

## THEY FOUND GOLD MINES

### ANIMALS HAVE DISCOVERED TREASURE.

One of the Richest "Placer" Deposits in Australia Found By a Dog.

One of the best known stories bearing on Australian gold mining—and one which has the merit of being strictly true—tells how, some thirty years ago, one of the richest of the many rich "placer" deposits in the Ballarat district was discovered by a dog. A disappointed prospector picked up a stone and threw it at the animal. The latter, returning good for evil, as is so frequently the dog's wont, brought back the missile to its master in its mouth. Something peculiar in its appearance caused the man to take it again in his hand, and examine it carefully. It proved to be a chunk of gold-bearing quartz.

A similar incident has recently been reported from Coolgardie. A dog, out walking with its master, chased and caught a kangaroo. In the struggle the ground got torn up, and the dog's owner, on arriving at the spot, found a true fissure vein of rich ore exposed.

Another similar occurrence led to the discovery of one of the richest gold deposits ever unearthed in the British Isles. The place was a tiny hamlet in the Wicklow Mountains. A farmer had killed and cut up a steer, and, as was the custom, carried a portion to the school-master of the district as part payment in kind for the education of his children. While he was absent on his errand, a large dog entered his shop, carried away a prime joint, ate what it could, and then, after the manner of his kind, proceeded to

#### BURY THE REMAINDER.

The irate owner went in search of the four-footed thief, discovered him in the very act of thus disposing of the surplus beef, being a frugal man, started to disinter it. Sticking to the fatty portions were certain heavy bright "pebbles," which were so unlike anything of the kind the tradesman had ever seen before that he thought it worth his while to preserve them, and show them to his friend, the schoolmaster. That gentleman had little hesitation in pronouncing the supposed "pebbles" to be nuggets of virgin gold, and enjoined the butcher to on no account share his secret with anyone else. The advice, though well meant, was difficult to follow. First one neighbor and then another discovered for himself what was in the wind, and in the end word even reached Dublin Castle, and troops were sent to the locality to guard the Government's royalty. By that time, however, more than 2,500 ounces, worth over \$50,000, had been taken out by the peasantry; and so pure was it that the Dublin shopkeepers used to exchange it for guineas.

#### WEIGHT FOR WEIGHT.

Enjoying a solitary supper of roast fowl one night, the late Mr. Samuel Ireton, then Member of Parliament for the Western Division of the County of Cumberland, found a tiny fragment of striated gold in the gizzard of a fowl he was carving. His first impulse was to send for the cook who had trussed the bird, and chide him for his carelessness in preparing it for table. His second to make inquiries regarding the locality whence it had come, and whereabouts its favorite pecking-ground was situated. It transpired that the fowl was of his own rearing, and that, in company with several dozen other of its species, it had been wont to resort to the partially dried-up bed of a small stream, which ran through a portion of his estate, in order to obtain therefrom the gravel which its instinct told it was necessary for the proper keeping in order of its digestive apparatus. As a result of this discovery the birds resorted there no more; their places being taken by Mr. Ireton's laborers, who succeeded in washing out some

#### \$4,000 WORTH OF GOLD DUST.

Deposits of other more or less precious metals, besides gold, have been discovered in like fashion. In the Cathedral of La Paz, in South America, there is preserved a silver pig with jeweled eyes, a thank-offering made long years ago by a pious Spanish prospector, who had been led to stumble across what proved to be an exceedingly valuable silver mine owing to preliminary investigations carried out by a inquisitive sow.

Tradition has it, too, that the enormously rich antimony beds, which are being worked to this day near Aurillac, in France, were discovered by a boar, the property of an itinerant truffle hunter; while the existence of large subterranean oil-fields at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, was first made manifest owing to the refusal of cattle to graze on the paraffin-tainted grass which grew above them.

Similarly, a wounded seal led a tramp prospector to the wonderful "golden beach" at Cape Nome, in Alaska.

"Coyote's Luck," one of the richest of Arizona's carbonate mines, owes its curious name to the fact of its existence having been originally revealed by the burrowing of a small species of prairie wolf so-called; while only the other day, in

South Africa, a discarded army mule dying of thirst, started scraping with its fore-feet in the sandy soil for water, and unearthed a pocket of diamonds worth several

#### THOUSANDS OF POUNDS.

Undoubtedly, however, the most striking as well as the most curious among a host of incidents similar to the above, is afforded by the story of the discovery of what is now known as the Canon Diablo meteorite, interest in which has been quite recently strongly re-aroused, owing to the fact of the finding of diamonds within the mass by Dr. Foote, an eminent American mineralogist.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century ago since an Arizona stockman, named James Kelly, out after stray cattle, followed a steer's spoor into one of the most remarkable valleys it has ever been his lot to set foot in. Right in the center he found the steer that had led him there dead. It had fallen into a huge pit in the ground, a crater formed by impact with the earth of an enormous meteoric mass of iron projected from space. The crater was carefully measured, and was found to be more than three quarters of a mile in diameter and six hundred feet deep. How immense must be the mass of iron lying below may be inferred from these data.

Many of the smaller fragments found their way into geological museums and cabinets, and it was while cutting a section of one of these that Dr. Foote found his tools injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He attacked the specimen chemically, and soon afterwards announced to the scientific world that the Canon Diablo meteorite contained diamonds both black and transparent. At this present moment several hundred men are energetically engaged in deepening the crater aforesaid, in search of the millions of diamonds buried there.—Pearson's Weekly.

## RAILWAY ACROSS SIBERIA

### WILDERNESS OF 6,000 MILES TO BLOSSOM LIKE A ROSE.

Sketch of the Territory as Seen From Train in Long Journey.

The finishing touches are just now being put on the improved great Siberian Railroad, and in a few weeks the entire line will be opened for all kinds of traffic. After years of labor under the most adverse conditions, the Russian Government has at last accomplished its greatest work in the line of transportation. A surveying party has begun laying out a new branch of the Manchurian Railroad from Kwang-changtze to Girin. It will be about 135 miles long. Girin is an important commercial center, being located at the crossing of many roads and at the head of navigation on the Sungari River.

Siberia is pre-eminently a country of magnificent distances. It is one hundred times larger than the British Isles and double the size of the United States. It has a mining and agricultural area fifty times the size of England. It has rivers navigable for the largest flat bottom boats for 30,000 miles. Little is known to the outside world of its immense resources, but it probably is as rich a land in minerals as any in the world. Its forests are numbered by the hundreds of thousands of square miles.

All this field is now thrown open by the completion of this railroad, and it is expected that rapid development will proceed. For 4,000 miles there is an unbroken chain of rich mineral lands, in which are gold, silver, lead, copper and iron of unestimated wealth. The great railroad, with its 6,000 miles of iron rails, traverses this field and many will reap untold fortunes in exploiting these mines.

#### EVERYTHING IN SIBERIA

is big, with a vastness that is marvellous. Leaving Moscow on the Siberian express one is told that the first stage of the journey to the golden East is over the plains of Western Siberia. The traveler does not realize that it is 2,500 miles to the extreme border, which takes three days to cover. Through the entire trip of this stage there is not a hill or a cut through which the train passes. Reaching the Baikal region the scene shifts, much to the relief of the passenger. For a thousand miles the roadbed is cut through high, rocky mountains, and in the midst of the great world, which lies east, west, and south of it, Siberia the bridge of that world's commerce—these certainties of the approaching future should make politician and trader alike pause. When Siberia expands it will flow southward over the Mongolian wastes, which irrigation and the engineer shall reclaim, and over fertile China, which the powers shall prove powerless to prevent.

This, the greatest of the world's railroads—and easily twice the longest—is emphatically a pioneer line. The grades are something awful to contemplate. The train first goes up, then down, then swings around a precipice, perhaps changing the monotony by passing through a tunnel. All this takes about two days, for fast time is impossible. Then one comes to a lake that is half as big as England, and across which the train is ferried. This is a

difficult undertaking in winter, for the ferry boat must break through the ice. It is an expensive operation, and it is doubtful if in the end it would not have been cheaper to build around. It is forty miles to the opposite shore, but it must be confessed that the trip is a delightful break in the monotonous journey.

Once on the other shore there is a run of 1,500 miles to the Pacific Coast. All this country is hilly and rocky, and the road winds around so much that it is difficult to keep track of the points of the compass. Thus the line is divided into four great divisions—the plains, the forest rolling land of Central Siberia, the high mountainous ranges of the Baikal, and the hills of the Pacific section. In the section of the forest there are more curves than in any other owing to the great marshes, but on the plains the road is as straight as a string for

#### A THOUSAND MILES.

When the project was first broached to span the 6,000 miles by rails the idea was laughed at. It was realized by engineers that the task would be a gigantic one, and no one could see where the profits were to come from. The Russian Government, however, knew more of the resources of Siberia than did the critics and the astuteness of the officials is now fully recognized.

Last year 2,000,000 passengers and 1,500,000 tons of goods were transported, and the traffic will increase with the complete opening of the line. That is pretty well for a country where you may travel for days without seeing a single house. It is impossible to estimate what the traffic will be when the country is developed to a quarter of its ability to produce. No doubt the passengers will amount to 50,000,000 and the freight to 100,000,000 tons a year. The population of Siberia already has grown to 9,000,000 from 6,000,000 since the road was started. Towns have sprung up in the wilderness and smoke from factories is a common sight. Two years ago the junction of Tomsk had three houses, now there are 15,000 people there.

While the main line—the great artery—will do wonders for the country, the branch lines, of which fully two score are projected, will people the country much more rapidly. The White Sea, Black Sea, and the Baltic will be connected with this great producing artery, and as a result Russian shipping must grow to take care of the exports of the future. This fleet is startling to contemplate, and the prediction is made that it will eclipse that of every country on the globe eventually. At every vest is passed a

#### QUEER LITTLE SENTRY BOX

by the side of the track. Looking out of the window one sees the sentry step into the roadway and wave the flag—after the train has passed—to declare that all is well. There are 10,000 such sentinels keeping watch.

Russian system naturally dominates everything. Here it is, for example, in the stations, of which, by the way, there are 400. They are built on a strictly systematic plan and graduated into four classes. The first and second class are built of brick and stone; they have very good refreshment rooms and complete arrangements at the back for temporarily housing and dispersing the 250,000 picked emigrants now annually entering Siberia. The lower classes are built of wood and uncooked food is procurable at these. All, of course, have a water tower and a storehouse—banked with earth up to the roof to keep out the cold—and to every station there is attached a small dispensary, with a dispenser in attendance, which is a welcome enough sight in this land of distances. In the case of an accident, or of sudden illness, of course, his presence is doubly welcome, for he charges nothing for his services or his drugs.

#### TUENS BLACK FROM MALARIA.

Whether men were originally all of one color and subsequently assumed their present distinctive tints in the process of becoming acclimatized to their different surroundings is an open question which has given rise to much speculation. A case is reported from India which may prove very valuable in assisting to determine the matter. A soldier in the Seaforth Highlanders, after being in India about four years, was attacked by malaria. Shortly after leaving the hospital he noticed that the exposed parts of his body were changing color. The discoloration gradually spread to other parts of his body; his eyes have changed from grey to blue, his light brown hair is now quite dark, and the skin of his body appears darker in summer than in winter, some parts becoming quite coal black.

#### WOMAN'S CHIEF VIRTUE.

A Paris paper is taking the opinion of its readers on several points of general interest. The voting on the question, "Which are the most essential virtues of a woman?" may be worth mentioning for the clew which it gives to French sociology. Economy comes first, with 1,420 votes; fidelity and modesty are bracketed second, with 1,357; kindness is fourth, with 1,182; maternal love is considerably lower, with 539, while cleanliness and patience are the last two on the list.

## SECRET POLICE SYSTEM.

### THE METHODS ADOPTED BY VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

#### How That of Great Britain Compares With Foreign Institutions.

All the great nations require information about other countries which is not obtainable openly. For this reason the Intelligence Departments of the great military powers of the Continent are organized on a scale of cost and efficiency undreamed of in this constitutional country, says a writer in the London Express.

In Russia the secret police employ a considerable number of agents, both male and female, who are resident in England. Some of these paid agents, or spies, are people well known to society. Their duties vary from diplomatic work of the highest delicacy to the collection of newspaper cuttings.

#### THE SPY AT WORK.

One of the points attended to by the Russian Secret Service is the record of every English public man who speaks or writes about Russia. On one occasion the present writer had the opportunity of seeing the system followed by the Russian police. Every speech and every writing of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre—an innocent and not very formidable personage—with particulars of his birth, parentage, means, residence, habits, tastes and position were all entered up in a great portfolio.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was, I believe, at one time associated with the Friends of Russian Freedom, and is, therefore, like all the other members of that body, carefully watched by the agents of Russia.

Considerable sums are spent by Russia on secret service agents in Central Asia, Baluchistan, Persia and in India itself. The object of these agents is to belittle Great Britain and laud Holy Russia. Constant diplomatic duels take place between British Consular agents and the avowed representatives of Russia. This subterranean war of secret agents is going on all over the world.

#### GERMANY'S SYSTEM.

The German system of secret service is conducted on much more scientific lines. German knowledge of the United Kingdom is complete than that of most Englishmen. I was lately informed by a British diplomat of the highest rank that the German general staff possesses a schedule of the contents of all the chief residences in the Kingdom.

Every picture and work of art of any considerable value is known to the German general staff, while the study of British topography, the mastery of our ordnance maps, the knowledge of the fords, smithies, obstacles, population and high roads form the subject of examination from German officers who are told off to the duty of acquiring full knowledge of the counties of the United Kingdom.

The German agents in England, who are occupied in surveying our country with a view to contingencies, are generally to be found in couples in the guise of tourists. They know to a head how many horses the Irish farmers can supply within a given time. They have made a careful study of the idiosyncrasies of our leading men. Their tastes, habits, health, friends and means are carefully noted by the astute Teutons, who distil the honey of information from English fields for the German hive.

The principal feature in which German Secret Service differs from that of England is that the Germans coordinate the whole of their knowledge, and have it ready to hand in a concentrated form whenever it is required.

#### ENGLISH METHODS.

The English system is different. There is a Secret Service Fund controlled by the Foreign Office. So many Foreign Office agents are hostile to England, and are unpaid that the Foreign Office service is often found to be useless for naval or military purposes.

During the last two years the admiralty has succeeded in wresting from the Foreign Office the control of the Secret Service, so far as it affects the navy. During the trouble with France over Fashoda agents of the admiralty were busily watching French opinion in the great centers. The English Military Intelligence Department is again a separate service.

What is required is to concentrate in one spot the whole of the knowledge obtainable. The Foreign Office should be the brain, the eyes and the antennae of the nation. The German and Russian Foreign Offices fulfill these functions. The British Foreign Office not only does not know what is going to happen; it does not want to know; while the Military and Foreign Office Intelligence Departments are separated administratively.

#### WHAT IS WANTED.

After the heavy experience of the Boer war it is inconceivable that the Government will not take steps forthwith to reorganize the whole of our intelligence system—naval, military and diplomatic. Our ignorance of foreign countries contrasts unpleasantly with their knowledge about us.

France is rapidly becoming a peaceful power, and is losing that passion for military glory which has oppressed her for hundreds of years.

Germany and Russia, however, require careful watching, and the pacific tendencies of the French Republic may be dissipated by the temptations of an alliance that Germany may yet have to offer.

What does the admiralty know about the German fleet? Very little. How many times has the naval attaché in Berlin visited Emden, or even Kiel? For what purpose are the miles of quays erected at Emden, a little village with a tenth-rate museum in it? If the Boer war taught us anything it was to enforce the lesson that knowledge is power. There is nothing so conducive to peace as a full knowledge of the intentions and tendencies of other nations. An enormous outlay may be saved by the reorganization and establishment of an efficient and up-to-date system of secret service.

#### COAL OIL IN ALBERTA.

### Some Samples Show a Very Good Quality.

For a good many years the presence of coal oil in Southern Alberta has been known, but only recently have any decided steps been taken to ascertain the extent of the oil supply. The country where the oil deposits are is one of the richest and most picturesque districts in the Northwest. It lies at the foot of the beautiful Livingstone range of the Rockies, not very far from the Mormon settlement of Cardston, in a country where grain growing and ranching have been so successful; in fact, no small circle would embrace a country which produced wheat, cattle, coal and timber of the very best. Some ten or twelve years ago people who had seen the oily appearance of the water in certain creeks in the vicinity, and had noticed the lumps of a pitchy substance which appeared here and there, decided to investigate.

Machinery was brought up from the east, and was on its way to the oil district when a prairie fire came along and burned all the woodwork of the apparatus. This is said to have so discouraged the prospector that they abandoned their plan and made no further attempts.

Recently, several wealthy men, old timers in the country, brought in boring machinery and have sunk a well. The flow of oil is claimed to be from 100 to 300 barrels a day, but at present the well is stopped up and work can hardly be resumed before the spring. Samples of oil have been tested, and the one recently analyzed is said to be of a

#### VERY GOOD QUALITY,

containing, in addition to illuminating oil, quite a percentage of fluid very suitable for lubricating. The only question is that of the supply, and until that is solved the success of the enterprise is uncertain. The men interested have great faith in their project, and are spending a considerable sum of money on the work. Oil has been noticed at several other points, and the successful working of this well would be the signal for activity elsewhere. Across the line in Montana, not far from the Canadian well, they are boring for oil. Next summer should see some important developments, and if the oil is really there in quantity it will be an additional product for the country and a valuable asset for the young Canadian west.

#### THEY HATED TOBACCO.

### Famous Men Who Disliked the Weed.

Somehow or other we associate tobacco with literary men, but not all writers are lovers of the weed. Goethe hated tobacco intensely, and never lost a chance to attack it. Heinrich Heine had the same dislike. Balzac, who lived on black coffee, preached wisely to young men about the vice of smoking, and Victor Hugo and Dumas were equally opposed to the practice. But the list of French smokers comprises many great names, such as Alfred de Musset, Eugene Sue, Paul de St. Victor, Prosper Merimee, Beranger, and Baudelaire.

Madame Dudevant, better known as Georges Sand, often indulged in a cigar between the intervals of her literary labors.

Charles Lamb at one time was a great smoker, but afterwards just as great a hater of it. In the height of his smoking days he once was puffing the coarsest tobacco from a long clay pipe, in company with Dr. Parr, who was a connoisseur, and careful in obtaining only the finer choicer sorts. The doctor said "How did you acquire this prodigious power of suction?" Lamb replied, "By toiling after it with intensity, as some men toil after virtue."

Sir Walter Scott carried the habit of chewing and smoking too far for his own health—both of mind and body. The poet Bloomfield wrote sweet pastoral rhymes with a cloud of tobacco smoke making a fog around his head. Campbell, Moore, and Byron delighted in its temperate use, and Tennyson was a great smoker.

One of the quaint scenes in the realm of letters is that of Carlyle and his old mother sitting together by the chimney-corner each smoking a "dark-brown pipe, and chatting earnestly the while."

The man who is his own best friend has few others.