

# The Story of an Argonaut.

Fifty two years ago a young fellow of 18 ran away from his home in the east and went to Illinois. Then came the news of the California gold finds and he pushed his way on to the mines. When at last after many hardships he reached Nevada City he wrote to a chum in the east a full account of all his adventures. This letter was found recently among the papers of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, who has been dead now for several years. The tale its pale and faded ink tells of what it meant to go overland to California in the days of the Argonauts makes curious reading for those who in the five days' journey from New York to San Francisco now sweep along in a luxurious hotel train over substantially the same route the writer of the little diary took.

The youth himself did not long remain in California. The news of the marvellous gold finds in Australia reached him, and there was that in his roving, restless temperament which needed little stimulus to keep him moving. So he left his land of Ophir, and went on over the Pacific to the Antipodean El Dorado.

Here he took an active part in all the rough and tumble turmoil of the early days of Australian development. He was a subordinate officer, for one thing, in the ill-starred exploring expedition which the Royal Society of Melbourne sent out under the command of Robert O'Hara Burke. When some hundreds of miles up the country he quarrelled with Burke, resigned and made his way back alone through the wilderness. Burke and all his expedition perished save one man, named King, who was found some years afterwards demented and a prisoner among the savages.

But long prior to this the young man had had his experiences as a public character. The miners were subjected to vexatious taxation. The cry of 'No taxation with representation' was raised, and it appealed to the Yankee blood which the young man got from his American Revolutionary ancestors. He was made a prisoner in the insurrectionary battle of Ballarat and was tried for high treason, as were many others. But there was no great desire to convict, and he was acquitted and borne on the shoulders of sympathizers to an adjacent hostelry, where there was revelry.

So it happened that from 1851 to 1891 the wanderer lived in Australia without seeing America or any of his kin. In 1891 a nephew, born many years after his departure from home, went to see him in Australia. There was high festival for many weeks and when the nephew went to Sydney to take the steamer the wanderer quite broke down.

'It's no use, boy,' he said. 'I can't see you go away. I must go with you. I must see the old land again. And the north star! Lord love you, boy, you can't guess how I have longed these years to see the north star once more. I'm going with you lad.'

He bought his ticket and with the clothes in which he stood for baggage, after more than forty years of wandering, turned his face toward the old home once more, peering the officers of the ship not a little on the voyage with questions as to the precise hour and minute when they would raise the north star. And when the pointers of the Great Dipper did at last show, twinkling dimly above the watery horizon, the star on which he had not looked since he was a beardless boy, there was rejoicing and festivity throughout the ship.

Even in the choking dust of the alkali wastes he could hardly be dragged in from the rear platform of the pullman car on which he insisted on riding the greater part of his journey eastward from California. And still, after he reached his old home, it was written that his life was to be out of the commonplace.

Some six months after his return there broke out in many newspapers throughout the country quite a rash of personal advertisements, requesting him to meet the writer thereof at various places, and finally naming the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York. To this last one he responded and there met an old Australian chum on his way, with much wealth, to retirement in his old home in England.

The American chum had had an interest, which he had allowed to lapse in mines out of which the Englishman and his brother as well had just made great fortunes by a sale to a syndicate in England. The American had some lands in Australia, and had been rich half a dozen times, but in his old age was practically a poor man gain.

'But it isn't right, you know, old man, said his English friend, 'that you should be left out of all this last big deal, even if you were such an awful ass as to let your own claim go by the board. So on my way home I determined to find you and I advertised for you and here you are and I've five thousands pounds to put to your credit in any bank you may name, and brother Bob who has gone home by way of Suez, is to send you as much more as soon as I get home and tell him where to send it.'

So the old man got his \$25,000 and in due course of time came another \$25,000 from England to join it, and he was independently comfortable in his old home once more. But to the first elation of getting back there soon succeeded a sadness which grew deeper and deeper as the week and months passed on.

'I hunt for my relatives and boyhood friends,' he said, 'and the directions people give me all lead to graveyards. I am sick at heart reading the inscriptions on tombstones.'

Only one boyhood friend did he find, and he in sorry straits, with many dependent on him and a mortgage that would soon take the farm away. The old man paid off the mortgage and bought needed stock and implements and set his old-time playmate joyfully on his feet once more. Then he returned to the city.

'But I can't stay here, lad,' he said to his nephew one day. 'The back of my head is growing into my shoulders trying to look up to the top of the high buildings, and it's only a question of time when I will be killed by one of those clanging, slam bang cars. Besides, the noise that is everywhere and that you can't get away from is driving me mad. No, it will not do. I must get where it is wider.'

'I can't breathe the right here. I'll sit on the end of the car again, I guess, and ride back over the old trail once more to Frisco. And then I'll go on, maybe—yes, I guess I'll go on again, boy, and see the North Star sink into the ocean once more, and forever, this time. I want try to raise it again, my boy; and, when I think of it, it will only be as shining on graves and gravestones.'

So back over the old trail and back over the sea he went. A few letters came from him at intervals, and then the news that his wanderings were at an end and that he had stretched himself out for his long sleep in the far-away land which he had never thought of as his home until he went back to it for the last time.

It was not until after he had returned to Australia and died there that the little diary-like narrative of his journey across the plains fifty-two years ago came to light among the papers of one of the boyhood friends whose grave he had visited while he was in this country. Here are some of the things its faded ink tells of what it was in those days to take a little run out to California, as people speak of it now:

'We recruited our teams and bought provisions at Salt Lake. Then we started for Ogden Fork. The afternoon after we left Salt Lake I was walking with one of the boys and he told me he was going to California to get money so he could go back and take care of his mother and young sister.'

'His father died when he was ten years old, he said, and his mother had scrimped and saved and gone without things she needed to give him a good education, and he was going to dig gold enough to take good care of her in her old age.'

'I left him leading a pack horse and walking and went on ahead. A few minutes after I had gone the pack turned and scared the horse he was leading. The horse reared up and brought down both feet on his shoulders. We carried him under a tree and did what we could for him, but he only lived a little while. We dug a grave and buried him where he died.'

'The worst place we have had so far was back after leaving Echo Canon. From Echo we passed to another canon leading over the divide between Green River Valley and Salt Lake valley. The gorge was filled with snow, and it was melting and streams of water were pouring in. The horses broke through the soft crust, and we had to drag them out. The wagons had to be taken to pieces and carried. Then at night we had to take our horses back to Webber Canon to feed.'

'We had five days of this. Some of the streams were very deep and swift. The way we got across was the best swimmer would take a line in his teeth. We paid out the line from the top of a tree if there

was one, so the swimmer would not have so much of the drag of the current on it to hold him back. When he got across he towed a rope over. Then we caulked up the wagon boxes tight and used them for ferries to take the things over.'

'We had hard work getting our horses to take to the water. My Canada pony Billy and I got swept down a mile to a bend once before we could get out. It took us two days to get across a stream a few miles south of Ogden Fork.'

'When we came to the Sink of the Humboldt there were two trails and some were for taking one and some another. We took the one that led through the desert, which we thought we could get across in a night. We started about 8 o'clock in the evening. It was June now and the days were pretty hot, but the nights cool. When the sun came up we were still in the desert and no signs of getting out of it. Some were for going back, but we kept on.'

'About 10 o'clock we came to a sand mound and on the other side of it were two small lakes and some bunches of rooily looking grass. But the lake water was bitter alkali. Some of the horses got a few swallows down before they got the taste of it, but we managed to keep the others away. 'Old Tige,' the horse we bought back at Laramie, got the most of the alkali water and was getting weaker every hour. All were failing except the Canada ponies. They were all right.'

We laid over until midnight and then started on, but made poor headway. In the morning we saw low bushes ahead and knew there was water. The horses and mules knew it, too, and pricked up their ears and pushed on. But poor old Tige, who had been staggering along, finally stumbled and fell. We pulled off his pack and let him lie. Some were for killing him, but Costler and I stopped it.

'One by one five more horses dropped and we left them where they fell. Soon we came to a little stream of fresh water. When we got recruited up a little some of us started back with water after the horses. Old Tige was five miles back, but we met the poor old fellow staggering along a few rods and then stopping. We gave him about a gallon of water and he started on a trot for camp. We found one of the others dead, but saved the other three.'

'Five days from this place we camped at the mouth of a canon, and about 3 o'clock in the morning there was an awful yelling and the Indians came down on us, trying to drive off the horses. We turned out and made it hot for them, but they killed three or four of our party with arrows and wounded four more. We buried the three comrades in one grave and did what we could for the wounded. One had three arrows in him and could not live, and another had an arrow in the shoulder blades and I couldn't see how he could live.'

'We mustered about twenty horses when the Indians were gone. We began to pack up, and about 8 o'clock in the morning the Indians came down on us again. We rushed for our horses and poor Jim Pierson was struck in the neck with an arrow and fell, and before he could get up an Indian struck him with a stone hammer and killed him.'

'Those that could get to their horses and rode for dear life to the mouth of the canon. But the Indians had blocked us there and we had to shoot our way through. They did not chase us, and when we got clear of them in the open we found there were only nine of us out of the twenty three.'

'We loaded up our guns and pistols and rode back to the canon, where we found one of our poor fellows whom the Indians had overlooked. He had four arrows in him. We buried all our dead that afternoon. They were stripped naked and even the three poor fellows we had buried in the morning had been dug up and stripped.'

'We now had a horse apiece and Old Tige extra. God knew what would become of us with nothing left but our horses and our arms and poor old Tige. One of our boys had put the pack saddle on Tige when the raid started, and the bag, with our few last pints of flour, had hung with the kettle and frying pan from the saddle. Tige followed us pell-mell, with the kettle and frying pan rattling when we ran, and you could hear his tinware racket above the yelling and the shooting.'

'After it was all over one of the boys said: 'Charley, you are hit, too! I'm sure enough I was with an arrow shaft two or three feet long sticking out of the small of my back. My clothing was thick and the arrow did not go in very deep. The boys cut it out. It left a sore that, hurt a good deal but did no damage.'

'Again some were for going back to the sink of the Humboldt, but finally we agreed to go on. We built up fires as though we were going to stay there until morning, but as soon as it was dark we went on until it was 10 o'clock in the evening when

we lay down and slept until daybreak. Then we went on until full daylight when we stopped and made coffee and baked our pancakes. Our allowance was three spoonful of batter each.'

'Then after a little rest we went on until 9 o'clock and so until the fourth day. On the morning of that day we found that poor old Tige had died in the night. Is there a heaven for good horses? If there is, old Tige is there with a free range of green pastures watered by clear crystal streams.'

'That day when John Lee and I were riding a little ahead we found an animal something like a badger and killed it. We had quite a quarrel about how it should be cooked—some were for soup, some for boiling. So we had both, and little it was among all us starving men. We had been so long on nothing to eat that we were getting used to it, but all were very cross and surly.'

'For three days we rode absolutely without anything to eat. As for myself I felt better than I did when we had the pancakes, for I soon became faint and wanted nothing and cared less. On the other hand, the pancake created a gnawing hunger that brought to memory all the stuff that ever was got for eating. We would have killed our horses only this would have dismounted us, for we would go no faster than the slowest man and if one were afoot we might as well be afoot so far as time was concerned.'

'Well, as we were trudging along, rather down at the mouth, the star of hope suddenly made its appearance and shone bright as noonday. For as we came around the point of a large hill we struck in a wagon trail, apparently about three days old. I do not ask you to imagine our joy, for you cannot. We shook hands and laughed and some of us boo hoo and cried. Had an angel from Heaven come down and welcomed us to dine in the regions of bliss, we would not have been happier than we were at simply seeing a wagon track three days old.'

'We followed it until 12 o'clock that night, and as soon as there were any light we were up and off. We travelled sixty miles that day and overhauled a train from Oregon on the way to the mines as we were. We got plenty to eat from them by paying well for it. The mines were now only 150 miles off. We bought flour of them at \$1 a pound and pork the same, and milk \$1.50 a quart, for they had a number of cows with them.'

'We stayed with them five days and then left them after dropping \$70 with them for food. We rode to old Lawson's the first day, the distance being sixty-one miles. I will here mention that old Lawson is the one who laid out that route we got on and caused so many to perish. We passed the bones of hundreds of people lying bleached on the ground—some that had starved to death and had been left where they dropped by those too weak too bury them, and others the Indians had dug up to plunder of their poor rags of grave clothes.'

'Well, I have reached the land of Ophir at last, and now I must go to the mines and make my pile quick and get back home as soon as possible, for I am sick of this country already. Give my love to Sarah and tell her I can beat any woman in the States baking—particularly pancakes.'

## KING'S CORONATION OATH.

Government Decides That no Change in the Phraseology is Necessary.

It is understood that the British government has decided that there is no necessity to initiate legislation for the purpose of altering the phraseology of the coronation oath in consequence of the disestablishment of the Irish church during the late Queen's reign. The oath, it is held, is sufficiently elastic to cover the event which happened. The following is the form used at the coronation, including the questions put by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the sovereign's answer.

Archbishop—Is your Majesty willing to take the oath?

King—I am willing.

Archbishop—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dominions thereunto belonging according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on and the respective laws and customs of the same?

King—I solemnly promise to do so.

Archbishop—Will you to the utmost of your power cause law and justice, in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?

King—I will.

Archbishop—Will you do the utmost of your power to maintain the laws of God, the true religion of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof as by law established within England and Ireland, and the terri-

ories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto bishops and clergy of England and Ireland and to the churches there committed to their charge all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?

King—All this I promise to do.

Then, advancing to the altar, kneeling upon the cushion placed on the steps and laying the right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible the King takes the coronation oath, saying, 'The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep. So help me God.'

## Extreme Weakness

RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY LOD.

Heart Palpitation, Dizziness and Weakness in the Legs Followed Until the Patient Felt That His Case was Almost Hopeless.

From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont.

No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: 'Last March,' said he, 'my health became so pure that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently, and it I stooped to pick up anything I would be overcome with dizziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctors I consulted said I had a bad case of anaemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seemed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved, and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about home without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try them.'

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A Century-Old Cobbler's Bill.

The language of the following extraordinary piece of literature appears not a little startling at first sight, and we are somewhat surprised to learn that it is only an ancient cobbler's bill of a hundred years ago:

To Mr. Bolton,	Wenchley Hill.
Enoch Jones.	
1800.	Shillings. Pence.
Nov.—Clogged up Miss.....	10
Dec.—Mended up Miss.....	2
Jan.—Tapped Master.....	3
March—Turned up, clogged and mended the Maid.....	1 6
April—Lined, bound and put a piece on Madam.....	4 8
June—Soled and tapped Maid.....	6
Nov.—Tapped Madam.....	3
Dec.—Put a piece on Madam, stretching and tugging little Master.....	5
	8 7

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blisters, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Baby Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during teething time. 35 cents a box.—159

Temprantz—You said you were going to have your photograph taken today.

Soakley—Yes; but to tell you the truth I was a trifle under the influence, and, of course, the photo wouldn't have been like me at—

'No; but why didn't you take half a dozen more drinks and be like yourself?'

'My Stomach gave out entirely and I suffered untold agonies.' This was the experience of Mr. D. G. Whidden, Postmaster, East Wentworth, N.S., after three attacks of La Grippe. Doctors and doses gave him no permanent relief, but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets had the permanent virtue that won him back to perfect health—pleasant and harmless but powerful and quick. 35 cents.—160

Teacher—If you are polite and kind to your young comrades, what will be the result?

Bully Jones—They'll know they can lick you.