

SEA FOOD FAKES.

Popular Fallacies About Shell and Other Fish.

NO GENUINE LITTLE NECKS.

These Luscious Clams Are a Thing of the Past, and Blue Point Oysters Are Mighty Scarce, Yet You May Buy Them Almost Everywhere.

Only about one person in a thousand who orders the luscious bivalve known as the Blue Point really gets the genuine article. The reasons for this are simply, first, because very few Blue Points are raised and, secondly, because the supply is usually marketed in November and December. This brand of oyster takes its name from being grown on beds in the vicinity of Blue Point, in Great South Bay, Long Island. The water there is very shoal.

In consequence, when the howling winter nor'westers blow till they virtually empty the bay, any oysters on the beds freeze. To forestall the loss the wise oyster tongs become active and markets Blue Points in the fall. It is thus seen that the reason they are so small is that they have had only one summer in which to grow. A full sized oyster in that latitude requires two or three years to mature. Nevertheless you can find "Blue Points" on bills of fare in Kansas City at almost any time of year.

Every locality has its pet brand of oyster. Boston has its Cape Cods, New York its Saddle Rocks, Philadelphia its Cape May Salts, Baltimore, Washington and Norfolk their Lynnhavens. Each place is willing to wager that its particular bivalve is the most luscious in the world. Not being particularly averse to starting trouble, the writer wishes to state that, having been born in a New Jersey oyster raising community, reared near the most famous oyster beds of New York and having eaten mollusks harvested along every coast of the United States, he would lay a wager on the Bayou Cook oyster, raised in the Gulf of Mexico, for first place in the great oyster sweepstakes, and on the Maurice river cox raised in Delaware bay for second place. There are many who will agree with me in this oyster rating.

As summer approaches persons who have enjoyed their Blue Points until the advent of the r-less month of May will, with the same sang froid, order a half dozen Little Neck clams as a prelude to a repast. They get them—not. The Little Neck clam is a thing of the past. He, the genuine, takes his name from Little Neck bay, which lies just where the East river joins Long Island sound.

The title, therefore, is not derived from any particular formation of the clam's anatomy, as most people believe. Clams, unlike oysters, cannot be cultivated on beds prepared for the purpose, but are found in what are termed natural beds. A number of years ago one of these great natural beds was discovered in Little Neck bay, the products of which were of the most toothsome and tender variety. The find was immediately pounced upon by clam rakers from far and near, and the reputation of the Little Neck was made. Although it took only a few years to exhaust the supply, nearly every clam from every bed in the country has since basked in the reflected glory of that Little Neck harvest, and you can still buy "genuine Little Necks" in any sea food emporium from Maine to California.

There are many people who do not know that hard shell crabs and soft shell crabs are identical, the only distinction being that the soft shell crab (for which you pay about three times as much as for the hard shell variety) is simply the crab caught immediately after he has backed out of his old shell and within two or three days of the time when the skin that covers his body has had a chance to harden into the new shell. Soft shell crabs, like certain Irish products, can be "eaten skin and all." They can be fried and made very palatable, whereas the crab with his regular shell in place has to be dug out of his armor and eaten in fragments or served under the menu titles "deviled crab," "crab flakes" or "crab salad."

The popular food fanny members of the fish family have as many interesting characteristics as their shell-clad brethren. For instance, all the hotels and restaurants that serve "genuine" Blue Points and Little Necks heretofore referred to also set forth with the same degree of equanimity fillet of sole (a la anything that sounds palatable). The proportion of the genuine to the real article in the case of this commodity is even less than with the Blue Points.

The truth is that about ninety-nine times out of a hundred the chefs take our old friend the plebeian flounder, or flatfish, and dress him up as a Frenchman, for real sole in this country must be imported from French waters. Flounders are caught in great quantities all along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Maine. Wherever no other fish will bite you can always depend on hooking a number of the old reliable flounders.

The fact that Maine herring when quite young are canned and marketed for sardines done up in olive oil is fairly well known. As the home product is about as tasty and wholesome as the imported article there is not much use of getting excited over the imposition.—Captain C. A. McAllister, Revenue Cutter Service, in Chicago Record-Herald.

MOTOR AND DYNAMO.

Different in Function, Yet Almost Identical in Construction.

It is a very common error to confuse a motor with a dynamo, and but very few, outside of electrical engineering circles, can explain the difference between these two machines. The newspaper man writes about the "dynamo" burning out and setting the street car on fire or tells of the giant "motors" whirling at tremendous speed in the power house, and very few realize that a mistake has been made.

To explain in the simplest language, a dynamo is a machine driven by mechanical energy, which converts that mechanical energy into electricity, another form of energy. A motor is a machine that takes the electrical energy generated by the dynamo and converts it back again into mechanical energy. And, curiously enough, the two machines are almost identical in their construction. Indeed, some dynamos can be operated as motors and some motors as dynamos without any change whatever.

Going a little into detail, a dynamo, or a generator, as it is now more commonly called by electrical men, is a machine consisting of what is called an armature which is made to revolve between the poles of a magnet or group of magnets. The armature contains a great many loops of wire, which cut the lines of magnetic force which flow from one magnet pole to that of opposite polarity. Although no one can see how it is done, it is nevertheless true that this simple process causes a current of electricity to flow through the wire of the armature, which may be led out of the latter through suitable sliding contacts or brushes and sent out through the conducting wires of a circuit which may extend many miles. The current is supposed, for convenience, to flow out over one wire and back over the other, keeping up a continuous flow through the armature and outside circuit.

There you have the dynamo. To operate the dynamo mechanical energy such as that of a steam engine or water wheel is required. The more current you take out of the armature the harder it is to turn.

Now, if you take a machine similar to a dynamo away out somewhere on the line and connect its terminals to the two wires of the circuit the current which is being generated by the dynamo flows through the armature of this second machine, and, lo and behold, the armature begins to spin. There you have the motor, which is nothing more than a dynamo running backward and using up current instead of producing it. Put a pulley on the shaft of the motor and you get mechanical power again, which is what you started out with. That is why motors are so economical and convenient where mechanical power is required. Great dynamos in a power station generate current in vast quantities, which is sent out over the lines to be used up in motors of all types and sizes from a thirty-second of a horsepower up to a thousand horsepower, as desired. Now, when you want to operate a sewing machine by power you buy a little motor to do it. A few years ago it would have been necessary for you to put in a boiler and steam engine.—Electrical News Bulletin.

Rose Leaves and Brown Sugar.
You took rose leaves—fresh rose leaves—and mixed them with brown sugar. Then you wrapped them in a leaf from a grapevine and buried the whole business in the ground. You let them stay for three days. At the end of that time you dug them up and ate them, ate them with rapture known only to those who have eaten this particular delicacy, for to the natural fragrance of the rose leaves and the nourishing and delicious properties of the brown sugar that interval of three days in the warm earth had added a new quality. A mysterious alchemy had been at work and transformed the mixture into something exquisite, a dish to be envied by great kings and sultans. It had about it odors of the east, savors of Arabia the Blest.—E. L. Pearson in "The Believing Years."

A Cardinal's Hat.
The famous red hat that is a part of the insignia of a cardinal is round with a low crown and a wide, stiff brim, from the inside of which hang fifteen tassels, attached in a triangle. The red hat is used but twice, once when the cardinal receives it from the hands of the pope himself and after death, when it is put upon the cardinal's catafalque and afterward hung up in his titular church at Rome or the cathedral of his diocese.

Suspicious.
"How about this fare?" demanded the stranger in New York.
"I haven't overcharged you, sir," declared the cabman.
"I know you haven't. And why haven't you? What sort of a deep game are you up to? Answer me, now."—Washington Herald.

When Art Failed.
"And so your young wife serves you as a model. How flattering! She must be immensely pleased."
"Well, she was at first, but when we had a spat and I painted her as the goddess of war she went home to mother."—Fillegance Blatter.

Safe.
"Is there any safe way to tell the edible from the poisonous mushrooms?"
"Yes—don't eat any of them."—Exchange.

There is not a moment without some duty.—Cicero.

HORSES IN BATTLE

They Show Sagacity and Bravery in Times of Danger.

FEARLESSLY FACE A CHARGE

Veteran Soldiers Assert That the Courageous Animals Will Meet an Attack Made Directly Upon Them Without a Sign of Flinching.

Traits of horse character, as well as of human character, otherwise unnoticed are brought out in the stress of war. Familiarity with danger probably has its effect in making horses fearless, as ignorance of danger doubtless does. Horses are creatures of habit, in battle as well as in the occupations of peace, and this fact has been the cause of many an exciting incident on the field of action. There have been recorded many interesting illustrations of the manner of riderless horses "under fire" and when wounded.

War horses when hit in battle tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first effect of their wounds, fell to eating grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness.

Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs and the tails flying over their heads, and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to their feeding. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned the latter would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy occurred.

The faculty of war horses of knowing on which side they belong has more than once made it awkward for an enemy who ventured to capture one and get upon his back.

At the battle of Kirk, 1745, Major McDonald, having unhorsed an English officer, took possession of his mount, which was very beautiful, and immediately jumped upon its back. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with his captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it, nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which apparently its master was commander. The melancholy and at the same time ludicrous figure which McDonald presented may be easily conceived.

Besides the sagacity of army horses, which enables them to respond to the various bugle calls and to take their places in the ranks when their riders have been killed, they may also be said to show true heroism. Veteran soldiers say that horses have a wonderful power of enduring an attack made directly upon them, keeping their places as long as they can stand.

In 1864, at Reams Station, nearly sixty horses belonging to one company became the target of Confederate sharpshooters, who intended to kill them off and then by charging to take the guns.

The animals were harnessed in teams of six. When one was hit a peculiar clank indicated that a bullet had penetrated his flesh, but after a momentary start he would settle down quietly again, evidently realizing that bullets were an incidental evil which it was his duty to endure.

One horse when a bullet entered his neck only shook his head as if annoyed by a fly, but others would perhaps fall, only to regain their feet after lying quiet for awhile.

At the close of this battle General Hancock's horse received a bullet in the neck and, falling, appeared to be dead. The general mounted another, but in a few minutes the fallen animal rose, shook himself and was again ready for service. He survived the war many years.

One horse among those attached to the artillery was shot in the leg, the bone being broken. He fell, but instantly scrambled up again and stood in his place on three legs, remaining there until vitally wounded. Another animal was struck by seven bullets before he fell for the last time, and but four horses were taken alive from the field.—Harper's Weekly.

Trick of the Florist's Trade.
A Brooklyn florist was showing a friend around his greenhouse. The friend noticed that there were two hives of bees in the house and asked the florist why he kept bees.

"In the winter I grow cucumbers under the glass here," answered the florist. "The bees circulate around among the cucumber blossoms and carry the pollen from one blossom to another, fertilizing the blossoms, so that I get a much larger crop than otherwise. You see, there's no breeze in here to scatter the pollen. It's a trick all farmers know."—New York Sun.

Naturally So.
"Did you ever notice how diametrically an aviator's desire is opposed to that of a boss politician?"
"Can't say I have. In what way are they opposed?"

"An aviator is always willing and anxious to be discovered as the man higher up."—Baltimore American.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants. It is the creed of slaves.—Pitt.

LIBRARY CEMETERIES.

Millions of Books Buried Away and Never Opened.

The British museum possesses in all about 4,000,000 volumes. A year or two ago those in the reading room were carefully gone over and made to form a library completely up to date. When this work was in progress the authorities could not find more than 60,000 books which were in use. Experience therefore points to the fact that the proportion of live to dead or half dead books in this huge collection is as 1 to 600.

"You may assume," said the librarian, "that of all the vast number of works that generations of men have indited only 60,000 remain alive. In this building, in a great ironmongery of shelves, forty-two miles of books repose, and there are miles of volumes which no human being has ever opened and no human being is ever likely to open. There they rest apparently forgotten."

"Sometimes an esoteric volume from the midst of this huge maze of shelves is asked for by a student who may have come from any part of the world to see some book which can be found only in the British museum. So that in the museum, unlike other libraries, no book can be said even to be absolutely demised."

"This differentiates the museum perhaps from all other libraries in the world. The only other great collection of books which at all compete with it in this sphere of cosmopolitan research are the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris and the great National Libraries at Berlin, Munich and Vienna."

"Notwithstanding this there are acres and acres of books here which are uncut and which have never left their places on the shelves since they were placed on them."—Exchange.

STARTLED THE COOK.

The Crazy For Food That Seemed to Strike His Pet Customer.

J. Hayden Clarendon, eating his three meals in a German grill of much renown, has day after day extended his acquaintanceship from the steward to each of the waiters and from thence into the kitchen to the cook. And it so happened while ago that one of the cooks had to send his wife to a hospital. Clarendon, ever thoughtful, bought flowers and sent them out to the kitchen to be forwarded thence to the hospital.

This, of course, made him more than solid with the culinary department of the big restaurant. With the result that whenever a waiter announced that the order was "for Mr. Clarendon" the cooks would go the limit in getting him the best steaks and chops and serving them as works of art.

The waiters weren't slow in learning that the word "Clarendon" was the passport to the kitchen's best—the open sesame, as it were.

So it happened that one afternoon a waiter came into the kitchen with the order:

"T-bone steak, rare, for Mr. Clarendon."

The man at the broiler threw up his hands.

"What's come over Mr. Clarendon?" he asked in astonishment. "He has had two porterhouse steaks, boiled salmon, ham and eggs, three oyster stews, sand dabs, chops, and now he wants a T-bone steak—and all in an hour!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Bright Maid.

Mrs. Black was a winsome widow, and she had for a maid a not over-bright girl named Molly. The charming widow told Molly one evening that if any one called she was only at home to Mr. Munn. Then she retired to her room and took a little nap. On toward 10 o'clock she awoke, and, ringing for Molly, she asked, "Did any one call?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Molly. "Mrs. Black called and Miss Dash and the pastor."

"And you told them what I told you to?"

"Yes, ma'am. I said you was only at home to Mr. Munn."—New York Press.

Literature.

Friend—Make any money on your last novel?

Author—You bet! I sold that description of the Fallades in chapter 3 to the Quick Line railroad for \$5,000, my tribute to the Plaster de Paris hotel in New York, chapter 10, brought me \$3,000 from the hotel people, and the United Resorts, Limited paid me another thousand for my rhapsody on the sunset in the Wampong mountains, chapter 20, where the hero takes her in his arms—what's left of it I think I can hold down into a short story and make a ten spot on it.—Puck.

Pa Told Him.

"Pa, what is a pillory?"

"A what?"

"A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday, and I didn't know."

"Why, that's a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"—Washington Herald.

Stealing Sleep.

Teacher (treading loudly)—"The weary sentinel leaned on his gun and stole a few minutes' sleep."

"I bet I know where he stole that from."

"Where, Dot?"

"From his 'nap' sack."—London Tit-Bits.

Always Safe.

"I want to provide for my grandson, but stocks may depreciate. How do I know what will be good a few years from now?"

"You might leave a few thousand tons of coal in trust," suggested the family lawyer.—St. Louis Times.

PERILOUS FISHING

A Midwinter Adventure on the Ice in Lake Michigan.

TWO SURPRISES AND A FIGHT.

First the Lone Hunter Was Startled by the Ice Going Out and Then by the Intrusion of a Treacherous Visitor. The Battle and the Rescue.

A few years ago, in the dead of winter, Dr. M. A. Leach was out on Lake Michigan in a friend's hut, fishing through the ice. Everything was proceeding merrily when, says the doctor: "There came a sudden report, sounding like thunder. The ice was going!" "I rushed outside, but the snow was blinding, and I could not even see the shore line. All around the thunderous reports were sounding and the ice was quivering strangely. I was frightened, but as there was no help for it I went back to the hut."

"This was about noon. I noticed, to my relief, that there were no cracks coming beneath the hut, so that if the ice did go out I should at least be on a big cake for a time. The big cakes do not last very long in Lake Michigan. I could not tell what was happening outside, for the wind was shrieking and howling horribly, and every few seconds the ice would split with a resounding crash. So, for lack of something better to do, I arranged a frying pan I had over the little stove, and to keep up my food supply I started frying some fish. In a few minutes the place was filled with a most appetizing odor, which, I presume, had something to do with what followed."

"First of all I heard a series of low whines outside, then something scratched at the door. I opened it in amazement, thinking that some dog had perhaps been lost on the ice and had found my hut. To my surprise, however, a great unkempt animal entered and fawned about my feet, licking my boots, and, although I had never seen one, I knew that it was a gray wolf. The animal seemed terrified by my measure and showed no sign whatever of wildness."

As the doctor had no other weapon than his knife and a frozen fishing line, he was in a quandary. But the wolf seemed lonely and showed a strong desire to make himself at home, so they spent the night quite charmingly together. The next morning to hear what the doctor says:

"I awoke to find the sun up, the day bright and clear and the land four or five miles west of us. All around floated cakes of ice, going the same way as ourselves in the grip of some current. My fears passed away with the bright sunlight, and I used up my last wood in cooking some fish for the wolf, while I finished the basket of provisions."

"So the wolf and I went out in the sunshine, and now the animal grew surly and no longer welcomed my approaches. However, I saw a dot moving among the ice and as it neared saw that it was a fish boat, doubtless with a rescue party on board. And now came the most surprising part of my adventure."

"The boat was about half a mile distant, and the occupants, having seen me and waved to me, started to make their way through the floating ice. I saw the wolf watching them with bristling hair, and suddenly he turned to me with a low growl. I offered him a bit of fish, but he took no notice, and I began to fear that he realized that any rescue would not include him. At any rate, he drew back a few steps, his eyes fixed on mine; then, with a quick movement, he sprang at me."

"I had no weapon except a short knife, which was closed. All I could do was to jump aside, hitting him with my fist as he missed me, an old boxing trick. But I had not counted on that savage side slash of the great teeth, and when the animal gained his feet and turned to fly at me again my hand was streaming with blood from a small gash. I heard shouts from the approaching fish boat, but as the party were unarmed they could not help me."

"Immediately upon getting his balance on the snow the wolf came toward me slowly and sprang again. This time I was really frightened, and with a wild idea of holding him away till my friends could assist me I met him halfway, grasped his throat in both hands, and we both fell to the snow together, for the impact of his leap was tremendous. I hung on to his throat; but, although I kept the gleaming teeth off, I could not hold his feet. He struck at me savagely with his hind paws, the sharp claws tearing through my coat like knives, and I realized my danger just in time to cast myself backward. Instantly the wolf returned to the attack, and this time the look in his face frightened me so that I did not wait for him. I whipped my coat away and threw it in his face, then turned and, running to the side of the ice cake, leaped into the water."

"I am a good swimmer, and the boat was only 100 feet distant, so in no time I was aboard and getting into warm clothes. The engine was stopped, and we lay there watching the wolf. He seemed puzzled at my disappearance, running backward and forward on the ice. Then he looked at the boat and howled dismally. None of the men liked to attack him with knives for their only weapons, and so presently the boat was turned about, and we threatened our way out from the ice to the free water. Behind us the lonely wolf sat watching us disappear and slowly, hopelessly, floated onward to his doom."—Wide World Magazine.

STREETS OF NEW YORK.

They Were Cleaned by the Pigs Less Than a Century Ago.

So far as the municipal archives go, the first system of street cleaning in New York was authorized in 1606. In that year the city entered into a contract with one of its citizens whereby he agreed to keep the streets free of rubbish and refuse for £30 (about \$150) a year. Prior to that year each household was obligated to keep the street clean in front of his residence, and if he failed to do so a fine of so many shillings was assessed against him by the city.

If the records are to be credited there was no systematic effort to keep the streets of the city free of refuse from the early Dutch days down to 1825. All those years New York was the butt of the sneers and ridicule of Boston and Philadelphia, both of which boasted of their clean streets. In that long period the city left the disposal of its refuse almost wholly to hogs, of which, an old municipal record says, there were no less than 30,000 in 1820. They appear to have roamed the streets as they pleased, and it is small wonder the visitors were wont to refer to New York as a fine large pigsty.

Even the scourges of yellow fever and smallpox that swept over the city were not sufficient to move the authorities to rescue the people from the insanitation that caused them, and it was not until 1823 that any action was taken. In that year the common council, spurred by the indignant protests of the leading citizens, decreed that the army of roaming hogs should be captured and reduced to pork and carts assigned to remove the refuse from the streets.

But even then there was such a row over the destruction of the hogs that it was several years before the letter of the ordinance could be enforced.—New York Times.

A STRANGE FRYING PAN.

It Was a Relic of Royalty and Queerly Out of Place.

One day M. Sommerand, curator of the Cluny museum, went into a small restaurant in the suburb of St. Denis, a restaurant of the kind where the dining room and the kitchen are one and the same room. While waiting to be served his eye was caught by a frying pan of an unusual shape which was hanging on the wall.

He took it down, rubbed off some of the soot with which it was covered and made out part of an inscription. To the surprise of the hostess, he offered to buy the old pan, an offer she joyfully accepted, doubtless thinking her customer somewhat mad.

When the copperplate was properly cleaned it was found that it bore the arms of France and Navarre surrounded by the chain of St. Louis and the cord of the Order of the St. Esprit and the following inscription: "Here lies the magnificent prince, King Louis XIV., king of France and of Navarre. Requiescat in pace."

It was evidently the plate which had been attached to the coffin of Louis XIV., and when the vaults of the Bourbons at St. Denis were rifled by the populace in 1793 it had been carried off, fitted with a handle and turned into a frying pan. It is now in the Cluny museum. The handle has been removed, but the three holes remain showing where it was attached.—Rome Weekly Mundo.

Deer Are Great Swimmers.

If a boy were asked to name an animal that could swim a long way it is probable that he would think of almost anything before he named a deer. If you told city folk that deer have been known to swim clear across the sound, from Long Island to Connecticut, they would probably laugh at you, yet all the boatmen along the coast know this to be true. Deer will often take to the sea when they are closely pursued by the hounds, and they have been known to stay in the water swimming until the dogs got tired and went away or until night fell and sheltered them.—New York Sun.

Authors' Names.

Authors who manipulate their names to suit their fancies are not a small band. There is Thomas Henry Hall Caine. There were Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti and Charles John Huffam Dickens. Only one book of reference gives the full name of Oscar Finagall O'Flaherty Willis Wilde, some of whose poems first appeared over the initials O. F. O. F. W. W. Lewis Melville is really Lewis Benjamin, and very few people are aware that the bearer of the distinguished name Sir Sidney Lee was originally Solomon Lazarus Levi.—London Spectator.

Unsuccessful.

"I made a mistake," said Plodding Pete. "I told that man up the road I needed a little help 'cause I was lookin' fur me family, from whom I had been separated fur years."

"Didn't that make him come across?"

"He couldn't see it. He said dat he didn't know my family, but he wasn't goin' to help in bringin' any such trouble on 'em."—Washington Star.

Unlikely to Pass.

"Can't you settle this bill today, str?" asked the tailor of the delinquent senator.

"No, Shears; it wouldn't be parliamentary. I've merely glanced over it, you know, and I can't pass a bill until after its third reading."—Judge.

The Way It Started.

"He tried to kiss me. I can't understand it."

"Neither can I, dear."

"You cat!"—Houston Post.

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