THE LIFE OF A PROSPECTOR.

How He Secures a Start-The Ups and Downs of a Mining Expert.

SOME MILLIONAIRE MINERS.

& Former Teamster of the Creightons Now Rolling in Wealth-Prosperous Men-A Lucky Gambler-Jottings from Butte City.

BUTTE, M. T., August 2 .- [Correspondence of the BEE. |-It is amusing to hear tenderfeet tell the opinions they had formed of a mining camp, the process of working ores, how mines were discovered, etc. The majority of them have an dea that gold and silver is picked up in its pure state on the mountains and in gulches, others have an idea that it has to be mined for by sinking shafts, etc., but have not the least conception of its form or appearance. Some who have studied minerology in eastern schools have an impression that they can disinguish pay ore from waste the moment they set eyes on it, but on arriving at the mines they find that they knew nothing of minerals whatever. Everything about a mill is Greek to them, and they quietly steal away without offering any scienliffically based suggestions. In order to have the reader understand fully, we start with the prospector. In the spring the year he secures pack-horse, which he loads down with 300 pounds of bacon, flour, with 300 pounds of bacon, flour, coffee, dried apples, a few cans of corn, and pepper and salt. On top of this he stacks his blankets, pick and shovel, gold pan and a shotgun or rifle, all of which makes the pack horse look like a small mountain moving along. Everything being securely packed, he starts out, either on foot or on a riding pony, leading the pack animal, and travels until he arrives at a point where there is good. arrives at a point where there is good feed, and then proceeds to look for float. In early days prospectors only looked for ledges that cropped out of the ground, but as most of such ledges have been taken up, they are now compelled to depend on float and mineral stains on the country or surrounding rock, in order to trace ledges, which are known as blind leads, for the reason that considerable surface dirt has to be removed before a vein is exposed. Float is pieces of quartz, either having a mineral stain or containing ore; it generally lies on top of the ground and is supposed to have been broken off the main ledge B. C., or thereabouts, and carried by the elements in succeeding years down the mountain side. On finding a piece of float

THE PROSPECTOR LOOKS AROUND for more and generally finds small pieces higher up the mountain. He traces the float as far as it goes and locating the point where it gives out he proceeds to sink a few small holes, or run trenches for the purpose of crosscutting the vein. If he is fortunate enough to strike a body of ore he takes a sample of it and has it asserted to sample of it and has it assayed to ascer tain if it is rich enough to record and work. If the assay is favorable he sometimes works the mine himself, but as a general thing he looks for a buyer, or some one who has money, to whom he sells an interest for a very small sum. With a few exceptions, perhaps, the monied man eventually secures a con trolling interest, and then gratitude is shoved aside, and he begins to push the prospector, who is forced to sell his re-maining interest for a small sum, or get nothing, as the party having the controlling interest has all the power, and can either work the mine or let it lie idle. It is seldom that the poor prospector gets the benefit of his discoveries, and no matter than the benefit of his discoveries, and no matter than the benefit of his discoveries, and no matter than the benefit of his discoveries, and no matter than the benefit of his discoveries, and no matter than the benefit of his discoveries, and no matter than the benefit of his discoveries and his discoveries are the his discoveries and his discoveries and his discoveries are the his discoveries and his discoveries and his discoveries and his discoveries are the his discoveries and his discoveries ar ter how many mines he might discover in a season he is compelled to go in debt for grub during the winter. Numbers of business-men have got possession of valu-able properties by crediting prospectors during the winter and the following summer, attaching whatever they might discover. The business-men, as a rule, though, are a pretty liberal (?) class of men, often staking a prospector for the season, in consideration of half of what he might discover. Placer mining is altogether different from quartz min-ing. The prospector first finds a gulch where there is a sufficient head of water to wash his dirt, for without water no placer ground can be worked. He then sinks a hole to bed rock, which is a hard formation, and fills his gold pan with dirt. By working the pan to and fro in the water, the gravel and sand are washed out, and the gold or other min-eral particles, being heavier than the sand, remain in the bottom of the pan. By running the leavings around the edge of the pan so that they become separated he can easily discover if there are any specks of gold, each speck being called a color, and the more the colors the richer the ground. If the ground is rich richer the ground. If the ground is rich enough to work, the prospector puts in a sluice box, in the bottom of which are bored augur holes and strips of board called rifles are nailed across the sluice. Quicksilver is run into the sluice and the prospector then begins to shovel in his dirt, the gravel and sand being carried away and the gold sinking to the bottom where it is caught by the quicksilver and rifles. There is considerable placer mining yet done in Montana, although the richest guiches have been worked.

THE CEUR D'ALENE

placer mines seem to be taking the lead now, and the Helena banks are in daily receipt of shipments of gold dust from that section. A New York company recently purchased a tract of placer ground there for which they paid \$640,000. They have erected a flume forty miles long for the purpose of bringing sufficient water into the gulch to work the ground, bed-rock being forty feet. Placer mining does not require much experience, but in order to become a good quartz miner one has o'become a good quartz miner one has to have years of experience. Quartz mines rarely show silver and gold in their native pure state; one might break see pure gold or silver. A tenderfoot would stumble over quartz that would man up in the hundreds in silver and think it nothing but a common piece of gray-colored granite or slate, while you might show him a barren piece of highly manufactures. solored pink manganese or copper-stained rock, and he would think it would be a rich specimen. Ore is found in hundreds of different forms and colors, and a great many prospectors do not know the names of one-tenth of the minfound in Montana. The mines around Butte are mostly silver and gold, white there is a great deal of copper produced. Silver bre is first fed to the ore crushers at the mills, which breaks it up in small pieces about the size of a hickory nut. It is then fed to the stamps which drop every second, there being live stamps in each brace or battery, where it is pounded into a pulp as fine as flour. It is then put through a roasting process, which, as the heat increases, carries on all the baser minerals such as sulphur, arsenic, etc. It is then taken to the retort room, where it is then taken to the retort room, where it is reduced and run into bars weighing 190 pounds each, the assay stamp and the name of the mill stamped upon them, when they are ready for shipment to Omaha for refinement. Some gold ores are worked in a similar manner, but most free milling ore is worked in gold mills or arrastras. Copper and lead ores are rested at the smelters, where it is called to a well-known undertaker who was coming down the street. As the latter "Well, how many jobs to-day? Making hay while the aun shines, I suppose." "I am not attending to business to-day?" replied the pale-faced man very gravely. "My youngest child died last night."

Life: "I believe absence is a great element of charm," said Beaconsfield, and the small boy who is allowed to stay away from school is inclined to agree with him.

shipped to Baltimore and eastern mar-kets. Prospecting is a life full of hard-ships, but after a few years experience one enjoys it, and as soon as spring comes he gets the fever, and feels as if he must go out for a few weeks anyway. The writer prospected four seasons, and during that time gained a pretty fair knowledge of minerals. He was "unfor-tunate" enough to strike a lead mine the knowledge of minerals. He was "unfortunate" enough to strike a lead mine the first season, and, in order to develop it so that it would become salable property, he put in three years of hard work upon it at an expense of about \$800. The last year he was compelled to run into debt to the extent of \$250 for grub, and being unable to sell the property or raise the money to pay the bill, he was attached by the groceryman and lost the mine. A few weeks after

THE FORCED TRANSFER the grocer sold the same prop-erty for \$6,000. This goes to show that luck is against some men and they cannot make money when they have a good mine, so the writer came to the conclusion that his fortune was not to be made in mines and quit. Mining is like a lottery, anyway, about one in every hundred striking it rich. There are hundreds of men in Montana, however, who have made fortunes directly from mining. Among the most prominent are Tommy Cruse, of Helena, who several years ago sold the Drum Lummon mine at Marysville to an English syndicate for \$1,500,000. He is now president of a He-lena bank, has large mining and stock interests and is worth \$3,000,000. Several years ago he could not sign his own name, but under the tutorship of

OLD JEFF LOWRY, his lawyer and counsellor, he was taught to write. Lowry has since died; he was estimated to be worth \$200,000, having made about half that amount for conducting the sale.

A. J. Davis, president of the First National bank of Butte, is also twice a millionaire. He made his money in mining, and is still actively engaged in the business. For a man of his wealth he is not very liberal, and he is universally disliked for his antagonistic feeling against their union, and his attempts to reduce

their wages.

W. A. Clark, of the bank of Clark & Larabie, of Butte, is the brighest and most enterprising one of them all. He has vast mining interests around Butte, employs about 1,200 miners, and has an income of \$1,000 per day, being worth about \$4,000,000. He was president of the last territorial legislature, and as an active, public spirited democrat, he is the most widely known man in the north-west. It was said that in the early days he was employed by the

CREIGHTON BROTHERS, OF OMAHA driving their bull teams to Alder Gulch. numbers whose wealth ranges from \$200,000 to \$500,000.

A few years ago Jim Murray, c. well-known gambler, located what is known as the smoke house lode and had the ground patented. The surface ground of this load takes in the principal business portion of Butte. At the time it was located Butte was a small place, and not much attention was paid to the location, and it was soon forgotten, and the town continued growing until finally the entire surface ground was covered with brick business blocks and houses. About two years ago

Murray thought it time to put the screws to them, and he quietly informed the occupants of the ground that they would have to put up or vacate. They were astonished at his demand and assertion, purse to fight Murray, but about a year ago a decision was rendered in his favor, and the occupants had to buy the ground over again. Murray is reputed worth between \$400,000 and \$500,000, and he is supposed to have made \$250,000 by getting a decision in his favor. He is a natural born gambler and schemer, and is always putting up jobs to skin some one, no matter who, as he says he plays no favorites. To illustrate his disposition and show that there is no danger of his dying from the enlargement of the heart, we relate the following conversation. which the writer overheard and can youch for:

A BOOTBLACK accosted Murray in front of his gambling house, and asked him if he did not want a shine. "How much do you charge?" asked Murray. "Two bits," answered a shine. "How much do you charge?" asked Murray. "Two bits," answered the bootblack. "I can't make two bits any easier than to shine them myself," said Murray, and he entered the saloon and did the job himself. He has frequently made the remark that he was worth so much money, and that if he thought he had an honest dollar in his possession, he would throw it away.

More about Montana, Utah and the Mormons in our next.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

A good American wine needs no bush. All that is required is a popular foreign label. There is no change in the style of fishing this year, except that the jug has more body and not quite so much neck.

The states of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky Louisiana, Michican, Mississippi and Ten nessee employ women as librarians. The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among uncalled for baggage after the limited express train has gone by.

To the novel colors invented for women's clothes of "crushed strawberry" and "whitpped cream" has been added the color of "slapped baby."

The susceptible youth is like the mosquito. There is little hope for him after he goes mashed.

Probibition doesn't keep the lawyers of Atlanta from throwing law books, bibles and ink-pots at one another in the presence of the court. These proceedings smack very strongly of surreptitious rum.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply, "but the trouble is that he does not selze a rogue when he knows him."

It is announced that a new paving stone called quartzite granite has been found in lakota. It is supposed somebody has struck a batch of doughnuts baked by a young lady graduate of a cooking school, and dumped over the back fence by her mother.

over the back fence by her mother.

"O, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset by dangers. In short, ma'am, I carry my life in my hands," "Ah, I see," exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."

Proud father. Walcome hash to the old.

drown yourself."

Proud father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right? Farmer's son—Yes, father. P. F. —Ye know I told ye to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance? F. S.—Cracky, what a place for a ball game! Buffalo Express: "There goes a man who F. S.—Cracky, what a place for a bail game!
Buffalo Express: "There goes a man who
is making a bigger per cent on his capital invested than any other man in Buffalo." said
one of those intolerable fellows who are always showing how much they know about
things which they know nothing about. He
pointed to a well-known undertaker who
was coming down the street. As the latter
approached, the speaker accosted him.
"Well, how many jobs to-day?" Making hay
while the sun shines, I suppose." "I am not
attending to business to-day," replied the
pale-faced man very gravely. "My youngest
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FRANZ SEPEL IN LIVERPOOL.

A Yankee's Experience With British Custom Officials.

THE ENCLISH RAILWAY TRAIN

Quaint Old Farm Houses - Gloomy Towers-The Fam ous Eaton Hall-The Town of Chester-Sizing up Americans-Notes of Travel.

LONDON, July 22.—[Correspondence of the Bes.]—The night of our arrival in Liverpool did not prove a very restful one. Being naturally very anxious to land we were on deck late Sunday evenday evening trying to make out the dim outlines of the rough coast of Wales. The revolving and flash lights on shore sent out their vigilant "yes" or "no" and it was interesting to hear the sailors explain their meaning. One honest tar told a party of us the story of a terrible shipwreck off this promontory, and death-dealing storm off that, until our ablood ran cold with fears of disaster; but there was an extra watch on the bridge and someone said that Captain Hains would sleep in his boots that night, an d give his personal attention to every turn of the wheel. This calmed our fears somewhat, and we retired; but not to sleep. The sailors were busy most of the night getting the cabin luggage out of the hold: everything was hustle and bustle preparatory to an early landing on the morrow. At two o'clock in the morning the ship landed at the comconfusion was greater than ever. Notice had been given that breakfast would be served at 5:30, and to be sure nobody was late on that morning. We were permitted to go on shore, into the custom house, immediately after breakfast, but there was one little thing of some im portance to be done before we could get out of the custom house, and that was the examination of our baggage. This operation is generally a good deal of a bugbear, especially among ladies, who, as a rule, do not relish the idea of having the mysterious depths of their trunks or the sacred precincts of their portmanteaux exposed to the eyes of a curious public. But the average individual will suffer very little inconvenience at the hands of the custom house officials. It is only the luggage of suspicious looking persons that persons that is very closely examined. The contents of my valise were not disturbed, while the little handbag that I carried was not even opened.

"Now, 'ave yew any segars or tubak-ker?" said a brass-buttoned Britisher to my friend, the professor, who sat demurely on a dry-goods box, smoking a well blackened bull-dog pipe. My heart went out in

PITY FOR THE PROFESSOR, and I feared he, and I too, had seen the last of those splendid cigars with which

ve was so well supplied. His answer surprised me. "Yes, sir," he said, "I've got some of the finest cigars you ever saw; and tobacco, too. You Englishmen used to smoke good tobacco, but you don't any more; those South African boors are putting too much salt petre in it. western tobaccos, sir,—" (the brass but-tons were getting impatient)—"better quality—finely flavored, sir—and these cigars—purest Havana, sir—took 'em off steamer myself—here, take a few!" and he slyly thrust a handful of them into the brass buttons' pocket.
"O, thank—"
"Not a word, sir," continued the pro-

fessor, "I have three more big boxes in here—and now this tobacco; four bags of it, sir, genuine Perique and Lone Jack mixed; sweet, delicious, both mild and strong, and doesn't bite your tonge—finest mixture out, sir—put this little bag in your pocket."

"Haul right, sir; haul right!" the brass buttons blubbered with a guilty smile, "you needn't hopen you bag, sir! 'Ere, porter, carry these gentlemen's luggage to the door, and mind you put in a cab

In five minutes we were rolling over the noisy pavements of Liverpool to-wards the Birkenhead ferry.

We did not stop at Liverpool because it

while for the tourist whose time is limited. The most important parts of the city are the docks and warehouses, and these are to be found in our own American cities. The ferry took us across the river Mersey to Birkenhead, where it is better and cheaper to buy a stopover ticket through to London. These tickets ticket through to London. These tickets are good for ten days and give one ample time to visit all places of special interest on the way. It was here that we had our first experience on

AN ENLISH RAILWAY TRAIN and received our first impression of En-

glish rural scenes.
You have doubtless all seen or read something of English railways. To the American they seem to be a peculiar institution. The carriages—well, take an American box-car, divide it crosswise into four or five small rooms, put in two seats facing each other, with the partitions of the rooms as backs, and you have the English railway carriage complete. Each room has two side doors which the guard locks as the train leaves the sta-tion. There are no means of communieation between the rooms, and no bell ropes to the engine, and when a libertyloving Yankee gets caged up in one of the rooms he is apt to think it a direct insult to American freedom. The engines, too, are ill-looking affairs, with no cowcatcher, and a miserable attempt at a cab, which affords the engineer nearly as much protection as a coverless umbrella. are all alike except that the first-class rooms have soft cushions on the seats and the third class hard cushions or none at all. First class tariff is nearly twice as high as third. There are compara-tively few first class passengers on most trains, and these are mainly the English lords of the earth or the nouvean riche of America and the provinces. Many respectable people travel second or even third class, especially when going short distances. On the whole English railway carriages can not be compared with those of America in point of size, conthose of America in point of size, convenience or elegance. But what the English lack in their carriages they certainly make good in their "stations," which are all large, elaborate and well appointed structures, covering all the tracks, and having a fully equipped "booking" (ticket) office, refreshment, waiting, luggage, parcel, and smoking room on either side.

Notwithstanding the little rest of the previous night, we enjoyed the ride from Birkenhead down to Chester most thor-oughly. Quaint old farm houses with tile or thatch roofs were thickly scattered

wished there never was such a place! It is now pretty well known that this Chester is the same old castra of the Romans. It was at Chester that we fully began to realize that we were in a foreign country. The old, old buildings seemed to stare at us with their beaten walls and speak of past centuries. As we walked about through the narrow winding streets the people looked at us twice then turned away with a knowing air. Venders of guide books and photographs

as easily as if "America" had been printed all over us in red letters.

The cathedral of Chester was of special interest to us since it was the first one of these fine old churches we had ever seen. It dates back to the twelfth century, and although not one of the largest cathedrals in the kingdom its age and archidrais in the kingdom, its age and archi-tectural beauty render it famous. The finely proportioned have with its exquis-

itely carved canopies left an impression which I shall not soon forget. Leaving the cathedral we took a walk through the two principal streets of the city. These are remarkable as being the only streets of the kind in the world. The business houses are so arranged that the first floor front of each building is used as a sidewalk, so that as one walks along the sidewalk he walks under the second floor front of the buildings. Not only that, but the streets are down a dis-tance of some ten feet below the side-walks. These streets are called "Rows," and contain all the first class shops of the

We next took a promenade around the old walls which completely surround the eity. The walk is on top of the walls and there is not a single break in it. The walls as they now stand have been built from time to time from the runs of the old wall which was built about 800 years ago. There are several gloomy and shaky looking towers on the walls. but the guides said they were perfectly safe. The walls of the water tower are seven feet thick, and are remarkable for the solidity of their masonry. The Phoenix tower upon which King Charles stood and saw his army defeated in 1645 is in a wonderful state of preservation. The celebrated country seat of the

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, Eaton Hall, is three miles from Chester. and is perhaps the finest mansion in all England. The hall was open to visitors the day we were there, but we had only time to ride out to the porter's lodge at Grosvenor Gateway, which in itself is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. From this gateway we took the delightful walk back across the river Dee, over the new Grosvenor bridge, a

remarkable structure with an immense stone arch 200 feet in length.

From frequent chats with the people of Chester, I learned considerable about the Duke of Westminster, and found that he was almost universally liked. But as one old lady said, "there is some people as never will be satisfied." The duke is immensely wealthy; his estates at Ches-ter cover miles of rich farming lands, and city property in London reaches millions. Yet he is very benevolent and puts his immense income to the best pos-sible use. Chester is full of fine churches, libraries, almshouses and hospitals built from funds chiefly given by the duke. On the day before our arrival, we were told there had been a great fete in the park at which every one of the tenants' chil-dren were given a present by the duke. We were surprised to find such a feeling of good will between the higher and lower classes. FRANZ SEPEL.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. Thomas W. Koens has just come back from Nova Scotia, where he played a highly satisfactory engagement. Joseph Haworth opens his season in "Rosedale" at the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, on September 12.

Louis James and Marie Wainwright will begin their season at the Grand Opera House, New York, in September.

Helen Dauvray will open in Boston on October 10. At present she is spending the summer in the Adirondacks.

Mme, Furseh-Madi has left for Colu O., where she takes part in the festival of the Central Ohio sangerbund.

A complete orchestra of Japanese musical instruments has just been presented to the museum of the Paris Conservatoire by M. van Vienten, the minister of the interior for the Dutch Indies.

Audran is to conduct the first performance in Switzerland, at Lucerne, of his operation. in Switzerland, at Lucerne, of his operatta, "La Cigale et la Foirmi." Mile. Perteti will sing the role of the grasshopper, created by Mile. Jeanne Granier.

Mile. Dorst, the premiere danseuse, who has made a hit in Chicago by her Mabille dancing, came from Vienna after having created a furore in St. Petersburg, where the czar headed the list of her admirers.

Miss Helen Bancroft is on her way to California, where she has been engaged to play the leading female roles with Dion Boucicault's company, which begins its season at the Baldwin theater about August 20.

Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, T. B. Aldrich, Lawrence Hutton and E. C. Benedict are making a cruise in the steam yacht Oneida- They propose to visit Bar Island, Halifax, the St. Lawrence, the Saugenay and Lab rador. Fraulein Elizabeth Leisinger is to make her debut at the opera in Paris as Ophelia in "Hamlet," and will a fterward create the

principal female part in "La Dame de Mont-soreau," the new French opera, to be produced there next season. Miss May Wilkes has been engaged to play Mercedes in "Monta Cristo" for the coming season with James O'Neill. When the "Passion Play" was first produced in San Francisco Mr. James O'Neill represented Christ and Miss May Wilkes was Mary.

and Miss May Wilkes was Mary.

Emma Abbott has arranged with Carl Rosa to reproduce "Ruy Blas" in English in the same manner as it was recently given at the Drury Lane, and in Paris she purchased the music, wardrobe and properties for Auber's opera, "La Part du Diable," which she will produce under the title of "The Good Devil." In addition to these new pieces Miss Abbott's reportory next season will include 15 st andard operas.

A new operatic concert company has been

st andard operas.

A new operatic concert company has been organized and will soon start on the road. It consists of Minme. Marie Godini, soprano, who was associated with Signor Brignoit in in his last concert tour, and sung with her his favorite opera "Don Pasquale" for the last time, in San Antonio, May 5, 1884: Mme. Cozen, contraito, of the Angelo Opera Company; Signor Jovine, tenor, and Fava, baritone, from the Belini Theatre Naples, who have lately arrived in New York, and Signor Ciconni, planist.

The London Athenæum says: "The per-

The London Athenaum says: "The per-formance of "Traviata," in which Madam Patti appeared, and at which the prices were Patti appeared, and at which the prices were trebled, does not call for more in this place than a word of protest against the infatuation of the public. No one would venture to deny that Madam Patti is the greatest vocalist of her generation, but it does not show much artistic taste to prefer one eminent performer with poverty-stricken surroundings to a perfect ensemble. That it should be so constitutes the greatest difficulty in the path of operatic reform."

Since the burning of the Paris Opera Co-

in the path of operatic reform."

Since the burning of the Paris Opera Comique the artists of the Vienna Burg theater, which has always been considered a dangerous building, have insisted on additional precautionary measures against the outbreak of fire; and the Emperor Francis Joseph has given orders to hasten the completion of the new Court theater as much as possible. The architect, Baron Hasenauer, has therefore withdrawn all the workingmen from the Imperial museums, which are als approaching completion, and concentrated his forces on the theater.

oughly. Quaint old farm houses with tile or thatch roofs were thickly scattered over small but well kept farms.

looked fresh and beautiful, for they had just attained that charming green which precedes the turn to yellow. Horses, cattle and sheep were noticeable by their fine appearance which showed good care and careful breeding. The far-famed English hedges were as plenty as they were pretty; in fact we saw very few fences of any other kind. But I shall not dweil on the charms of English rural scenes. Poots have sung them and novelists have praised them so much that their fame will not suffer by any neglect of mine.

The town of Chester is an interesting old place. You will remember the old civitas legionum of the Romans in Britain. How many times you have

THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

Lives and Characters Moulded by the Literature of the Day.

THE SAVIOUR IN CAPERNAUM.

God's Words to His Children-Life and Times of Jesus-Drones' Honey-

Bridge Disasters - Periodicals. AT A period when men waxed wise for

wisdom's sake and not for political preferment, a very learned and unambitious man remarked that if he were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of the land. There is a startling logical sheen in this thought which impresses one the more thoroughly upon meditation. Ever since man has felt the warm em-

brace of civilizing influence the literature

of every age has operated to make the

people among whom circulated either better or worse. In every period since the perusal of books has become a pleasure and duty to man, these productions have had, perhaps, a greater influence in moulding the minds and manners of human beings, than all the laws ever enacted by man. It is an inherent trait in the character of men of all eras and nationalities, to prefer marking out their own course in life, rather than have it dictated by rules which permit of no infringement. The good order of literature tends at once to elevate the reader, his morals, andhis ideas, with that suasion which all men prefer to arbitrary rules and laws. Into the keeping of the children of wise and Christian parents, are early given the character and virtues of some favored hero of fact or fiction, by which, in many instances, the lives and characters of those children are moulded.

Woven with pleasing phraseology and interesting detail, to the old as well as the young, the characters of real or imaginary men and women come to us through the medium of the book, the one as a pattern to im-itate, the other as an example to deter; and who will say that it is on the infant and who will say that it is on the infant minds alone that these real or mystic beings have a strong and permanent effect? Nor is it the individual alone whose opinions, ideas and character have been shaped by a pet book. No better illustration of this can be mentioned than the famous "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which some, in their enthusiastic moments, have claimed was the thusiastic moments, have claimed was the production of an inspired pen. Appearing as it did at a time when the right of slave holding was a disputed question among the American people, this work, the accomplishment of a woman, perhaps somewhat prejudiced, but withal a most trenchant writer and ingenious novelist, certainly did more than may be admitted toward forming opinions not already settled, arousing feelings already bitter, and establishing among the popu-lace a bitter prejudice against slavery and the masters of human beings.

The effect of the various literay productions upon the old and the young, should cause the prospective author to pause upon the threshold of his work to ascertain if the labor will be beneficial or detrimental to the rising generation. Every book which finds its way to print, be it the offspring of a mighty genius or a monied fop, has its effect upon the mind of some one who may be injured or benefitted by its perusal. In this day when all men are authors the only safeguard lies in the reader or parent exer-cising caution and judgment in the selecwhose future they expect so much and in whose welfare they are interested; remembering that there is nothing more instructive and beneficial than a good book nor anything so destructive and detri-mental as a bad one.

REV. GEORGE H. SCHODDE, PH. D., of Columbus, Ohio, has translated from the German, an interesting work entitled "A Day in Capernaum" by Dr. Franz Delitzch of the University of Leipzig. This work gives a vivid picture of the Galilean activity of our Savior, and embraces many leatures which hitherto have been unnoticed. It is a historical sketch of an eventful day in the life of Christ, and is written with an enthusiasm and interest in the subject that is pleasant to observe The work is one which old and young may read with profit. Funk & Wagnalls of New York are the publishers.

An important subject is that handled by George L. Vose in a little work en-titled "Bridge Disasters, the Cause and Remedy." The book is a review of the bridge disasters of America with prac-tical suggestions for the prevention of like happenings in the future. It is dently the result of the study and observation of a practical engineer who knows how to put the result of his labors on paper in an interesting form. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

TEN YEARS ago the nursery was incomplete without the Dotty Dimple vol-umes, a series of little tales interesting, old fashioned and instructive to the young. The same authoress, Sophie May, has recently produced what promises to be a most popular book among the young folks, under the title of "Drones' Honey." This latest of Miss May's admirable books is of the "grown up series," but will be found an interest ing tale to the entire household. Throughout it is of that nature which entitles it to a conspicuous place on the family book shelf. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

"Gop's Words to His Children" is the title of a compilation of sermons by Dr. George McDonald, the British author, recently published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Twenty-four sermons filled with words of troth and wisdom are grouped in this book, which are worthy not only perusal, but a careful study of the logic and arguments therein con-tained. The work is worthy of a place on any bookshelf, but especially will it be found interesting to the clergy.

THE LEGEND of Didymus is told in a book entitled "Life and Times of Jesus," by James Freeman Clarke, author, and Lee & Shepard publishers. In a charm-ing manner the times in which the Savior appeared are reproduced, together with the characters who sur-rounded him, and the prejudices against him. It is the result of many years of study, and is, in fact, a brief commentary on the four gospels. It is a book creditable to the sacred subject upon which it is penned a worthy portrayal of the beautiful life of our Savior, and well worth a studious and careful reading. PERIODICALS.

WRITERS IN every department of literature have found the various numbers of "The Writer," published at Boston, decidedly interesting and instructive; but especially is the August number of this valuable periodical interesting to journalists. Mr. F. R. Burton has an excellent article on "Descriptive Writing" which, by the way, is one of the most difficult accomplishments to acquire; Frank W. Boland gives a view of "Reporters at Weddings," and Lew Vanderpoole writes of "My First Novel," both in an entertaining manner. Miss Alice Brown sets forth some important ideas under the subject, "Cruel Kindness to Young Writers;" Frank H. Pope tells the novice "How a District is Covered," the novice "How a District is Covered, and D. J. McGrath exhibits a gleam of

hope for the busy scribes under the title,
"A Reporter's Chance." Throughout
this number is a strong one, and "The
Writer" should be in the hands of every
newspaper man in America. This newspaper man in America. This periodical is edited by W. H. Hills and Robert Luce, of the Boston Globe.

BABYLAND, a magazine for mothers quite as much as for babies, is having every month this year two picture-pages of "finger play." There is wonderful variety in "finger-play" and no end of fun for the baby. Fun for the baby is fun, or its equivalednt for somebody else.

THE AUGUST number of "Our Little Men and Women" is a very interesting one. In it we learn that a village of anta numbers sometimes half-a-million and that all the inhabitants not only know one another when they meet on th street, but remember one another for months. A naturalist found that out by catching some and keeping them four months and then putting them back among their old neighbors. Their friends were so glad to see them that they actually took them up and caressed and carried them in their—arms? This little magazine is published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

MEMORIES OF THE METROPOLIS The Early Romes of the Vanderbilts

and Other Prominent Persons. New York Mercury: Everybody knows something about the present palatial homes of the Vauderbilts in New York, but nobody remembers anything of the earlier homes (which were not at all palatial), occupied by the Vanderbilt family in its early days in New York

I got hold of a very old New York city directory the other day. It is a little

New York.

A year later the entry appeared as "Cornelius Vanderbilt, No. 13 Stone street." This was a two-story house, street." small, humble, and, to tell the truth, un small, numble, and, to tell the truth, uncomfortable, as great a contrast to any
of the Vanderbilt houses now as the
"Vanderbilt, mariner," was then to what
the Vanderbilts, railroad kings, are p.c.w.
The surroundings in Stone street were
squalld. The only thing that saved the locality was its proximity to the Battery. The young Vanderbilt children didn't like Stone street at all; even the Battery didn't atone for the loss of the country.
they had just come from Jersey, from
their native New Brunswick, where ten
out of the thirteen of 'em were born.
Vanderbilt had his "office' at No. 17 Stone street, afterwards at No. 18 Stone street; then he lived at No. 56 Beaver street; then he got a larger office at No. 58 Stone street, and got elevated, in the city directory, to what was called a

steamboat master," or captain. Vanderbilt was by this time makin's good deal of money off New York, but somehow he couldn't, or didn't, get a house to suit his growin' family, so he left New York for several years, in-tendin' to settle permanently in Staten Island, where he built a house near Stapleton

This Staten Island mansion was quite an imposin' affair and very "roomy." The owner put a fine iron fence all around The owner put a fine iron fence all around the ground—which were quite spacious. The house commanded a fine view, and in it the first Mrs. Vanderbilt passed the happiest days of her life, just as Mrs. William H. passed her best days on her husband's farm.

But as all his commercial interests centred round New York the original Vanderbilt couldn't stay away from it long so

derbilt couldn't stay away from it long, so he got a new office on Washington street, then hired a house on Madison street, and finally moved to what was then quite a well house on east Broadway. When the Vanderbilts lived in East Broadway, William H. Aspinwall resided on College place near the City hall park. A. T. Stewart kept, and was

kept by a small dry goods store on Broad-way near Cortlandt street, and lived very modestly in a two-story house on Warren street. William B. Astor lived near the Astor house. His father's office was in Vesey street. The Lorillards lived in Madison

street, near the Tappans.
William E. Dodge had moved "up town" to Fourth street, near the Bowery. Prosper M. Wetmore resided in good style on Franklin street, and Peter Cooper had erected a glue factory "out of town," on the site of what is now the the Madison Square garden.

This is suggestive readin' for "modern"
New Yorkers. But perhaps two facts I

will now state will convey the contrast between then and now even more Broadway the New York postoffice

When the Vanderbilts lived on East only a part of the basement of the Mer-chants' exchange on Exchange place and Hanover street. There were just twelve letter carriers connected with the postoffice. Some thought these were two or three too many. There were only two mails sent to Brooklyn daily. Some thought there was only need of one. Another "companion" fact to these is that Delmonico was only known at that time as "a confectioner" and had his only place on William street. The site where "Delmonico's" stands now was then one mile "out of town." Fifth avenue itself was only graded as far as Clinton place.

This was only fifty years ago. There are plenty of New Yorkers still livin' who remember it all.

IMPIETIES.

"And so your father has gone to a missionary station?" "Yes; we are quite alone now." "Don't you miss the directing hand of your household?" "O, mother didn't go." of your household?" "O, mother didn't go."

A minister of Canicatti, a large town in Sicily, recently undertook to impress some of his teachings on his congregation by materializing a devil with the usual somber cast of countenance, horns, and a body of considerable length, ending in exploding firecrackers. He was more successful than he had hoped for, for, a panic ensuing, several of the women and children of the congregation were fatally killed.

Mr. Brooks, bachelor, a Boston Unitarian divine, preaches with a ravishing lisp and dances like a moonbeam on a frog poud. The young ladies of his charge approve of both performances, but their fathers object to the dancing and would fain throw the young man out. Between the two factions Mr. Brooks Langs in suspense, with the odds slightly in favor of his retention. First thing the elders know, Mr. Brooks will have married one of their daughters, and then they won't dare to fire him.

"I guess I'd better withdraw from the

"I guess I'd better withdraw from the church for two or three months." said a Dakota man to the minister. "Why, how's that, brother, what's the matter?" inquired the pactor. "I feel three or four cyclone lies the pactor. "I feel three or four eyelone hes sort of working round in my mind and they've sort of working round in my mind and they've got to come out. Just give me leave of absence for say ien days and I'll be back with you again next fall. I believe they will be some of the thunderingest cyclone lies ever told and don't want to disgrace the church.

"Parson Widemouf, dey tell me dat yo' wife hab done gone an'slope off with Deacon Littlesoul; am dat a fac'?" "It's jes' like yo' says. Br'er Jimson." "Is yer resigned, parson?" "As ter dat, Br'er Jimson, do'de burden ob de pruff seems ter 'vite de 'clusion dat she am de one dat rest neet. I want yo' ter un'stand dat Inebber struck a 'mergency when dar was no' ba'm in de 'mergency when dar was mo' ba'm in de gospel dat says de Lawd gibs an' de Lawd done tuk away, bressed am der name er de

Imperfect digestion and assimilation produce disordered conditions of the system which grow and are confirmed by ne-glect. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its tonic properties, cares indigestion and gives tone to the stomach.

BEAUTIES OF LOS ANGELES.

Marvelous Growth of the Country Adjacent to the Garden of Flowers.

NEBRASKANS AMONG ROSES.

Strawberries Ten Months in the Year -Santa Monica Beach-Fleshy Women in the Waves.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 29 .- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-The growth of this city and Country adjacent is marvelous. The county assessment rolls for the fiscal year show a valuation of \$93,000,000. The city has gained 10,000 in population since January and another 10,000 will doubtless be added by December 31 next. Real estate steadily increases in price, the transactions for the week just closed footing up a little more than \$2,250,000. There are over 700 licensed real estate dealers in the city and 3,000 others directly interested in the business. "Why don't your city officials repair and water your streets?" 1 asked a citizen. "Because they are all engaged in real estate deals and don't have time," was the reply. Judge Redick has secured some valua-

ble business property here. He says he has made \$75,000 since last winter and that T. W. T. Richards has cleared double that amount. Richards told me city directory the other day. It is a little book—a mere "baby" compared to the "adult" directories of the metropolis in the present—but it is a very interesting relie.

In this little volume there is one suggestive entry—"Cornelius Vanderbift, mariner, No. 93 Broad street." At this down-town address the Vanderbilt name appears for the first time in the annals of New York.

A year later the entry appeared as one of a syndicate that had just purchased a tract of land ten miles out, which he thought was a good investment. They soon after platted a portion of the tract and have sold—lots to the amount of \$250,000, and have several thousand acres left. Robert Harris bought several lots in this plat when he was here a few months ago and has doubled his money on them. He is building a fine house on when I was here six months ago on them. He is building a fine house on Seventh street, one of the best residence streets in the city, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars. Near his property Mr. Ferris, formerly of the Planters' house, Omaha, has two handsome lots on which he proposes building a house. In this vicinity Mr. Horace Jones, late of Emery & Jones, has established a grocery business and is making money. He paid \$1,500 for two lots last winter which he could now sell for \$6,500. He says that Nebraska is a good country, but that he would rather live here ten years than to live in Nebraska five. His only regret is that his old partner, Emery, cannot see on them. He is building a fine house on that his old partner, Emery, cannot see ROSES AS IS ROSES,

which this country produces in the greatest profusion. Judge Groff paid \$1,500 for three lots here eighteen months ago. and was so doubtful as to the outcome that he kept the matter a secret from his family for a year. He could get \$7,000 for the property now.

The productiveness of the parched-

looking gravelly soil of this region is almost beyond belief. In some localities irrigation is necessary, but not in others. On the place of Mr. Thomas Gibson, near San Jose, I measured a bunch of grapes on the vine and still growing and found it was a foot long; it will grow six inches more before it is fully masix inches more before it is fully matured. A peach measured seven and one-half inches that will yet grow to a circumference of ten inches. On Frank (libson's fruit ranch there were seventy-five peaches on a shrub two and a half feet high and an inch and a half in diameter at the ground. The hotels and restaurants serve fresh strawberries ten months in a year. Within a few miles on the ocean I saw as fine a field of corn as I ever saw in Nebraska. It it expected that the coast line of railway between San Francisco and this city will be completed next year shortening the distance considerably between the two points an

opening up AN ATTRACTIVE REGION

already well developed and of great historical interest.

Yesterday and last night I was mingling with the giddy throng at Santa Monica, an ocean resort eighteen miles west of this city, and for the first time west of this city, and for the first time donned a bathing suit and had a tussle with the briny deep. For nearly a mile the beach was lined with bath-ers and presented a most at-tractive scene. The number of fat women—enormously fat women, I saw disporting in the waves, with ele-phantine gambols, was proof enough to me that this is a healthful climate, though a climate, which will convert an erstwhile, (I have waited for 'years an opportunity to use that word) fragile creature into a mountain of flesh may be said to have its drawbacks.

Coming out over the Central Pacific on the journey hitherward an old gentleman and a pair of bright young ladies in the sleeping car section opposite mine, at-tracted my attention. The former was sleeping car section opposite mine, attracted my attention. The former was making funuy remarks about a young man, evidently a favorite with one of the girls, concerning his fondness for good food, whereupon she retorted with, "Now, pa, you've no right to say anything. A gentleman told me that he took dinner with you once when you complained that you were not feeling well and had no appetite. He said he never saw a man eat so much at one never saw a man eat so much at one time in all his born days, and wondered what you could do in that line when you felt rugged and hearty."

Then her sister laughed while her father flushed a little and said: "Tut, that we describe the said in the said."

tut, my daughter, how can you sit there and make up such stories?"

"It's a solemn fact, pa; it's a solemn fact," said she, and thereupon her father changed the subject by calling attention

The party party proved to be ex-Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, and his daughters on an extended western tour for the benefit of his health. It was an easy matter to srike up an acquaintance, and for the next two days the old gentieman was a most en-tertaining fellow-traveler, with his remintertaining fellow-traveler, with his fellinisences of the old regina, and facts and figures as to the "New South." I have since had as a fellow-passenger for a like number of days, ex-Senator and Congressman-elect Whithorhe, of Tennessee, modest and unassuming, but one of the most interesting talkers I ever met. Thousands of people from all over the world are journeying up and down this land, and it is said that a rush of nearly 100,000 more this fall and winter has been arranged for by the railway companies.

J. T. B.

THE SMALL BOY.

Boston Courier: Notwithstanding that it s the green apple season, the small toy gets dong swimmingly most of the time. Oil City Blizzard: The boy who has been in swimming under the blazing sun may be distinguished by his tendency to keep away from the back of his shirt as much as possi-

Life: There may be room at the top, but this is not the view taken by the small boy who climbs to the highest limb of a cherry tree and accidentally kicks the gable end of a iensely populated hornets' nest.

The small boy in a froite
Robs the orchard of its appies,
And his in ards cruel colic
Subsequently grimly grapples.
—[Boston Courier.

Detroit Free Press: A boy who can't be induced to go to a store a quarter of a mile away on an errand can be hired to walk for five hours on a stretch if it is only called a walking-match and the proprietor put up a

walking-match and the proprietor put up a silver quarter as a prize.

Somerville Journal: This is the season when farmers will do well to strain their ears, not exactly to hear the watermelons growing, but to hear the small boys climbing the fence with a design of inding one that goes "punk! nunk!" to carry off.