

cept in this wonderful mimicry of habit,—for the teeth prove them to be rhinoceroses, small, light, and swift-footed, in extreme contrast of structure with the swimming type.

Still farther up among the hills we startle a pair of animals (Protoceras) which are beautifully graceful, except in the head and snout. The buck (for they are very remotely related to the deer family) proudly displays a profusion of bony horns, a pair between the ears, a much smaller pair between the eyes, and two very prominent bony plates behind the nostrils, below which spring two sharp tusks, as in the musk-deer. The doe lacks the tusks and all the horns. This much is certain. Here is a favorable chance to take the reader into our confidence, and admit that the form of the snout, the shape of the ears, the coloring of the back and belly, the rings of dark hair about the neck and ankles, are in the highest degree uncertain. In this case they are all studied from the antelope. The rocks preserve only bones and teeth, the position of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, the strength and position of the muscles. All else in such restoration is pure conjecture, in which we reason and depict only by analogy.

So with our giant pig, or Elothere, which we might suddenly confront when returning after our mountain climb to the river and lake-level. His bristles, his great shaggy mane, the dewlaps swinging from the great bony knobs under his chin and jaws—all these are inferences from the remote kinship

of this beast to the pig family which one must also take with a mental reservation.

There is no doubt that the Elothere was a pig of the first rank, and thoroughly cosmopolitan in his range. While the Titanotheres were extant he maintained the humble size of the tapir, but when these rivals and the swimming rhinoceroses passed away the reign of the giant hogs began. They acquired skulls nearly four feet long, armed with huge cheek bones and under jaw-plates, powerful upper limbs, and narrow, stilted feet, differing from those of the pig in the absence of dew-claws; the shoulders rose into a hump, but the chest was shallow and feeble. The open mouth displayed a row of pointed front teeth used in rooting and grubbing, as shown in the animal on the bank.

Thus we conclude a glimpse of two phases of ancient life in the Western lakes, two brief episodes out of hundreds in the long history of the great West.

All these monsters had their day, while the sun shone, the birds warbled, the insects hummed over thousands of miles of water and luxuriant sub-tropical bloom. Meanwhile the Western continent slowly rose, the Sierra shut off more and more of the sweet influences of the Pacific, and before the arrival of man this splendid assemblage of life was finally replaced by the hardy animals of the hills, the small and colorless denizens of the desert, and the ruminants of the plains. The complete restoration of the glories of that earlier era is the dream and ambition of the fossil-hunter.

Henry Fairfield Osborn.

IN ABSENCE.

AS one who turns from waves upon the shore
To dream a distant ocean in the sky,
Thine absent presence sways my spirit more
Than all the human voices thronging nigh.

How visible, yet how removed, are these
Strong hands I touch, these kisses on my face,
When sunset, smiling wistful through the trees,
Again enslaves me to thy vanished grace!

My thoughts outrun the senses slow, to share
In some unfettered realm our old delight,
As if a vibrant chord had thrilled the air
And loosed wide wings a-quivering for flight.

I breathe thy hidden fragrance, feel thee near,
Disdainful of each barrier's control,
Till all my world becomes thy symbol, dear,
And parting but a gateway of the soul.

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF GUIANA.

AN ARIZONA MINER'S ADVENTURES IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.



I HAD been mining for gold and silver in Arizona, and having had indifferent success, decided to take a run through the mining regions of Mexico. In Culiacan I met a California prospector named Joseph Beardsley. While we were in the State of Chiapa, Beardsley received a letter from an old mining partner in Nicaragua, stating that he had found a rich lode, and inviting Beardsley to join him. When Beardsley arrived at his friend's cabin he was just in time to bury him, he having been murdered by some Nicaraguans, presumably for the gold in his possession. Beardsley, who was unable to find the lode, was virtually chased out of its vicinity. A letter giving me an account of this adventure stated that he was on his way to the States of Colombia. He went up the Magdalena River to the Andes, and from there wrote me that he had discovered a rich quartz ledge, and urged me to meet him at Bogota. I set out to join him; but at Colon I met some miners returning from that region, who told me that he had been drowned. That was the last I ever heard of him.

Instead of going to Colombia, where a paper dollar was worth only thirty cents and a silver dollar fifty cents, I took passage for Venezuela. At Porto Cabello the first man I met was the American consul, to whom I explained my plans, which included a prospecting tour in the district of Valencia, north of the Orinoco. He advised me strongly not to go into the interior of Venezuela, explaining that two men sent out by him to prospect were in jail, and he was having a hard time getting them out. This was in 1892.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Venezuela, I departed for British Guiana, where life and property were secure. On arriving at Georgetown, the beautiful capital of the colony, with about sixty thousand inhabitants, I found a hundred California miners stranded and full of indignation. They had been lured to Guiana by a letter which had found wide circulation in the newspapers of the Pacific coast. A man who had served as cook in a California mining-camp had gone to Guiana, and had found a good position as

manager of a placer-mine on the Barima River. Elated by his good fortune, he wrote a glowing account of his prospects to his wife in California. She showed the letter to the editor of the local paper, who published it as an item of important mining news. This letter within a short time had the effect of starting groups of men from the coast mining-fields, some of them even from British Columbia. It was a time of depression in the mining industries of the Pacific coast, and a great many miners were out of employment. Though the writer of the letter had no intention of attracting others to his El Dorado, the Californians, who had assumed that it would be as easy to prospect for gold in Guiana as in California, regarded him as the author of their misadventure, and indulged freely in threats of vengeance. No harm came to him, however, because it is not a light matter to violate the laws in British Guiana. As these stranded miners had no money, they were unable to prospect, which requires a more or less expensive outfit; and they could not find employment in the diggings for the reason that white men are not employed on the placers, except as managers; and in fact nearly all the managers, like the laborers, are colored men. The Californians had great difficulty in getting away; some of them reached home as stowaways; a very few obtained situations. One of them was engaged for six months as manager of a placer-mine on the Potaro River, owned by a syndicate of colored men, which produced from three hundred to four hundred ounces of gold a month. He fell ill just as his time was up. When he recovered he invested his savings in an outfit, and started up the Cuyuni River, but found nothing. Another man secured a situation partly through the fact of his being a freemason.

When I discovered that the only way of obtaining employment on a placer was to own one, in the fall of 1894 I joined fortune with another miner, and started for the Barima River. We arranged to stay two or three months, and our provisions for that time cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Taking passage on a steamer, we entered the Barima through the Moro passage, and at Mount Everard were taken into a boat which, pro-