

self. Of him there is but one, and none other like him that any one has ever seen. All efforts to draw him out on some of his youthful love stories have so far proven futile. That he has loved some fair damsel way down in Tennessee in youth there is no doubt. His cabin is the perfection of neatness. He has eleven boxes nailed up to put things in, and four shelves to set things on. He is the only prospector that has ever been seen with a tooth brush. He has an oil table-cloth on the table, which he keeps scrupulously clean. Most of the prospectors just set the pans and kettles on the table and every fellow helps himself. They all live as well as they can, most of them think they are good cooks, if they are not.

I had a partner who hailed from Ohio—that means "I know it all"—whose father kept a hotel there. What he did not know about cooking or thought he knew, was not worth knowing. He said to me one Saturday evening,

"Let's have a plum pudding for to-morrow."

"Can you cook it?" I asked.

"Why, yes," said he.

So we told a German working for us to cook mush for supper while we went to the trading post to get the trimmings for the pudding. When we were a little way from the house the Dutchman called out: "Jake, Jake! I can't make mush, there are no onions in the house!" He would have put onions in the mush if there had been any.

For the pudding we purchased one pint of brandy and everything else that Jake could think of, until the bill amounted up to \$4.50. He made the pudding out of self rising flour. I took one of my white shirts and tore the tail off it. We sewed the pudding up in it tight, filled in some water in the camp kettle, and put it on to boil. It boiled and swelled so all the water ran out—the lid raised up, and the bag busted. Between boiling and baking for several hours there was enough done for us to eat off the outside. We cooked it each day for a week and still had pudding left. Forever afterwards Jake was silent on cooking, and we had only to say something about pudding for him to take up his hat and move on.

The new prospector fits up a good spring wagon with all the modern improvements, folding chairs, table and a complete camp outfit, with all the delicacies, preserves, and eggs, that the market affords; a new pair of miner's expert boots, shipped to wear in camp; with an elaborate bed, a new tent, portable stove—in fact everything that might be wanted. One lot of young men that we met might describe nearly all of them. They had on the expert boots all right, and having been dudes in the city they concluded that it would be a good place to wear out their old clothing. One of them cut the bottoms off a fashionable pair of pants so he could stick them in to the boot tops. He looked all right in front, but when he turned around it was different. An Indian standing by my side, when the young man turned around, pointed at him, smiling and said: "Him too muchee all the timee heap sit down." When he would come into camp and change the boot- for the slippers, he would indeed look like a picture in an almanac. He was an only son with four sisters; hence his mother was tender of him. She gave him the feather-bed out of the trundle-

bed, and when he got in the bed and drew himself up to fit it he resembled a Chinaman smoking the opium-pipe. Each had his own theory about where to hunt and what to hunt for. One broke out in great earnestness: "Say, boys, why not hunt for a brass ledge to-day?" They would breakfast about 9 o'clock in the summer time; take lunch, water and picks, go out until they tired—which would be soon after they left—when they would return and quarrel whom should cook supper. The rest would fall to reading novels. One morning they took inventory, and found that there were but four eggs left. The head man says, "Boys, I am going home; the eggs are gone, and home I go."

Prospecting is a very exciting occupation. A lazy man will work at that. Hundreds of men will do nothing else but hunt hill and dale, year after year. We know one man that worked alone on his mine for years. As he dug down he would add a section of ladders to the end at the bottom, which he would climb down, dig and fill the bucket, then go up the ladder and windlass it up. He run up and down that ladder until he dug and blasted sixty feet. All this work he did, thinking every day to strike a large body of ore. He never struck it.

The claim allowed by the government is 1500 feet long by 600 feet wide. You own all that is inside of the lines. Sometimes the ledge is traceable the whole length, but oftener it only crops out in places here and there. The owner will want to know what he has got, hence he will go to work. He digs down and blasts out the rock as deep as he can throw the waste out to see how wide the ledge is and what it will assay. Then he will go to another place and try that the same way, until he is satisfied that he has struck the place to commence putting works to hoist with. This is a windlass first, worked by men. When they get down a hundred or hundred and fifty feet, a horse power will be put up. That on, you work about 300 feet, then you will have to get steam. There is expense from the time the first pick is struck into the ground until the mine is worked out. Not one in one hundred ever pays for the labor expended, to say nothing of clear gain. When you get a mine you will have to have a fortune to work it. The Centennial Eureka expended before they got a dollar back one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but now she is paying in great shape.

Mining is good for mining men, but the farmer and the mechanic had best stay out of it. To all I would say, let each man stick to his own trade. If he is a miner let him mine; many strike it, he might be next. While the year of 1893 was a corker on you, let us hope that '94 will even things up for all of us. There is no reason why it should not. With state hood for Utah, with a railroad to Deep Creek, and silver on a par with gold, all hail to the year of 1894. Utah will be happy! H. J. FAUST.

Written for this Paper.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

The church bells rang out their Christmas-greeting joyously in the cold night; the sound echoed from heart to heart, and it whispered within and without, "Christmas has come." It sounded in the merry clatter of the crowds in the

streets, it was seen on the beaming faces, it was felt in the warm, hearty hand-shake; and the air itself was fragrant with Christmas odors. Nature had decked herself in beautiful, sparkling white, and the wind tore the glittering locks of the fir trees and sang a melancholy Christmas carol down the chimneys.

Over the distant forest the moon rose in full splendor and glided softly along, casting its pale rays impartially on the palace and the hut.

They entered the lofty parlors of the magnate's mansion, where star-spangled men and low-necked women did homage to the golden calf and enjoyed the gifts their host provided.

They peeped through the window of the coal-merchant's office, where the rich man looked over his credit and debit, and heard him mutter that wages must go down. And the moon hid her face in shame, for they were low enough as it was.

But it looked benignly on a group in a poor coal-haulers only room, where the children had stuck a pine twig in a flower pot, with one solitary candle at the top and a few little nick-nacks dangling about it, while the little ones had joined hands around their Christmas-tree and sang with shining eyes and rosy cheeks: "A child was born at Bethlehem."

And up in a garret, where the window was broken and the wind whizzed monotonously through, sat a young man by a three-legged table and a bottle for a candle stick, busy with some sketch books. He was an artist and had painted a picture which he had hoped would be hung in the coming salon; but it had been rejected. Now it stood in a pawnshop, where a miserly Jew had loaned him enough on it to live through the holidays; and his hopes of the gold medal and a traveling scholarship were blasted forever.

"I've missed my vocation," he said, "I shall study for the ministry or the stage and see if society has not a place where-in I might fit; only I shall starve to death before I get there." He pulled out the table drawer and brought forth his Christmas jar; bread, cheese and cold water.

"I'm ashamed to let the moon see how genius is served here on earth." And he hung up his bed spread for a blind and the moon saw no more.

But next to the artist's was another garret window, through which the moon could look unhindered in, and she saw a young girl before a cracked mirror and a table where the meager remains of the girl's supper, also a shoebrush, a novel, some faded neck garniture and divers other things lay in brotherly unity. The occupant of the room stood before the glass arranging her hair, humming a popular waltz tune. When the hair coiled to suit her she began searching a bureau drawer for some ornaments, and in turning the drawer bottom side up something fell out and rolled on the floor. The moon threw one of its brightest rays across it, and there it lay glittering till it caught the girl's eye.

"My mother's ring," she cried with something like awe. "I will wear it to night." She slipped it on her finger and held aloft, the large bony hand with its unkept nails, then hurriedly drew it off again. "No! It must not be polluted by these hands, nor see where I go to night. What would mother say could she see where I spend my Christmas eve? But what is the use of repining at this time. The rock has started to roll and must