

A Turn of the Earth.

A Case of a Modern Miracle.

By JEFFERSON PORT.

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It was a desolate country which Clarence Ives was traversing with his pack...

Ahead of him was a Golconda of riches-of course! Had not that half-breed Mexican, Felipe Ordoro, filled his ears with tales of the gold to be picked up in that canyon down in Lower California?

Clarence Ives had thrust out his deerskin chin and informed Papa Boyce that one year from that date he would call upon him to deliver Clara into his arms.

When a new day dawned he was awakened and set about driving among the rocks at the head of the stream where the map indicated that gold nuggets might be found.

Day after day passed in a monotonous succession of disappointments. At last, after three weeks of delving in the rocky soil, he lifted his pick and threw it far from him with a bitter exclamation.

He had staked his future and Clara's on the face smile of the goddess of fortune, and she had chosen to frown upon him.

"I've paid my tribute to labor," he said grimly after a while. He surveyed the bruised and blistered hands and the turmoil of rocks and earth he had tossed up in the canyon.

the trees; the gray of coming day was in the sky, and something else—something strangely electric—was shaking the earth beneath him until he staggered to his feet sick and dizzy with the sensation.

He heard the crash-of-rocks in the canyon below; he heard strange rumblings beneath him, and that which he had thought was solid earth suddenly heaved upward and threw him, together with the little nut grove, slipping and tumbling and finally crashing down the sides of the rocky canyon.

The rocks of the canyon had heaved and ground themselves together into new shapes, and when Clarence fell among them his body was cradled among the thick branches of the trees that had fallen with him, and altogether were wedged among a new formation of rocks near the little stream.

Clarence Ives stared and stared again at the place where the huge beehiving rock had stood guard over the head of the stream. The rock, with the serpent carved upon it, had tumbled over, disclosing beneath it a deep indentation of the earth.

Nuggets of pure gold, rubbed smooth by the grinding process of water and rock, were pocketed here. Nature had opened her storehouse for him after all, and she was a liberal dame when she chose to give bounty.

There in the canyon, torn and ragged with the effects of the earthquake, the man hung himself upon his knees and gave thanks to the one who had directed the earth to open for him.

He was to witness a still greater miracle before he left the canyon. He had secured his bag of precious metal, and had searched for and discovered his provisions, which had slipped down the canyon walls with him in the shock of the quake, and he was just leaving the canyon for the second time, when once more the earth trembled.

The rocks again together, the trees shivered, and then, as earlier that day, there was a violent tearing sound, and he saw the earth beneath the recumbent serpent rock burst upward and precipitate the rock back into its former bed from which he had rescued his golden store.

Then one afternoon as he neared the last few miles before he should reach Ensenada, a semblance of civilization he saw coming toward him a little party mounted on wiry horses.

They came within range of recognition. First he recognized Felipe Ordoro's sloping shoulders, over which curled a streamer of cigarette smoke; then the large, bulky form of Norman Boyce, red-complexioned, gray-haired, anxious eyed until he saw the worn face of the pedestrian.

"Ah, the Senior Ives!" ejaculated Felipe, and he fell back to permit Norman and his daughter to see the young prospector.

"Good heavens, boy, you are safe! I'm thankful to see you alive!" burst forth Norman as he dismounted and grasped the hand of the amazed prospector.

"Well, of course we didn't know where you were then, you were so secretive, but Felipe here came to me and told me of your search after his grandfather's gold mine, and Clara gave me no peace until I consented to come down here to Lower California and dig you out."

"I went on a wild goose chase, all right," he grinned, "and I found the wild geese and the nest where she had laid the golden eggs."

Oh, the Difference! "You look pretty this evening," the bachelor said to his fair companion.

The girl whom nature has not thus dowered must be forever trying to make herself 'look pretty.' Of course in a way she deserves far more credit for making herself acceptable to the public than the pretty girl does—also it is a compliment to her taste, ingenuity, skill and various other mental qualities to assure her she has attained success—but it always reminds her of the battle she must continually wage.

The Summerless Year. The year 1810 was called the "year without a summer." Spring came that year, but in its faintest form. Snow, cold rains and winds were incessant. It was the 1st of June before the first left the ground.

There in the canyon, torn and ragged with the effects of the earthquake, the man hung himself upon his knees and gave thanks to the one who had directed the earth to open for him.

John Mason in "As a Man Thinks" at Shubert

III Timed Humer. Dr. Frederick Van Eeden, the Dutch physician and author, always kept in sight the injustice of fate that subjects the poor to tortures from which the rich are exempt.

Her Sound Advice. The prominent citizen and favorite son sat at his desk, deeply immersed in the cares of his wide affairs.

A Greenland Duel. It is rather a pity for the gayety of nations that French men of letters cannot fight their duels as duels are fought in Greenland.

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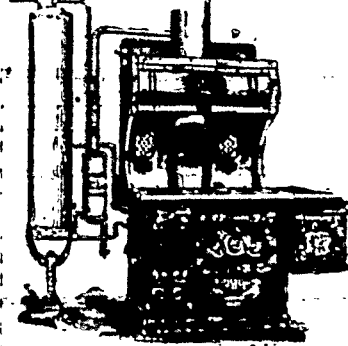
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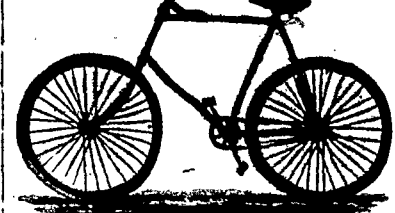
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