

## GOT GOLD BY THE PECK.

THE STORY OF THE FINDERS OF A WORLD FAMED MINE.

Curious Incidents in the History of the Modern Ophir—It is Told by One of the Seven Lucky Miners—Dividends to the Extent of Several Millions.

"When old man Comstock, after whom the famous Comstock lode was named, bought George Carter's wife for \$500 and a horse, saddle and bridle in the fall of 1859, I little thought of the enormous developments that were soon to follow," said John E. Clark, once familiarly known as "Ophir Jack."

"When we were taking out about a nail keg full of dust every week, and naturally thought we had the biggest thing on top of ground, but that was nothing to speak of compared with the ore we were soon to strike, that produced over \$13,000 to the ton. Money was very easy with us at the time, and Comstock would doubtless have been willing to pay more for the only woman in the camp had his first offer not been accepted. Carter, his wife, and her brother came overland in a wagon, and when they struck our camp we offered him a job, and it was while he was carrying dirt out of the mine and keeping a judicious watch over his domestic establishment at the same time that Comstock said:

"Carter, what will you take for your wife?"

"What will you give?" replied Carter simply.

"Five hundred dollars."

"If you will throw in your horse, saddle, and bridle, all right," and the bargain was concluded.

"Comstock wanted a bill of sale, and it was regularly drawn up, signed, and witnessed in Johnny Newman's saloon, Newman being one of the witnesses. Carter went back to work and stayed around for a few days, and then took his horse and left. I never heard of him again. After Comstock sold his interest in the Ophir, he and Mrs. Carter went to Placerville, and there in a few months they had a row and separated.

"I was one of the seven men who discovered the Comstock lode," continued Mr. Clark. "Joe Winters and I were working near Forest City, making small returns, when I heard of placers over near Gold Hill, and I gave Joe money and told him to go there and buy a claim. He bought an interest for \$150. There were seven in the party—old man Comstock, Pat McLaughlin, Pete Reilly, Emanuel Penrod, or 'Manny,' as we called him, 'Kintuck' Osborne, Joe Winter, and myself. We had no tents, and slept in our blankets under a big spruce tree. We were making anywhere from \$1 to \$6 a day where we were working. Going back and forward between the spruce tree and rockers, we for a long time passed over what was afterwards the Ophir mine without paying any attention to the bright sand at that point. One day Comstock, in passing said:

"Boys, this sand looks very bright," and he picked up a double handful and carried it to one of our rockers.

"Just as soon as the water struck it we saw that what we had for weeks been carelessly walking over was the richest sand we had ever seen or heard of. You may be sure we were not long in changing the base of our operation. We constructed an ordinary V-shaped chute to carry water from the spring, about a quarter of a mile away, and went to work. The bulge of soft, disintegrated ore was about twelve feet across and nearly circular. Its edges were clearly defined and went down with a slight dip to the east. The dirt was extraordinarily rich, some of it running as high as \$6 an ounce. Our washings were measured almost literally by the bucketful. We divided our wealth by weighing it on a common set of grocers' scales. It was not long until our rich strike became generally known, and miners came from all directions during the following winter, and the town of Virginia City, named after a drunken, worthless miner called 'Virginny,' rapidly into existence.

"But no one found dirt like that we struck. The great crowd skipped out as lively as it came when the Plutes went on the warpath in the spring of 1860. I feel like laughing every time I think of that event. Major Ormsby, who kept a store and the overland stage station, when he heard about the Indians, said, 'Whenever they see me, boys, those Indians will quiet down.' He got together all the miners who had guns and pistols and marched for the seat of war. By the time they found the Indians the men had shot away all of their ammunition at rabbits and birds, and when the Plutes showed up, the miners, instead of seeing the Indians running, skipped themselves, and most of them didn't stop until they were back in California.

We were not disturbed, however, and soon afterward, at a depth of about nine feet, our mine 'petered out.' The soft, easily washed dirt and sand stopped short on a bed of hard, dark gray rock of ore, that we all thought was iron ore. Then the discovery of the real Comstock lode was made under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. It must be remembered that in those days we did not know much about mining, and did not have any facilities at the camp for testing. We were not exactly down in the mouth about the mine running out, for we had each made a handsome stake, but, while we

all thought we had run into a bed of iron, we had sense enough to reflect that if it was iron ore, where did the pocket we had worked come from? I insi that we had the stuff assayed. I hired a train of packed horses, and after digging about 2,500 pounds of the rock, I placed it in charge of a man named 'Judge' Walsh, and gave him money to take the rock to San Francisco and have it assayed. While he was gone we did nothing. In about three weeks 'Judge' returned, and in a very matter-of-fact way confirmed our original opinion that we had struck iron ore.

"There's a little gold in it," he said, 'and a little silver, but it don't amount to anything and isn't worth working.'

"The fact was, as we afterward learned, that the ore Walsh took with him assayed over \$13,000 to the ton, and the 2,500 pounds produced a total of over \$16,250. The men in 'Frisco, who heard about it were so astonished that they could scarcely believe the report. A scheme was concocted to depreciate the 'find' and get control of it. I never could discover all of the details, but 'Judge' Walsh was to report to us that our mine was of no account, and the others in the plot were to quietly buy up the claim. The ore was stored in Davidson's bark, and a suit in replevin had afterward to be brought to get it.

"While we all had no reason to doubt the truth of Walsh's report, the fact that he brought no certificate of the assay with him caused some talk, but in those days we were careless. In a few days two mud wagon loads of men came, and they quietly began trying to buy out our interests. Joe Winters and I had a sixth between us. In a short time McLaughlin sold his one-sixth for \$5,000, and Comstock, Penrod, and Osborne for about the same amount. They offered Reilly \$10,000 for his one-sixth, and when he, after consideration, refused, they increased the offer to \$20,000. He didn't take that, either, and I think he afterward got something like \$40,000 in all.

"Winters got rather nervous and wanted to sell, but I told him it looked very suspicious for those men to be so anxious to buy the mine so soon after 'Judge' Walsh had come back. We refused to sell. When they found they could not get our sixth they began developments. Some one called it the Ophir, and the mine ever after has gone by that name. I paid dividends from the very start. The vein was about six feet wide, and for 300 feet the ore continued to maintain its almost unexampled richness. I notice by the last report that a total of \$4,514,240 in dividends has been paid.

Of the seven original discoverers of the Comstock only the Winters and myself are living, so far as I know. It is possible 'Manny' Penrod still lives. He had a ranch on Clear Creek and was once a member of the Nevada legislature. Theodore Winters, Joe's brother, acquired an interest in the Ophir, and now is well known for, among other things, his race horses. Joe had great times while his money lasted. As a rule, he was soon broke after he received his dividend, which, of course, was a large sum every month, as he had a twelfth interest. I have seen him sitting in a saloon playing seven-up for \$100 a game, when he had no more chance of winning than I have of flying.

"The discoveries afterward made resulted in determining the exact limits of the Comstock lode. Only one claim was located on it north of the Ophir. That was the Sierra Nevada. On the south the famous bonanza mines—the consolidated Virginia, Bullion, Belcher, and Crown Point—were developed, together with a number of others. Then the lode broke right square off. Many attempts have been made to relocate it, but without success. Pete Reilly spent a great deal of time trying to find it after he had sold out. A man named Michael Resse filled him up with the idea that spirits had told him where it was, and Reilly dug a tunnel 800 feet long near Clear Creek. The tunnel was like a mole hole, only a few feet under the surface, and at a uniform depth."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## THEY ARE MAN'S FRIEND.

Insects That Should not be Destroyed by People Who Have Gardens.

The lady-bird, so quaintly marked that it is hard to find two of them just alike, is one of the gardener's best friends, yet hundreds of them are killed because people in their ignorance don't know what a helper they have in this pretty, buxom little insect. A few days ago a writer in the New York Tribune visited a friend who has a garden full of all sorts of flowers, and back of these there is the kitchen garden, with rows of currants and raspberry bushes. The leaves of both these shrubs were covered with blight or lice that were as green as the leaves on which they lived and thrived. Hunting about the bushes were a number of lady birds. The woman in her ignorance was killing these right and left, thinking they were doing all the damage, and when told they were her best friends was incredulous. A few minutes' careful watching, however, showed the small bug busy eating the smaller green pest. Small yellow pyramids showed where she had laid her eggs, which in a day or two would hatch. The woman saw and believed, and in future the lady-bird was a sure refuge and a welcome in her patch of flowers and fruit.

Another insect that is forever being killed owing to the ignorance of the general public is the dragon-fly, also known as the needlcase. He is one of the most useful insects of this climate. In his larval state he subsists almost entirely on those small squirming threads which can be seen darting about in any still water, and which hatch out into the sweet singing mosquito. As soon as the dragon-fly leaves his watery nursing ground, and climbing some friendly reed, throws away the old shell and flies away, he is helping man again. His quarry now is the house fly. Not long ago the writer saw one of these insects knocked down in a veranda, where he had been doing yeoman's service, and the children and women seemed delighted, although they shrank back from the poor wounded dragon-fly. They all thought he had an awful sting at the end of his long body—a cruel injustice. When the writer took the insect

up there was general wonderment, which was increased when a captured fly was offered him and he ate it greedily. The boys of that household will never harm a dragon-fly again.—Scientific American

## LONG YEARS OF TORTURE.

ON SHIPBOARD, IN THE HOSPITALS AND AT HOME.

Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic Restored him to Health and Strength.

Capt. William F. Spurr of Deep Brook, Annapolis County, N. S., can tell you what yellow fever is, and how it leaves a man who is fortunate enough to survive it.

Some four years ago he was smitten with yellow jack at Rio and after it had spent its force he fell an easy victim to a severe cold. Rheumatism followed, and he entered a hospital in Barbados, where the doctor told him he had consumption. Later he entered a New York hospital and was treated unsuccessfully for muscular rheumatism. Then he came home and was for five months confined to his bed. Here is what he says of that period and of his ultimate cure:

"My sufferings were intense. Pains darted through my body in every direction as in neuralgia. At night I would lie awake till daybreak, unable to sleep. After a time I was able to move about a little, but was in constant pain. My left arm was helpless and shrunken. I tried a number of remedies without receiving any benefit until I was advised to take Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. I could not at this time even sneeze or cough without pain. Before I had taken half the first bottle of tonic I felt better, and continued till I had taken seven or eight bottles in all. My power over my arms and muscles began to come back, and I soon felt a desire to stretch myself, like one awaking from sleep. In a short time my strength was completely restored, and today I am as well as I have been for years."

Capt. Spurr's experience of this wonderful remedy is but a repetition of that of thousands. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is the greatest flesh and blood builder and nerve and brain invigorator of the age. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

## OFFENDED THE OSTRICH.

Unhappily Fate of a Kitten Which Succeeded in Climbing the Wrong Tree.

The ostrich at the Zoological Garden stood in the long yard adjoining its cage in the deer house yesterday. It gazed contemplatively through the bars of the fence at the world beyond and shivered every once in a while as the cool breezes swept down upon it. It was thinking of the differences in climates and wondering whether if it buried one of its eggs as it used to do in the long grass during such weather the cool wave would hatch out an ice cream churn.

While it was revolving the question in its mind a playful kitten came through the fence into the yard. It was a pretty kitten—pure white, except for a few blotches that looked as if somebody had thrown an ink bottle at it, after carefully removing the cork. The kitten went running along the yard until it came to the ostrich. Thinking its long, thick legs were young saplings, the playful kitten gave a run, and quickly climbed up them, and was soon on top of the ostrich's back.

The huge bird did not know what to make of it at first, and went cantering around the yard as though the plague were after it. Round and round it went, until, red in the face, it came to a sudden stop. The kitten never moved. It had taken a firm hold of the ostrich and did not propose to be shaken.

"I stood the earthquake this morning," said the kitten, "I guess I can stand this."

Finding that the strange beast refused to be thus summarily disposed of, the ostrich became less scared and more angry. It curled its neck and twisted its head so to get a fair look at the kitten. The kitten never wincing. It began to think it had barked up the wrong tree, but it was determined to see the matter out. The ostrich aimed a blow at the undesirable rider with its beak, but it dodged. It tried it again, but the result was the same. Again and again the agile head rained sledge-hammer blows at the tricky little kitten. It escaped them all, though some were very near for comfort.

Finally the kitten got scared. It ran out on the ostrich's neck to get out of the way. Then it smiled. The ostrich couldn't hit it there. Its smile did not last long however. With a sudden movement the ostrich stretched its neck backward, encircled the kitten round the waist, and squeezed it until it was dead. Then it unwound itself and placidly looked at the dead animal. After a moment or two of contemplation it picked up its victim and flung it as far as it could. Then it calmly resumed the meditations that had once so ruthlessly interrupted.

## Fish For Candles.

Up in British Columbia and Alaska the starving resident may turn a substitute for midnight oil which he can also eat for his breakfast. It is called the candle fish, and is found in shoals along the Pacific coast in the region named.

In Alaska this fish, which belongs to the smelt family, is dried, stored away and used as candles during the long winter. After the Alaskan has had his dinner he takes out a dried fish, sticks the tail in a crack of the table and touches a match to the nose. Then the fish burns with a bright and steady glimmer.

They also make an excellent substitute for cod liver oil. They are so full of fat as to be almost transparent.—Argosy.

## Holding The Breath.

It is a physical impossibility for a man to kill himself by holding his breath.

Individuals differ greatly in the length of time they can hold their breath, and what practice and determined efforts, combined with natural great lung capacity, can do in this direction is shown by the long

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4

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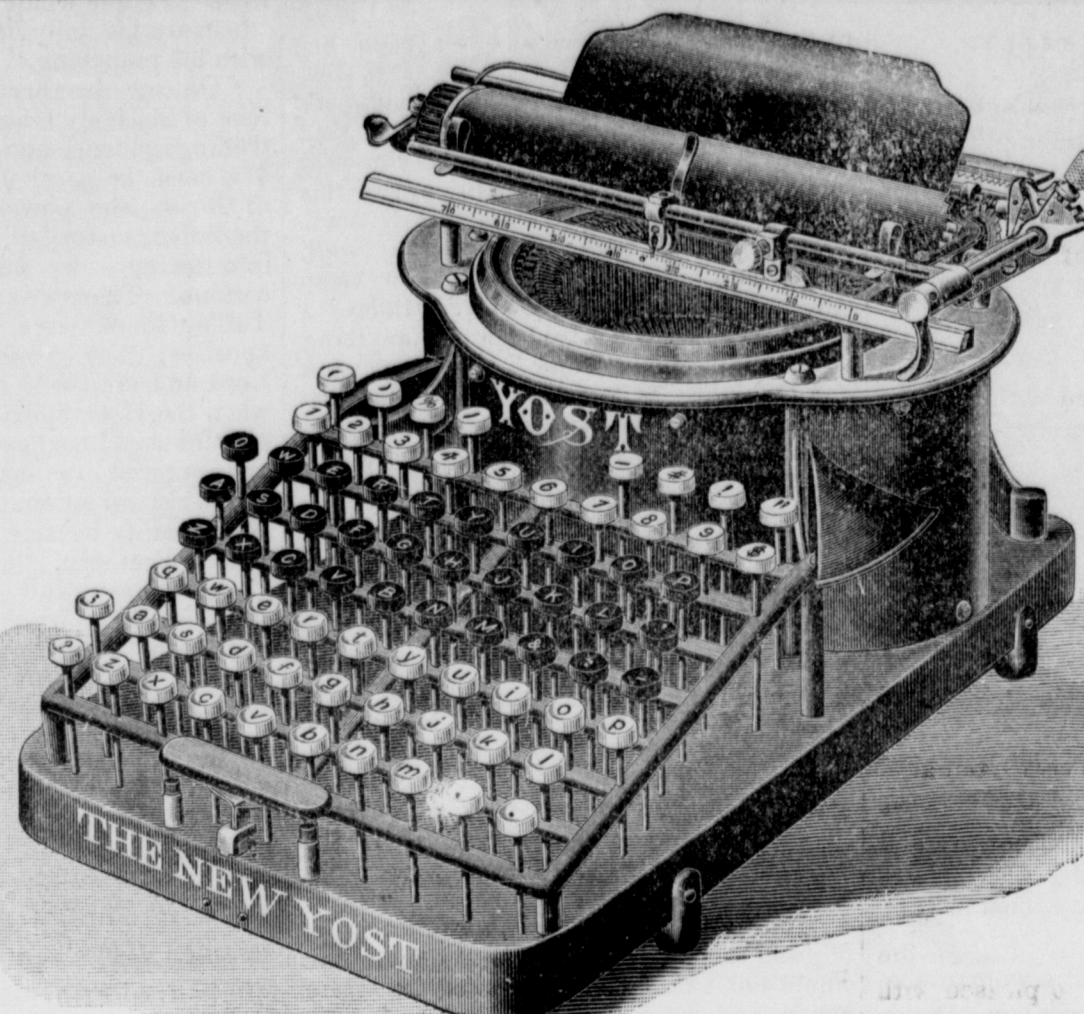
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periods for which champion divers can remain under water.

If a man succeeded in continuing to hold his breath, in spite of the physical discomfort in which he had placed himself, the result would simply be to induce a state of coma.

When this state was reached Nature would rouse herself, and the breathing functions would again resume full activity, preventing a fatal issue in spite of their owner's desire.

## QUEER WATER SUPPLIES.

One Place Where a Cloud Gives Enough to Satisfy Thousands of People.

To obtain a suitable supply of water for a town with a moderately sized population is a task attended at times with great difficulty; and, apart altogether from the very considerable expense sometimes entailed, many curious methods have to be employed in order to secure the necessary quantity. But, among the many means adopted, it would be difficult to find two more curious than those we are about to describe.

Cape Town, the principal town in Cape Colony, is situated on Table Bay, just north of Table Mountain, which is the termination of a high ridge of mountains, almost covering the Cape of Good Hope promontory. The face of the mountain, on the north-west side, is almost perpendicular, and attains the altitude of 4,000 ft.

When a cold, south-east wind blows over the mountains, and comes to the edge of the cliff, it meets the warm, moist air, which is constantly rising from Table Bay. The moisture contained in the warm air is immediately condensed—first into a cloud, and then into rain. This cloud, which may be constantly seen over the mountain, is called the "table-cloth." It is constantly depositing the purest of water at the foot of the mountain, and forms the only source from which all the water is obtained, not only to supply the wants of a population numbering nearly 40,000 persons, but also the requirements of the numerous vessels which call there for supplies.

When this cloud is so dense as to entirely obscure the mountain top, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a coming storm; hence, when bad weather is expected, it is usual to say "the table-cloth is spread."

Along the shore of the Persian Gulf there is a tract of country which is one of the hottest regions of the earth. In common with many other places similarly situated, the land is rarely refreshed by a fall of rain but, although there is an entire absence of fresh water on the surface, a comparatively numerous population inhabits the region, as an abundant supply of water can be obtained from numerous fresh-water springs, which have their outlet at the bottom of the sea. The water is obtained by diving.

The following is the method of procuring it: The diver, sitting in a boat, takes a large goat-skin bag, and winds it round his arm, grasping the mouth of the bag firmly with his hand. With the disengaged hand he takes hold of a strong rope, to which a heavy stone is attached. Plunging into the water, the weight speedily carries him to the bottom. He immediately opens his bag and places the mouth of it over the strong jet of water which is rushing upwards. Soon the bag is filled, and, again firmly grasping the mouth of it, he is quickly drawn to the surface, and assisted into the boat. This operation is repeated until a sufficient supply has been obtained. It is generally supposed that the source of these valuable submarine springs is in a hilly district, some five or six hundred miles from the point where the waters make their exit.

## Had a Fine Sandwich.

The white cow (gleefully)—Did you see that young city fellow out with the city girl, gathering wild flowers? The muley cow—Yes; they go through the pasture here

every day. The white cow—Well, he had them in his straw hat, and when they sat on the stile to rest, she put her straw hat over his to keep the sun from them, and I—ha! ha! I ate the whole business as a sandwich.—Puck.

## WHAT SHE IS TRYING TO DO.

The New Woman, And Some of her Little Ways, in these Latter Days.

The Empress of Austria has not as yet followed the example of the court ladies around her and taken to the bicycle. She is a confirmed pedestrian, however, and daily takes a walk of from four to seven miles. She wears a short black dress that does not reach the ankles. She walks straight on wherever she wishes, and her Greek teacher follows close behind, talking Greek or reading to her.

Mrs. Thomas Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, the widow of Andrew Carnegie's brother, is the only lady member of the New York Yacht Club. She owns a handsome steam yacht called the Dungeness, which has carried the New York Yacht Club's flag for a year. Mrs. Carnegie formerly owned a steam yacht, which she called Missal, the name of her Georgia plantation. The Missal was sold to the government and is on duty in the Mexican Gulf. Mrs. Carnegie entertains liberally on board her palatial craft.

Annie Schmidt, daughter of a long Island farmer near Astoria, laughs processes of law to scorn, and with a little cowhide last week spread consternation into the souls of several people who believed that they had a legal right to enter upon the premises. The Schmidt farm belongs to the Van Deventer estate, and was sold at auction two weeks ago. When Mrs. Bridget Judge and John Stauer tried to inspect their purchases Annie Schmidt attacked them with the cowhide and drove them away. Annie is under arrest.

The new woman of France may not be anxious to shoulder a rifle and serve in the army, but the government seems to be taking the demands for emancipation of the sex seriously. A measure is proposed that provides that hospital service and all other labor not included in the carrying of arms, such as the making and mending of clothing, cleaning and caretaking shall be done by women, and that these women shall be drafted under similar conditions that prevail in the conscription of men.

Mary Crandall, eighteen, pretty, a first-class cook, accomplished pianist and gifted vocalist, lives at Sea Cliff, L. I. Not satisfied with being everything that a young woman should be, and thinking that the bicycle habit was not distinctive, she developed a latent talent for carpentering and recently sawed, planed, chiselled, mortised and fitted to its frame a door. The work was done in a workmanlike manner. Now,

Mary drove nail after nail and never hit her thumb once. She is the lioness of the hour.

A gasoline stove exploded in the residence of Dr. Creditor, at Ichita. While the other members of the household were ringing their hands and shouting fire, Miss May, the seventeen-year-old daughter, mounted her bicycle, pedalled to the engine-house, a quarter of a mile away, and sent the firemen to the rescue, thereby saving an entire block of buildings.

South Carolina has a prodigy in Clara Norah Avery, a ten-year-old negro girl, who is a most remarkable preacher. Both whites and blacks have been converted by her. She has a wonderful memory for sermons and can repeat an hour's discourse word for word. She can barely write, but she seems to have committed the whole of the New Testament to heart.

John Hart, of Grand street, Brooklyn proposes to meet the new woman problem squarely. He has had his wife arrested for failure to attend to her domestic duties and for failure to properly look after their three children. The Court, somewhat startled by the novelty of the case, has laid it over for a few days, parolling Mrs. Hart in the meanwhile.

Not long ago there was buried at Leo Bay, Ind., a woman who bore the name of Blackmore. This was the twelfth name she had borne, for she was actually married that many times, and was but forty-two years of age at that. She was divorced from seven of her husbands, one ran away, and the other four died before the roses of the honeymoon had fairly faded.

A writer in the Baltimore Sun tells at length how inquisitive American and English tourists in Constantinople are bled in large sums by shrewd guides, who make pretense of securing for them admission into the harems of Pashas or the Grand Vizier. A sumptuous palace fitted up in a gaudy style is peopled with a lot of professional women, and it is to this place that gullible women with a taste for slumming are taken under an appearance of much secrecy and mystery. The landlady is represented to be the "governess" of the ladies. Before the fraud is discovered a cry is raised that "the Pasha is coming," and the deluded ones think that they are escaping with their lives.

## Father and Daughter

A gentleman, who was once stopped by an old man begging, replied: "Don't you know, my man, that Fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter?" replied the gentleman.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Misfortune."

Meteorologists say that the heat of the

air is due to six sources: (1) That from the interior of the earth; (2) That from the stars; (3) That from the moon; (4) That from the friction of the winds and tides; (5) That from the meteors; (6) That from the sun.

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