches into the Columbia. The Shoshone river is one of great volume, second only to the Colorado. Reservoir sites along its course in Wyoming and Idaho have already been revealed by the surveys, and it is already shown that in the upper region water can be stored to an amount of more than 2,000,000 acre feet. This will irrigate at the first usage at least 2,000,000 acres of land; and if they be properly selected so that the waters can be collected again and again after serving the land, the area redeemed will be more than 4,000,000 acres. There are many other tributaries below that have not yet been examined, and it is safe to say that the waters of the Shoshone with its tributaries may ultimately serve from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres. In its utilization three classes of problems are involved. If the waters are taken out in small canals near to the river, and the lowlands served first, and prior rights and interests established on such lands, then but a small part of the stream can be used, and the greater part will run away to the Pacific ocean; and subsequently the region of irrigation can be enlarged only by buying out vested water rights scattered along the course of the river. But if at the very beginning the water can be taken out high up the river and carried in great canals to either side and there distributed to the higher lands, and used over and over again on its return, a complete utilization can be secured, and the cost of the construction of the system of irrigation by reservoirs and canals will be greatly reduced per acre. To irrigate 2,000,000 acres of land near to the river by short canals along its course here and there will cost more than half as much as the construction of hydraulic works that will serve from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000; while the scattered minor works will be forever subject to destruction by the floods, and the agriculture secured will be of less value per acre, because the best lands will not be served, and only imperfect drainage will be secured.

The Brass Mule Cure.

A traveler recently returned from Pekin, tells us, says the North China Medical Journal, that he saw a method of cure which may be new to some of our readers. In a temple outside one of the city gates is to be found a brass

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mule of life size, supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows: Supposing you suffer from sciatica, you go with all speed to this famous temple, and having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you must rub the animal a certain number of times and then with the same hand shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes. The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching? Just scrub the mule's teeth and then your own, and voila! the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer on the cornea? Pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then with well regulated pressure, rub repeatedly the afflicted eye.

The mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work, the eye balls, we are told, having been gradually worn away, as the result of constant friction, until now you have only the empty sockets to operate upon.

The animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients, and a new, perfectly whole mule stands ready at hand, awaiting the day when his old colleague, having fallen to pieces in the temple, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefitting posterity.

A Cure For Diphtheria.

The following remedy is said to be the best known, at least it is worth trying, for physicians seem powerless to cope with the disease successfully. At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.—Scientific American.

Smith—What has become of White? I used to see him often when he clerked for Arnold & Constable, but I haven't met him in a long time.

Brown—Oh, White has gone into retirement.

Gone into retirement?

Yes; he clerks now for a store that doesn't advertise.—Times Siftings.