

THE CEMENT MINE.

A PHILADELPHIAN'S EXPERIENCE IN SEEKING MYTHICAL GOLD.

A Hard Tramp Through the Sierras in Search for the Deposit That Assayed a Thousand Ounces to the Ton—Something About the Lost Cabin Mine.

Jacob Metz, a lastmaker of this city, is an old time California miner and was for eleven years a prospector in the mountains, and he tells a curious story about the alleged rediscovery of the Lost Cabin mine in South Dakota. He says:

There are two mountain myths that have been bothering the heads of imaginative treasure seekers in the Rockies since 1855. One is "White's Cement mine" and the other is the Lost Cabin. In 1856 Kit Carson, James Kinney and a half breed Blackfoot came into Fort Randall, on the Missouri river, with a bag full of nuggets and a story of gold deposits of incredible richness on Cabin creek, a branch of the North fork of the Cheyenne river just west of what is now the Montana boundary line. As they were old mountain men, and Carson having a great reputation as a guide, everybody went crazy. No white man was supposed to have been within 500 miles of the place, and indeed men were being cut off by Indians within five miles of the fort.

Carson and Kinney went on a week's drunk, and soon gambled away their gold, but showed no disposition to take a party to the new Eldorado. The United States officers at the fort discredited the whole thing, and dissuaded the crowd from following it up, but men started out and none returned, and hundreds tried it from time to time. The Indians no doubt knew of the existence of gold there, and of course wanted to keep the whites out, and they did effectually for thirty years. A thousand lives and a mountain of treasure were spent in seeking the location in vain, and it was believed by the old timers to be a fraud from the first. Neither Carson nor Kinney ever made the attempt to seek it again, but both repeated their original story from time to time. So this is about the truth as to the Lost Cabin bonanza.

White's Cement mine is much more remarkable as a narrative. White was a New Englander, sixty years old, who had come to California in 1842. As a gold seeker he was known and talked about in every mining camp on the coast and stories related of his phenomenal luck. He no doubt made many fortunes, and was always poor, and tramped about with a lean mule and half breed Indian boy, getting supplies where he could. I believe he was slightly demented, but all looked up to him, and he undoubtedly knew more about the gold region than any man living.

One day in 1858 White came to Horse Head gulch from the Sierras, driving his mule and looking utterly used up. He got something to eat, and then took out of his pack a number of pieces of what looked like hard white clay glittering with specks of metal, but he said little and went off to an assayer. A German named Holyat, an honest man. Before night it was known in camp that White's specimen showed 1,000 ounces of gold to the ton. In five minutes every one went crazy. Nobody slept that night, but sat around the fire and talked "cement." In the morning a party headed by Senator Sharon's brother called on White, who was sleeping in one of the "shacks." He was told in a few words that he must pilot the men to his find, he should have the pick of the claims and help to work it, but go he must, and on his refusal was warned that his life would not be worth shucks if he "stood off" the camp. Then he consented.

Every one was wild. I was offered \$1,000 for my two mules and outfit, but like a fool went with the rest. The trail led right into the Sierras. The first day was a race and one-third of the men broke down. The Indian leaped ahead like a wolf and then White followed, his long gray hair flying in the wind. By the end of the second day we were in the heart of the mountain, in a desert where no human being had ever been before. Half of the animals were lost, and the men were haggard with fatigue and excitement. White was told that if he played false he was a dead man, but he still pointed east. We passed good indications that showed oolite, but in that land of desolation all the gold in America would not have ovalled a man then.

On the evening of the third day White said we were near to our journey's end, and by tomorrow—and then he waved his long arms and such a yell went up from the frenzied men that partly made the pine clad mountains shake. Every one lay down expecting to arise a millionaire, but in the morning White was gone and left no trace. About one-half of the party, after incredible suffering, got back to life and civilization, and yet, despite our story, 100 men started back over our trail two days after.

Three years after White reappeared in Salt Lake City with his cement specimens as before incredibly rich and again disappeared, and from that day to this has never been heard of, but men still wear out their lives in seeking his lost cement mine.

After eleven years' labor in the mines I got home with \$500 and a heap of knowledge that will last for the rest of my life.—Philadelphia Press.

MASSSES FALLING FROM THE SKY.

Something About Meteors and of What They Are Composed.

An addition to our present knowledge of meteorites has been presented by Mr. J. R. Eastman, who furnishes a list of iron aerolites, together with a table of their weights and remarks as to the relative occurrences of iron and stony meteorites. According to this gentleman the ratio of weight of the former to the latter is as 1 to 12.23, and the aggregate weight of aerolitic iron which has been observed and discovered up to date on the American continent is about 153 tons. "If the above ratio be true in all cases," he says, "there should have been a fall of about 1,880 tons of lithic meteorites, or in all over 2,000 tons of aerolitic matter precipitated upon the earth."

Mr. Eastman offers the following theory to account for the apparent excess of iron over stony meteorites: "When a stony meteorite falls to the earth it breaks into many fragments, and the ruptured surfaces indicate the nature of the catastrophe. No case is on record where an iron aerolite showed any indication of having been twisted, broken or torn from another mass of the same material.

"The true type of meteorite which reaches the earth from outer space is probably similar to that which fell in Iowa county, Ia., on Feb. 12, 1875. This celestial visitor is composed almost wholly of lithic matter, but scattered through the mass are small grains of nickeliferous iron. This iron may exist in the stony matrix in all forms and sizes, from the microscopic nodule to the mass weighing several tons. When the lithic mass comes in contact with the earth's atmosphere the impact breaks up the matrix, sets free the iron bodies, and they reach the earth in the same condition, so far as mass and figure are concerned, as they exist in the original formation.

"In such cases it is probable that the stony portion of the original body is rent into such small fragments by the explosion that these would not reach the earth in any appreciable size. The larger the masses of iron the more complete would be the destruction of the original body, and the larger lithic meteorites would be those containing the smaller granules of iron."—Iron.

The Manners of "Society."

These goose in stays and starch ("society" people) are ignorant of the true philosophy of good manners, which may be compressed into a single sentence. The secret of good manners is an entire lack of self-consciousness. If all men were born with a proper perception of justice bad manners could not exist. It may be somewhat vague, but the almost universal conception of justice is that it is the interest of the stronger, as Plato's sophist has it, and a moment's review of our codes of manners will convince one that this idea is at the bottom of all. All manners are bad which are built upon a substructure of injustice, either inflicted or suffered.

These "best people"—paupers in every essential of noble manhood—have elaborated a religion of which an immense cipher is the symbol. Their range of ideas is so limited as to merely correspond with their physical needs and indulgences, and they have invented (with a wisdom not common among geese and cockatoos) a code of manners which condemns all naturalness, individuality and thought as the brand of the parish.—New England Magazine.

Cardinal Wolsey's Taste for Antiques.

If Queen Matys had a picture on the easel, Wolsey was ready to purchase it. If there was a curious clock it was secured for him. His fondness for tapestry amounted to a passion. Trusty agents ransacked the continent to procure choice sets of arras, new and old, for the rising palace. If the owner generally preferred Scriptural subjects, as became a prince of the church, he also collected many hangings wrought with scenes from classic or mediæval story. Thus, while the walls of one chamber set forth the history of Samuel or David or Esther, those of another glowed with the labors of Hercules, the woes of Priam or the Romaunte of the Rose. In the rooms where he received visitors the tapestries were changed once a week.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Plato's rot is caused by a minute parasite, which is so small that a colony numbering 200 individuals can live in a space smaller than a pin's head.

Richard Baxter, the great Puritan preacher, was the son of a tenant farmer, and until nearly grown the future author did the work of a farm hand.

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