

Cobalt would fain usurp the title.

This is how it happened: One day great mining camp when the discovery in 1884, when the first of the Broken was made that even the despised Hill mines were still a discouraging ironstone was a rich sulphide ore, and prospect and a camp yet without a when men began "shipping the scenname, a man drifted that way, looked ery," quarrying the ore from open over the ground and made up his mind cuts. Although Rasp did not suspect that there would soon be other strag. that the ironstone was worth anything glers along, and that these would he did think that so odd a looking want to eat. So he hunted up the country must contain something of prospectors and offered them a dozen eggs for a monopoly of the restaurant that had grown, withered and grown privileges on their lease. Eggs were again for uncalculated ages. He was as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth not a geologist, nor a mineralogist, nor in that section of the bush country, and the offer was hungrily accepted. Thus was the commercial life of Broken Hill inaugurated, and the first that it "might be" tin. So he "pegged business venture launched. Never a block" (for no one "stakes a claim" was there a worse beginning. Nine of in Australia) and rustled for help to the eggs were gone past all hope of develop his problematical tin mine. redemption, and the other three were open to grave suspicion; but the bar- talker, for he soon succeeded in getgain held. Thus it happens that the ting together a syndicate composed of DODI recorded hatched from a dozen eggs that were | cate, each one owning one share. The fit for nothing but the discouragement maximum assessment that could be of incompetent barnstormers, have given a better account of themselves than those of broken Hill. Think of a mining region in which silver-lead ores are quarried in open cuts, like sandstone or granite or brick clay, and where one remarkable development, with less working capmine, the Consols, has a vein (albeit ital than would suffice to pay the office a narrow one) that yields ores that are 95 per cent. pure silver! The Broken Hill Proprietary is the largest silver producer in the world to-day; and in the 25 years that have passed "from the grass roots." since the Barrier (as the argentiferous lode is called) was found, its mines have paid more than \$100,000,000 in ture silver kings began to feel the dividends. They have yielded silver drain of ten shillings every seven days to the value of \$300,000,000, to say upon their meager salaries. So they nothing of ship loads of lead and zinc, and no inconsiderable quantity of gold and copper, and there is more high- mine. Sometimes the boys were caregrade ore "in sight" to-day than at less when going to and returning from any time in the past. Yet the Broken the mine, breaking down the fences Hill mines are rarely mentioned in and permitting the sheep to stray; the newspapers, and the average and that got them into serious difficul-American probably does not even know the name of the great silver-produc- have regarded that prophet a fool had ing lode to which New South Wales there been one to tell him that the owes its prosperity and the major part of its population, as well as the the "boys" were sinking their money commanding position it occupies in the world's metal markets.

NE would hardly expect a mu- | Whether Charles Rasp, the boundnicipality hatched from a ary rider, knew of these past failures dozen stale eggs ever to or not doesn't matter. He took notice overcome the handicap of its that it was a peculiar country that he malodorous beginning and achieve a traversed day after day. Odd-looking position of respectability. Yet that outcrops of "ironstone" were distinepitomizes the history of the begin- guishable through the growth of salt ning of Broken Hill, the great silver bush, and malformed hills gave to camp of New South Wales, the world's certain sections an appearance that greatest silver camp in fact, although was almost uncanny. It was years after Broken Hill had grown to be a

more value than the desert shrubbery even a prospector and had not the remotest idea what that "something" might be. However, he made a guess Rasp must have been a persuasive

city of Broken Hill, with a present himself and six others (all employes credulity rather than upon the earth's of the sheep ranch). That silver production of \$300,000,000, was en members constituting the syndi- available passed human powers of eslevied was fixed at ten shillings a Of the world's bonanza mines, few share per week, or a total of about \$35 shares in worthless saltbush claims that always astonishes and somea week available for development work. Seven claims, or blocks, were "pegged," and the legitimate parent of tricts. the great Broken Hill Proprietary Mining Company embarked in mine rent and postage bill of any really upto-date American "mining syndicate" trying to float a Nevada prospect showing "free gold" or "virgin silver"



OPEN CUT SILVER MINING AT BROKEN MILL

man was a trespasser. The land was | tions are entertained of the eventual all reserved from settlement and oc- finding of important tin-producing decupation, but the colonial land depart posits somewhere in the neighborment had no wish to engage in whole- hood.

sale prosecutions, and allowed mat-Although the Broken Hill Proprieters to drift until late in 1887, when a proclamation was issued canceling the reserve. Then came a free-for-all fight the others combined, still the Broken for land. No one had any shadow of Hill Central, producing 1,500,000 a legal title, and every claim of any ounces of silver annually and great possible value was hotly contested by a dozen or more disputants. Claim jumping, rioting, assassination and gun fighting for a time made Broken Hill one of the wildest and most lawless of the world's mining camps. As soon as the "Battle of the Bar-

rier," as this period of strife was called, had been fought to a finish, the est silver producer in the world. great mining booms-like the "Kaffir circus" of South Africa or the more IDEA ALWAYS TO SAVE TIME recent Goldfield and Cobalt frenzles Promoters traded upon the people's riches, and the amount of credulity

tary is the greatest of the Barrier mines, with an output larger than all quantities of lead and zinc, is some thing of a mine, too; and numerous others justify their existence by paying dividends with unfailing regularity. But when Broken Hill is spoken of, one's thoughts naturally revert to the Broken Hill Proprietary, which for years has held its place as the great-

American Business Man Moves Rapidly Because He Has His Work



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As the black fiddlers swung with a grand flourish into "Trenton," Elizabeth set up an airy balancing, though the prompter had not opened his touched her hand lightly, saying: "Wait! What makes you in such a

hurry ?" "You can dance when you like! You don't have to run away! And you don't love dancing! Not as I do," Elizabeth pouted.

She was always pretty, the prettiest ling, her cheeks of a wild-rose red, she was simply enchanting.

knowing that he did. He had always stand." admired her distantly, always liked her in careless, youthful fashion. But he had told himself always, likewise his mother, that when it came to marpretty face. His wife must be above the average way. Then, further, she must have some money; not a fortune, but a dowry that would save her from the suspicion of being mercenary. The Lanes were rich. John, only son and heir, was a plain plodding fellow, with a sense of human values. He could never, he told himself, quite believe that a very pretty and very poor girl would love him disinterestedly.

Now behold! Elizabeth, who was very pretty and very poor, was tang- him for fair. A hard-headed citizen, ling herself in his heartstrings to a old man Lindsay; but say, he's moondegree that made him uncomfortable. ing like a calf over a picture he's got Worse than the poverty was the fact of you." that she carried weight-the weight of a blind child, born of her dead father's luckless second marriage. Compassion had given her the place of schoolmistress, as it had likewise won ing: "Take me away! Quick! Home, for her the shelter of the Walker



I most saucily. "You see, you areboth a temptation and an opportunity. To take you or to leave you-is very upsetting. Either way I am bound to be sorry. Whatever made you do it, mouth. John Lane, her partner, sir? As long as I knew there was no escape I worked without whining."

"Therefore it's my duty to say-you sha'n't keep on working," John said, masterfully, possessing himself of the locked hands. She blushed beautifully, but did not draw them away. He got up, saying still more masterfully, "Now I'm going to take you back to girl in the neighborhood. To-day in the arbor-but mind, you are not to her crisp blue frock, her eyes spark- dance oftener than every other set. I don't think, either, I shall let you dance with any other fellow on the John Lane feit it, without exactly ground-then everybody will under-

"Yes, sir!" Elizabeth answered, her face the pattern of meekness, but a wicked twinkle in the bottom of her eyes. She tried to look unconscious, rying it would be to more than a to jest as gayly as ever with the others, but in spite of herself her color mounted under the significant smiles. "What a pity you settled things right off the reel this way." Charley Gray said teasingly, sitting down beside her. John had left her for a moment. Charley, his best friend, was graciously excepted from the rule against other partners. "Lindsay Holme is coming after dinner on purpose to see you. He told me so only yesterday-you must have bewitched

> Elizabeth's heart beat madly. Lindsay Holme, the partner of her dreams! She turned imploringly to Gray, sayanywhere! John must not know!"

Gray looked hard at her-something in her face compelled obedience. Soon they were whirling away to the Walker homestead, but fast as they went gossip had gone faster. Miss Abby sat stony-faced upon the plazza with the blind child wrapped and hooded upon the steps at her feet and a huddled litter of corded trunks and boxes just inside the yard gate.

"As you see-I am ready for you," she admonished Elizabeth sternly, waving her back as she made to mount the steps. "My roof shall not be profaned by sheltering an ingrate and a wanton. You would dance, forsooth! You must pay the piper."

"I am ready to pay," Elizabeth said, proudly, stooping to gather the blind child in her arms. Phoebe had sobbed herself almost sick-she was slight for even her live years, and nestled against her sister as a chilled birdling nestles to its mother. Elizabeth turned about, the tiny creature huddled against her breast. Gray held out his arms, but she clung to her burden. "We will go back, if you please," she panted. "I-I have nowhere else to go." But they never got back to the dancing crowd. By the time Phoebe was well asleep they met two men, each riding hard. John Lane and Lindsay Holme had sensed what lay back of Euzabeth's flight and had followed her. Under the shadow of big oaks they halted.

Its Discovery an Accident.

Like most of the world's great mines, the discovery of the Broken Hill Barrier illustrates the proverbial "luck of fools and tenderfeet," and points no useful moral of a deserved reward of expert knowledge. In 1869 he exhibited, but couldn't see any-Charles Rasp left his old home in Germany to seek his fortune. Apparently he didn't find it in a hurry, for in 1884 he was only a "boundary rider"-and of lead." "No," said Charley, "don't that is a bush country euphemism for sheep herder-killing time and ambition on one of the drearlest stretches of salt bush and mulga bush that even New South Wales afforded. The country roundabout had been prospected before, and was believed to be barren of valuable minerals. Patrick Green, a store keeper of Menindie, with a party of experienced miners and prospectors, had hunted for copper on the very spot where the city of Broken Hill now stands, as far back as in 1874, but found nothing that looked good to him. Then, in 1883, Charles Nichols went in search of whatever the fickle goddess of the mines might see fit to bestow, walked over the spot where is now located the main shaft of the mine that yields one-sixteenth of the world's annual output of silver, pegged a claim and worked it for a few weeks, and then gave up in disgust. He was willing to take a after.

Promoters Get "Cold Feet."

It wasn't long until some of the fuwere compelled to sell fourteenth and even twenty-eighth interests in the ties with the overseer, who would modest hole in the ground in which meant more for the future of New South Wales than all the sheep in Australia were worth.

One day a boundary rider named Philip Charley, who had purchased a fourteenth interest, went to camp in great excitement. "Look at that, boys," said he; "we're in luck at last." The "boys" looked at the ore specimen thing to get excited about, and one of them remarked disgustedly that it was "nothin' but bloomin' carbonate you see the sparks of chloride?" That seemed to the rest of the crowd to be really funny. "Hold on to your share, Charley," said one, "you may make a thousand out of it." wouldn't sell out for that," the boundary rider replied. "Ho, ho," jeered another, "If I hold on to mine for two or three years I may make five thousand." That was considered the wildest possible flight of the imagination. Yet within three years a fourteenth interest in that mine was worth on the market more than £50,000. In ten years it was worth £500,000. It is too bad to have to relate that Philip Charley couldn't resist the temptation to sell out his fourteenth for a beggarly £300, when a further wait of three months would have made him wealthy.

Thousands Flocked to Spot.

In 1884 chlorides were discovered in it is probable that before long these solemn oath that there was nothing in large quantities, and then the boom also will be reduced at Port Pirle. that part of the country worth digging began. In a few months there were Small quantities of gold, copper and She's always stopping to look at her-5,000 people on the ground, and every tin are produced, and great expects. self in the puddles.

timation. It was all converted into

One man wanted to be in the gam- yous tension in the air. Business is ble badly, but he didn't have a one- transacted with swift dispatch and pound note to his name. So he wired a Melbourne broker to buy for his pliments and courtesies are elimaccount 1,000 shares in Block Number inated. Whether you want to buy a Ten," in which it was expected that paper of pins or a thousand shares of the lode would be cut at any moment. The broker had unlimited faith in anything bearing the Broken Hill label,

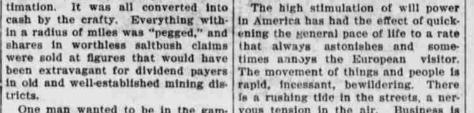
so he executed the order, believing is always in a hurry you would make that it came from a man with plenty a mistake. His fundamental philosoof money as well as sound judgment, phy is that you must be quick someand allotted to him a thousand shares at the market, which was then three ried always. You must condense, you pounds six shillings. In less than a | must eliminate, you must save time on week the lode was cut, proving to be the little things in order that you may of phenomenal richness, and shares have more time for the larger things. soared to £20 each. The man with He systematizes his correspondence, plenty of nerve, although with only his office work, all the details of his enough cash to pay for a telegram, business, not for the sake of system. cleared £15,000 on the deal.

Grows Into Wealthy City.

with his work. In 25 years the little \$35-a-week syndicate has developed into the world's greatest silver-lead corpora- arrive at the railway station 15 mintion, employing 6,000 men at its mines utes before the departure of his train, at Broken Hill, and its reduction because he has something else that works at Port Prairie; and the municipality hatched from a dozen stale minutes. He does not like to spend eggs has grown to be the wealthiest an hour in the barber shop, because city of New South Wales, the creator he wishes to get out to his country of a hundred colossal fortunes. Ten club in good time for a game of golf years ago even expert mining men | and a shower bath afterward. He regarded the camp as rapidly ap likes to have a full life, in which one proaching the "has been" class, be- thing connects with another promptly cause the carbonates and oxidized and neatly, without unnecessary interores that had been the making of the vals. His characteristic attitude is mines seemed to be verging rapidly not that of a man in a hurry, but that toward exhaustion. Then it was of a man concentrated on the thing in found that on down below the carbon- hand to save time .- Dr. Henry Van ates were sulphides extending indefi- Dyke, in American Magazine. nitely into the bowels of the earth; and that the "ironstone" outcrop that Saving the Situation. scarred the face of the whole surrounding country was rich in lead,

silver and zinc. To extract the silver alone from the ironstone did not pay. tion: but to smelt the ores for the saving of the silver, lead and zinc values was like rubbing the lamp of Aladdin. As a result of the discovery of sulphides-and of a practical and economical way of treating them-a railroad was built connecting Broken Hill thy perquisites.'

with the ocean at Port Prairie, where one of the largest silver-lead reduction works in the world has been built. Pig lead is shipped to Europe literally by the shipload, and silver bullion by the ton. Most of the zinc ores are concentrated, and the concentrates shipped to Europe for treatment; but



close attention. The preliminary comstocks, it is done quickly,

The American moves rapidly, but if you should infer from this that he times if you do not wish to be hurbut for the sake of getting through

In his office hangs a printed motto: "This is my busy day." He does not he would rather do with those 15

Dr. Hilary Little Laycock of Wheeling, at the recent diocesan convention in New York said of a certain resolu-

"It was, perhaps, unintelligible, like the Wheeling man's prayer.

"This man, praying in meeting for a brother who lay very ill, cried: 'Oh, Lord, restore unto us our

brother, if it doth not interfere with "The situation was saved by a dea-

con who shouted: "'Hallelujah, the Lord knows what he means!""

Vain Femininity.

First Sportsman-Well, how do you like that new mare of yours?

Second Sportsman-Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse.

home, at a nominal cost. Old Miss Abby Walker was very charitable; also she was very narrow. It was from her that Elizabeth had run away to the barn dance-a reckles proceeding that might cost her dear.

"Balance all! Swing! Corners! Partners! Forward and back! Swing three," chanted the prompter.

Elizabeth glowed and thrilled. was a year since she had danced-instinctively her mind flew to last year's partner. Would she ever see him again? She had met him away from the neighborhood, upon her one heavenly but brief vacation. He had danced with her only, all through the long afternoon, and at the very last, there had come a waltz-her first waltz since the days of dancing school. But she had not thought of him as a lover while they floated together-of nothing, indeed, save as the component of something too exquisite to last. Afterward-at partlooked down into her eyes. Ever you both!"

since, she had been dreaming of the glance-wondering if her own eyes had said to him as plainly: "I love you, love you, love you!"

Tranced in memory, she floated through the first dance, the second, the third. She was hardly conscious upon a big mossy ledge, she awoke with a start to a sense of something impending-it might be a crisis in her fate.

Intuition did not deceive. Briefly, wild roses fading to white. At last she said breathlessly:

enough already. I-I-am-

"What?" John asked a little unsteadily, as she stopped, choking.

She locked her fingers hard. "I am -trying to see straight," she said. 'You can't know the temptation, when one is tired and burdened, to-to let go-everything-even the right." "I don't see-" John Began, bewil-

deredly.

She had turned away her facenever will understand," she said al turer."

Elizabeth looked from one to the other, her wet eyes suddenly clearing of all trouble.

John spoke first, "Come home with me," he said. "Please God it shall be a happy home or you and Phoebe."

"I offer you both-the home of a heart-it is all I have," Lindsay saidhuskily. "Elizabeth-darling-poverty has held me sllent-even now I ought not to speak-but-you sha'n't starve." Elizabeth smiled softly.

"John," she said, her voice vibrant as a harpstring, "if-if I could marry you, I shouldn't deserve your love. I want to deserve it-I tried to keep faith-but-but Fate is stronger than -any of us."

"I understand," John said, looking ing, he had kissed her hand, and from her face to Lindsay's, "God bless

Victorian Gods.

If Thackeray, with a brain weighing 581/2 ounces, had the biggest head among Victorian writers, who had the best features? The choice would seem to lie between Tennyson and that John was waving away other Henry Taylor. "That man must be partners. But presently, when he a poet," remarked one of his Camdrew her away and sat down with her bridge contemporaries when he first saw Tennyson come into the hall at Trinity, and another friend describes him in his undergraduate days as six feet high, broad chested, strong limbed, his face Shakespearian, with haltingly, yet with a ring of deep feel. deep eyelids, his forehead ample, ing, John told her of his own awaken. crowned with dark, wavy hair, his ing, and asked her to be his wife. For head finely poised, his hand the ada minute after he ceased speaking she miration of sculptors. But time dealt could only look at him helplessly, her none too gently with Tennyson, whereas Henry Taylor, always a distinguished looking man, seems to have "Don't, please. Things are-hard grown singularly majestic with years. Grant Duff, meeting him when he was over 80, notes that "Taylor looks more like Jupiter than ever," and contemporary memoirs are full of refer ences to his Jovelike appearance.

Their Reality.

"Are those two sisters fine girls? Well, one is a pattern and the other a model." "Are they so good as all that?" "Good in each one's own way. now she flashed round upon him, all The pattern girl is a dressmaker and her struggle gone. "No-and you the model one with a cloak manufao