



was the best miner in the party, and no bad inck could discourage aim. With any, one else as boss we should have scattered at once, for the winter was scattered at once, for the winter was coming on and we had been down in our luck all the fall.

scattefed at once, for the winter was coming on and we had been down in out luck all the fall. "Break up! Hant for luck!" sneered Big Ben, whenever anything was said abandoning our claim. "Well, you are a lot of coyotes—a cussed bad lot. You h ven't got the pluck of a sick wolf. I'd like to see some of you try to walk eff and leave mein the lurch—yea, I would. D—a your eyes! out I'n tura to and lick the hull crowd out of your boots if I hear another grow!." Big Ben insulted us a dozen times a day, and on three or four occasions he

before noon was raving crazy. I tell you it was awful to hear him cry out day, and on three or four occasions he laif hands on us in a violent way, but somehow we stuck there. As I told every few minutes in his delicium: "Ob, Bea, don't drive me out? 1'll somehow we stuck there. As I told you, he was a practical miner, the hardest worker in the lot, and we leaned on aim in spite of the fact that we hated him. We could have shot him down in some of the quarrels, and the verdict would have been, "Served him right," but we kacw that he had a good heart in his bosom, and the hand which elutched knife or pistol was always restrained. One afternoon, while I was minding the cabin and the other men were at work. I'll work as hard as I can." Every cry went through the big fel-low like a bullet. He nursed and soothed the poor boy with all the ten-derness he could command and two or three times carried him about in his arms as a father would his suckling babe. There was a doctor at the Forks, and after dinner Big Ben braved the blizzard and made the trip down and back. The doctor could not be induced the cabin and the other men were at work in the tunnel or shaft, a stranger intered. He had come up from the Forks, three miles away. He was a boy of 16 or thereaboute, with a girl's voice and shyness, and he was hungry

to retarn with him, owing to the cold, but he sent some medicine. Poor Ciarley was beyond human aid, how ever. He raved through the afternoon and night, and next morning was struck with death. His mind came back to and in rags. It was bitter cold, and yot his clothing was of the thinnest cind, and he had hungered so long bat he was bardly more than a shad-ow. I welcomed and fed and warmed uim, and then he told me that h s name im at the last, and as we stood over him he ca'mly said: "I know I'm going to die, but I'm not atraid. I'll see father and mother in Heaven, and perhaps brother James s there too." was Charley Bland, and that he had

While we all felt bad enough, Big Ben was completely broken down. He got down on his knees and begged Charley to forgive him, and I never wandered out there to look for his brother James, from whom he had re-clived no word for two or three years. They were orphans and both had been ound to farmers is Illinois. Both had saw a man feel the bitterness of an act as he did. "Yes, 1'll forgive you," replied the cen ill-used, and Charley had fically followed James' example in running sway. This boy had been knocking around the silver camps for six months,

boy, "and if you pray to God He'll for give you too. Has It come night so soon again?" "No, my child," answered one of the sometimes meeting friends and sometimes treated like a dog, and he had found no trace of his brother. Some

"But I can't see any of you any more. Good-by. Let me take your band for -----And with that he breathed his last,

tound no trace of his brother. Some one down at the gulch—it was a cruei thing to do—had told him that James was at our camp, and he had perlied his life to come up there and see. On that day, as I shall never forget, there was a floot of show on the ground, a olizzard raging and the thermometer marked 10 degrees below zero. The boy was asleep when the men and there were two to rest in the snow and there were two to rest in the snow until spring came. Did you ever hear of "Charley's guich?" Yes, of course you have, and if you have passed that way you have seen the boy's grave. The headboard contains only the name-cut deep by Big Ben's knile-but the story of the boy's heroism has been told in every muning camp in Ne-vada and it has never been told with-out brisking moisture to the eves of all The boy was asleep when the men turned from the shaft. Big Ben was runned from the shall. Big bed way out of sorts at the way things had been going, and no sconer did he see and hear the lad than he called out: "He can't stay here another hour.

out bringing moisture to the eyes of all listeners.- New York Sun. We don't run a poorhouse, and we let no baby-laced swindler cat our bardearned provisions." "I'll work. I'll work as hard as ever

I can," protested the boy, with a sob FLAMINGOES AT HOME. "Inere's no work for you. You've LIFE OF BIRDS IN THE TROPICS-GREAT BRILLIANCY DISPLAYED BY

got to move on to the camp above." The four of us protested in chorus, and we took such a firm stand that deadly weapons were drawn, and THEM.

While out of danger we were yet weak and almost helpless, and none of us could attend the fire or do a bit of A TWO-CENT STAMP GIVEN IN CHARITY. The following official correspond-

ence is printed today with full permis-sion of both parties: LAUREL ROOT COURT HOUSE,

Well, 1 for one, had been watching

LAUREL ROOT COURT HOUSE, ARK, Dec. 1st, 1887. SIR: I have saw in the World what is called an expose of a good many Crooked Things that has got its De-serts now what I want is to have you jump Ontogand tramp into the ground some parties in New York who has treated me like a dog I repher to Messrs. Inkers banks and Campany that advertised to send me 500 Bols of green Goods for 50 Dois Per express and then sent me a road I land green-ing for Witch I Pade 50 Dols aforesaid. There dot to Be a lar for sutch Munky

There dot to Be a lar for sutch Manky bizness I think & so no more at Pres-ent from Your tone Friend,

JOHN WESLEY MARSH. FRIEND MARSH: Your kind letter has been turned over to me. I hardly know what to say. At first I thought I would go to Messrs. Linkers, Banks & Co., and shoot them all as they stood there, but afterwards I concluded to be you do it yourself. You think me EAFNESS

P. O. Box 587.

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let you do it yourself. You think we ought to have a law for such monkey business; but laws, friend Marsh, ever

have been and ever will be, powerless to legislate brains into the brainless, refinement into the hearts of the vul-gar, or abiding wealth into the pockets of the idle, the vicious or the idiotic. The law can only assist, encourage and protect those who desire to know more, to be more and to have more. I sometimes think that if legislatures could legislate brains painlessly into a man while he waits, that they would turn in and sit with closed doors for the most of the session treating themselves to a new set all around.

In the language of the little boy who sent his last dollar to the heathen the day before the Fourth of July, "the fool and his money are soon parted." There are too many men in America who desire to swap 50 Dols for 50

Yesterday a poor man at the Batlery came up to me and asked for two cents

came up to me and asked for two cents-with which to mail a letter to his wife. He talked in a broken voice, and his nose also had been broken. He held the letter in his hand. It was selled and looked as though he had been try-ing for a long time to get postage for it. I took it in my hand, stuck a two-cent stamp on it, and mailed it in a big red box that stood near for that pur-pose. I thought he would ring my hand and ask God to bless me, but he was as mad as a wet hen heususe, as I

hand and ask God to bless me, but he was as mad as a wet hen because, as I afterwards learned, I had robbed nim of his only means of support. So you see, friend Marsb, you can never tell how to take the people of New York, especially those who are the casiest to approach. Only a day or two ago I miraculously restored sight to the eyes of a poor blind man so that he could see a trade-dollar distinctly ten feet away when dropped carelessly on the Walk; and yet he cursed me bitter-ly-oh! so bitterly -when I took the



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birds. Very lovely the pink mass looked in the bright sunlight. There of us had our pistols leveled at Big Ban, and meant to shoot if he moved a foot, the boy opened the cabin door and glided out into the dark and bitter were three separate clusters of nests, every one of which was occupied, while the male blyds stood around, their night with the silence and swiftness o heads raised high, as they evidently suspected mischlef. As I could not "You are his murderer," we said to clearly make out with my glasses the position of the legs of the sitting birds there was nothing for it but a long stark over the intervening slas, and with the blazing san now almost verti-Ben, as we lowered our weapons, and he growled: "D-n him! If we took in every straggler we should be crowd-ed out of house and home before New Year's. What is it to us whether he lives or dies?" I think he felt conscience stricken cal. The first quarter of a mile was comparatively easy, as we could creep on our hands and knees; but then we came to a point where nothing but ver-I think be felt conscience stricken within the hour, however, as he went to the door and acted as if he hoped to see the lad standing outside. The boy had been gone half at hour before we fully realized what his going meant, and then two of us went out with the lantern and searched and called for him. The snow was being whirled aicular motion could avail us, and for eal hard work let me recommend it to those who are content with very active exercise without attaining a high rate of progression. The tropical high rate of progression. The tropical sun beat down upon us, hatless as we now were, from a cloudless sky; but I suppose that our profus: perspiration saved us from any ill effects, the rapid evaporation counteracting the sun's heat. It may be that I was too anxious him. The snow was being whirled about in a furious manner, and the wind was rising to a gale, and the bli-ter cold drove us back after a quarter of an hour. If was true that we had little enough to eat, and that we were cramped in our cabin, but the idea of about reaching a favorable point of observation to think of it, but I cannot driving that pale-faced orphan boy out to freeze was something we could not say that I even suffered any inconven to set us up in rebellion spainst our boss, and that night we threw off the yoke and gave it to Big Ben right and left. We had two or three rows before hedtime, and all turned in sulky and At length, having crawled under the roots of the dwarf mangroves that covered the slob like a network of

covered the slob like a network of croquet hoops, we found ourselves at the edge of the marl and within 150 yards of the birds, who were still un-disturbed. Here, with my glasses, I could see every feather, nute the color of the eyes, and watch every move-ment. There were, we calculated, be tween seven hundred and a thousand birds, and a continuous, low, goose-like eaching was kept up. Never did I see a more beautiful mass of color. The male birds had now all got to-gether, standing about five feet high, and with necks extended and heads erect were evidently watching events, preserving in the meantime a masterly indignant. Wnew! But what a night that was! The cold increased until the rocks were split, and the wind roared until our cabin threstened to topple over at every blast. At midoight Big Ben crept carefully out of his bed and opened the door, and then I almost forgave him for his brutality. Conscience had been at work, and his heart was touched. He hoped to find the boy crouched on the threshold, and I heard him sigh and mutter to himself as he shut the door and returned to his blankets. The strongest man in our party, clad preserving in the meantime a masterly inactivity. Now and again one would stretch out his great black and scarlet The strongest man in our party, clad as we were for the winter, could not have stood against the blizzard half an

stretch out his great black and scarlet, wings, but the general effect was the most exquisite shade of pink, as the feathers of the breast and back are much lighter than those of the wings. The heas sat on the nests and some were sitting down in the muddy la-goon. I watched them carefully for nearly an hour, and looked at every nest to see if the legs were extended along the side. In no case did I see a leg. I saw the birds go on to the nest hour, and I fell asleep to dream of fading poor Charley's frozen corpse on the trail leading down to the Forks, and of his big blue eyes being wide pen and staring at me in a reproach-For oreakfast next morning we had

some canned meat-opened a new can from our slim store. We thawed it out, and all ate our full shares, and were on the point of starting out to search for the boy when one of the men was taken lll. Inside of half an hour all of us were down with pains and cramps, and it was evident that we had been poisoned by the meat. We had po satifice of any sort, and one after another went to bed to suffer the most agonizing bains and to lose consciousness. Big Ben was the hard est hit of all, while I, perhaps, suffered the least. That is, while all the others raved and shouted and lost their sen-starting to retroat when dimly conce out of everything going on. The blizzard the least to mae that he was dead. I remember his leoking down upon each of us in a strange, scared way, and the source to retroat when one of the men shouted a louder curse. I was the first to come back to life, att mere and the twe one of the men shouted a louder curse. some canned meat-opened a new can from our slim store. We thawed it

I was the first to come back to life, as it were, and that was twenty-four hours siter being first taken. The pains was gone as I opened my eyes, but I was weak and wretched like one just over a terrible fever. The boy Caarley was standing before me as I opened my eyes and he sent down and whispered: "You have all been terribly sick and I think one man is dead. Can you eat somethine?"

The investigations of a society formed in London to abate the smoke nuisance afford a rather startling idea of the wastelul extravagance of the present system of sombustion. Here is a sum-mary of a late report of the Smoke Abatement Institute: "The weight of the smoke cloud over the city is estimated at about fifty tons of solid carbon, and two hundred and fifty tons of hydro-carbon and carbonic toxide gases. From actual tests, the value of coal annually wasted through the ovstinacy of the Cockneys is £1,-257,500, or forty-two per cent. of the amount expended for coal in London, that being the percentage of heat that escapes up the chimneys without warm-ing anybody. This waste also causes something?" I did feel a bit hungry, and I had no soomer signified it than he came to me with a bowl of broth. As I afterward learned the storne had driven a couple of hares to seek, shelter at the door and he had secured both of them. He did not know, the canse of our sickness, but suspected some calamity, and was prepared to feed us as soon as we could cat. It seemed that when Big Ben drove him out he stumbled lato the ravine a quarter of a mile away, and found shelter under a ledge. How he kept from inseging to deata that night, the swan only knows. Indeed, ileaven

Chinaman lite Flenchman letter say you no go back Chinaman kill. No cut him off head, but blow up. Flenchman lapgh, say Chinaman not fight, China-lapgh, say Chinaman not fight, Chinaman woman. Flenchman go out on plain-6,000. Chinaman get him heap bamboo stick big as leg. Fill him with blow-up and bullicks. Stick him in fuse and belly him in glound. Next Tuse and beily him in glound. Next day Chinaman say we now ready fo' fight. Come on. Flenchman come on. Get him light on glound between Cainaman and Flenchmaa had been night befo'. Big Chinaman captain tell him go back, but he no go back. Bang! boom! When wind blow him smoke sway no mo' Flenchman, alle gone."

When Wong told this story he was as excited and wrought up as any amateut elocationist. As he seemed to be in a humor for telling stories he was aled to go on. "Flenchman can't whip Chinaman,

he said. "Chinaman might whip Flenchman if he go to Flance, but Chinaman don't waat to go to Flance. Flenchman come to China once mo'.

Flenchman come to China once mo'. Chinaman hab his hoss out on plais. Chinaman hab his hoss tlained to come and feed him when he ling bell. Feed him on one kind ob meal, and hoss get nothing else, but come fast when you ling a bell. Chinaman left 600 hoss on plains Build him big stable hold gli hoss. Make blin wide do', just so hoss iun in, den hang big knives ova' do'. Flenchman take all 600 hoss and put big captains on him. Chinaman get on top stable and ling bell. Flenchman can't hold him, jun so fast to stable to get him meal. Hoss hego in stable. Big knife cut off Flenchman's head. Head he fall, one on dis side, one on dat side. All Flenchmans dead. Big cap-tains. Den Chinaman let last Flench man go home. No want to kill him all.

man go home. No want to kill him all Kill big captains. "You know how Chinaman tell when partner cheat?" asked Wong, changing

the subject. "No, 1 do not." "Chinaman go in with partner, may be cousin. At end ob year both must go to joss house and tell joss all about him. It Chinaman lie big snake come down nom the in joss house and bite him and Chinaman die. Sometime both Chinamen die. Both cheat. Some-time Chinaman tink his partner cheat and he say to partner get in boat and time Chinaman tink his partner cheat and he say to partner get in boat and go acloss libber. If Chinaman cheat, when he get in middle of libber, big

when he get in induce of hover, big ting, to'legs, bite him mouth." Wong here had to go into pantomime to describe what he meant. "Furtle," suggested the reporter. "Yes, dat's him," answered Wong. He snap Chinaman and Chinaman die." -Denver News.

There are now in the city of Con-stantinople, besides the missionaries of the American Board and the mis-sionaries of the Baptist Publication Society, Campbellite missionaries, a Quaker missionary, and a Mormon missionary issionary.

A Stockton physician suggests this as a preventive of smallpox: One ounce of cream of tartsr in a pint of water. Take a wine glass full two or three times a day. It is harmless staff, and is said to be good to take oc-casionally, even when there is no small-pox around...

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