
The Man Who Kissed Dr. Mary Walker.

[From the Gold Hill (Nev.) News]

DR. MARY E. WALKER'S peculiar walking dress is certainly a very convenient costume to have on when descending into the bowels of the earth and taking a trip through the mines. She visited the Crown Point mine Monday evening last, in company with Miss India Sheets, Miss Lena Smith and Ed. Harris, the party being in charge of Mr. Balch, the foreman of the mine. The *Silver City Reporter* thus gives some incidents connected with the little episode—"Harris, who, as every one knows, is a first-class assayer, and withal an inveterate joker, played all manner of inexcusable tricks on the innocent and unskilled doctor—such, for instance, as making her believe that a piece of barren quartz was real bonanza ore, and that some sulphurets of iron were pure gold. He even went so far as to try to palm off a piece of crystalized quartz as a ruby; but this was too much for even the doctor's credulity. While down in the mine, 1,700 feet from the surface, Ed. did a thing which no other man on the Comstock but he would ever dream of attempting. He had the audacity, the nerve, the courage, the heart, the stomach to kiss the doctor. Yes, to print a kiss on those lips which had been strangers to such a token of regard ever since the time when she first put her maiden legs into a pair of breeches and tried to be a man. The doctor let on to be highly indignant at the familiarity, and said she wanted no one but her husband to take such liberties (wonder when she'll get one?) but, nevertheless, liked it pretty well, which fact impresses us more favorably than anything we have heard about her for a long time.
