

promptly moved to Sorgak, in order to be under the rule of a man who did not "eat" money.

Many of the mines at Sorgak are located on the top of the great gravel fan, far from the gorge of the river. Accordingly, the miners winnow the gravel instead of fanning it. When first I saw this primitive process, the gravel was dumped in a conical heap two feet high. With their bare hands, scarred and maimed by frequent cuts, bruises, and sores, a man and a woman moved the heap forward by throwing handful after handful to the top. The finer sand was blown away during the process, and the coarser fragments rolled to the bottom of the cone, where they could be brushed away. Thus the advancing heap was gradually diminished in size, and reduced to a somewhat homogeneous mass of very fine pebbles and coarse sand. At length the miner put this in a wooden pan, and holding it higher than his head, poured it into a cloth on the ground, thus allowing the wind to blow away part of the remaining sand and pebbles. In the midst of the pouring, the young man stopped and began to whistle. "What are you whistling for?" I asked. "For the wind," was the sincere answer.

When the wind had done its work, the miner spread the remaining gritty mass thinly over the cloth, and blew it away by mighty blasts from his lungs, beginning on the edges and working inward. All his partners, of both sexes and all ages, or at least as many of them as could find room, gathered around the cloth, and, lying on their stomachs, watched with the traditional gold-miner's excitement for traces of the yellow metal. A little girl pounced on a flake, but that was all.