

The Glasgow and Western company has been perfecting its works at Golconda and perhaps have more ore developed than any other company in the west. In the reduction works Mr. Macquisten's concentrating plant is at work and on sulphide ores is the cheapest and most perfect thing ever invented. Some very rich gold developments have been made in northern Elko county. The money congestion has prevented so far the intended work at old Tuscarora.

Great development work has been going on in Ely, Yerington and the southern districts, Rhyolite and the others; a great deal of work is going on in the Deep Creek country, while old Pioche is passing through the joy and sorrow of a second birth. Captain McSherry is opening up his mines and building a mill, Ed Freudenthal, at the head of a big company, is helping to resurrect the old place and the people are jubilant.

The Western Pacific railroad is pretty well completed across the state and will be ready when the tremendous work in the canyon of the north fork of Feather river shall be completed for connection to make another through, splendid continental road. The immense tract of reclaimed land southwest of Hazen, is being swiftly settled up, a most important addition to Nevada farming. Her livestock interests have been unusually prosperous this year, the feed on the ranges having been better than for many previous years.

The Clark road has pushed branches up to Pioche and Goldfield. In mining and other industries the past year may be said to have been a year more of preparation than of achievement, but the state is already now, and when two or three extraneous difficulties shall have been passed the record that it will make will be an astonishing one.

#### Idaho.

Idaho will hail this Christmas season with a great joy. For all her year's work has been prosperous. Over many fair acres which were desert a year ago, the desert has vanished and the harvest come to gladden the tillers. She is growing into a great agricultural state; in a few years more she will dispute for supremacy with many an eastern state which long has been famous for nothing else so much as her fertile acres. The miracle of the waters. In more than one place the snags have been cleared from a river, and the channel deepened, and men have rejoiced that a way has been provided through which in rude boats they could send their little harvests to market. It is different up in Idaho. There the great Snake river which through uncounted centuries has held its lordly way to where it merges with the greater Columbia; its clear waters and impelling energy being the more accentuated by its blasted and dead banks, has been induced to forsake its channel, to flow out upon the desert, to quicken it to life; to bring out its latent strength, so that those banks are now in their season clothed with emerald and gold. It is a transformation such as the wild tribes that built their rude wigwags on its banks and fished in its blue waters for ages never dreamed of. And the land responds in a way that makes clear that it was retaining its strength and fertility, through all the centuries when man did not know how to reduce them to his use. Such grain, such fruits and flowers, such a luxuriance of growth seem to be so many voices speaking in reproach of the ignorance of man that he has not sooner called in the right way to them to do their part.

And there is a statlier flow to the great river in the autumn when its help is no longer needed, as though it was conscious that it henceforth was to flow through green fields and hear the songs of happy children as it held its way to the sea.

In a few years more with her harvests, her sugar, her fruit, Idaho could without other re-

sources become a greater and richer state than either of many famous agricultural states of the east. But she has other sources of wealth, real wealth, which make sure a convenient market for the products of her soil. Her mines show no sign of failure. She has gold and silver and lead; within her own boundaries she is perfectly equipped to support unassisted a great population, and to enable them to grow richer and richer as the years roll on.

And her people are a strong, splendid race, alert in all fields of high endeavor, such as give assurance that in peace or war, everywhere and on all occasions will make such an accounting of themselves as will be an honor to their state and to their country.

#### The Star of Bethlehem

Shepherd! what is this sheen that fills the night,

With such a wondrous glory? Tell me, pray!

My heart grows faint before the awful light. Is it the coming of the judgment day?

O, Brother, no. This is of Peace a Sign. Of Peace and Love, unto a sin-stained Earth,

A glory sent, supernal and divine, To herald to the world a Savior's birth. Listen! From out the skies a message falls, "Glory to God! On earth to man good will!" God's angel from the viewless ether calls And all the Universe responsive thrills, "Glory to God, the Highest," hear the voice,

"And Peace to Man." Let all the Earth rejoice!

#### A Message From Mars.

What say you? A message by the wireless, and for us? Who can be sending us word? What can the trouble be? Is some ship fighting an unequal battle far away at sea? Is the seismograph heralding the course of some great earthquake that is on the march? Read me the message, please? What? From Mars? Now we are interested. Hurry and read, please! "We are laughing, we in Mars, at the fix you are in down on your planet. You are in trouble and cannot pay your bills, and are blaming everybody in power and all those who have your money in care. We had just such troubles until we learned a way to avoid them. The last time was when we were trying to build the grand canal, the one to the right as you look at us through your second hand telescopes. The contractor failed and then the government took it in hand. But it was stubborn work; the formation was treacherous, the rock on the seventh level was so hard that dynamite had no effect upon it; we had to do on a big scale what your Hannibal did on a small scale when he crossed the Alps—heat it to a white heat and then pour vinegar upon it; we kept it up for generations; the lower end in a country that was filled with malaria and the workmen died by tens of thousands. At last the government was made bankrupt—those were troublous times sure enough. The banks all failed; cashiers suicided, women who had been rich ran away with circus men; the schools ran down; the churches were deserted; the man who had had a million had no more influence than a janitor; homes were broken up, violence was rampant and the good warned the people that it was all on account of their sins and that right behind the whole business the end of the world was near, and quoted no end of old prophecies to prove it. At last a nice old guy put a notice in a morning newspaper, which read to the effect that when God put intelligent men on the planet, he gave them every needed thing; but no money. He reasoned that had money been necessary he would have given that, too. He besought the people to look around

and see if they could find anybody who ever got anything out of the world except board and clothes; explained to them that there was nothing of real value in the world except labor.

The parliament took the matter up, passed a law abolishing all forms of money and decreeing that any man who would work two hours a day, our days are 48 hours long, should have board, and every one who would work four hours a day should have clothes and those who would not work should have neither board nor clothes for that day.

It worked like a charm. There were no more thieves because there was nothing worth stealing, no gambling, for there was nothing to win. When men worked four hours they had all the rest of the day for study; no one could smell liquor because there was nothing to buy with; there was no incentive for crime; there was no pride of dress, all dressed alike, the rations purchased were so simple that no one grew ill—it was our salvation. You had better try it down there in your world."

There is a young artist in Washington who classes himself as of the Impressionistic school, and who, being somewhat out in drawing, generally makes up for his lack of technique by spreading color recklessly and counting on distance for his effect. At an amateur exhibition he once hung one of his most extraordinary performances. "Well," said a friend, whom the artist had taken to see the work, "I don't want to flatter you, old chap, but that is far and away the best stuff you have ever done. I congratulate you." Much pleased, the artist was receiving the compliment with becoming modesty, when he chanced again to glance at the picture—and turned very red. The committee had hung it upside down! Hurrying to the head of the committee, he was about to launch into a loud complaint, when he was informed of the good news that an hour before the picture had been sold for \$61. The original price-mark had been \$19.

The French newspapers related the other day that Conan Doyle, the great "Sherlock Holmes" man, arrived at Paris from Marseilles and Lyons. The cabman who brought him from the station to the hotel addressed him by his name. Doyle was surprised and asked how he knew. The cabman replied that he had read in his paper that the famous Conan Doyle would come to Marseilles and Lyons, and he had observed at once that the stranger's hair was cut by a Marseilles barber, and that on the heel of his left shoe was dirt from Lyons. Doyle was highly satisfied to see that his "Sherlock Holmes" method proved so successful. The great detective mind then asked whether there was still another symptom which had led to his recognition. "Yes," said the cabman finally, "your full name is painted on your trunk."

"Theodore Roosevelt," says ex-Senator McCormack of Tennessee, "is the biggest fake and the most popular man in the United States. Headlines are his ruling passion, and whenever he breaks into big type he is supremely delighted. America lost a great yellow journalist when he went into politics. Yes, I believe he would have been a yellow journalist if he had been a newspaper man. He is always getting up a new scheme to keep in the limelight and to keep big heads on the front page about him."

One day a celebrated advocate was arguing before a very rude old Scotch judge, who pointed with one forefinger to one of his ears, and with the other to the opposite one. "You see, this, Mr. X?" "I do, my lord," said the advocate. "Well, it just goes in here and comes out there," and his lordship smiled with the hilarity of a judge who thinks he has actually said a good thing. "I don't doubt it, my lord," replied the advocate; "what is there to prevent it?"