

O'ROURKE'S LUCKY MULE.

Found a Rich Mine and Lived in Clover Thereafter.

Phil O'Rourke's lucky mule derived more benefit from the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine than any of the men who have found it. Says a Spokane Washington letter. Ever since its discovery a long chain of events, including the destruction of the mill by dynamite a few days ago, have destroyed the profits of operating what should be one of the richest mines in Cœur d'Alene district.

Wild as the Kootenai country is now, it has undergone many changes since Sullivan and O'Rourke went prospecting over it less than twenty years ago. At that time Chief Saltese and his Cœur d'Alene Indians did not take kindly to the white trespassers and warlike Sioux were not infrequent visitors to the regions. Now and then a wandering band of Crees were encountered and thieving Gros Ventres stole many a prospector's outfit. The Indians have given way to white men not less dangerous, but there are no prospects in the Cœur d'Alene district now. All the country has been carefully examined and it is seldom that new bodies of ore are found.

Not far from Knobknoster, Me., O'Rourke was brought up on a farm. His generous disposition gained for him the reputation of a spendthrift. It was predicted that he would "never have nothin'" and this prediction was confirmed when he traded a valuable gold watch for an undersized bulky mule. Indeed, it was this transaction as much as anything else that induced him to convert all his worldly goods into cash and set out, leading the mule, for the far West, where the reputation of neither himself nor the mule was known. Irish sensitiveness caused him to leave at night. It was a week before the neighborhood knew he had gone. Years afterward, when he went back with good enough to buy any ten farms in that part of Missouri, he and the younger generation had many a laugh over the comments his departure had caused.

The trail to the West was a main traveled road in those days, and before long O'Rourke fell in with another Irishman, named Sullivan, who had spent a number of years at mining in Colorado. With only a vague conception of his destination, O'Rourke agreed to accompany Sullivan to the Cœur d'Alenes, which country was just beginning to be heard of. The two men met with many misfortunes. Sullivan's horses died. They harnessed the little mule and tried to make him take the place of one of the horses, but he would not pull. He would carry a pack on his back quite cheerfully, but when hitched to a vehicle he would not pull a pound. Sullivan wanted the satisfaction of killing him, and O'Rourke at one time consented, but changed his mind before the execution took place. When they reached Walla Walla, all that was left of their possessions was the mule and one team. They sold the horses and tried to sell the mule, but no one would buy him; but they bought some provisions and loaded then on his back. Then they set out for the Kootenai hills.

The mule soon learned to follow them like a dog. He needed no driving or leading, and the patient, unobtrusive manner in which he plodded along bearing the beans, coffee and bacon soon made the men forget his former shortcomings. It was early in the spring when they started. All summer they tramped over the hills. Now and then they would find traces of silver, but nothing to warrant any work. O'Rourke, after the first month, learned to pass by a piece of mica without picking it up and shouting that he had found a silver mine. The first snow of the year had fallen, and the two men were slowly making their way out of the hills. All of their provisions except salt and coffee had run out and they were living on venison, coffee and salt. Lack of food and constant companionship made the men querulous. Every suggestion made by one was promptly vetoed by the other. In this way each began to think more of the mule. He was generally only a short distance away from the campfire hunting patiently for the tufts of grass that sprang up between the rocks. After a quarrel one of the men always hunted up the mule and made a confidant of him while the other moodily stirred the campfire and made a mental survey of the shortest route back to civilization.

Late in September one evening the men went into camp on a hillside. The mule was relieved of his pack saddle and turned loose. There was no venison. Two rabbits, food which every plainsman despises, were all they had for supper. In their hurry to get out of the hills before a snowstorm should imprison them the men had not stopped since morning. They were tired and hungry. Not far away a mountain stream flowed swiftly down the hillside and Sullivan after supper was trying to catch a fish. O'Rourke was lying

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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by the fire smoking his pipe and wondering how a man could be so foolish as to try to catch the wariest of all the finny tribe when he had only a piece of twine and a grasshopper for bait. Out of the recesses of one of his waistcoat pockets Sullivan had extracted a fishhook which had been there so long he could not remember where he got it.

O'Rourke was watching the mule and wishing he had the same stoical temperament. He felt as though he would give an arm for a piece of the hock and bacon they were having back in old Missouri that night. He could see the luscious Concord grapes on the arbor of the cabin porch. He remembered the big juicy yellow peaches and wondered if the first husking bee had been held yet. Right before his eyes was the mule and his thoughts reverted to him at intervals. He fell to wishing most emphatically that he had been born a mule and had not been bought by a fool man who had not sense enough to stay where there was plenty to eat. Something of this sort must also have been passing through the mule's reflections, for he pawed the ground in a discontented way that only aggravated O'Rourke's discontent. O'Rourke threw a stone at him and accompanied the action with an exclamation that made Sullivan remonstrate:

"Don't swear or I'll never catch fish."

The mule kept on pawing and O'Rourke incensed, went to where he was displacing the rock and earth. The first piece of rock he picked up was heavy and it

glittered in the twilight. He ran over for his pick and in a few minutes had uncovered a ledge that showed silver and galena so plainly that even a tenderfoot could not help knowing he had found something that was valuable.

Suddenly a shout from Sullivan was heard. He had hooked a four pound salmon trout and was calling to O'Rourke to stir up the fire and put on the skillet. O'Rourke paid no attention, and Sullivan as he came running to the camp fire thundered out: "Where the devil are you? Don't you hear what I say?" Then he saw O'Rourke, and run over to him, holding up the fish by the gills. In answer to his excited description of how he caught the fish O'Rourke handed him a piece of rock. Sullivan had prospected for years. The instant he took the rock in his hand he let the trout fall on the ground. Then seeing the hole O'Rourke had dug, Sullivan dropped on his knees and looked into it. He tugged at the jagged edges of the rock with his finger nails until the blood started from them, but he did not feel the pain. By this time it was getting dark, and O'Rourke came with a torch from the campfire. He stepped on the fish as he returned, and then gave it a kick which knocked it some distance away.

"We've struck it at last," said Sullivan.

It was midnight before the two men could think of anything else than their discovery. There was no more grass to be had and the mule stood idly by watching his masters work. Suddenly O'Rourke seemed to remember that the mule had first attracted him to the spot. Then and there the two men took an oath that if the mine turned out what seemed to be the mule should never have to work any more. Then they hunted up their trout and had the most enjoyable supper they ever ate before or after.

It was only sixty miles to Spokane Falls, now Spokane, and after they staked out their claim Sullivan stayed to guard it, while O'Rourke went to Spokane for provisions and to raise money on the mine. A few pounds of samples were packed on the mule's back, and in less than a week O'Rourke returned with plenty to eat and men who represented money to look at the mine. Sullivan had been living on fish and deer he had killed. The two prospectors received \$150,000 apiece for their claim, which has been sold since for three times that amount.

Down in the Potlach country O'Rourke purchased a ranch. He took the mule down there and hired a man to look after his wants. The man received a salary for seeing that the mule was carried, fed and pastured. The man was made to realize that it was a serious matter and that any neglect of the mule would stop his pay. Thus it came about that the little scrawny animal got to be fat and sleek and impudent. He lived to be 18 years old, dying only a year and a half ago.

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O'Rourke when he returned to his Missouri home found everything just as he left it, only his father was a little deeper in debt and the mortgage was a little nearer due. The neighbors said it was such a pity, because all of his family were such workers; that is, all except the one that had traded for the mule and disappeared. When the scrap-grace came back and not only paid off the mortgage, but also added 160 acres to the paternal possessions, and then got out of the country as soon as possible the neighbors marvelled greatly.

O'Rourke and Sullivan were never poverty-stricken again, although they lost some of their money. Both of them have said time and again that they never derived so much benefit out of the discovery as the mule did. To this day the trademark on every sack of ore from the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine is a mule, and in the office that was blown up a few days ago there hung a life-size picture of the mule that was lazy but found a mine.

According to computations the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

Manna is Still Found.

In Australia, tropical Asia, and Africa, true manna is found on a kind of blue grass. It appears in masses as large as a marble on the stems. Nearly three parts consist of mannite, which, though sweet, is not sugar. The manna also has a ferment which has the power to decompose cane sugar without evolving carbonic acid or any kind of gas.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 6587, in Book 50 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say:—

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded as described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Wentworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Wentworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Wentworth Street thence Northerly along Wentworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain other piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Wentworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Wentworth distant Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Wentworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Wentworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Wentworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon

Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899.

GEORGE E. FENETY.

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