

Striking Adventures of Girls



Nowhere in the narratives of the wild, uncouth, adventuresome life of the Western gold fields will one find an instance so lacking the romance of temperament and yet, in its plain, solitary facts, so peculiarly glamourous with romance, as the exploit these girls are experiencing.

The young women themselves—Miss Madge Pickler, daughter of ex-Congressman J. A. Pickler, of Faulkton, S. D., and Miss Grace Kepford, of the same town—smile over any polite inquisitiveness as to their abandonment of society, saying quite recently that, though the sheer fascination of mining overcame them at first, they now look upon their undertaking as a cold, hard business proposition. But they assert with emphasis that cannot be mistaken that they intend to keep on digging, digging, till they make a "strike," and they firmly believe they will "pan" a pile of money.

A little more than a year ago these girls were about to leave St. Louis, after a round winter of social affairs. Where should they go for the spring and summer? They got down maps and talked over tours and visits and itineraries, and finally decided to spend a month or so, anyway, "doing" Colorado.

Presently they were sightseeing in the Cripple Creek region, making journeys from their quarters at Colorado Springs. In one of these little trips they came upon St. Peter's Dome, about thirty miles from the Cripple Creek gold fields.

"She looked up and smiled when the stranger suggested that the circumstances were certainly odd for two girls accustomed to dainty gowns and the drawing room and tete-a-tete teas and all of that.

"Of course," said she, with a little sigh, "it isn't anything like pouring tea or dancing at the Casino, or even going shopping; but it beats all those things, and, then, you see, we feel quite independent. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if we were worth millions in a few months; in fact, I rather expect to strike it very rich when we do strike it. We're not mining for our health.

"And"—Miss Pickler lowered her voice to a whisper—"we've got a town-site scheme working and a summer resort proposition under our hats.

"Why, do you know, I thought I never should get used to this sort of life when we first began it. And Grace—now I'm going to tell it—cried for three days and two nights because she didn't hear from home, and on the third evening she got a letter. Say! It was pretty hard to spring on two lonely girls—but that letter told how Fanny Kirk had been having the gayest time of her life going out—it was her first season—and here we were, up under the Dome, with not so much as a ball gown with-

evening is fair, the little company sits outside the storage tent—the "dining room"—round a rough board table, covered with a strip of oil cloth—out in the open, under great pine trees, and no more convivial party could be imagined.

After supper, as the shadows creep round the camp and the embers of the fire sputter and glow, and then grow dimmer and dimmer, and the moon comes out of the blackness of the night, the girls take up mandolins and pick them tinklingly, the while softly humming some bits of opera or a lullaby they used to sing to their own true friends at home.

So much for the "gold mine," and the singularly strange and plucky career these girls have chosen. But with all the romance of the environment and their lonely vigil and labors, they have set themselves against a rainy day in a businesslike manner.

Of course, they know that a line to their parents at any moment would bring a check, but they wish to "make good" with their venture. So they have taken over a lot of granite property, and it is said to be a "find." "Uncle" John Cameron gave the girls the "tip."

"We're forming a company," said Miss Pickler, "and expect to get capital from our friends. Soon we will

Everybody out there was talking Gold! Gold! Gold! Why, thought Miss Pickler, would it not be a good idea to stake a claim on St. Peter's? There couldn't possibly be any harm in that. And, then, suppose the claim should turn out to be a "find."

Miss Kepford agreed enthusiastically.

Straightway, with the kindly assistance of old John Cameron, a veteran prospector, the girls took two claims high up on the mountain side. Miss Pickler named hers "Kinnickinnick," and Miss Kepford's was called the "Grace." Then they complied with the requirements of the law and went home and told their parents and friends about it.

Mr. Pickler smiled upon his daughter amusedly. He thought it was a pretty good joke, but he assured her that if she were serious about her claim he would see her through with it.

Months passed. The claim lay, unworked, unguarded—except by old John Cameron—"Uncle" John, the girls call him now. Jumpers came several times and sought to take possession, but were driven away.

Then, a month or so ago, when the girls heard that their property was drawing attention, they put their heads together secretly and made up their minds to—"To do what?" Mr. Pickler asked his daughter, wondering what was coming next.

"Why," she replied, decisively, "Grace and I are going to pack up and camp out on St. Peter's Dome. We're going to get some tents and things to cook with, and settle down and dig for gold."

Mr. Pickler held his breath a while in astonishment. Was his daughter going out of her head? What did all this business mean?

She explained her plans. She knew what she was likely to face in a somewhat rural district, but she would have her chum, Grace Kepford, and she would have, too, a good, robust looking Winchester, which Mr. Pickler knew she was able to use, without fear or trembling, in emergency.

So the girls put away all their fine clothes, collected a big camp outfit—two tents, stove, full equipment of axes and picks, and shovels and pitched camp on the side of St. Peter's, on the Kinnickinnick claim.

Today a visitor arriving at Cameron's Camp would find a shafthouse and two tents nearby. At the head of the shaft would probably be a girl in sombrero, blouse of coarse material and a leather skirt reaching to the tops of leather leggings—and under the sombrero a tanned face and clear, penetrating eyes.

She is Miss Pickler. Down the drift, or shaft, as it is called in the gold fields, the stranger could see Grace Kepford, Miss Pickler's "partner," busy with a pick and shovel, and beside her two "hands"—two men the girls took on in their zeal to "strike it rich quick."

The other day, when a stranger called at the shaft, Miss Pickler was examining the lock of her Winchester.



in miles of us, and feeling like two chickens without any protecting wing.

"But we have stuck to it, although I thought I should have to give up when my shirt waists all got soiled and I had nothing to wear. Then we took to leather skirts, leggings and, at times, even to boots.

"I don't mind saying," Miss Pickler went on, "that one of the reasons we have kept working hard here is to live down a mean joke. Someone, perhaps not intending that the thing should go too far, spread a report that we had struck gold running \$5,000 a ton. Indeed, some of our samples sent to the assay office were loaded with pure gold by the joker. The assay was all right, but, sad to say, our mine was not. Running \$5,000 a ton! Think of it! And we're not running anything yet.

"But we will strike it if it's here. We are down 200 feet now and are besting with the help of the two hired men. And we will keep at it, regardless of appearances or gossip."

Just then Miss Kepford, in leather skirt and boots, came up out of the shaft and joined in the chat. She vouched for the determination of Miss Pickler and herself to "see the thing through," and "not to cry" if the claim should prove worthless.

Every evening, when sunset tints St. Peter's Dome, the girls quit the shaft together and go over to their camp. After setting the kettle to boil they shift clothes and get ready for supper—bacon and eggs, coffee, jam, perhaps some biscuit, oftentimes baked by themselves.

Now and then a neighbor or visiting prospector chances to "blow into camp," and is introduced. He's made welcome right away, even asked to share luncheon or supper. If the

Big Coal Depot.

An enormous floating coal depot, said to be the largest in the world, arrived at Portsmouth, England, the other day from the Tyne. The depot will hold 12,000 tons, and is to be moored in Portsmouth harbor. It will be fitted with machinery that will enable the biggest warships to fill their bunkers alongside it. Being over 400 feet long, the depot will accommodate the largest cruisers afloat.

Wanted to Know.

"We have some queer chaps on the telephone," says Acting Superintendent Rickard of Bellevue. "I had a call the other night from a man who wanted information about his sister, who had been brought in two days before suffering from a nervous complaint.

"She's convalescent," I replied.

"None of yer nonsense," retorted the man. "I'm not in a trifling mood. Tell me this minute whether my sister is dead or alive."—New York Times.

In Memoriam.

"Rather handsome young widow, isn't he?"

"She's more than 'rather handsome.' I think she is one of the handsomest women in town."

"Too bad she has such poor taste. I can't agree with you if you think she has poor taste."

"Every one of her diamonds is nothing more than paste."

"O, that may be so. She probably wears them in memory of her husband. He was a bill poster."—St. Paul News.

Controls Cameras in Balloons.

It is claimed by Herr Cloud, a Harburg (Germany) engineer, that he has invented means by which photographic balloons can be controlled and focused from terra firma.

Phonographs in Court Work.

The Vienna chief police authorities contemplate introducing the phonograph in recording verbal evidence, instead of having it written down.

Well Paid English Lawyer.

"Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., is said to be the best-paid professional man in England. He distinguished himself in the baccarat case, the Bartlett case and the Jameson case, is a member of parliament, and was for six years solicitor general. His earnings at law are about \$217 an hour. If he works ten hours a day, 300 days in a year, his income is \$651,000 a year.

Brother Artists.

On his last visit to America, Paderewski, the eminent pianist and composer, was introduced, somewhat against his will, to a man of little apparent culture, who professed great interest in music and much intimacy with his finer phases.

"We artists, you know, Mr. Paderewski," he remarked, "have our moods and tastes in common, which the ordinary man is incapable of understanding or sympathizing with. You, Mr. Paderewski, have your instrument to which your life is a devotion, and I have mine. I rejoice in you as a brother artist."

"And what," inquired the great virtuoso, with desperate politeness, "is your instrument, Mr.?"

"The mandolin, sir," was the proud response.—Kansas City Journal.

Capital to Have Shepherd Statue.

U. S. J. Dunbar, a Washington sculptor, has the contract for a heroic statue of Alexander R. Shepherd, who rescued Washington from the mud and to whose energy and determination the present beauty of the city is credited. The statue will stand before the new municipal building for the District of Columbia at Pennsylvania avenue and Fourteenth street.

First Chinese-American to Vote.

The first Chinese-American citizen to vote in New York city will exercise his franchise there this fall. His name is Chew Neon Wing, born in San Francisco thirty years ago, and he is taking advantage of the constitutional provision which guarantees the franchise to all American-born males over 21 years old. Chew visited China and returned four years ago. He was stopped by the immigration authorities of San Francisco under the exclusion act, but a relative brought habeas corpus proceedings and won the case.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT CROP.

Estimates Show a Reduction in Almost All Countries.

Estimates of the wheat crop put the total yield of this country at 533,000,000 bushels. This would indicate a reduction from the yield of last year of about 100,000,000 bushels, while the figures are more than 200,000,000 below those of 1901 and more than 130,000,000 below those of 1902. It should be noted, however, that they come pretty close to those of 1900 and 1899, being slightly in excess of the one and slightly below the other, and that only twice before 1899 did the crop amount to as much as 600,000,000 bushels.

But again, while this is true, it is to be noted also that there is not a falling off merely, but a very serious loss owing to unfavorable weather conditions. Earlier expectations have been disappointed and, furthermore,

Wars Cost 14,000,000 Lives.

Prof. Charles Richet Recounts Marital Tragedies of Nineteenth Century.

Prof. Charles Richet, the noted French apostle of peace, is quoted as saying that during the nineteenth century 14,000,000 human beings died in consequence of war.

"Napoleon," he said, "is usually credited with having caused the death of 2,000,000 men. As a matter of fact, 8,000,000 men died for his glory. The war of the Crimea cost 300,000 lives, the American civil war 500,000. Prussia doomed 800,000 men to death between 1860 and 1871, the Russo-Turkish war 400,000.

"The wars in the South American republics are generally laughed at," continued the professor, "but as a matter of fact they are far from ridiculous. In the nineteenth century they cost, all told, 500,000 lives, and the South American republics are not

Quay Gave Up Stakes.

"Joe" Cannon's Singing Voice Too Much For Pennsylvania Senator.

The late Senator Quay circulated a story wherein Speaker Cannon is represented as a singer. The occasion was a political banquet where a discussion arose over the song, "The Old Oaken Bucket." Senator Quay remarked: "I never heard it sung through in my life." "I will bet you a dollar that I can sing it through," asserted Mr. Cannon. "Take you," said the senator. "And the toastmaster will hold the stakes and be referee." Mr. Cannon cleared his throat and attacked the famous old melody with grim earnestness. At the end of the first stanza Senator Quay got upon his feet and interrupted the song. "I wish to say, if I may be pardoned," he commenced, "that I dislike to lose a dollar, but I am willing to concede the stakes to my adversary and take his

DESTRUCTIVE WORK OF THE STORM AT MINNEAPOLIS.

overburdened with citizens, are they? "I am sorry to say that the twentieth century bids fair to rival the nineteenth century in the killing line."

Senator Knew His People.

Just before his first election to the United States senate the late Senator Vest went to a caucus of Missourians with votes. Following a competitor who had talked three mortal hours, Vest spoke for three minutes, concluding with these words: "As for myself, I have to say, with the full knowledge that the pledge I now make will influence your votes to-morrow, that if I am elected to the United States senate during my entire term I shall draw my pay regularly like a gentleman and spend it like a thoroughbred." He was elected and served the state for twenty-four years.

Baron Rothschild Changes Politics.

Nathan Meyer Rothschild, first Baron Rothschild in the peerage of Great Britain and head of the English branch of the celebrated family of bankers, has incurred the displeasure of the present ministry by transferring his political allegiance to the liberal party. While the great financier has not much influence over votes by means of his territorial possessions, which are small when compared with a number of his fellow members of the house of lords, he commands a large amount of political influence not only in the city of London, but throughout the United Kingdom.

Japan's Low Death Rate.

Clarence Ludlow Brownell, in his recently published book on Japan, says that the death rate for children is

Oldest West Point Graduate.

Gen. Herman Haupt, now in his

Life's Most Important Acts.

A magazine editor, seeking an increase of circulation, sent to each of his 3,500 subscribers this query: "What was the most important act of your life? Fifty dollars for the best true answer." He received more than 1,000 replies, all but one relating some particular deed of which the writer was proud. The exception—and prize winner—was brief and to the point—"Being born." Encouraged by the success of his scheme of advertising, the editor sent out a second query, offering another \$50 for the best answer. "Last month you stated what was the most important act of your life, now tell us what is the most important act of your life." The variety of replies would have made several pages of rare humor, but the winner solemnly wrote, "Breathing."

Lower in Japan than it is in Europe and America. This is as it should be in a country where the houses are off the ground a foot or two and have no cellars and the air inside is as fresh as it is out; where, too, in such places at least as Tokio, every one bathes and has a good scrubbing every day. From 800,000 to 1,000,000 persons go to the public baths of the capital daily and there are tens of thousands of private baths besides.

Important Diplomatic Positions.

It is said that persistent pressure is being brought to bear with the view of inducing President Roosevelt to "shake up" two of the foreign posts on this nation—those at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. It is held that this country needs its ablest diplomat at the court of the czar, and Mr. Adeo of the state department is believed to be the man for the place. He is the most valuable man in the department after Secretary Hay, and has no equal in this country on questions of international law. Almost equally important just now is the embassy in Constantinople, but no name for that place is mentioned prominently so far.

German Emperor a 'Jinguit.

The German emperor speaks several languages fluently and he is displeased because so little attention is paid to modern languages in German high schools. He thinks that Russian and even Chinese and Japanese should be taught in the upper classes.

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Bevolent and Useful.

Deacon Arland Eaton has caused to be placed by the roadside, near his farm buildings, in Hancock, N. H., a stone watering trough to furnish a public water supply from a never-failing spring. It is inscribed, "Eaton, 1797-1894," and is intended to commemorate the settlement of his family in town.

St. Paul City and High Bridge, which Was Wrecked.

Word of the accuracy of his knowledge if he will stop singing right where he is."

A Queer Pet.

Many people have wondered why the Empress Eugenie always carries about with her, wherever she goes, a little wicker basket, and many speculations have been made as to its contents. The basket is lined with cotton wool, and in that soft substance nestles a hedgehog! It is the empress's only pet, and she would not dream of allowing it to be attended by any one but herself. She has rather a superstitious attachment to the curious creature, and believes that it has a talismanic power of insuring her safety and general well-being.

THE ODD CORNER.

An Appeal to Maud.

Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how the weeds have grown.
They're setting so thick,
And growing so quick,
I can't put 'em all alone.
So come into the garden, Maud,
And give me a helping hand,
There's a lot of witchgrass
In the lettuce, and that's
And it's growing to beat the band!

Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how the onions first
The lettuce is bad,
And the beet makes me sad,
So put on your bloomer,
And tackle the pesky weeds
Without any fuss,
For we are us,
If ever they scatter their seeds!

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
There's plenty of work,
So don't try to shirk,
And leave it to me alone,
Just quicken your motions, Maud,
And banish that naughty sneer,
And kneel down in the dew,
For it's right up to you
To help get this garden clear!
—Somerville Journal.

A Novel Team.

The owner of a large ostrich farm in southern California has trained a pair of these huge birds to drive as he would drive horses, hitching them to a light buggy or trotting cart, which has in its design a third wheel. This is to prevent the vehicle from turning over. It is by no means an easy task to drive such a weird team, as you can not pull up your "horses" by reins. If you did it would probably result in serious injury to the valuable birds. The only way to guide the conveyance is to hit the outside bird on the opposite side to that which you want him to go. Another objection to this kind of "horse" is that if he should catch sight of a bit of banana peel, or something equally attractive, he does not hesitate to make a dive sideways for it. As ostriches go like the wind, and can make a sudden dead stop, the jerk the rider receives is not a pleasant one, if a piece of orange peel should happen accidentally to meet the eye of his strange "horses."

A Chemical Detective.

Truly the way of the transgressor is hard and his ingenuity is kept busy eluding the constantly increasing methods of detecting him. The latest device is extremely subtle, and it will be a clever thief who can see his way clear out of the trap which a scientific mind has prepared for him.

It was invented by a chemist of Budapest, and is a chemical powder, of a yellow color, which has the curious property of dyeing the skin of the person touching it a deep blue. The color is not removable by any known means, and washing it only makes the color deeper. However, after about a fortnight it begins to wear off, and at the end of about three months all traces of the coloration will vanish.

Sword 276 Years Old.

Dr. J. W. Peck of Amoret, Mo., in Kansas City yesterday, has an heirloom in the form of a sword 276 years old. Dr. Peck declares it is the oldest sword in the United States. It was brought to this country by his great grandfather more than 100 years ago and has been handed down in his family through the succeeding generations.

The sword bears the date 1629, during the time when Christian, king of Denmark, was carrying on his thirty years' war with Sweden. It bears a picture of the warrior monarch. On one side is an inscription in German as follows: "I am a good blade if you use me well." Another inscription on the reverse side says: "He who hath no love for the beautiful hath no heart in his body."—Kansas City Times.

Clock is Perverse.

About twelve years ago a clock, more ornamental than useful, was given Miss S. A. Bailey of Peacham, Vt. For a year, perhaps, by much coaxing, it told the time more or less correctly, then stopped. No amount of shaking could persuade it to start, and at a time it was removed to a beam in the shed. There it was forgotten, and for the last five years probably stood utterly silent, until a few days ago it began to tick and the hand to move, and it continues to do so.

Bulls Fatal to Family.

It is a remarkable coincidence that on the same day that John Stewart of Westford, Vt., was killed by a bull on his farm his brother, W. D. Stewart of Bakersfield had a narrow escape from death by an enraged bull on his own farm. W. D. Stewart saved himself from the attacks of the infuriated animal by dodging around a hay crib built for sheep to feed from.