

The Lost Picacho Mine.

Mines have been discovered in many strange ways; but anyone from Gila Bend to Benson will tell you that there is nothing stranger in the mining history of Arizona than the way in which Tom Harper, then a raw Easterner, found the lost mine of the Picacho Peak. Most people in that country say it was 'tenderfoot luck' but the Hon. James Penfield contends that his partner worked it all out in his mind beforehand.

Harper was then a young man from the East, who had a little money. Penfield was a young man from the West, who had no money but who knew cattle. This was the basis of their partnership. They leased the Tortilla Ranch in Arizona for ten years, with the privilege of purchase at the end of the time.

Penfield one day bought a pair of mules, led them home, and turned them into the stockade corral; the he went into the house to supper.

"Too dark to see them tonight," he said to Harper, as he tossed his sombrero in the corner and sat down at the table, "but we will have a look at them in the morning. I know them of old and they are all right. Used to belong to Barlow. But I was forgetting, you never knew Barlow. If you like I'll tell you his story after supper."

"Well, it was this way," Penfield went on later, "Barlow kept the first stage station this side of Picacho Peak for twenty years. He was an eccentric old fellow, with a taste for solitude, and he kept no one about his place except a Mexican half-breed who acted as cook. In fact this Mexican was the real manager of the establishment, Barlow devoting most of his attention to cattle-raising in a small way."

"One morning about three years ago, he found that his only pair of mules had escaped from the corral and taken to the brush, so he started out on their trail. In the evening he returned with them, but stopped at the station only long enough to eat supper, which he ordered the cook to get ready in a hurry. The Mexican was used to Barlow's ways, and paid little or no attention to his movements. When questioned afterward, he remembered only that Barlow changed his clothes, which were very wet, ate a hearty meal, jammed some provisions into his saddle-bags, saddled a horse, and rode off in the darkness. The next day, near sundown, he came back, again ordered a hasty supper, and took the west-bound stage, which passed his place about eight o'clock that evening, for Casa Grande."

"When Barlow had been at Casa Grande twelve hours, and had made a mysterious visit to the assayer's office, every man in the town knew that the grumpy and drunken old fellow had struck one of the richest gold-mines ever found in southern Arizona. His pockets were crammed with specimens which assayed three thousand dollars to the ton, and this in a country where ore which runs one hundred dollars to the ton is considered rich."

"Barlow told everybody that he had come to Casa Grande to get men and tools to work the claim. He blabbed this in all the saloons, and that was the beginning of the great spree that killed him. Two days later he was dead. The secret of the location of his claim died with him. He had been pined with questions, but had not given the slightest clue which might lead others to his new mine."

"When it was told in Casa Grande that Barlow was dead, there was a great hubbub. I was there, and was one of the first to leave for the Picacho station. All the men of the town were racing at the heels of my horse. It was then that we put Barlow's Mexican cook under cross-examination, but we soon saw that he knew nothing."

"The one important piece of information he gave was as to the length of time Barlow was absent from the station when he went after the mules. As he had been gone only twelve hours or so, we knew that his discovery must lie in the Picacho Peak yonder, for it is the only elevation within thirty miles of Barlow's place, and so the fact of his being absent only a short time was positive evidence that the rich ledge was somewhere in the Picacho Peak, so we went straight to it."

"I think that in twenty-four hours almost every stringer and outcrop of quartz on the sides of that mountain were located. From the very edge of the desert on the east, up the long slope to the high peak at the west end, the surface of the mountain was dotted with corner posts of claims. In fact, the mountain was examined, as it were, microscopically."

"But nothing more valuable than the commonest kind of 'bronco' quartz was ever discovered. The location of Barlow's gold-bearing ledge is a mystery to this day."

"I would like to find that mine," said Tom Harper.

"So would every man between Tucson and Yuma," Penfield replied. "But where the most expert miners of Arizona have failed, it is not likely that a New Jersey tenderfoot would succeed. It would be fun to see you try it."

"I intend to try it," said Tom, resolutely.

"Will you come along?"

"Why, certainly, nothing would please me better. But what line are you going to work on?"

"Did anyone think of following the trail of the mules from the Picacho station and back again?" asked Harper.

Penfield says he had to laugh before he replied: "I suppose that the idea of trailing the mules was uppermost in every man in the crowd at the Picacho station the morning after Barlow's death. But every trace left by the animals had been washed out by a thunder-storm, and considerable rain fell while we were prospecting the mountain."

"Did anyone think of turning the mules

loose at the station," asked Tom, "and then following them up?"

"No," replied Penfield, feeling surprised. "Well, it might have amounted to something. Animals are creatures of habit. They follow the same route in feeding day after day; they go to the same place for water, although there may be equally good springs as near. Now those mules of Barlow's probably had the run of the range often. When they bolted that morning, the chances are ninety in a hundred that they took a trail that they were used to, and followed it until they were overtaken. And mules, unless closely pursued would not climb the mountain side, but would keep on close to the level ground."

"Go on," said Penfield, now becoming much interested.

"Now," continued Harper, "we may turn our attention to Barlow. He was simply in pursuit of his runaway animals, and it is not likely that he turned aside to make a prospecting trip up the side of the mountain. So if he found a gold mine that day, he stumbled on it accidentally, and he found it at or near the base of the Picacho Peak."

"And you may add," interrupted Penfield, "that he succeeded in hiding it away effectually."

"Yes, that is a point. The problem is to find something which has been concealed somewhere in the neighborhood of the route of two wandering mules. If we knew their route the problem would be simplified."

"And you propose to find it by taking Barlow's mules, which I bought this afternoon, to the old station, turning them loose and following their trail? Bright boy! The scheme is worth trying. Tomorrow we will take the mules up to the Picacho station and turn them loose, and the next morning we will take their trail. We shan't find the mine, but we shall have done our best to find it."

"The surprising thing to me," remarked Harper, "is your way of making a practical application of ideas. The notion of following the mules was simply something that occurred to me. Anyhow, it will give me an opportunity to see the Picacho Peak at close range."

Penfield says they both felt foolish the next morning but one, when they started out from Barlow's old station with provisions for twenty-four hours, and each carrying a light prospecting pick over his shoulder. Barlow had gone afoot, and Harper insisted that they should follow his example.

The trail of the mules, plain to Penfield's experienced eye, led them in a southeasterly direction, around rather than directly toward the peak. The animals had fed leisurely along for some time, and then, as the Western partner announced, had moved on more rapidly.

The two men made easy progress. The occasional patches of mesquit through which the animals had wandered gave them some shade as the sun rose higher and higher over the desert.

Gradually the trail led them to the base of the mountain, and they began to ascend the extreme end of the long ridge in which the peak ends to eastward.

A this point a well-defined cattle-trail led over a low 'saddle' in the ridge; and as they reached the top of this saddle, Penfield saw the mules calmly switching away the flies under a mesquit tree on the desert beyond.

"There they are," said Penfield, pointing. "Then," remarked Harper, "I think that we are close to the lost mine."

"Why?"

"Because this is the only point at which the trail of the mules has touched the mountain."

Standing on the summit of the ridge, they carefully looked over the ground and then went slowly down the north side of the ridge. Near the foot of the slope the trail skirted the edge of a small pond.

"One of old man Barlow's tanks," Penfield said.

There had been a small spring in the side of the gully, and when Barlow first began to pasture his stock on the range, he built a dam across the gully below the spring, and so made a watering place for his cattle. After Penfield had explained this, the two young men set about prospecting the ridge.

They were at this more than three hours carefully examining every square foot for hundred yards or more on both sides of the trail. At last Penfield said:

"We are simply beating over ground which has been searched again and again by the best miners in Arizona."

He wanted to stop, and before long Harper agreed that it would be useless to waste further time in looking. They caught the mules without difficulty, and started in the direction of the station.

"Gold!" he cried. "The richest quartz I ever saw! Harper, we've got it!"

The mystery of the lost mine has been clear since that moment.

Barlow, following his mules, overtook them near this tank. At the same time he discovered that the dam had been broken by the rush of the torrent down the gully. This torrent, by washing away the accumulating sediment, had exposed the ledge. Barlow, contemplating the wreck of the dam, had seen the outcropping quartz. A quick examination convinced him of the richness of his find. Hastening to his station, he procured the necessary tools returned to the tank, secured some specimens of the gold-bearing rock, and then rebuilt the dam. It was a simple but most effectual method of concealment, for five hundred of the sharpest men in the Southwest had passed over the place and passed by it without ever thinking of drawing off the water from Barlow's tank.

Harper was silent and looked moody—he was thinking hard. After they had gone about a mile he proposed to go back.

"What has struck you now?" Penfield asked.

"Why we looked everywhere except in the place we ought to have looked. There is only one place near the trail over the ridge where Barlow could have hastily concealed the outcropping of a quartz ledge."

Come, and I'll show you."

Penfield turned back without protest. Harper rapidly led the way to the watering tank on the nearer slope, and attacked the dam vigorously with his pick. Soon he had made a breach near the base of the roughly constructed bank which backed the waters of the spring. The water began to trickle through the opening, and as the united efforts of both men dislodged a large boulder from the softened earth, the pent-up flood burst through the aperture with great force, and in a few minutes the centre of the dam was swept away.

The downrush of the water carried with it much of the sand and sediment which had accumulated in the bottom of the pool, and exposed the original rock floor of the gully. A projecting knob attracted Penfield's attention. Sliding down the bank to the bottom of the pool, he struck this knob a few resounding blows with his pick, stooped a moment to examine the broken surface, and arose with a cry of exultation, holding aloft a fragment of white honeycomb quartz.

A Woman's Advice

TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUSNESS AND HEADACHES.

Mrs. Robins, of Port Colborne, Tells How She Found a Cure and Asserts the Belief That the Same Remedy Will Cure Other Sufferers.

Mrs. Daniel Robins, of Port Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefitted to make it known, in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1897 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus' dance. The least exertion, such as going up stairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and head aches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regard myself as completely restored and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise."

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and deponent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Queer Caller.

A writer in Cassell's Little Folks tells a story of a runaway hippopotamus whose keeper succeeded in recapturing him in an unusual manner. In the days when Mr. A. D. Bartlett was king of the Zoo the hippopotamus once managed to break out of its house. It employed its freedom very properly to make a friendly call on Mr. Bartlett. He was not pleased to see this huge charge out of bounds, and sent for one of the elephant keepers to come and secure it.

To this man the 'hippo' had taken extreme dislike, and when he shouted to it, it turned and chased him. Away flew the keeper at the top of his speed toward the hippo's den, the big beast in hot pursuit. The keeper darted through the gate, and bolted up the stairs to the platform over the hippo's tank. Here he was safe. Meanwhile Mr. Bartlett, who had been following the runaways had securely closed the gate, and the hippo was again in prison.

Saved by a Doll.

An exchange gives a story told by an Indian agent of the manner in which a doll averted an Indian war.

On one occasion General Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservations, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her black eyes watched everything.

When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done.

The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an

officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her.

Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.

Pretty Bad.

There have been many American humorists, good and bad, but only of late has the very worst one been discovered.

"How's Johnny?" asked one of the neighbors.

"Well, replied Aunt Ann Peebles, 'he's got the hives this time. When he was a baby he had the nettle-rash. When he got over that he was troubled with a breakin' out that looked like measles. Then he had a ringworm on one side of his face. He has a bile every spring, and once in a while he gets somethin' the matter with his hands that the doctor says is salt rheum.' 'He must have some kind of humor in his blood,' suggested the neighbor.

"Yes," said Aunt Ann, shaking her head gloomily. "He's the worst humorist for his age that I ever see."

The Missing Line.

Bobby was writing his regular weekly 'composition,' for it was in the old days when compositions and declamations formed a part of the school exercises every Friday afternoon.

The subject of Bobby's essay was 'True Manhood,' and he wished to end it with a p-e-t-i-c-a-l quotation. He gnawed his penholder, scratched his head, and looked at the ceiling, but the quotation would not come.

Then he turned to his elder sister.

"Rachel," he said, "what's the line that comes after this: 'Honor and shame from no condition rise?'"

"I know," spoke up his younger sister, and she promptly quoted:

"Vinegar never catches flies."

BORN.

Prospect, Feb. 24, to the wife of Hilbert Brown, a son.
Canaan, Mar. 2, to the wife of Dr. Holmes, a son.
Belleisle, Mar. 11, to the wife of Herbert Bent, a son.
Kennington, Mar. 3, to the wife of D. T. McKay, a son.
Georgetown, Mar. 2, to the wife of H. Richardson, a son.
Bridgetown, Mar. 3, to the wife James Awalt, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Mar. 3, to the wife of Thomas Long, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar. 3, to the wife of H. Blakeney, a daughter.
St. John, Feb. 22, to the wife of Willard Smith, a daughter.
Farrboro, Feb. 5, to the wife of Henry Morse, a daughter.
Green Hill, Feb. 9, to the wife of Capt. John Wood, a daughter.
Farrboro, Feb. 10, to the wife of Joseph Roberts, a daughter.
Farrboro, Feb. 27, to the wife of Newton Pugsley, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Mar. 13, to the wife of Louis DeB-Figgott, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Farrboro, Mar. 3, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, E. C. Parker to Annie Maloy.
Gibson, Mar. 14, by Rev. E. C. Turner, John J. Pickard to May E. Clarke.
Petite Riviere, Mar. 10, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Josephine Vogler to Uiam Teal.
Yarmouth, Mar. 7, by Rev. F. S. Hartley, Eva Floyd to Alfred Sylvester.
Esfield, Feb. 26, by Rev. E. W. Young, Robert Kennedy to Annie L. Duhan.
Westport, Mar. 11, by Rev. H. Murray, Frank B. Cousins to Blanche Outhouse.
Deer Island, Mar. 7, by Rev. Edward Bell, Charles W. Humphrey to Eva Fountain.
Farrboro, Mar. 7, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, William J. Warnock to Mabel E. Whiston.
Conway, Feb. 23, by Rev. W. C. Murdoch, Robert Ramsey to Margaret J. Trowdale.
Middle Stewieck, Mar. 13, by Rev. R. L. Coffin, Fred L. Jeffers to Mabel M. Taylor.
Shelburne, Mar. 9, by Rev. W. A. Custerbridge, Ralph L. Giffin to Addie H. Dunlop.
Charlottetown, Mar. 5, by Rev. J. W. McConnell, Artemas D. Godkin to Hattie Duncan.
Loch Lomond, Mar. 6, by Rev. M. MacLeod, John S. McLeod to Christy B. MacDonald.
San Francisco, Mar. 1, by Rev. Dr. J. B. Wilson, Richard A. Bull to Emma L. Dawson.
Malden, Mass., Feb. 21, by Rev. J. M. Shepler, Morton A. Thomas to Jennie I. Sperry.
Franboise, C. B. Mar. 6, by Rev. M. MacLeod, Donald Morrison to Mary MacKinnon.
Upper River Denis, Mar. 7, by Rev. John Rose, Archie L. McPhail to Sarah McDonald.
Summerside, Mar. 6, by Rev. Neil McLaughlin, William Macdonald to Mary Arsenault.
St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 14, by Rev. J. S. Bader, Richard L. Clarke to Marguerite Savage.
Port La Tour, N. S., Mar. 12, by Rev. John Phalen, Freeland E. Perry to Iselta B. McKinnon.
Little Bras d'Or, Feb. 27, by Rev. M. A. McPherson, William Weston to Christina Steele.

DIED.

Boston, Mar. 9, Frank Gardner, 44.
Calais, Mar. 3, William Bullock, 85.
Northport, Mar. 4, Jas. E. Ackles, 43.
Milltown, Mar. 6, Margaret Busby, 74.
St. John, Mar. 13, John McShourty, 60.
Misconche, Mar. 8, Thomas Woods, 61.
St. George, Mar. 8, Thos. O'Malley, 77.
Yarmouth, Mar. 13, George H. Cain, 59.
St. Stephen, Feb. 28, Mrs. Asa Soule, 38.
St. George, Mar. 4, William Crickard, 65.

Bell Neck, Mar. 5, Mr. Joseph Allen, 93.
Halifax, Mar. 13, Ann Eliza Marshall, 47.
Barrington, Mar. 17, Coleman Hopkins, 76.
Deer Island, Mar. 2, Arctas W. English, 55.
Boston, Mass., Mar. 5, Henry A. Berry, 56.
Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 4, Emily E. Feehan.
Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 5, Angus J. Murphy.
Woolsey, Wash., Feb. 7, William H. Pinkerton, 42.
Armada, Mar. 5, Mrs. James R. Macdonald, 73.
St. John, Mar. 19, Jane, wife of David McAlpine, 69.
St. John, Mar. 17, Sarah Ann, wife of Alexander Scott, 55.
St. Andrews, Mar. 12, Anna, wife of Mathan Treadwell, 40.
Farrboro, Mar. 14, Susan, wife of James Mc-Lellan, 71.
Misconche, Mar. 8, Anastasia S., wife of Daniel B. Malore, 48.
Bridgewater, Mar. 11, Annie F., relict of C. Henry Dawson, 51.
Clark's Harbor, Mar. 9, Mattniel, son of Capt. B. C. Newell, 29.
Port Greenville, Mar. 8, Catherine, wife of Capt. Jas. A. Hatfield, 83.
St. John, West End, Mar. 17, Susan, wife of William Wilson, 70.
Middlefield, Mar. 5, Margaret Ann, widow of George Wolfe, 85.
St. John, Mar. 17, Daniel, son of the late James and Mary Dacey, 21.
Truro, Mar. 15, Reginald, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Prince, 3 months.
Barrington Passage, Mar. 11, Lyda A., widow of the late John Knowles, 90.
Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 2, Mary Agnes, child of the late James and Jane Murphy, 11 months.
Eastern Passage, Halifax Co., Mar. 3, Lester Burton, child of Walter and Margaret Conrod, months.

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Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8.00 a. m.
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Express for Sussex..... 16.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.30
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

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D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.