

THE RUSH FOR GOLD.

PREVIOUS CRAZES RECALLED BY KLONDIKE EXCITEMENT.

Many Fortune-seekers Froze in the Mountains on the Way to Rocky Mts. While Hundreds Died of Thirst and Heat.

Trials of Pioneer Miners. The rush of gold-hungry men to the Yukon has revived recollections of famous stampedes to other mining fields.

Probably the wildest stampede ever known in the southwest was that of the Rocky Belle camp in northern Arizona, in the region of the Moqui Indian reservation, in December, 1874.

Fish Story Without a Peer. As the fish stories of the amateurs living to drift in and render the joy of living at least a doubtful quantity, a

worth over \$500,000 in less than a year, and six or seven men struck it rich and sold out for over a million each.

Miners on their way to the new camp from the East and the South toiled across the Arizona alkali plains, through immense cactus areas, and risked their lives in the then hostile land of the Apache Indians.

Only desperate necessity could urge a wheelman to take such chances as were faced one day last week by Joseph E. Everett, of Brick Church, N. J.

In drying-rooms. From here the gum is sent to the "white-aproned cook," leach with the purest sugar and the freshest cream, granulated, pepsin, powdered gum or kola or other desired ingredient to it and cooks it in a steam-jacked caldron, where it is turned and mixed by an ingenious double-acting heater or rotating paddle until it has assumed the consistency of bread dough.

Now the "dough boys" take hold of it and knead it in finely powdered sugar, passing it through the "rollers," where it is rolled between steel rollers until it is of the proper thickness, when it is whisked away to the "markers."

Under their deft touch waxed paper, tin-foil and pretty wrappers envelop the gum quick as a wink, and in another moment the packers have the gum to place in jars or boxes, wherein it is supplied for sale to the general public.

It is a kindness, as well as a pleasure, to cage birds to feed them pepper grass and chick weed occasionally, said a bird dealer to a Star reporter.

Search After His Train. Only desperate necessity could urge a wheelman to take such chances as were faced one day last week by Joseph E. Everett, of Brick Church, N. J.

JUST WHERE THOU ART.

Just where thou art lift up thy voice, And sing the song that stirs thy soul; Reach forth thy strong and eager hand To lift to awe, just where thou art.



Sergt. Lear's Bold Ride

It was Thanksgiving day, 1894, at Fort Wingate. A dull sky hung low over the plains and an occasional gust of wind from the southwest caused the sentries to cast a quick look at the heavens for signs of the threatened storm.

Adjutant's call for parade was sounded half an hour earlier than usual that evening that time might be afforded the officers to dress for the hop, and the ceremony of parade was cut short a trifle by Colonel Hunt.

"Reminds me of old West Point days," whispered Lieutenant Brainard to Colonel Hunt when the two met after the first dance.

"Not much like arctic hunts for the north pole, eh, Brainard?" responded the colonel, and the lieutenant who went with Greeley to the "farthest north" shivered a bit as he snubbed back a reply.

The quadrille ended as easily as did every quadrille that was ever played, and the laughing women were escorted to seats by the officers who begged for more dances.

Krueger at Church. Hard by the president's mansion at Pretoria stands the austere little church where Mr. Krueger is wont to pray on Sundays.

A Dickens Memento. Charles Dickens' "Guild of Literature and Art" started enthusiastically in 1851 to assist and provide for authors and artists in difficulties.

Tiny Oxen Found in Asia. In Ceylon and neighboring countries on the mainland of Asia there is a race of diminutive oxen which never grew to more than two and a half feet in height.

There never was a woman who could talk fast gracefully.

wards, and they were left alone. The music stopped with a clash, the few civilians in the ball gazed about in blank wonder, and with half-formed inquiries on their lips, while the ladies began to gather their wraps and start for their quarters.

Down at the guardhouse Colonel Hunt was questioning a courier who leaned upon the saddle of his quivering horse and answered the commandant in jerky sentences as he gasped for breath.

Colonel Hunt's gray eyes were closely knit while the courier was talking. He was revolving in his mind a plan of campaign. He thought of the great stretch of country that lay between Wingate and the Moqui country.

"Lieutenant Brainard, you will report to Captain Sibley with your troop," said Colonel Hunt, and the officer who ten minutes before had been joking with his colonel about the West Point dances, raised his gloved hand in salute and hastened away to his troop quarters.



Rode Shooting into that Band of Savage Warriors

midnight and Oriba, the village of the Moquis, was 241 miles away.

How they made that trip will never be known save to those who rode out of Wingate that night.

Among the enlisted men was one who would be recalled by anyone who ever saw him, Sergeant Edwin Lear.

"Sergeant Lear, you will take a patrol of twelve men, proceed to Oriba, and capture Ha-be-mah, dead or alive."

"Any further instructions, sir?" "No, you know what to do," said the lieutenant.

The band of Sergeant Lear came up stiffly to the brim of his campaign hat and dropped it, he faced about and strode away to his troop.

that he had orders to take him dead or alive. Ten minutes later he was riding toward Oriba at the head of his patrol of twelve men.

The Indians had no warning of the coming of the troops, but when they heard the galloping hoofs of the horses a great shout arose and there was a scurrying for weapons among the tepees.

The air was filled with blue smoke and the ping of the bullets was incessant. By sheer force the cavalrymen broke through the mass of struggling Indians and Corporal Hamilton rushed into the lodge, revolver in hand.

As Ha-be-mah went to the floor beneath the weight of the corporal a squaw who had been lurking in a corner struck the trooper on the back of the head with a club.

Dr. Lasker, the great chess player, when in London, is in the habit of visiting a certain restaurant known to many chess devotees.

There are always many writers of things in which editors and the public decline to be interested, who cannot understand why "things not nearly as good as theirs" are successful, while theirs fail.

Better Left Unsaid. It is the custom of a well-known Englishman never to accept an invitation unless it include his favorite dog.

Through the Telephone. "Excuse me for a few minutes," said a prominent Washington official to a caller, "while I have a talk with my doctor."

How They Take Note of Time. The following clever device is the way in which the natives of Liberia, in West Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time.

When an Indian or an actor tries at his wife, he leaves her, and gets another one, without the formality of a divorce.



GOLD-HUNTERS OF 1850 OVERCOME ON THE DESERT BY HEAT AND THIRST.

handships that the fortune-seekers suffered in the mountains will never be fully known. A large number of men coming out of the warm, balmy air of the semi-tropic valleys lost their lives amid the snow banks and ice in the mountains, and many a man was made an invalid for life because of exposure to the biting cold during the stampede.

When at last the Rocky Belle diggings were reached it was soon seen that there was no ore in the district north the digging except in the claims held by Hank Binford and his friends, and that the reports of their finds had been exaggerated beyond all reason.

The Rush to Tombstone. With the possible exception of the rush to the Leadville mining district in Colorado, there has been none anywhere in forty years attended with more excitement than followed the news of the finding of great deposits of gold and silver in Tombstone in 1879.

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writer claims attention with this one: Quite an odd find was happened upon one day last week by Jack Lopez, who is spending the summer at Swarthmore, Pa. The house which has been taken by the family is used in the winter as a boarding school for girls, but was originally a private house.

Mr. Everett is a lawyer, and, having a most important engagement in a neighboring town, determined to take the morning train to the place in question. He miscalculated the time and did not discover his error until warned by the train whistle. He is elderly, but is an expert wheelman, and jumping into the saddle he dashed off to the depot.