

A \$50,000 NUGGET.

It Brought Nothing But Misfortune to its Finders.

"The most interesting thing I remember in a long life spent in mining, said an old miner who was at the Bendigo Diggings in the fifties, 'is the story of the finding of the Napier Nugget, probably the largest and purest mass of gold ever found in the history of gold-mining.'

Napier was second mate on a boat plying between Melbourne and Liverpool, when the gold fever got into his blood, and he left the sea for the diggings in '57. He came to Bendigo, but met with no success, and then staked a claim at Kingower, on the Loddon River.

He worked hard at Kingower, in company with his brother and a man called Ambrose; but for six months they scarcely saw the colour of the gold. When luck did come, it came in a way calculated to turn the brain of an ordinary man.

One day August the 14th it was, the three men were just on the point of leaving their work at the bottom of a 14ft shaft, when Sam Napier, in putting down his pick, struck something hard. He turned it over more in idle curiosity than anything else, and the light fell on a huge mass of what appeared to be Virginia gold, almost heavier than he, strong man as he was, could lift. The three men saw at a glance that their fortunes were made, and were almost frantic with delight. However, they covered up their treasure with earth, and went to their tent as if nothing had happened.

In the dead of night they went back to their claim, carried off the nugget, and, for safety, buried it 6ft. deep under the table in the centre of their tent.

For three months they had their meals over these buried thousands, and never breathed a word to a living soul. When their claim was exhausted, about the middle of November, they hired a horse and cart, dug up their nugget and placed it, together with their dust, in a box among a lot of old clothes, and started on a four day's tramp to Melbourne.

Here they consigned it through the Bank of Victoria to England, paying something like £220 export duty and £90 for insurance.

When London was reached the fame of this wonderful nugget had somehow preceded them; and the men and their rock of gold were a seven days' wonder. All the fashionable world crowded to see it, and even the Queen was not happy until she had seen this marvellous nugget and the men who had found it.

It was sold to the Bank of England for £10,000, and it turned the scale at 34lb. over a hundred weight, its exact weight being 146 lb. 4 oz. 31 wt. It was within an eighth of a carat of being absolutely pure gold. For some time it was exhibited at the British Museum, and a cast of it was taken for preservation at the museum.

And yet this wonderful discovery seemed to bring nothing but misfortune to its finders. Sam Napier married, went to Liverpool, and quickly lost all his money there. He returned to the diggings; but, though he spent years in hunting for more gold, he never found any.

Her Idea of London Fog.

A young married man had staying with him his wife's mother, a dear old countrywoman, to whom the ways of London were as a sealed book. The bedroom which the old dame occupied looked out upon the railway, and as London was enveloped in fog for two or three days during her visit, she experienced a good deal of annoyance from that apparently necessary nuisance, the fog signal.

On the first morning of the fog, coming down after a somewhat restless night, she inquired the cause of the banging which she had frequently heard. Her son-in-law told her that it was due to the fog, and as the old woman did not ask any further questions, the matter dropped. On her return to the country, however, she was full of wonderful things she had seen in London.

"Did you see a London fog, granny?" said one of her listeners one evening when London was again the all-absorbing topic.

"Aye, that I did," replied granny; "and heard 'un, too!"

"Heard 'un, granny?" inquired another interested listener. "How didst hear a fog?"

"Why," answered the old woman, perfectly in earnest, "London fog ain't like ours! Every now and then it goes off wi'—"

No Need for Alarm.

A French actress, travelling about the country, had for use in one of her plays a lay figure, skilfully put together, and dressed in a travelling suit. At Marseilles it was left in the luggage-room with other things. The curiosity of two of the railway employes being aroused at the sight of it, they took off the covering and resolved to play a practical joke on their comrades. They placed the figure in an arm-chair at the cashier's desk, and shut the door.

When the employes on night service came they opened the door, and were surprised to see a man sitting before the cash-box. They immediately closed and lock-

ed the door, and ran for assistance. A policeman arrived revolver in hand, believing like the employes that he had to deal with a dangerous thief. He called on the figure to surrender and follow him to the station. As it did not obey the summons, the police shut the door, and went in search of reinforcements to surround the place, and thereby prevent the culprit from escaping. The door was again opened and the armed force entered, and it was not till they suddenly pounced on the poor lay robber that they discovered the joke.

One Against the Old Man.

He was the son of a worthy citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of fashion. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:—

"Young man, you look like an idiot." Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, halloo, Billy! have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy.

And from that day to this the old gentleman has had no fault to find with his son.

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Paine's Celery Compound is the one and only spring medicine and cleanser that people can implicitly trust as a health restorer; it is the choice of physicians, and our best people proclaim the glad news that 'it makes people well.'

Had no Chance.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Tonkins 'you must not blame me for the way I played whist.'

"I'm not blaming you."

"It wasn't my fault that you didn't have trumps when I expected you to."

"No. I was to blame."

Now, I didn't say that. But I was getting along so nicely in the game. I had learned all the rules by heart—never trump your partner's ace, and when in doubt take the trick, and all the rest of them."

"I don't see how you could have made a mistake after fortifying yourself in that manner," he commented gently.

"I didn't make a mistake," she protested. "Then I don't see what the matter could have been."

"I know. Only I scarcely like to tell you, because I know you will think it superstitious and silly."

Did somebody put a charm on us?"

"There's the rub." (Hamlet.) The "rub" in one hand, and the effect of it in the other. Good design for a soap "ad"—isn't it? Question of health, if nothing else, ought to make you give up this wearing washboard rubbing with soap, and take up the sensible way of washing with Pearlina—soaking, boiling, rinsing. The washboard, rubbing, done in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam is harmful to any woman. If you think it isn't, you'd better think again.

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"I don't know whether it was done on purpose or not. But there wasn't any chance for us to have luck. Just before we played the hand that decided the rubber I counted the cards I was holding. And do you know, Charley, dear—Mrs. Tonkin dropped her voice on an impressive whisper—'here were exactly thirteen!'

Diplomatic.

"I learn," she said reproachfully 'that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?' 'I did,' he replied promptly.

"You did?" she exclaimed. "Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a minute I should be foolhardy enough to try for such a prize as you are without practising a little at first, do you?"

At one in the Ocean.

Nirrafon, the volcanic ring island, is a lonely spot in the Pacific, midway between Fiji and Samoa. It is three miles in external diameter, and the entire coast line is formed of black lava rocks. Inside is a deep depression, two miles in diameter, surrounded by cliffs, 300 feet high. It contains a deep, calm lake, on the eastern side of which is a peninsula formed by the eruptions of 1886.

Of Course He Knew.

Average Woman: "How can I know which is poisonous ivy and which isn't?"

Average Man: "By looking at it, of course. How else would you know? One has three leaves and the other five. Every man of sense knows that, and I don't see why women shouldn't."

"Yes, I know, my dear; but which kind is the poisonous kind?"

"Why, you goose, the three-leaf, of course—or the five-leaf, I forgot which."

Two Horns of a Dilemma.

"Take back your ring, sir! You are a base deceiver."

"What have I done?" he asked helplessly.

"You told me that I was the first woman you ever loved, yet you have dared to criticise my winter hat."

Thus exposed he dared not open his mouth. On the one side was the danger of being exposed as a prevaricator. On the other side lay the charge of plagiarism.

Judgement at East.

Visitor (at goal to prisoner): "What brought you here?"

Prisoner: "Bad judgement."

Visitor: "How was that?"

Prisoner: "I was too fast for my employers, and too slow for the officers."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retiring from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption. Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Thoracic and Lung Affections; and also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Chopping Him Off.

Borrowby (effusively): "Ho! Grimshaw, is this really you, old man? Haven't seen you for an age—thought you were dead, don't you know, and—"

Grimshaw: "Just keep thinking so, Borrowby!"

After a man sees it himself he always wonders what drew such a fool crowd.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Your friends may not know much, but they always know what they would do if they were in your place.

Sympathetic Maiden: "Why, Jimmy, you poor boy! have you been fighting?"

Jimmy: "No; I've been fought."

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommy; "I wanted to see how I would look if I was twins."

"Married yet, old man?"

"No; but I'm engaged and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."

Bill: "Is your wife much of a conversationalist?"

Jill: "Is she? Why that woman can't yawn without opening her mouth about it."

She: "John, the Joblots' new house is much larger than ours."

He: "Yes, my dear; so is their mortgage."

"Is that boy Bunker a great favorite in your school?"

Johnny: "Well, I should say so. There isn't a fellow in the school but what he can lick."

Mrs. Timid: "Did you ever find a man under the bed?"

Mrs. Bluff: "Yes; the night we thought there were burglars in the house. I found my husband there."

Little Willie: "Pa, why do they call them 'minor poets'?"

Pa: "Because they ought to be working with the pick and shovel instead of writing poetry, my son."

"Have you ever read the article on how to tell a bad egg?"

"No, I haven't; but my advice would be if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently."

"The dear, dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters enthusiastically.

"Yes, the dear, dear girls," muttered Mr. Pawkins, despondently.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said little Harry: "that's why good-tasting things like pie makes me ill, and bad tasting things like medicine make me well. It ought to be the other way."

When poor Mr. Trelawny failed in business his wife told her friends that her husband was 'too conscientious to succeed.' What she said to him in private however, was quite another matter altogether.

Ebel: "That detestable Mrs. Bloom said I looked thirty."

Maud: "How perfectly absurd!"

Ebel (elated): "Frankly, now, how old do you really think I look?"

Maud: "About forty."

A countryman visiting London wished to take home a present for his wife. Seeing in the window of a musical instrument warehouse the announcement: "All kinds of wind instruments sold here," he entered. "Please show me a pair of bellows," he requested of the shopman.

Dobbs: "Do you notice any difference in your wife now from the days of your courtship?"

Nobbs: "Yes, I do. In those days she would be content to sit on my knee; now she sits on me altogether whenever she gets an opportunity."

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following:—

"A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

The following note was recently received by an employer from an absent workman: "Honored sir,—I am sorry to say I cannot say when I shall be well enough to be able to come back to work. The doctor says I have inflammation of the left lung, which I hope will meet with your approval."

Conceited youth: "Oh, doctor, I have sent for you certainly; still I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

Doctor: "Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a donkey has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet cure him all the same."

Fond Mamma (showing the baby to visitor): "Sh-h—she's asleep. The little darling! Isn't he the sweetest you saw?"

Visitor (in an awestruck whisper): "Decidedly. Can he talk?"

Fond Mamma: "Talk? I should think he could talk! Why, he can say, 'goo' and 'ga' and 'yow.' Picked them up himself, too."

Mr. Laffan (humorist, looking up suddenly from his work): "My dear, I do wish you would break yourself of that silly habit of laughing out loud when you are reading. How do you expect me to do anything?"

Mrs. Laffan: "But it's the manuscript of your own book I am reading dear."

Mr. Laffan: "Ah, yes—certainly—of course! Ah—what was I saying? Oh yes—wonderful how much more work I can do at home than I could at the office, isn't it, Marie?"

Jumps: "What is Newlywed Bigghead looking so glum about?"

Bumps: "Why, the gipsy fortune teller just told his wife that she would have two husbands, and that the second one would be a very fine sort of man."

Jumps: "Ha! Ha! And Bigghead thinks that is a reflection on him, I suppose?"

Bumps: "Oh, no! He thinks his wife must have been married before, and never told him."

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