“I will not detail the experience we had in the copper mining. It was a continued series of disappointments from the time the ground was broken until the work was abandoned. Ore was found, but never in paying quantities. What was sent to market paid us about a mill a pound for a dollar expended in procuring it. Our superintendent, whose calls for money were incessant, always wrote in the most glowing terms.

Every indication was good. We were surely approaching one of the great lodes which other operators had struck in that region, and the moment we reached it, our stock would go up to, and far beyond, par. The lode was never found. At the end of a year and half the mine was abandoned.

“I shall never forget the meeting of directors at which we voted to stop work. Your father, who presided at the meeting, sat in the chair more like a statue than a living man. At its close I walked with him. He was not inclined to talk. I saw that he was deeply mortified and evidently much troubled. He had put sixty thousand dollars into this bubble, and it had burst.

The land, for which we paid twenty thousand, would not sell for enough to meet the claims that still stood against the company. So all was gone.

“As we paused at a corner of the street where our ways parted he said, with much bitterness: 
“To think of my being such a fool! I cannot account for it except on the hypothesis of temporary insanity. In less than an hour after I put my name down for two thousand shares of that accursed stock, I knew that I had committed the greatest blunder of my life, and nothing but a morbid sense of mercantile honor kept me from repudiating the whole thing.

Register of Deeds
Judy Lambert
(continued)