

## "LET ME NOT MUCH COMPLAIN."

Let me not much complain of life in age. Life is not faulty, life is well enough. For those who love their daily round of doing. And take things rounded, never in the rough.

Turning from day to day the same old page. And their old knowledge ever more renewing. I have known many such; through life they went. With moderate use of moderate heritage, swing and spending, saving as they spent.

These are wise men, though never counted sage; They looked for little, easy men to please; But I, more deeply drunk of life's full cup, Feel, as my lips come nearer to the lees, I dived for pearls, and brought but pebbles up.

—Thomas W. Parsons, in the Century.

## A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

All my life I had been—well, not exactly a woman hater, but a firm believer in the idea that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is not an absolute necessity. For many years it was my proud boast that I was able to dispense with feminine aid and yet live a very enjoyable life, as, with clockwork regularity, I went from my bachelor lodgings business each morning, returning in the afternoon and spending the evening at the club or some place of amusement. The idea of having a lady companion in my rambles never entered my head.

True, my landlady, good old soul, prepared my meals and cleaned my rooms, but that was because I had not time to do it myself, and a man servant was beyond my means. But in all else I dispensed with woman's aid. Boot cleaning, sewing buttons on, lighting the fire, etc., were all done with my own hands—nay, at a pinch, I have even washed a pocket handkerchief.

I desired to stand forth as a living example of the original Adam and a proof of the superfluity of the modern Eve. But my misguided companions refused to profit by my teachings or to follow my example. One by one they fell under female influence, one by one they married, and then—I eat them dead. Ah, me! Those free Bohemian days were happy ones, as year after year I pursued my adopted course in spite of the continual falling off of my comrades. Then came a time when my circle of acquaintances had decreased so considerably that I began to feel lonely. Bachelor chums were more difficult to find than ever. To loneliness succeeded melancholy, and I grew miserable.

One friend, to whom I laid bare my woes, said:

"You keep to yourself too much. What you ought to do is to lodge with some family where there are two or three grown up daughters. They would wake you up a bit."

This, to me, the hitherto ideal advocate of an Eyeless Eden! And yet, after the advice had been tendered several times, I began to think that such a change might be beneficial. Such a course need not involve the rendering up of my tenets; but, as woman still formed a part of the world, she might at least contribute to my amusement. So, after very serious consideration, I decided to seek fresh apartments, with light society thrown in.

Now my troubles commenced. I could not make the direct inquiry, "Have you any grown up daughters?" So I generally viewed the rooms, listening to the landlady's verbiage, the rent, and then casually asked, "Have you any children?" and the reply would be, "Yes, four," "five," or "six," (as the case might be); "the eldest is 16 years old and the youngest 2 months. But they are as good as gold and never make a bit of noise."

The numberless journeys I made and the many desultory conversations I listened to were all to no purpose. No one appeared to possess grown up daughters—the eldest was always 10. Just when I was about to abandon my search of fortune—or was it fate?—led me to Myrtle Villa, Paradise Gardens, Upper Dulwich. The door was opened by a vision of loveliness, faultlessly dressed, and with bright blue eyes and golden hair. "Newly married," thought I, "well, here at least the eldest won't be 10!" She invited me in, and then disappeared; a middle aged lady entering directly after, we proceeded to discuss terms. Then came the inevitable inquiry as to children.

"I have two grown up daughters, the younger of whom opened the door for you."

At last! Need I say that, within a week, I was installed in Myrtle Villa? The landlady (a widow) was a genial, homely woman, and the youngest daughter, Annie, aged 25, I have already described, but the other daughter, Julia, did not impress me favorably. She was neither good looking nor pleasing, and, with being exactly bad tempered, always insisted on having her own way.

I now seemed to be in a new world. My boots bore a brilliant luster each morning without my aid, and my slippers were laid ready for me in the evening, and as for lending me a needle and cotton—the idea!—if I would only leave them outside they would only be too happy.

I no longer needed to seek relaxation at the club after the labors of the day. Julia played the piano well (her only accomplishment), while Annie sang divinely, and thus the evenings passed all too quickly. Male acquaintances they did not seem to possess—yet stay, there was one—a Mr. Malcolm, whose name I frequently heard mentioned, but as his calls were always made in the daytime, I never saw him. I had rapidly passed into that condition of mind which raised a feeling of jealousy on his account, so one day I questioned my landlady on the subject.

"Oh, he's a very old friend of ours.

Once we thought he would have proposed to Julia, but nothing came of it."

What a relief! Only Julia! So time went pleasantly on, and then—how can I confess it?—my life-long creed was thrown to the winds, my proud ambition humbled in the dust, and I became a willing slave to the sex I had so long despised and ignored. My only thought now was, how and in what words I should beseech my darling Annie to become my wife. Time after time I was on the point of speaking, but Julia always turned up at the critical moment.

One evening Julia announced that week thence she had an engagement to play at a concert. Then burst upon me a brilliant inspiration. I purchased two stall tickets for the Lyceum for that same evening, and, making pretense that I had them given to me, I persuaded Annie to promise to accompany me. This time Julia would not be able to intrude, and I should know my fate. In two months time I should be taking my summer holiday, which would fit in just nicely for the honeymoon.

On the eventful day I hastened homeward with a queer fluttering in my heart and a flower spray for Annie in my hat. Julia opened the door, and hardly permitted me to enter before she informed me that Annie had been out in the hot sun, and had been obliged to go to bed with a very bad sick headache. My fluttering heart gave one huge bound and then seemed to stand still. However, to disguise my feelings, I said:

"I am sorry; and you have to play at the concert?"

"No," she replied, "the concert has been postponed."

"Then may I beg the pleasure of your company? I did not ask you before because of the concert engagement."

"Thanks. I shall enjoy it immensely."

What a miserable failure that evening proved to be! I do not even know what the play was called. I was thinking all the time of my poor, sick darling, and not of the acting or the woman who sat by my side wearing the flower spray that was meant for Annie.

The words were still unspoken when my holidays arrived, and, tearing myself away from the two sisters, who stood at the gate and waved their handkerchiefs as long as I remained in sight, it was with no feelings of joyful anticipation that I betook myself to Hastings for rest and recreation.

Rest! Where could I find it? Not on the parade or pier amidst hundreds of couples promenading, as I had pictured Annie and myself doing; not on the beach where the Ethiopian musicians were eternally playing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Annie Rooney" and "Annie, Dear, I'm Called Away." For a whole week I wandered aimlessly hither and thither. Then I could stand it no longer. So I wrote a long letter commencing "Darling," and pouring out the impassioned pent up love that comes but once in a man's lifetime. I besought and beseeched her to take pity upon me, or my lifeless body should surge in the billows that beat relentlessly on the rocks of Beachy Head.

When I had finished, I happened to catch sight of a photograph which I had purchased the previous day, representing one of the yachts preparing to start on her morning trip, with my own figure in a prominent position in the bows. "Ah," thought I, "I'll send that to Julia."

It was possible I had now less rest than before, night or day, while waiting for the answer. Rising in the morning with haggard looks and burning brow, the other boarders would remark that the sea air did not seem to agree with me, while under the mask of supreme indifference there raged within me the fiercest volcano that ever burned in the heart of man.

At last the reply came, and, bounding up to the privacy of my own room, and trembling fingers I tore open the envelope which hid from me life or death?

"Darkest, I am yours forever. I cannot say your proposal was unexpected, for I have felt that you could mean nothing less, ever since that evening when you so openly expressed your preference for me by taking me to the theater!"

What! Whew! Where!! I looked at the signature—"Julia." Oh, Heavens! I saw it all. I had placed the letter to Julia and the photograph to Annie! How I raged and fumed and tore my hair, until at last, in sheer exhaustion, I sank into a chair and endeavored to finish reading the letter.

"Annie thanks you very much for photo, and she desires me to tell you that yesterday Mr. Malcomb proposed to her and was accepted. We will have the two weddings on the same day. Won't that be nice, dear?"

Now this was the last straw. Nice, indeed, for me to be married to a woman I did not care for, and at the same time to see the one I loved given to another man! I cannot remember what I did for the next hour or two beyond cursing my foolishness and swearing I wouldn't marry Julia. Then, when I became calmer, I saw an action for breach of promise looming. I thought of all my hard earned savings of years being swept away by a sympathetic jury to heal Julia's broken heart. There was no escape for me. She had my letter, which simply commenced "Darling," and as no name was mentioned in it from beginning to end, was it possible that any body of intelligent men could be brought to believe that I intended it for Annie when I addressed the envelope to Julia? No, no. I must go through with it—I would marry Julia. Yes, and I would teach her that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is but a helpmate, and not an equal, and so, in my married life, triumphantly assert those principles which I had held so long.

Julia married me at the same time and place as Annie became Mrs. Malcomb. I now spend my evenings endeavoring to solve a difficult problem, and that is, why do they call women the weaker sex?

The average price of parrots in South America is 10 cents.

## NEW GOLD MINES.

### \$50,000,000 MADE IN ONE YEAR BY A SPECULATOR.

#### Engineers Say That the Amount of Gold in South Africa is Practically Unlimited.

For almost a year the world has been slowly growing more and more excited over the gold mines of South Africa. Within a year mining shares that were issued at \$5 per share, and often sold for only a portion of that, have sold up as high as \$165 per share, and there are many who believe that these same shares will go to \$500. It is not impossible that mining shares of the South African properties will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange within the year. Proposals to that effect have already been made.

The single little district known as the Witwatersrand, in the Transvaal or South African republic, will yield this year upward of \$40,000,000 worth of gold. This little district is, so far as its productive area is concerned, not over fifteen miles wide, and about sixty miles long. Ten years ago it was laid out in stock farms. To-day the mines located upon this narrow strip have a market value of more than \$150,000,000.

Perhaps the most remarkable man of the gold fields is B. I. Barnato, known from Cape Town to London as Barney. Barnato is still a young man. He comes of a good English family, turned out to be a wild youngster, who shipped off to Cape Colony, knocked about there as best he could, was, it is said, at one time a member of a circus company as a juggler, found himself stranded with a half crown in his pocket, went into the diamond business at Kimberley, made money hand over fist, was soon ranked as one of the diamond magnates, and when the Kimberley diamond mines were consolidated turned up at the top of the heap, worth millions. Later Barnato followed the movement to the Witwatersrand, became a leading promoter of gold-mining enterprises there, and a year ago his fortune was estimated at \$175,000,000.

It is currently given out in London that within the last year he has made \$50,000,000 in the sale of mining shares and in promoting mining enterprises.

It was through the diamond mines and the gold mines that Cecil Rhodes came to be Premier of the Cape Colony and practically dictator of South Africa. Rhodes was a young man in ill health when he went out to South Africa and followed his brother into the diamond mines. There he not only recovered his health but showed remarkable business talent and soon became the head of the movements to consolidate the Kimberley mines, which were then held by some 1,600 different small holders, into one vast concern. The De Beers Consolidated Mines, limited, valued to-day at \$80,000,000, is practically his handiwork. Later, Rhodes became interested, with other diamond magnates, in the Transvaal gold mines, and has a fortune that is estimated at \$25,000,000. His friend and associate, Alfred Beit, of the firm of Wehrn, Beit & Co., is worth perhaps \$60,000,000, J. B. Robinson, of the famous Robinson mine, upward of \$35,000,000.

South Africa has thus far produced perhaps twice as many millionaires as did California, and the remarkable feature of the whole matter is, that if the engineers are right in their calculations as to the extent of the Witwatersrand deposits, the amount of gold the latter contain is almost unlimited. Free predictions are offered that in five years the production of gold in the Transvaal alone will have gone far toward \$1,000,000,000 a year, or about two-thirds as much as all the gold now mined in the world.

It is a rather remarkable fact that it has been American engineers who have directed the development of the South Africa gold mines, as it was Gardner Williams and L. S. Seymour, two American engineers, who rescued the Kimberley diamond mines from disaster, and who have since directed their operations.

The principal gold fields are grouped about the town of Johannesburg, which lies inland just a thousand miles northeast from Cape Town. It is reached by rail from either Cape Town, Port Elizabeth or East London, and probably by this time also from Delagoa Bay. The town is situated in the southern portion of the Transvaal or South African republic, about thirty-five miles south of Pretoria, the capital. Johannesburg has now a population of about 40,000 whites, and Pretoria is a little place, a typical Boer town, of about 10,000.

Johannesburg lies on the uplands of the Witwatersrand, and for the most of the year is a very pleasant place to live in. It is nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea, is surrounded by a grassy, rolling country, and with tree planting and other improvements that are being made rapidly, it is becoming a pretty and attractive city. It lacks nothing of the comforts and conveniences of civilization. The town is lit by electricity and an electric street railway line is being built connecting all the surrounding mines and villages with the central town. The mines are equipped with perhaps the finest mining machinery before had kept him awake.

vails here, that is fully equalized by somewhat higher wages than are paid here.

However, the Transvaal offers no inducements for making money. With the discovery and development of the mines came an immense rush, so that all kinds of ordinary labor are to be had at fair prices. Moreover, a great many persons who thought to settle in Mashona Land and Matabele Land, several hundred miles north of Johannesburg, were disappointed and have returned to the Transvaal. Then, too, almost every kind of business is represented in some way or other, and the business man of Johannesburg has his typewriter and rides his bicycle, and in general, has all the facilities and conveniences that one enjoys here.

The town is rapidly building up with handsome brick blocks and fine residences and tasteful churches; streets are being paved, and the only thing so far lacking are good public school facilities. Not the least striking characteristic of the country is the presence of the gold mines on a green prairie. There are no mountains anywhere about, and the usual bare, desert-like mining country is lacking. Before the mines were discovered all this area was good farming land, and the cautious old Boers used to fight off the prospectors, and in the early days of the Transvaal there was a heavy fine attached to prospecting anywhere in the republic. Of course, that is all changed now, but it is the English rather than the native Boers who have made money out of the mines.

THE SEVERED HAND.

Its Owner Could Not Rest Until It Was Made Comfortable.

Peter King, a lumberman of Grass Valley, recently met with a terrible accident, whereby he lost one of his arms in a planing machine. The severed limb was buried in such a manner that when subsequently disinterred it was found that the hand and wrist were twisted. The strange feature of the affair is the fact that King suffered considerable pain until the buried member was dug up and straightened, when the cramped and strained feeling entirely vanished.

The accident occurred nearly a week ago. Yesterday morning one of his associates in the yard called upon him to make inquiries as to his progress toward strength and recovery. Mr. King was progressing favorably, but in the conversation that ensued he stated to his friend that he imagined he felt a cramped and strained feeling in the hand which he had lost. He said he felt as though it were twisted, and he could not resist the feeling of trying to turn it to a natural and easy position. This sensation had so annoyed him that he had slept scarcely any the night before.

This part of the conversation was then dropped. Soon Mr. King's business associate departed. Without saying a word to Mr. King of his intention, he enlisted the services of another attache of the yard, and the two proceeded to the cemetery where Mr. King's dismembered arm lay buried. They disinterred the shatert member. And here comes the marvelous part of this story.

In the first place, they found the hand in a twisted position, similar to that described by Mr. King. They took hold of it carefully and placed it in an easy and natural position. At the moment they were manipulating the hand in this manner the distant patient, not knowing that any person was contemplating an act of the kind, remarked to his nurse: "Some one is fooling with my hand."

From that time he lost the twisted and cramped sensation. The nurse, also being unaware of the intention of the lumbermen, soon after stepped over to the yard to learn if any one had gone to the cemetery to fix Mr. King's hand. The employees had not yet returned. When they did return a comparison of watches showed that when Mr. King made the exclamation above quoted they were then placing the dismembered hand in an easy and natural position.

Mrs. King asserts that from the time of this act, as related and vouches for by the gentleman, named, her husband has rested easily, and has not since complained of the imaginary constrained feeling which before had kept him awake.

Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Coeur de Lion bequeathed his heart to the canons of Rouen Cathedral, and in July, 1888, this remarkable relic was once again brought to light after the lapse of six centuries; the heart, which is said to have been surprisingly large, was inclosed in boxes of lead and silver, and withered, as it was described, to the semblance of a faded leaf.

Bruce's heart was by his dying wish intrusted to Douglas, to fulfill a vow, which he had been unable to execute in person, of visiting the sepulchre of Christ. Douglas, "tender and true," promised to fulfill his sovereign's last request, and after Bruce's death, having removed the heart incased in a casket of gold, set forth upon his mission. Proceeding to Spain, however, he fell in the thick of a fight with the Moors, having previous to his final charge cast the heart of Bruce from his breast, when he carried it into the ranks of the infidels, crying, "Onward as thou wert won." Douglas will follow thee!" Bruce's heart was afterward recovered by Sir Simon Lockhart, by whom it was brought to Scotland and buried along with the bones of Douglas in the Abbey of Melrose. When the remains of Bruce were disinterred at Dunfermline, in 1819, the breastbone was found saved through so as to permit the removal of the heart.

JOHANNESBURG.

The production of pig iron in the United States in the first half of 1895 amounted to 4,087,558 gross tons, and in the next six months the production is expected to be on a scale that will place the production of 1895 very little below that of 1890, when we made 9,201,703 tons. In 1894 the production of pig iron fell to 6,657,833 tons.

IRON STATISTICS.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE TOTAL CROP OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1791 WAS ONLY 8,889 BALES, AND IN 1795 35,556 BALES. LAST YEAR'S CROP REACHED THE ENORMOUS TOTAL OF 9,475,435 BALES!

THE FISCAL YEAR JUST PASSED HAS BEEN A BLOODY ONE FOR SAN FRANCISCO. MORE THAN THIRTY MEN AND WOMEN WERE MURDERED IN THIS CITY BETWEEN THE LAST OF JULY, 1894, AND THE LAST OF JUNE OF 1895.

ENGLISH IS TAUGHT AFTER A FASHION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT FRANCE. A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL IN A SMALL PICARDY VILLAGE, INTERESTING HERSELF IN A SCHOOLBOY'S ENGLISH EXERCISE, READ AS FOLLOWS: "THE BIRD HAS A NEST." "THE HORSE HAS A NEST." SUBSTITUTING THE WORD "MARE" FOR "HORSE" THE YOUNG WOMAN PASSED ON THE EXERCISE AS CORRECT.

THERE SEEMS TO BE AN EXTRAORDINARY CRAZE FOR GOLD IN SOUTH AFRICA. THE JOHANNESBURG STAR STATES THAT THE PRESENCE OF THE GOLD MINES ON A GREEN PRAIRIE IS THE PRESENCE OF THE GOLD MINES ON A GREEN PRAIRIE. THERE ARE NO MOUNTAINS ANYWHERE ABOUT, AND THE USUAL DESERT-LIKE MINING COUNTRY IS LACKING. BEFORE THE MINES WERE DISCOVERED ALL THIS AREA WAS GOOD FARMING LAND, AND THE CAUTIOUS OLD BOERS USED TO FIGHT OFF THE PROSPECTORS, AND IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE TRANSVAAL THERE WAS A HEAVY FINE ATTACHED TO PROSPECTING ANYWHERE IN THE REPUBLIC. OF COURSE, THAT IS ALL CHANGED NOW, BUT IT IS THE ENGLISH RATHER THAN THE NATIVE BOERS WHO HAVE MADE MONEY OUT OF THE MINES.

GARDNER M. SHERMAN, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS., HAS 555 SPECIMENS OF INDIAN RELICS THAT HE HIM