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GEMS OF HUMOR.

PLANE facts—shavings.

A HEN'S prayer—"Now I lay."

WO added to man makes woman.

A ROOSTER'S head is generally well combed.

How to make crockery ware—don't use it.

THE cat drowned in the brewery was a Maltese.

No fashionable lady should be without a muff of leopard skin.

FIFTY girls are studying at Cornell University.

HILLSBORO, Ohio has a man whose name is Amen. Be it so.

A TEXAS man has been born without a brain. The jury box yawns for him.

IF time is really money any man ought to be worth his wait in gold.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IF evil communications corrupt good manners, the oyster must be a bad fish, for he's brought up with a rake.

YOUNG lady to gent whom she refuses to recognize:

We may meet, but I shan't see you,
There will be one vacant stare.
—*Steubenville Herald.*

OF all words dot vas sad, der verst (to a defeated candidate) is, "it couldn't vas."—*Carl Pretzel.*

WONDER if sailor lads ever swing with their girls on the navigate.—*Salem Sunbeam.* Rudder guess they do.

WHAT an object of pity that man is whose extreme sense of dignity won't allow him to have any fun in this world.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE flower that was born to blush unseen went up the spout the other night by a can of kerosene. It was the cook.

IT is said that the Bureau of Engraving has not a single ten dollar bill in its reserve stock. Singular coincidence. Neither have we.—*Rockland Courier.*

WHEN you see a young married man with spots of buckwheat batter on his coat sleeve, it's easy to tell who wears the breeches in that house.

"How do you like my boots, love?" exclaimed a youthful bride. "Oh, they're immense," replied the partner of her joy; and she had the first matrimonial fainting away as the result.

"WHO brayed there?" asked a member of the Canadian House of Commons of the persons who were trying by interruption to silence him. "It was an echo," retorted a voice.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR declares that the earth is still in it youth. Now we know why the giddy thing runs around so much o'nights.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

PROF. PROCTOR says the earth is 387 times farther from the sun, than the sun is from the earth. We don't see how this can be, unless we have misrepresented the professor.—*Rockland Courier.*

OUR buck-wheat subscriber had better come to the scratch.—*Macgregor News.* If he doesn't, give him his spankache.—*Whitehall Times.* If she is a woman, ask her a big griddle, and if she can't answer it, batter.

A WASHERWOMAN being such a regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. "Yes," said she, "after my hard week's work is done, I git so rested to come to church, and set and think about nothin'!"

A BICYCLE rider was thrown from his fiery, untamed steed and fatally injured in Chicago, and the citizens want the Governor to appoint another Thanksgiving Day. All the good things are coming in a heap this year.

A VERY old lady on her death-bed, in a penitential mood, said: "I was a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old darky woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed, "Lors! I knowed it all the time."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"THERE is nothing like settling down" said a retired merchant confidentially to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down, and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent."

"I am the oak; you are the vine," remarked an ardent though silly lover to his Marianne. "Let the vine, therefore, creep around the oak until it reaches the topmost leaves—" "And finds nothing there," exclaimed the heartless beauty.

MME. ADELINA PATTI has met with a flattering reception in Berlin. The Emperor and Prince Charles called upon her recently in the green-room, and spoke to her in such high terms that tears are said to have appeared in her eyes.

STUART ROBSON unhesitatingly declares with his unassuming and characteristic modesty, "Mr. Crane and myself are the two best living actors, and as far as I have heard from, only two actors, Count Joannes and John B. Gough, dissent from this view."

"Is not a large head," Alonzo writes, "an evidence of large brains?" Well, yes, Alonzo, it is, it is; kind of; in a degree; oh, yes; we rather guess you are correct it is—only, Alonzo, it depends a little, you know, whether the head is on the shoulders of a man or on an ass—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

LET'S chip in for a new hat for any Governor who has mind enough of his own to appoint some other day than Friday for hanging.—*Free Press.* As soon as the hat is bought, send it to ex-Governor Hartranft, Philadelphia. He is the man that broke up the stupid superstition.

REMARKS a writer: "A gentle hand can lead an elephant by a hair." Now, what foolishness that is, to put into the minds of children. Why, bless you, elephants don't have hair: they just have hides, that's all. Perhaps a gentle hand might lead him by the tail, but mind you, we have our doubts even of that.—*Rockland Courier.*

THE katydid does all her singing with her legs. Now if the young man who sits behind you at the concert and hums the tenor softly, were compelled to do all his singing by rubbing the soles of his feet together, how happy you would be. And he? Oh, he would sing about as well as he does now, and the musical world wouldn't miss him at all.

THE man who can devour a dozen and a half raw oysters at one sitting, is the man for eighteen ate he. (What ho, without there! Seize him and hurl him from the loftiest battlements of the donjon deep into the foaming portcullis that flows past the postern gate.) It is done. The limpid ripples of the silently flowing current close above the coddving sally port, and all is over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Marvelous Story.

Following is an extract from a letter written from Matamoras, Mexico, by Charles S. Williams, formerly of Peoria, Ill., to William T. Hubbard, of Quincy, Ill.:

You have doubtless heard accounts of the discoveries of gold in fabulous quantities in the Sierra Mojadas. The accounts cannot be exaggerated, since the imagination cannot conceive of such a vast quantity of gold and silver hoarded by nature in one rugged mountain-range. The tallest stories would not be fabulous in this case. I have been there, and I know whereof I affirm. You know I have been something of a traveler; that I have seen the mines of California, Australia and among the Ural mountains—for, during my wanderings I corresponded with you; but nowhere on this planet have I seen the same richness in the mines—the same uncounted tons of gold. The very mountains, lofty and rugged as they are, seem to be built of gold. Untold millions of the yellow ores and dust are in sight; how much there may be hidden in the heart of mountains only He who created all wealth can tell.

If I had not been there, and one had attempted to tell only one-half of the truth in regard to those golden mountains, though he had been my nearest kinsman, or most trusted friend, I would not have accepted his story as truth. I shall not ask you to believe me when I say that there are, in those wild, almost inaccessible mountains, great hills of gold, miles in length, hundreds of feet in height, and hundreds of yards in width. And yet it is a literal truth. And not far away from the golden hills there is a mountain of silver ore, richer than any ores of Leadville, Virginia City, or any other bonanza mines yet discovered. This silver mountain throws in the shade the far-famed hill of Santa Eulalia, in Chihuahua, from which $200,000,000 in silver had been taken. I know you will think I tell incredible stories. I have not told half the truth.

But why are not these mines worked—developed at once? The answer is not difficult. They are in Mexico—and nothing is done in a hurry, except changing the government. In the next place, territorial jurisdiction is claimed by the three states of Coahuila, San Luis Potosi, and Chihuahua. The mines are undoubtedly clearly in the state of San Luis Potosi; but the conflicting claims must be settled, as each has a military force in the neighborhood, and suppresses all attempts to carry on mining operations. Much the title is in doubt. Up till within a week before my departure from San Felipe, the nearest pueblo, to the mining region, it was supposed that the Mojadas were a part of the public domain. Business interested parties made the discovery that the identical tract upon which the richest discoveries have been made was long ago granted away, in the usual Mexican style of liberality, to the extent of six Spanish leagues square.

There was much excitement in San Luis Potosi and Saltillo over the announcement that the great mines were private property, and, the strangest part of all, the property of an American by birth, if living, and his heirs, if dead.

Tools of Great Men.

It is not the tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed, it is probable that the best workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was the reply. It is the same with every workman who wou'd excel.

Furguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours, by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Furguson.

A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color.

An eminent savant once called upon Dr. Wellaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratory, in which science had been enriched with so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointed to an old tea tray on the table, containing a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blow pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have!"

Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say no one knew how much he owed to those tiny insects.

A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas.

Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail.

Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies, by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars.

Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning by means of a kite with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief.

Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection.

Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, with a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

SOME fiend in human shape went into the electric-battery room at a San Francisco hotel the other day and turned the whole force of the Rumpkoff coils on the reverse way at once. Instantly loud shrieks resounded in the corriders, and in the next ten minutes the waiters found over sixty guests hanging by their thumbs to the electric buttons in their rooms, capering round like maniacs and yelling for release. One old lady was drawn up into such a knot that two doctors haven't got her flattened out since.

A FRENCH lady, who had been a widow three times, was in the habit of referring to her *trinite de defuncts* in a perfectly nonchalant and numerical way. Some one complained of this to his friend, and remarked that a woman who could do such a thing was certainly an enigma. "Not exactly an enigma," was the reply, "but rather a charade, for she constantly refers to my first, my second and my third."

THERE is considerable talk about the dishonesty of public men. How is it about the private men? Are they all saints?—*Modern Argo.*

BOUQUET OF MELODY

WHY SEEK THE NORTH POLE.

BY LYDIA A. RICHARDS.

The pole! What seek they at the pole?
What prize for such as reach that goal?
Is ivory massed on polar seas,
Or silken seal in "open seas?"
Is empire sought, or pleasure, gold,
Or paths for trade, with gains untold?

Not these, are sought through arctic main;
There's good, unknown to vulgar gain,
And Truth, as truth, has champions brave
As any Mars or Mammon gave.
The search of truth, and truth alone,
Has charms, to sordid minds unknown.

To add one drop to human lore,
To prove one truth unknown before,
This, this is life—ambition, meet,
Atones for failure, sneers, defeat.

An "open sea," they long have said,
Has North Pole centering in its bed;
And, more, when ships far northward go,
They pass the drift and iceberg floe,
And reach a calm and open sea,
From ice formations ever free.
Yet none have passed this brumal line,
Which "open seas" begird, confine.

Is this illusion, fables untrue?
Must we reject the olden view?
Shall youthful Idols, one by one,
Still fall, till age, alas, has none?

A myth, that "open polar sea?"
A myth? Then prove it so to be.

If not, then snows perpetual fall,
As stone on stone build up the wall,
Till oceans, seas, as vapor rise,
And northward drift to polar skies;
There sink as snow, to rise no more,
Till earth itself is toppled o'er.
When north pole bows to kiss the sun,
An era's passed, a cycle's run.

"What seek they at the pole? What's there,
Save cold, starvation, death, despair?"
"What seeks he there, heroic man?"
He seeks the key to nature's plan!"
—*Inter-Ocean.*

I WONDER IF HE WOULD CARE.

If he could know I was jesting
In my idle words that day;
If he knew with what care I'm investing
The rose that he threw away;
How against decay I'm protesting
I wonder what he would say.

If, when the sun is fading
From crimson to faintest pink,
He knew of the sorrow invading
My heart, which from it doth shrink
With tears my folly upbraiding,
I wonder what he would think.

If he knew that I was repenting
Words spoken so thoughtlessly,
Would he still the slight be resenting?
Still think unkindly of me?
If he knew that I was relenting
I wonder if he would be.

If he knew how I had been crying
Over his picture there;
If he could hear me sighing
His name in sorrowing prayer;
If he should hear of me, dying,
I wonder if he would care.

OUR STORY TELLER.

ZEPH PARKER'S STRATAGEM.

"Sleepy, baby-faced set o' people? Air they! Baby-faced enough, you bet; but I tell you, sirree, that I believe they're 'beout born with all their eyeteeth cut in their celestial jaws; and yew've got to get up airly, sir, if you want to take in a Chinee!"

The speaker was a hard-faced, hollow-jawed gentleman, in a glossy black suit, which fitted him very badly, and the remark was made in the smoking-room of the "Continental." There he was to be seen daily, and he was supposed to have "given the speckylaters fits in ile;" in other words, he was believed to have made a fortune in petroleum. At all events, he had plenty of money, and was very generous in the spending of it.

The conversation had turned on the vexed Chinese question, and he struck into the discussion.

"I reck'lect," he said, "there was Zeph Parker. He was 'long o' me and a few more up to Nevada, jus' 'beout the time of the silver craze. The boys had been washing for gold; honest-like, neow gittin' it out o' pockets, neow outer the stream; and when done they'd with a bit o' wash out, and gone off to another claim, Mister Washee Washee Chinee would come and go over the dirt after them and be satisfied with what he got. Then comes the silver craze. All o' us goes off and loses all we'd made in gold, gits no silver, and comes back disappointed to try after the gold again.

"Guess we might try and try again, but no gold could we get; and all 'beout us was them smooth-faced, pig-tailed Chinamen, gettin' on prosperous and contended.

"'I tell yew,' said Zeph, 'I shall go and murder one o' them smilin' teapots, I can't stand it much longer!'

"This here was in our bit of a tent, when we was trying to make ourselves happy, playin' poker on credit and keepin' no account.

"'What for?' I sez.

"'What for?' cries Zeph. 'Dew yew think that I, an enlightened sitterzen of a free country am gwine to set down and be robbed o' my mess o' golden pottage by a pack o' smilin', washerwomen-faced, opium-smokin' celestial Jacobs? No, sirree, this dog's gwine to bite!'

"'But I don't kinder see what this dog's gwine to bite fur,' I sez. 'Teapot ain't done nuthin' to you.'

"'Mateys,' sez Zeph,' gettin' on the barrel as had been his seat, 'things has come to a purty pass with us, haven't they?'

"'Right, old hoss,' sez some one, hammerin' the chest lid as had been our table.

"'Haz any man here got any tobacco?' sez Zeph.

"'No!'

"'Haz any man here got any old bourbon whisky?'

"'No!'

"'Haz any man got any dust?'

"'No!'

"'Any flour, or pork, or boots, or new blankets?'

"'No, no, no, no!'

"'Then them Chinese haz,' continued Zeph; 'and what I sez is this—as it is a sin and a shame to let a pack of heathenish curses like them teapots, as never goes to churches nor listens to parsons—'

"'I say, Zeph,' sez some one, 'when did you go to meetin' last?'

"'Never you mind,' sez Zeph, 'and don't you interrupt a man as wants to give you suthin' to eat. A set of cusses, I sez, as never goes to meetin', and b'lieves in nothin' but joss-houses. I say, it's a sin to let 'em be gittin' fat on our land, while we're as thin and starved-lookin' as—as—as—'

"'As ole Zeph Parker himself,' sez Tom Paggins.

"'Well, ez thin ez I am, if you like,' sez Zeph.

"'This is all very purty,' I sez, 'but we can't go and take a claim from the teapots, Zeph; nor we can't rush 'em and annex the dust and nuggets they've washed out.'

"'No,' said Zeph, 'winkin' one eye, 'but we kin strategise 'em.'

"'How?' I sez. 'Don't kinder see it. They're too deep to be done.'

"'Yah!' sez Zeph, 'they're 'bout ez deep ez a two-cent plate. Give me the means and I'll sell the lot and put a good pocketful o' dollars or dust in every man's pocket—six o' us!'

"'But what means d'yer want?' I sez.

"'One handful o' dust,' sez Zeph.

"'And where are we to get it?' sez Tom Paggins.

"'This how,' sez Zeph. "'Morrow mornin' every man hyar's to go round the camp and cadge. Tell the boys we're hard up, but we got a good thing on. They'll subscribe a little all reound. Yew see if they don't.'

"'Well, we'll try,' sez we; and we went to sleep hungry and got up revenous.

"There was nothin' for it but to go to work, and off we went, gittin' back to our tent about eleven o'clock, when five out of the six had got a little good dust. I was the unlucky one, bein' a bad beggar, and had got none.

"'Now, then!' sez Tom Paggins, as soon as the dust was all put together—about a big spoonful of all glitterin' stuff; 'let's go up to the store and get a drink.'

"'That yew jes' won't,' sez Zeph, grinnin'. 'I'm kinder gwine to throw all this here dust away,—I'm gwine to sow it, boys, for a crop to come up.'

"We all grumbled, for we were almighty hungry; but we all had a kind of trust in Zeph, and gave way.

"'Lookiee hear, lads,' he sez, 'it' jest twelve o'clock now, so let's go round and git a mouthful where we can.'

"Let's go up to Billy Bolly's store and ask him to give us a square meal, and stick it up,' I sez, 'he'll trust us.'

"'Think he would?' sez Zeph.

"'Sartin,' I sez, 'if you show him that gold, and tell him there's somethin' good on.'

"And so it was; Bill, on seeing that gold, and hearing as we'd had something good on, gave us a right square meal, and taste round of Bourbon, endin' with the cheerful remark; 'I shall take it out o' some o' you if this here ain't squared up.'

"That didn't make a nice dessert, for Bill was a wonderful clever fellow, and would think nuthin' o' pluggin' a man; so we kinder sneeked outer that store, feelin' uncomfortable.

"'It's all right,' sez Zeph, laughing. 'Come on boys and get yewr tools.'

"We took our tools then and went off up the gulch to where a strong party of Chinese was at work, and they watched us curiously as we began prospectin' about, washin' a bit o' dirt here and a bit there, and always goin' off discontented and sour-like, till we came to one place close up to the rocks, where it ran sheer up 400 or 500 feet, and, after working with our picks a bit, we began to wash the soil in a pan, gatherin' round it afterward, and knowin' all the time that one or the other of the teapots had an eye on us.

"Then washed a bit more earth—gravely, quartzy stuff it was—and collected again, and then we grew excited and began to dig faster, and to wash more and to examine what we had done each time after pickin' over the pan, throwin' out the rubbish; and when this fell yew could see a few specks o' gold dust in the sun, while what we got went into a leather bag what Tom Paggins held.

"'We marks out this claim as our'n!' sez Zeph out loud; and takin' a shovel he chops out a bit of rough trench, just to show the extent we meant to hev; and, as he did so, first one pigtail and then another comes up to watch us, and I saw them to look at the specks o' gold in among the refuses we had thrown over the side beyond our claim.

"'No goodee, washee washee, Melican man!' sez one round-faced smilin' cuss. 'No golee, no golee!'

"'Oh, no; none at all, Mr. Teapot,' sez Zeph. 'Just yew keep a bit farther off, or——'

"He touched his six-shooter, and the Chinaman scurried back a little ways, while one of us fetched some water, and we began to wash another shovelful of earth.

"'It pans out fine!' sez Tom Paggins out loud, as we all gathered round once more, and the top refuse, with specks o' gold in, was thrown away again.

"We kept on at that for two hours, and with Zeph to manage, we washed out that little lot o' gold we had borrowed about four times; but it was a good deal less at the last than when we started, for some on it was sprinkled in each o' the holes we made, and half a teaspoonful o' dust was lyin to waste in the refuse.

"All this time the Chinese were comin' up from their bit of a camp, about a hundred yards away. Zeph was awfully jealous, an' kep' drivin' 'em away—not as we were skeered of 'em, for they're a quiet, sheepish lot, but to keep up the play.

"Then half on us went down below and got our tents and odds and ends, and set 'em up as we meant to stay, while the others went on washin' and pickin' steadily, getting four Chinese to fetch water and do a few rough jobs in movin' quartz blocks outer the way.

"Somehow or other there were a few specks o' gold under each o' these blocks that the Chinese carried off; and when that was done Zeph rave the smilin' chaps a bit o' gold each, and sent one of 'em with some dust to buy tobacco.

"'It's a workin',' sez Zeph to me.

"'Think so?' I sez.

"'Wait a bit, old hoss, and you'll see.'

"That night, after we'd been a bit nasty and threat'nin' to the teapots, who kep' leavin' their work, we could hear a good deal o' chatterin goin' on, and bime-by a kinder deppytation o' six of 'em comes up, headed by a smilin' cuss who looked like a big, fat boy.

"'Now, then,' sez Zeph, 'tell you what, ef yew don't make yerselves scarce ther'll be holes threw some on yew!'

"'Poor Chinaman!' sez the big, fat fellow, and he puts his head on one side and smiles his head half off. Then the other five sez, in a sort o' whinin' sing-song chorus, 'Poor Chinaman!' and all half smiled their heads off.

"'Don't want any to-day,' sez Zeph. 'Hook it!'

"We all sat smokin' and lookin' on, and every man with his hand on revolver and bowie, as ef we was supicious.

"'Poor Chinaman!' whines the big 'un again.

"'Don't want any, I tell you again!' roars Zeph, savagely, and the deppytation only holds their head on one side and smiles.

"'A e you gwine to cut?' sez Zeph, seizin number one by the tail, when he goes down on his knees, and the others the same, rubbin' their chests and wagglin' their heads from side to side.

"'Why don't you speak out?' sez Zeph.

"'Mellicanman let poor Chinsman washee, washee?' says the fat fellow, p'intin' to the heap o' rubbish.

"'You want to wash that dirt over again?' sez Zeph.

"The whole party began to nod their heads fast.

"'Oh, no!' sez Zeph; 'we don't want you here—eh, lads?'

"'No, no!' we all growled.

"'Send 'em off!' sez Tom Paggins.

"But they wouldn't go, only smiled, and at last Zeph seemed to be struck with a notion; and the long and short of it was that, if we'd allow 'em to wash our refuse over agen, the Chinese'd make a bit of a stream to lead water up to our claim.

"'Well, that's no good, Zeph,' I sez, as soon as they were gone.

"'Wait a bit, lad and yew'll see,' sez Zeph, with a wink; and we sat there, in the pleasant evening, smoking, while there was evidently a mighty commotion in the Chinese camp, and before long the deppytation came back.

"'Poor Chinaman!' sez the fat chap again.

"'Oh, yes; we know all 'beout that!' sez Zeph. 'Now, what is it?'

"'Mellicanman sellee claim two hunder dollars?' says the fat-headed chap, and all the others nodded their heads.

"'Will we sell you this claim for two hundred dollars?' says Zeph.

"They all nodded till you'd ha' thought their heads'd come off.

"'Cut!' sez Zeph, catching hold of fat'un by his tail and kickin' him.

"Yew mayn't believe gents, but them same chaps came back twice before it was dark and made fresh offers, advancin' a hundred dollars each time and we swore at 'em and said we would not sell, and if they warn't up to time in the mornin' to see about the water, they shouldn't be allowed to wash the dirt.

"Fust thing next mornin' them six fellers were up again, just as we had got a good panful o' stuff in course o' workin', and I saw their eyes twinkle as they caught sight of the gold.

"Then they offered $400, and we said we'd shoot'em if they'd come agen; but come they did, and offered $400, and as the mornin' went on, seven, eight, nine—$1000.

"'Take it', we said, as they came this last time.

"'They'll give $2,000, I tell yew. I'm sure they will,' says Zeph.

"'But $1 000 is enough to chisel the beggars out of,' sez I.

"'Yes,' sez Tom Paggins; 'and it'll take this time to-morrow sure to get up to the $2,000.

"'If I warn't so 'tarnal hungry, I'd hold out,' sez Zeph, hesitatin'; and then turnin' to the six Chinese as waitin' fur our answer: 'Look hyar, you cheatin' cussey,' he sez, 'takin' up a shovelful of earth, in which the dust were a-sparklin' in the sun, 'this claim's worth $20,000!'

"'No; only worth $1,000,' said fatty shakin' his head.

"'Shall we let 'em have it, boys?' sez Zeph, turnin' to us.

"'Yes, let 'em have it,' I sez; 'we can find plenty more.'

"'Come on, then,' sez Zeph; and he and two more went back with the deppytation to the tent of their head man, and a thousand dollars worth o' dust and nuggets was weighed out into a bag; Zeph put his mark to a kind of dockyment in Chinese, and half an' hour afterward we went back to camp, leavin' the smilin' Chinamen to their purchase.

"'It's a darned shame to cheat the poor, innercent babies like that,' I sez.

"'Not it!' sez Zeph; 'it's only like playin' poker with 'em and winnin'. Let's go and liquor.'

"We didn't expeck any row, for them Chinesese had to keep very quiet for fear o' bein' sent off; and Zeph sed they'd put up with their loss, clear out and go to some other gulch.

"But they didn't; for the next day Tom, who went up to see what they was a'doin', said they moved their camp up round the hole, and were workin' away like a swarm o' bees.

"That night, as we were sittin' smokin' at Bill's store, some chaps strolls in, and one of 'em says, in a bit of a temper:

"'Call this here a free country?'

"'Yes, stranger, I-dew,' sez Zeph, rattlin' some nuggets in his pocket; 'who sez it ain't?'

"'I dew,' sez the new comer. 'Here are we workin' like slaves for a few dollars' worth o' dust, and a pack o' heathen cusses comes and settles down and grabs all the best on it.'

"'Dew they?' sez Zeph, winkin' at us.

"'Yes, he sez, 'they dew. There's that pack of Chinese moved up higher in the gulch, and they've hit on a big pocket. They got a two-pound nugget out on it this very afternoon.'

"'What!' roared Zeph, with his eyes starin' out of his head like a lobster's.

"'A two-pound nugget, and the stuff's panning out awful. I say it's a shame and the government ought to stop it.'

"'Sold!' groaned Zeph.

"Next day it was the talk o' the place. The Chinese were pannin' out gold at a tremendous rate from the claim, and some were for driving the heathens away, but the party of order was too strong, and they know'd that if the rowdies was to get the upper hand here, they'd be just as likely to seize anybody else's claim; so it was decided to temporize with the heathen and try to buy the claim.

"They were two hundred strong up there; and when we went up to see the place—which we did in a kind o' desperate feeling—the fat chap smiled and clapped his hands and gave Zeph a little round nugget as big as a pea.

"A meetin' was held and we concluded to make a company and buy the claim. Twenty thousand was the most as was to be offered.

"'Twenty thousand dollars!' groaned Zeph. 'Oh, boys, what fools we was! But I did not want to hold out for $2,000.'

"'It's no use to growl,' sez Tom. How much ha' we got now?'

"'Bout $900, I guess,' sez Zeph.

"'Wal, then,' sez Tom, 'let's go in for shares as far as our money goes.'

"'The money was nearly all subscribed; but we got on for $800, and could ha' sold our shares the next hour for $1,000.

"Next mornin' the party settled to do the business, went up to the Chinese camp, but they wouldn't take the money. They said they'd begun work, and meant to have the proceeds of the day; but the boys looked dangerous, so the heathens finally said they'd settle up that night, take the money, and give possession.

"This made the gulch worse than ever, and shares changed hands at a fine rate, men sellin' theirs and then gettin' so excited that they bought back again.

"'I shall never forgive myself, boys,' sez Zeph, the next mornin,' as we sat over some fried bacon and biscuit. 'I throwed away a fortune!'

"Hallo! What's the row?' sez I, jumping up.

"There was suthin' afloat outside, for there was a heap of excitement, but no one kinder seemed to know what it was.

"Arter a while we got to know that there wasn't a single Chinee in the gulch; they'd gone off, no one knowed where, in the night.

"'They're durned artful,' sez Zeph; and he was right, for we soon knowed just what had happened.

"We six had cheated the Chinese by retail; they'd cheated us by wholesale, for there wasn't, and never had been, a grain o' gold in that claim that wa-n't put there first. It was only a small show that we had made; but the heathens had clubbed together their dust and nuggets to make a big show. That day they had packed it all up agen, and when they'd got the $23,000 they sneaked out from the camp. I guess the gulch would ha' massacred them; but the heathen hadn't left behind even so much as a trail.

"Yes, gents, yew've got to get up airly to take in a Chinee. Waiter! whisky and seltzer—and ice."

Photographing Indians.

An Indian intertribal fair was held, not long since, in the Indian Territory, in order to show some of the results of civilizing the Savages. A number of tribes attended, and displayed articles of home manufacture, such as needlework, embroidery, lace-work and blankets. Many of the Indians had their photographs taken, and showed a childish delight in looking at their faces. Others, however, could not be persuaded to go near the camera.

Yellow Bear, of the Arapahoes, was the first to pass through the ordeal of a sitting. He suffered himself to be properly seated, and the camera brought to bear upon him for the first time.

But when the prepared plate was placed in the box, and the cloth lifted, he leaped to his feet with a bound, and attempted to leave the tent.

All attempts to reason with him failed. At last, a photograph of a Cheyenne, taken some years ago, was shown him.

He looked at it a moment, then went quietly back to his chair, and sat there like a statute while his negative was taken.

He explained that no Cheyenne warrior was a greater brave than he.

The gigantic Osages, on the other hand, will not approach the tent. They say the camera robs them of their good spirits.

The Kickapoos give the same reason, and a photographer, just returned from their reservation, informs me that he was peremptorily ordered out of their country on that account.

The Indian is a profound believer in the power of spirits for good or evil, and takes care never to offend them.

The Modocs have a curious custom, which affords a pertinent illustration of this fact. They are an exceedingly cleanly tribe, and bathe frequently.

But before they enter in water, or even look into it, they agitate its surface with foot or hand, in order that the good spirits may not see them and flee away.

Men Who Require Presence of Mind.

Many railroad accidents are prevented by a presence of mind on the part of engineers. A passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road was rounding a sharp curve, just under a piece of tall timber. The watchful engineer saw a tree lying across the track sixty feet ahead of the locomotive. The train was running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and to check its momentum before reaching the obstruction was out of the question. The engineer took in the situation at a glance. He threw the throttle wide open, and the engine shot ahead with the velocity of an arrow and with so tremendous a force that the tree was picked up by the cow-catcher and flung from the track as if it had been only a willow withe. A man with not so cool a head would have made the best possible use of those sixty feet in the way of checking the speed of the train. That would have caused a disaster.

Bradford, an engineer, was bringing an express train over the Kankakee line from Indianapolis. As the engine shot out from the deep cut and struck a short piece of straight track leading to a bridge, a herd of colts were discovered running down the road. The distance to the river was only 100 feet. Bradford knew he could not stop the train, and also knew if the colts beat the locomotive to the bridge they would fall between the timbers, and the obstruction would throw the train off and probably result in a frightful loss of life. It took him only a half a second to think of this. The other half of the second was utilized in giving his engine such a quantity of steam that it covered that one hundred feet of track in about the same that a bolt of lightning would travel from the top of a lightning-rod to the ground. The colts were struck and knocked down the embankment just as the were entering the bridge.

Beauties of the Telephone.

This is the latest telephone story: A proud grandmamma, who has just been promoted to the honors of that happy relationship, is awakened in the dead of night by the inexorable bell. "Mamma, dear," comes to her the voice of her beloved but inexperienced daughter. "I am sure the baby has the croup. What shall I do with it?" Grandmamma replies that she will call the family doctor, and be with her anxious daughter in a moment. She awakens the doctor and tells him the terrible news she has learned from her daughter. He, in his turn, requests to be put in telephonic communication with the too-anxious mamma. "Lift the child to the telephone and let me hear it cough," he commands. The child is lifted, and it coughs. "That's not the croup," he declares; and he declines to leave the house on such small matters. He advises grandmamma also to stay in bed; and, all anxiety quieted, the trio settle down for the night.

THEY don't have bees in Greenland and an Esquimaux who saw one for the first time, picked up the insect and afterwards explained that he "didn't know it was loaded."

IT is said that pie is disappearing from American restaurants; but, thank heaven, there is a resource left in the printing office.

THE WINSTON LEADER,

THE PEOPLE'S