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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

PAST AND PRESENT.

"The lost and delicious leisure of the olden time."—Adam Bede.

Leisure is dead. Ah, dear old leisure!
Merciless hurry reigns in his place,
Striving for gain is our only pleasure,
Gold is the prize of our life's mad race.

Sit and think—at your peril you do it—
Scurry and bustle and bang and crash!
Wasting your time—that's the way they view it.
Everything's folly but gathering cash.

An hour at your dinner! 'Tis shameful, shame ful!
Twenty minutes is ample time—
Gobble it down, such dawdling is blameful.
You should be making an extra dime.

Oh, for the days of the sweet maid spinning,
Kettle humming on open hearth.
Ere all this artifice knew beginning,
Dear old days of our nation's birth.

Days when the slow old coaches, crawling,
Gave us a chance to enjoy the scene.
(Now we fly with a speed appalling.
Nothing we see but a blur of green.)

Fine old inns by the road inviting,
Smoked and soaked with an honest cheer,
None of your rooms all paint and whiting,
Chill and cold with electric glare.

Sweet old games in the candle's glimmer,
Corners dim where we loved to sit.
Brighter our lights, but our joys are dimmer.
Romance—ah, little is left of it!

Ghost yarn telling was grandpa's glory—
Ugh! the ghost was there at your back!
Fancy telling that sort of story
To the tune of the radiator's crack!

Home delights one could revel deep in—
("Home!" 'twas the dearest word but one)
Not just a skimpy box to sleep in
After the daily task is done.

Good old parsons with good old sermons,
Slow, but sure in the narrow way.
None of your theological Herrmanns
Juggling the Word for a banker's pay.

What though the mail came but fortnightly?
Letters were letters in days of old—
Written lengthily, heartily, brightly.
None of your hasty scrawls and cold.

* * * * * * *

Rush and bustle and bang and clatter!
Scurry and bustle and clang and crash!
Bow, ye slaves, to the god of matter.
Everything's folly but gathering cash.
—G. Hembert Westley in New York Times.

A DESERT ROMANCE.

Christopher Morgan sat upon a box in the shade of some large bowlders and within whip reach of the circular path about the arastra, and at each rotation of the mule stimulated him by a touch of the whiplash.

It was a drowsy occupation. The monotonous creaking of the wooden shaft, the grating of the crush stones and the sound of the dull, thick wash of the tailings thus kept in muddy commotion acted as a sedative on Morgan, who had already almost dropped asleep. He was about falling into a still deeper doze when he was made alert in a moment at the sound of voices from a little mesa above the camp.

Presently, riding down the steep and almost obliterated trail, came first a lank, elderly man in faded overalls and flannel shirt, and after him a girl dressed in coarse blue denim and a sunbonnet of the same material, riding astride on a man's saddle.

She had a light, girlish figure, and her face was to Morgan a revelation of loveliness, and his estimate of her attractions was not altogether without some foundation. Her mouth was perhaps a little too large and her nose a trifle too "tip tilted" for an exacting taste, but her gray eyes were full of life and sympathetic intelligence, her hair golden, her teeth as white and regular as a young animal's, and her complexion fresh and blooming.

The elderly man hailed Morgan in a loud voice, which woke the echoes all about: "Good mornin, companero! How goes it?"

Morgan acknowledged the vociferous greeting, and went to meet his visitors as they rode up toward the arastra. "My name's Bascom," said the man, "and this here's my daughter Boly, short for Bolivyer. A man passin along the road night before last said as how you'd bought in this here Belshazzar property, and Boly and me 'lowed it'd be the square thing to come over and get acquainted."

Meantime his guests had dismounted and, holding their ponies by their bridles, sat down on a broad flat rock near the arastra, while Morgan resumed his seat on the box facing them.

"You done well when you bought this here property," continued Bascom. "I've known the ledge this ten years, and if you go slow you'll come out ahead of the game. Them there fellers, the creditors, shut down on and busted up all natural enough, as I seen they would when I first set eyes on 'em. Bull Horn's all right."

Miss Boly said nothing, but fixed her gray eyes on Morgan and sat silently regarding him in a frank and interested way which somewhat embarrassed him.

Mr. Bascom was not only curious as to the past, present and future of his host, but was loudly overflowing with information as to himself. "My place is just over t'other side of this here ridge in the other canyon," he explained. "I took up land there ten years ago, never thinkin I'd stay there this time, and I wouldn't if it hadn't been for a thievin pardner of mine."

"How's that?"

"Why, this away. I'd made a stake before ever I'd come in here, landin arms for Bolivyun insurgents, and this pardner, this 'ere triflin feller Meeks, was in with me. We had $15,000 profits between us, mostly in big yellow twenties, and he comes up to my place here sayin as he'd help develop the claims back over the ridge on which we had located together. We was goin to put that coin all in to developin, but one mornin I wakes up to find him clean gone, along with his share of the money and mine too. I tracked him out on to the desert down Mud Springs way, and then lost his trail altogether, and I never seen hide nor hair of him or heard where he went to. Since then I've had to rustle for a livin. Boly, here, she helps out herdin a few cows I've got on the bunch grass flats on t'other side the ridge."

When his guests had remounted and slowly climbed the trail again, Morgan watched them till they were out of sight with an unaccountable mixed feeling of wild joy and deep depression in his heart, to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

During the next few days the image of Boly grew more and more deeply impressed on his hitherto unsusceptible heart. This state of mind was progressive, and when, on the third day after Boly's visit, he had made a most satisfactory test clean up, it was in the best of spirits that he determined to knock off from work and return Bascom's visit.

On his way over the ridge he diverged from his direct route to Bascom's toward a little flat, where he saw three or four cows feeding and a pony near by, which, even at a distance, he recognied as Boly's. A few yards away, seated in the shadow of a great rock, he recognized the blue clad figure of Boly herself.

"I allowed you'd be over before long," she said, with a smile. "I kind of expected you'd be in yesterday evenin."

Morgan's courtship progressed with rapid strides. Within a fortnight after this visit he had been over to see Boly several times, and she, after an interval of a week when he did not come, knowing him to be tied down by his work at the Belshazzar camp, with a natural disregard for empty convention, had herself gone over to chat with him at the arastra.

It was on the occasion of this visit that Morgan declared himself. The arastra was stopped. The mule still discreetly blinded, dozed in the tug path, and Morgan in beatitude sat with his arm around what for the time being was the only waist in the world.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you," continued Morgan, "before ever you says yes or no. You see, when I first met the old man he kind of jumped at the idee that I was the owner of this here property. I didn't say so, but seein as he took it that a way I didn't see no call to undeceive him; but I ain't no owner. I'm just up here workin for Biggs, an old pard of mine, on wages, and I simply don't own nothin."

"That don't make no difference to me, Chris," said Boly, with a sigh, "but I reckon it will with por about consent-in. He sets such a heap on a man's bein well fixed." There was silence for a moment, and then Boly continued: "I've been thinkin this a way. Why don't you branch out for yourself and get some property of your own? Then you'd be el'gible."

"That's easy to say about branchin out and gettin property," responded Chris despondently. "But however 'm I to do it? I don't see no openin."

"You'll never see no openin sitting around this arastra belongin to another man," retorted Boly, with some spirit. "I'll tell you what I'd do if I was a man and wanted to make a stake. I'd quit here too quick and go right away over into this here new Mud Springs deestreect that they're all runnin to and stake out some claims for myself. That would make it all right with por. He'd say your bein a man with just wages is one thing, but you bein a man with some promisin claims is another."

"But," said Morgan, inspirited by the plan, but yet aware of obstacles, "what'd I say to Biggs if he should come back here and find I'd quit workin the arastra and pulled out with his mule? He's done a heap for me, and I couldn't go back on him."

"I've got a plan about that, too," said Boly, contemplatively drawing lines in the trailing dust with her riding switch. "You start right in and clean up this here run and then go and get rock down from the drifts and I'll come over every mornin and run the arastra while you're gone with Gyp" (indicating her pony). "He's small for the work, but he'll do, and you take the mule and start off for the new Mud Springs range. I'll herd the cows into a little rincon that I know of, where the feed's good and they won't leave till I come for 'em. Por is repairin the road every day now, and he'll never suspicion what's up."

Thus it was that on the third morning after this conversation Morgan was on his way on the trail to Mud Springs district with a fixed determination to find something rich and become "el'gible" or die in the attempt.

He wasted no time in entering actively on his work. He rode here and there over the country, working up dry gulches in search of placers and climbing rocky buttes and ridges in the hope of finding some rich ledge. Promising discoveries were being constantly made by others, but his own luck was of the worst.

The month's time which he had allowed himself was already drawing to a close, and he seemed as far from his goal as ever, and it was in a state of deep despondency and discouragement that he started upon his last trip into the adjacent mountains.

He followed for several hours an old, deeply worn Indian trail tending toward the Colorado. The trail had evidently been but little traveled for years, for in many places it was quite blocked with bowlders which had rolled down the hillside, and finally came to a point where it had been completely buried by an enormous slide of loose rock.

Here he dismounted and tied his mule to a stunted pinon. He was anxious to proceed in the direction he had been going, for not more than a mile ahead there was in plain view a rocky bluff, curiously marked and mottled in dull reds and faded yellows that suggested strong mineral possibilities.

Morgan had clambered half way across the rough and difficult barrier, still following the general line of the trail, when, as he paused for a moment to take breath, he saw with some surprise a few yards above him on the hillside a high, narrow opening in the rocks. It was partially blocked by a few fragments of broken bowlders and was evidently the mouth of one of those mountain caverns not infrequently found near the summit of these desert mountains. With but little difficulty he pushed away a few of the larger stones that blocked the way and found room to enter.

He had with him a small supply of matches, and as he lighted one after another he saw that he was in a fairly good sized chamber, 7 or 8 feet in height and perhaps 30 feet in length and half as broad. He advanced to the center of the cave and by the dim match light saw that there were clear evidences of former habitation. At one side on the floor were two broken ollas and other fragments of pottery.

"Just some old Indian hiding place," thought Morgan, and, lacking antiquarian tastes, he was about abandoning further exploration when his attention was attracted to certain dark bundle-like objects at the rear of the cave. He approached them with a mingled feeling of curiosity and distrust. He was not impressionable, but when his first near view assured him that one was a tumbled roll of blankets and the other a partially clothed skeleton of a man the damp chill of the cave seemed to penetrate to his very marrow.

Stung by the flame of the match, which, unnoticed in his excitement, had burned to his finger tips, he dropped it and was left in darkness. It was but a second before he lighted another, and then for the first time he noticed that close to the blankets lay a pair of leathern saddlebags. He stooped to lift them and was surprised at their weight. They were unstrapped, and his curiosity now overmastering all other feelings he threw back the flap of one and holding a freshly lighted match close to the opening was speechless with amazement at what he saw. The bag was half filled with coined gold.

For the second time, in his excitement, he had nearly allowed his match to burn out. His stock was now reduced to four, and, realizing that he must make haste to leave the cave, he seized the leather neck connecting the two bags and dragged them to the opening.

In another moment he was again standing in the sunlight and threw the remains of his last match among the rocks outside. It was all so strange and passed so quickly that it seemed to him almost that he had been dreaming and still dreamed, but when he opened the mouth of the saddlebags and plunged his hands into the jingling, shining yellow coin which both contained there was an end to all his doubts. "This beats dry washing or striking a ledge," he exclaimed aloud. "If Boly don't think I'm el'gible now, I'll give up beat."

On the side of each of the heavy calfskin bags in sprawling, pen printed letters, was the name "H. Meeks" and a date some 12 years back. "That's the name of the feller that robbed old man Bascom, and it was down in this Mud Spring country that the old man lost the trail. While I am out discoverin things, I seem to be workin up the whole job to once," said the now exultant Morgan to himself. "Old C'lumbus ain't in it with me."

When he reached Mud Springs late in the afternoon, he was discreetly silent about his discovery in the cave. He cached his saddlebags a mile or more back on the trail, and his preparations for an immediate and impressive return to the Belshazzar camp were undertaken at once. These consisted in various purchases. From the proprietor of the Magnolia saloon he obtained a black mule, with a silver mounted saddle and bridle and a pair of deep roweled spurs, with little, jingling chains. These had been left for sale by some newcomer from Sonora with bad luck and extravagant tastes. He also obtained at the same place a diamond of large size, but of doubtful purity, which he pinned in his blue flannel shirt front. He added to this a guitar for Boly, secured at an exorbitant price from an impecunious Mexican, and, having bade his friends goodby, started on his triumphal homeward march just as the full moon was rising over the eastern ridges.

He reduced the four days' time of his outward trip to less than three on his return, and an hour before sunset was riding up the last heavy grade on the trail into the Belshazzar camp. He hardly expected to find Boly so late at the arastra, but still on the chance he gathered himself together for an impressive entree. His new mule, laden with the precious bags, trotted in advance. He followed with the guitar swung by its bright ribbon about his neck and held in place before him, his questionable diamond flashing resplendently, his spurs jingling and his sombrero well back on his head.

As he neared the camp his spirits sank for the moment as he recognized the loud voice of old Bascom raised to even a higher pitch than usual. He hurried his animals, and in another moment was in camp. Boly's pony, Gyp, was in harness in the arastra. She herself was sitting despondently on a flat rock near by with her face buried in her hands and sobbing at short intervals, while old Bascom was vociferously upbraiding her for the infatuation which had led her to deceive her father and clandestinely operate the arastra in her penniless lover's absence. The situation, however, was soon changed; to one of glad excitement and friendly greeting and congratulation when Morgan appeared and, briefly recounting his adventures, astonished them with the sight of the coin in the saddlebags.

"Two-thirds of that there coin naterally belongs to me," shouted old man Bascom, "and one-third of it" (meaning Meeks' part) "of course goes to you, but I won't stand on that. This is my day for bein lib'ral, and I'm goin to allow you half of the whole pot and throw in Boly as an extra, alow'n, of course, as she's agreeable to the arrangement."

"I ain't got no objections as I knows of," said Boly, with a laugh, as she looked down and shuffled one foot in the dry tailings.

"And all this comes," said Morgan to Boly, with glad impressiveness, "of my just follerin your advice and rustlin round and gettin el'gible."—Edmund Stuart Roche in Argonaut.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

PENNSYLVANIA ROADS.

How Highways Are Constructed In Alleghany County.

The highways of Allegbany county are supervised by a practical engineer of wide experience, F. W. Patterson, and the method of construction is described in the Pittsburg Press.

The transforming of the bad roads of this mountainous county into good ones was begun in September, 1897, and as a result 16 miles are completed and in use, and about 20 miles are now in course of construction. The traveler or casual observer passing over one of these new roads has little idea of the amount of material and labor required to produce the hard, smooth surface and the easy grade.

The method of construction adopted for these roads is what is known as macadamizing, that system of building being best adapted to the highways of this county. The surface of the road does not indicate its substantial qualities, as it is much like any smooth road would appear under favorable circumstances, except that it is carefully crowned in the center and rounds so nicely into the clay road on either side that were it not for the difference in the color it would be difficult to tell just where the macadamized portion began.

This statement is applicable only when the clay portion is at its best, neither rough, muddy nor dusty. It is under unfavorable circumstances that the macadamized road stands pre-eminent. Continued wet weather does not affect it in the least, and a long drought only produces a thin blue dust on the surface, caused by the grinding of the ligonier screenings under the wheels of passing vehicles.

The standard construction adopted for the Alleghany county roads is as follows: After the road has been graded, sloped and guttered an excavation is made in the center 14 feet wide and sufficiently deep to bring the surface when completed 18 inches above the surface of the gutters, to provide a crown, in order that the water may be shed rapidly. The bottom of this excavation is then rolled with a ten ton steam roller. Eight inches of native stone, broken to 3½ inches in diameter, is filled in and the roller again applied. If the ground be low or soft, telford foundation is substituted for the broken stones. On this is a layer of ligonier stone, crushed to 2½ inches in diameter, which is also rolled. Then comes another layer of the same material, but of smaller size, 1½ inches thick, which serves to key the larger stone. The roller is again brought into requisition.

The whole is finished with a layer of fine ligonier screenings, which fill the interstices and form a smooth surface. This is wet and rolled firm. When used for a time, it becomes so hard that it is almost like concrete. The road engineers adopted the foregoing as the standard construction for all the country roads improved, after a careful study of the methods employed by road builders both in this country and abroad. The 15 miles of road now completed have cost the country on an average $12,000 per mile, which, when the enormous cuts and fills made necessary to reduce the grade in many places are considered, is not excessive. The cost of grading alone has averaged nearly $6,000 a mile. This, of course, varies according to the physical and topographical character of the country through which the road passes.

OYSTER SHELL ROADS.

Inferior in Many Ways to Highways Built of Stone.

While it is conceded by those who have knowledge of roads constructed of oyster shells that they are better than the common dirt roads they also have their disadvantages and are far from ideal. A correspondent of The L. A. W. Bulletin makes the following statement:

"These roads become so excessively dusty in dry weather that they are practically unfit to travel over. This fault can be overcome by the liberal use of the street sprinkler, but it is not always possible to press the sprinkler into service. Just outside the city of Wilmington, Del., there is a causeway over some marshy land which is built almost entirely of oyster shells. I have driven over this causeway when the dust was fully three inches thick, and being so light and of such fine particles clouds of it would rise after each passing team. At times it would be impossible to see a team ten yards ahead. It may readily be imagined that this was not pleasant going, and I would have very much preferred the common dirt road. While I believe that the oyster shell road is in the main superior to the ordinary dirt road, yet there are few practical road makers who will not concede that it is inferior in every way to a road built of the commonest grade of stone."

Road Repairing.

Road Inspector Thomas Malley of Morris county, N. J., says that "the scheme of pouring screenings on a road to repair it is very expensive and utterly worthless. The first hard rain carries away the screenings or they grind up and are blown away in the first dry spell. Experience shows that until a road needs three-quarter inch stone it needs nothing. With this size stone as a basis, a little binder and screenings, all well rolled, will make the road as good as new."

Road Notes.

The Long Island farmers carry more than double loads to the New York market since the main roads on the island were macadamized.

Remove loose stones from the highways. In many states the law expressly requires road overseers to do it.

Smooth roadways reduce distances.

Start road improvement now. The longer the delay, the greater the cost.

Average road repairing is road spoiling.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

THE OLD UTAH MINT.

A COINAGE SYSTEM THAT WAS BORN OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The Story of the Ancient and Almost Forgotten Deseret Gold Money—Few of the Pieces Are In Existence at the Present Time.

The ancient coinage of Utah, the period when the glittering particles of yellow gold from California were minted in a little adobe building in Salt Lake, has been half forgotten. The written and printed records of that time, by a strange oversight, throw no light on the subject.

Those Utahans whose memory dates back to 1849 remember the establishment of the mint, but the exact dates are confused. It was some time toward the close of 1849 that the mint was inaugurated as a measure of public convenience. Brigham Young was the instigator of the coinage system and exercised a personal supervision over the work.

Prior to the establishment of the mint all gold dust had to be weighed when payments for merchandise or other articles were made. In many cases the merchant with whom the purchaser was dealing had no gold scales, and much trouble resulted. The metal was too precious to admit of guesswork in ascertaining the weight required to cover a given sum, and the customer would be put to the trouble of looking up scales to aid him in his payment.

Old timers disagree as to who made the dies with which the gold was stamped into $2.50, $5, $10 and $20 coins. The honor lies between John Kay and James M. Barlow. Kay was a mechanic and Barlow a jeweler and dentist. Judge Hammond of San Juan, who came to Utah in 1848, says that dies were made by both men.

He thinks Kay made the first, which were unsatisfactory and imperfect, and that Barlow made the later ones.

Thomas Bullock was chief clerk and active director of the mint during its entire operation. The gold which was used came chiefly from California, much of it being brought here by members of the Mormon battalion on their return from the Mexican war.

They carried the precious dust and nuggets in buckskin pouches to the mint, where it was weighed and coined absolutely without alloy. The mint building was at that time a considerably more pretentious structure than it is today. It was two stories high and contained half a dozen rooms.

The crucibles in which the gold was melted were in the cellar. The primitive machine with which the cooling metal was stamped into coin stood in a back room on the first floor. All the work was done by hand and every piece of the machinery was made by Salt Lake artisans. Of necessity, no base metal appeared in the finished product. Twenty-five grains of gold was the equivalent of a dollar.

The man who had 67½ grains turned that amount over to Mr. Bullock, who sent it at once to Messrs. Kay and Barlow. It was immediately melted and turned into a coin of the value of $2.50. So it was with the pieces of larger denomination, and the mint customer, if he so desired, could follow his metal with his eyes from his pouch through the crucible, press and stamp.

No toll was taken out of the gold, the coinage being absolutely free. At first the $2.50 pieces were most plentiful and popular. Then a large number of $5 coins were made, and these, with the first named, constituted the bulk of the mint's work. Not many $10 pieces were minted, and the $20 coins were still fewer.

The mint ceased operations in 1860 because of the appearance in sufficient quantities of United States gold and silver coins. Although the space of time since the last pouch was emptied into Thomas Bullock's "money mill," as it was called, is comparatively short, few of the coins are known to be in existence today. Because of their purity they wore rapidly, and as a consequence deteriorated in value by erosion.

Many of them were remelted and made into necklaces, chains, and other articles of jewelry. Apostle Brigham Young has a watch chain that was made from two of the $20 pieces. He had the chain made in Switzerland while in that country some years ago. E. H. Pierce has one $20 coin, and several others are in possession of Salt Lakers.

When President Brigham Young died in 1877, his executors, in going over his personal property, found a locked strong box. On forcing the lid a number of the coins of the period described were found. They covered all the denominations, and were sold at auction, bringing a premium over their face value. President Young's son, Apostle Brigham Young, at that time secured six of the $5 denomination, which he still has. The others were scattered in such a way as to make it impossible to trace them.

Two sets of dies were used for the $5 pieces. The first set, as has been stated, proving unsatisfactory, another set was made. No milling appears on the edges except in the last issues.

The lettering and other technical points on both sets were imperfect, but the coins served their day and purpose well. They passed current at their face value as readily outside of Utah as within its borders.

The California slug circulated also very freely here and was used for other purposes besides money. Apostle Brigham Young said recently that as a boy he had frequently seen men pitching quoits with California slugs.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Sowing the Seeds.

Mrs. Mildey—Charles is such a dear fellow! He never goes away without kissing me.

Mrs. Sowerby—You don't suppose there is anything like "business before pleasure" in his mind when he is going away, do you, dear?—Boston Transcript.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers,
The famous little pills.

Coughing
Constant coughing is very annoying, and the continuous hacking and irritation will soon attack and injure the delicate lining of the throat and air passages. Take advice and use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time. This wonderful remedy will cure you.
Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
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Good Manners Proclaim the Gentleman.

Good manners are a social obligation, and a young man should never make light of them nor pass them over as unworthy of notice. The extreme manners of the fop are silly and unnecessary, but the way a well bred man deports himself is always worth a young man's closest study. Good manners mean comfort for others and the recognition of little social rights, which to pass over is to degenerate. Etiquette books cannot instill good manners. One's deportment comes from within. Few men are born without an intuitive knowledge of what is wrong or right in deportment. It is simply experience that develops the quality. To be good mannered generally means to have consideration for women of every rank in life, and that is a quality which young men cannot possess too strongly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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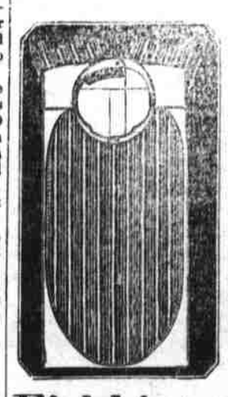

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