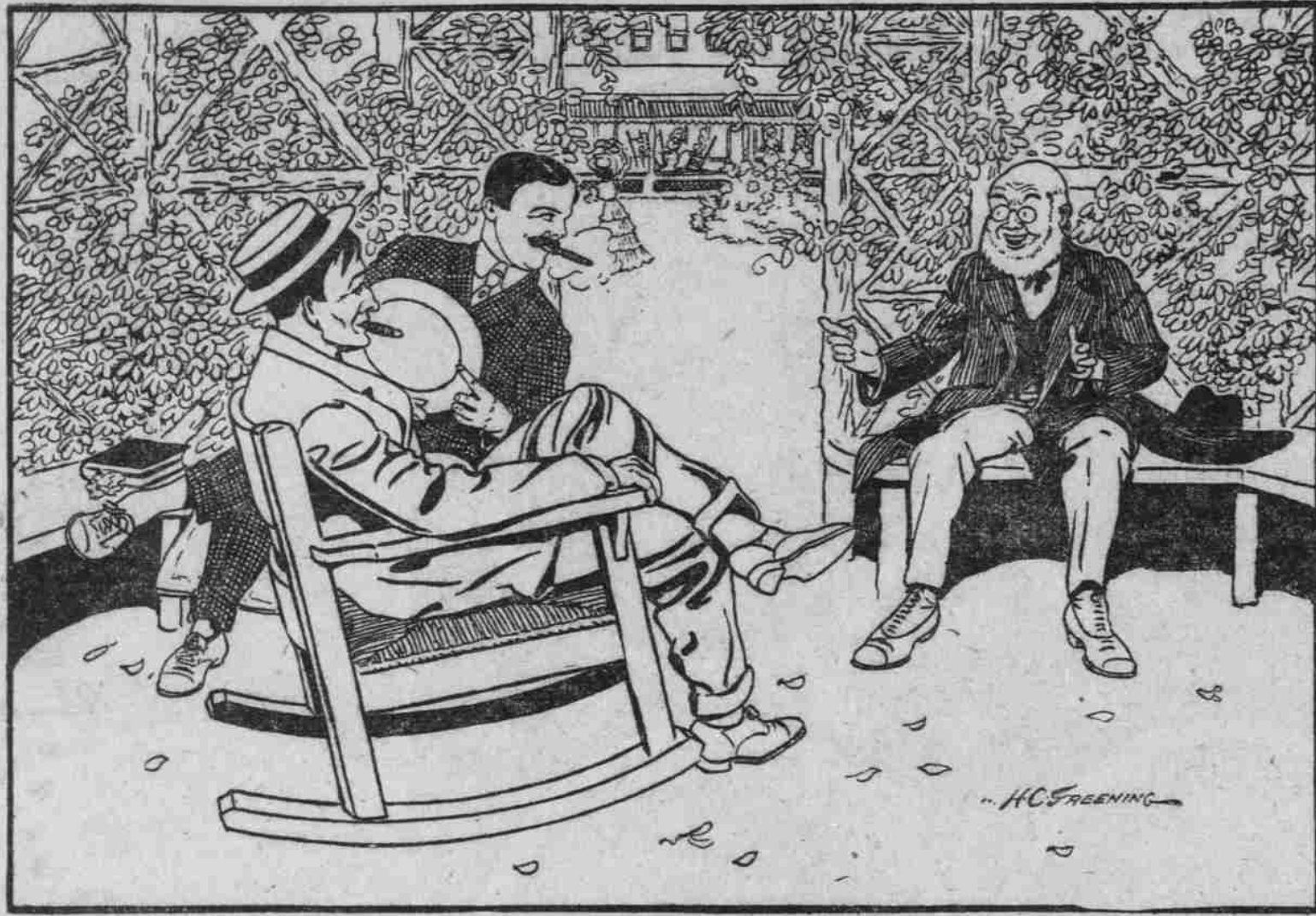


# The Daily Will Crafter by Henry



"CAN YE DO IT GENTS? HE ASKS."

## A Midsummer Masquerade

"SATAN," said Jeff Peters, "is a hard boss to work for. When other people are having their vacation is when he keeps you the busiest. As old Dr. Watts, or St. Paul, or some other diagnostician says: 'He always finds somebody for idle hands to do.'"

"I remember one Summer when me and my partner, Andy Tucker, tried to take a layoff from our professional and business duties; but it seems that our work followed us wherever we went."

"Now, with a preacher it's different. He can throw off his responsibilities and enjoy himself. On the last of May he wraps himself in a mosquito net and sits around his pulpit, grabs his nibble, brevity and fishing pole and hikes for Lake Como or Atlantic City, according to the size of the loudness with which he has been called by his congregation. And, sir, for three months he don't have to think about business except to hunt around in Deuteronomy and Proverbs and Timothy to find texts to cover and exculpate such little midsummer penances as dropping a couple of looney doors on rouge or teaching a Presbyterian to swim."

"But I was going to tell you about mine and Andy's Summer vacation that wasn't one."

"We was tired of finance and all the branches of unsanctified ingenuity. Even Andy, whose brain rarely ever stopped working, began to make noises like a tennis racket at a monologue at a Chautauque picnic in kilts or something summery and outside the line of routine sandbagging."

"Patience," says I. "You'll have to climb higher in the profession before you can taste the laurels that crown the footprints of the great captains of industry. Now, what I'd like, Andy," says I, "would be a Summer sojourn in a mountain village far from scenes of larceny, bloodshed and overcapitalization. I'm tired, too, and a month or so of sinlessness ought to leave us in good shape to begin again to take away the white man's burdens in the Fall."

"Andy fell in with the rest cure idea at once, so we struck the general passenger agents of all the railroads for Summer resort literature, and took a week to study out where we should go. I reckon the best passenger agent in the world was that man Genesis. But there wasn't much competition in his day, and when he said: 'The Lord made the earth in six days, and all very good,' he hadn't any idea to what extent the press agents of the Summer hotels would plagiarize from him later on."

"When we finished the booklets we perceived, easy, that the United States from Passadumkeag, Maine, to El Paso and from Skagway to Key West was a paradise of glorious mountain peaks, crystal lakes, new laid eggs, golf, stria, gazebos, cooling breezes, straggling, open plumbing and tennis; and all within two hours' ride."

"So me and Andy dumps the books out the back window and packs our trunk and takes the 6 o'clock tortoise Flyer for Crow Knob, a kind of demi-er resort in the mountains on the line of Tennessee and North Carolina."

"We was directed to a kind of private hotel called Woodchuck Inn, and thither me and Andy bent and almost broke our footsteps over the rocks and stumps. The Inn set back from the road in a big grove of trees, and it looked fine with its broad porches and a lot of women in white dresses rocking in the shade. The rest of Crow Knob was a postoffice and some scenery set at an angle of 45 degrees and a well."

"Well, sir, when we got to the gate who do you suppose comes down the walk to greet us? Old Smoke-em-out,

packed from rafters to cellar with hero worshippers.

"There's four normal schoolteachers and two abnormal; there's three high school graduates between IT and 42; there's two literary old maids and one that can write; there's a couple of society women and a lady from Haw River. Two elocutionists are bunking in the corn crib, and I've put cots in the hay loft for the cook and the society editress of the Chattanooga Opera Glass. You see how names draw, gents?"

"Well," says I, "how is it that you seem to be biting your thumbs at good luck? You didn't use to be that way."

"I ain't through," says Smoke-em-out. "Yesterday was the day for the advent of the auspicious personages. I goes down to the depot to welcome 'em. Two apparently animate substances gets off the train, both carrying bags full of croquet mallets and these magic lanterns with push buttons."

"I compare these integers with the original signatures to the letters—and, well, gents, I reckon the mistake was due to my poor eyesight. Instead of being the Lieutenant, the daisy chain and wild verberna explorer was none other than Levi T. Peavy, a soda water clerk from Ashville. And the Duke of Marlborough turned out to be Theo. Drake of Murfreesboro, bookkeeper in a grocery. Who did I do? I kicked 'em both back on the train and watched 'em depart for the lowlands, the low."

"Now, you see the fix I'm in, gents," goes on Smoke-em-out. "I told the ladies that the notorious visit had been detained on the road by some unavoidable circumstances that made a noise like an ice jam and an hearse, but they would arrive a day or two later. When they find out that they've been deceived," says Smoke-em-out, "every yard of cross barred muslin and natural waved switch in the house will pack up and leave. It's



INSTEAD OF THE LIEUT. AND THE DUKE



"DUMPS THE BOOKS OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW"

Smoke-em-out to register. And then we washed up and turned our cuffs, and the landlord took us to the rooms he'd been saving for us and got out a demijohn of North Carolina real mountain dew.

"I expected trouble when Andy began to drink. He has the artistic temperament which is half drunk when sober and looks down on airships when stimulated."

"After lingering with the demijohn me and Andy goes out on the porch, where the ladies are, to begin to talk our keep. We sit in two special chairs

and then the schoolma'ams and literat'ors hunched their rockers close around us.

"One lady says to me: 'How did that last venture of yours turn out, sir?'"

"Now, I'd clean forgot to have an understanding with Andy which I was to be the Duke or the Lieutenant. And I couldn't tell from her question whether she was referring to Arctic or matrimonial expeditions. So I gave an answer that would cover both cases."

"Well, ma'am," says I. "It was a freeze-out—right smart of a freeze-out, ma'am."

"And then the floodgates of Andy's perorations was opened and I knew which one of the renowned ostensible guests I was supposed to be. I wasn't either. Andy was both. And still furthermore it seemed that he was trying to be the mouthpiece of the entire British nobility and of Arctic exploration from Sir John Franklin down. It was the union of corn whisky and the conscientious fictional form that Mr. W. D. Howletts admires so much."

"Ladies," says Andy, smiling semi-fraudulently, "I am truly glad to visit America; I do not consider the magna charta," says he, "or gas balloons or snowshoes in any way a detriment to the beauty and charm of your American women, skyscrapers or the architecture of your icebergs. The next time," says Andy, "that I go after the North Pole, all the Vanderbilts in Greenland won't be able to turn me out in the cold—I mean make it hot for me."

"Tell us about one of your trips, Lieutenant," says one of the normals.

"Sure," says Andy, getting the decision over a hiccup. "It was in the Spring of last year that I sailed the Castle of Blenheim up to latitude 57 Fahrenheit and beat the record. Ladies," says Andy, "it was a sad sight to see a Duke allied by a civil and liturgical chattel mortgage to one of the first families in the region of semi-annual days." And then he goes on, "at four bells we sighted Westminster Abbey, but there was not a drop to eat. At noon we threw out five sandbags, and the ship rose 15 knots higher. At midnight," continues Andy, "the restaurant closed. Sitting on a cake of ice we ate our dogs. All around us was snow and ice. Six times a night the boatswain rose up and tore a leaf off the calendar so we could keep time with the barometer. At 12," says Andy, "with a lot of angular in his face, three huge polar bears sprang down the hatchway, into the cabin. And then—"

"What then, Lieutenant?" says a schoolma'am, excitedly.

"Andy gives a loud sob."

"The Duchess shook me," he cries out, and slides off of the chair and swoops on to the floor."

"Well, of course, that fixed the scheme. The women boarders all left the next morning. The landlady wouldn't speak to us for two days, but when he found we had money to pay our way he loosened up."

"So me and Andy had a quiet, restful Summer after all, coming away from Crow Knob with \$100, that we enticed out of old Smoke-em-out playing seven up."

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## Sudden Fortunes Made by Lucky Prospectors

While it is true that many of the richest gold and silver mines in the world have been discovered by the precocious metals. It is equally true that others have been favored by fortune rather than by foresight. The rise and fall of "Coal Oil Johnny," of a generation ago, and the illustrate the money craze that swept through the land of the oil fields till a great corporation took control of the petroleum and eliminated the element of chance from the discoveries and the output. Bret Harte, in his dramatic poem, "Dove's Flat," tells of a man who had been searching for the water, the "derringer hid in his breast," to be used if he failed; but instead of finding what he was after he struck pay dirt and a fortune.

In 1857 Donald Ross, a young Scotch sailor, deserted his ship in San Francisco, and with two companions, green as himself, started for the new placers in the Sierras at the head of Kern River. Falling in their first efforts, the three men crossed through the Lahachepean pass and entered the volcanic-rutted Mojave desert. Like many before them, they reasoned that a region so worthless and lifeless must have in it the promise of gold. Again they failed, and after some trials made their way into Arizona and to the head waters of the Little Colorado. Here they had fair success, but the appearance of Cochise and his dreaded Apaches forced all the white men in that region to abandon their claims and fly to Zuni or the far-away army posts for protection. Ross and his friends succeeded in reaching Fort Whipple, from which point Colonel Gregg, then in command of the Eighth Cavalry, sent them back to Hardyville, on the Great Colorado. At Hardyville the men bartered their dust for supplies, and, learning that Owen's lake, to the west of the Sierras, was a new and promising field, they determined to try their luck there. With a mule to carry their supplies, but without compass, map or trail to guide them, they started across the 200 miles of desert to the north and west.

In their futile search for water the adventurers were deluded by the mirages of that region, and so wandered into the blistering arroyos along the southern rim of Death Valley. Two days after Ross and his friends entered the waterless depths the mule died, and his burden was

abandoned. The next day one of the men died; the other, thirst-crazed, fled further into the desert and was never heard of again. Any position more desperate than that in which Ross now found himself it would be hard to imagine, but he had not reason enough left to realize it. As he crawled on the ground he had left him, the poor fellow wandered aimlessly on till all consciousness was gone. When Ross came to he found himself in the South of Owen's Lake. After many days and when the young Scotchman was able to walk an Indian guided him to the Sierra Divida, a winding down to the emerald expanse of the great San Joaquin Valley and the flashing waters of Tulare Lake, he said: "White man's land."

About an hour after leaving the Indian, Ross found himself in the bed of a rock-banked stream that had its source in the snow peaks to the north. He was hurrying down through the icy waters, when suddenly he came to a stop and pressed his hands to his eyes, with the dread that the wild gold dreams of the desert were again mastering his reason. Half the sand at his feet appeared to be gold.

With proof of his find in his pockets, Ross made his way to San Francisco, where he soon interested capitalists in his discovery. Within two months he had sold out his interests for \$250,000. It is said that he got back to Glasgow some weeks before the return of the tramp steamer from which he had deserted.

Even stranger and more startling than the foregoing was the experience of Captain George Wells in New Mexico. The Captain had been a prospector in the "Pike's-Peak-or-bust" days. During the Civil War he served on the Union side with his old friend Kit Carson. After the war the Captain made a number of strikes, but disliking routine work, he always "sold out for a song," and returned to the old, lonely ways.

In the Spring of 1872 the Captain found himself in Albuquerque, and down on his luck. A man named Murphy, who kept the principal fondra or hotel in the place, offered to grubstake Wells on condition that he should prospect in the Sandia Mountains. These mountains rise brown and verdurous to the east of the Rio Grande. Murphy had heard the tra-

dition that in the early days of the Spaniards they had enslaved the Indians and made them work the gold mines in the Sandia Mountains. At length the Indians rose in revolt, slew their oppressors, and destroyed every vestige of the mines, in which over 200,000 of their fellows had perished.

Wells, who had a good practical knowledge of geology, the undertaking did not appeal, and then he was incredulous where Spanish or Indian traditions were concerned. He had made the agreement with Murphy, he determined to keep it. With a rifle at his back and a Colt in his belt—Wells carried arms from force of habit, for there was neither game nor danger from attack in the region into which he was going—and his grub and prospecting outfit packed on a little gray burro, he faced the brown serrated peaks to the east.

The desolation of that wilderness of arid peaks and torrid arroyos would have appalled any man not familiar with Nature in her most uninviting moods; but Wells had patience and a purpose. After six weeks of futile, heart-breaking search the supplies gave out, and the sturdy prospector decided to make his way back to Albuquerque and acknowledge himself beaten.

In the captain's outfit there were 19 pounds of blasting powder and a powerful magnifying glass. The only use of the latter so far had been to light a pipe or start a fire. Before loading the burro for the return Wells climbed the wall of the rocky gulch, in which he had camped the night before, in order to take a last look at the field of his failure. He had just reached the lookout, and was shading his eyes from the glaring sun, when an explosion that seemed to shake the rock on which he stood roared up from the little canyon. He flew down to where he had left his outfit, but he found it gone, and the little gray burro was blown into shreds.

At once the captain understood the cause of the disaster. He had so placed his magnifying glass on the outside of the peak that the sun's rays became focused on the powder, and the explosion followed. Feeling that the requirements of the situation could not be met by the most vigorous of the plutocrats, profanity of which he was a past master, Wells sat down with his head between

his hands to think; but thinking was impossible, for the brain that had been so cool on the battlefield was all awlir.

At length the old soldier rose slowly to his feet and drew his revolver closer within reach. Desperately he looked up at the steel-blue sky, and the shimmering heat waves distorting the upper lines of the canyon. Then his eyes fell to the wreck about him, much of it fragments of rock which the explosion had detached from the wall. He kicked over a shining something and muttered, "D—d pirate eyes!"—pyrites! There were other shining something. He picked up one and held it at all angles to the sun. Then his breast heaved, the brave light flashed back to the gray eyes, and he called out: "Gold and four noughts to the ton!"

And so by blind chance, Captain Wells had come upon one of the lost mines which about the middle of the sixteenth century had enriched the viceroys of New Spain, as the present New Mexico was then called.

In every land where gold is found, incidents like those just given might be multiplied. Australia has had her share, of the most amusing being the following: An Irishman named Whalen, who had been in the British army, went to Victoria in the middle '70s, and, with the savings of his wife, bought a few acres of ground, valuable because of a water pool and a sluggish spring. With mud and gravel taken from the bottom of the pool Whalen made sun-dried bricks and built a cabin for his family. Not far away there were prosperous gold mines, and the Irishman, whose army life had unfitted him for ordinary work, started a bar for the convenience of the men who did ordinary work. Near by there was a little colony of Chinese, who conducted laundries and raised vegetables for the miners. Contrary to their habit, these Chinese soon became regular patrons of Whalen's bar, and the fact that their visits were always made at night did not excite suspicion.

One day Whalen discovered that someone had carried off the mud plug pen and its surrounding wall, but the work had been done so gradually that it was nearly all gone before she noticed. Soon after this the chimney and the corners of the cabin walls began to vanish, and a watch was set to find the thieves who could find any value in dry clay. At length the wife discovered that while one band of Chinamen was keeping Whalen busy at the bar, another band was loading scraps from the chimney and walls into soiled clothes bags.

When Mrs. Whalen made her report

Whalen passed a local Chinese exclusion act, and enforced it with a big stick. He had learned to respect the intelligence of the Celestials; but why should they steal dry mud from his cabin when the hills were full of it?

"Mebbe there's gold in it," suggested Mrs. Whalen.

Her husband acted on the hint. He "stole a panful of mud from the back of the chimney," and washed it out. He had solved the mystery. The bottom of the pan was covered with seeds and scales of gold.

Whalen ordered tents for his family from Ballarat at once, and began to pan out what afterward became famous in the song and story of the land as "The Golden Shanty." The house was washed away, the bottoms of the pool and spring were attacked, with the result that the owner soon became a rich man.

In May, 1869, two years after the first discovery of diamonds in South Africa, a poor herder, who was tending his cattle near Sandfontein, on the Orange River, picked up a bright pebble, which he carried home "for the baby to play with."

Up to this time his highest ambition had not extended beyond doubling the few score cows and sheep he had inherited from his father.

A month after this Shalk Niekirk, a storekeeper, chanced in at the cabin of Swatburg—that was the herder's name—and seeing the child playing with a bright stone, he became interested. Niekirk's offer for the stone of 500 sheep and 10 head of cattle and a horse was at once accepted.

Niekirk sold the stone to Tienfeldt Brothers for \$120,000. It again changed hands to an English firm, who paid twice the accepted price for it. When out of this same stone weighed 33 1/2 karats. It is now known among the world's most famous diamonds as "The Star of South Africa."—Kansas City Journal.

**It Does Not Pay.**

It does not pay to give way to the emotions in Summer. If ever you need to exercise self-control it is during dog-days, for sharp words, angry tears and flushed cheeks are not conducive to feminine beauty.

And if you keep cool mentally, you will look cool and dainty physically.

A young woman who was making a trip on the Great Lakes by boat found herself most unfortunately placed in her stateroom with a woman who demanded more of her share of the accommodations. Day after day, that young woman fussed and quarrelled with her traveling

companion, and bored everybody on deck with her complaints. Seidom, indeed, did the angry light die in her eye, the flush of indignation fade in her cheek. What she should have done was to have approached the purser and asked quietly to have an exchange of staterooms made. Failing in this, and realizing that her traveling companion was implacable, she should have accepted the situation quietly and philosophically, spending every possible moment away from her stateroom, and thanking her stars that she was not made as other and more selfish women. But instead, she, and not the rest offender, was condemned, simply because she lost every vestige of self-control.

**Lavinia's Yearnings.**

Disappointed New York Sun.

So many have Lavinia been from first she went to town.

Seems things she seen an' heard comin' to Lavinia's.

Says I ought to give her musical advantage.

Got her mother, too, a-pesterin' to sell the ranch, an' her board.

Spelt all right our little daughter is. I've seen that kind before.

Always wantin' what she hasn't got, an' then wantin' somethin' more.

Heaven's goodness! satisfaction was implacable, she gets there, I take it.

If there isn't somethin' she will sit them up a bit.

She won't want no angel chorus to the sound of harp, nor she.

But a full orchestra beatin' Brahms an' Beethoven.

Every country'll have its innin's: Chinese French ballets by Saint Sants and German gigs by Meyer Beer.

And of Wagner's Nibelungenidell of three Helungen bread.

There'll be a great sufficiency, first class and pedlaried.

Yes; I'll be up to Europe, to rub shoulders with that good an' fine musicians. Hope of the world, there's that good an' long.

**A Suspect.**

Washington (D. C.) Star.

So many will creatures do.

Over what will creatures do.

It's mighty hard, twist you and me.

To say just who is who.

You cannot credit what is said.

For your own observations.

Till with attention you have read.

The latest publications.

When I behold the busy bee.

Which once I so admired.

A grim suspicion bustles me.

Till my brain grows tired.

Oh, Bee, how you work all day.

No moment's pleasure taking.

Are you as busy as they say?

O, or you nature taking?