

fortunes, as our imaginations became inured to the work.

Stupid and unprophetic lads! We were doing this in play and never suspecting. Why, that cave hollow and all the adjacent hills were made of gold! But we did not know it. We took it for dirt. We left its rich secret in its own peaceful possession and grew up in poverty and went wandering about the world struggling for bread,—and this because we had not the gift of prophecy. That region was all dirt and rocks to us; yet all it needed was to be ground up and scientifically handled, and it was gold. That is to say, the whole region was a cement mine. And they make the finest kind of Portland cement there now, five thousand barrels a day, with a plant that cost two million dollars.

FOR a little while Reuel Gridley attended that school of ours. He was an elderly pupil,—he was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years old. Then came the Mexican War, and he volunteered. A company of infantry was raised in our town, and Mr. Hickman, a tall, straight, handsome athlete of twenty-five, was made captain of it, and had a sword by his side and a broad yellow stripe down the leg of his gray pants. And when that company marched back and forth through the streets in its smart uniform, which it did several times a day for drill, its evolutions were attended by all the boys whenever the school hours permitted. I can see that marching company yet, and I can almost feel again the consuming desire that I had to join it. But they had no use for boys of twelve and thirteen, and before I had a chance in another war the desire to kill people to whom I had not been introduced had passed away.

I saw the splendid Hickman in his old age. He seemed about the oldest man I had ever seen,—an amazing and melancholy contrast with the showy young captain I had seen preparing his warriors for carnage so many, many, years before. Hickman is dead,—it is the old story. As Susy said, "What is it all for?"

Reuel Gridley went away to the wars, and we heard of him no more for fifteen or sixteen years. Then one day in Carson City while I was having a difficulty with an editor on the sidewalk,—an editor better built for war than I was,—I heard a voice say, "Give him the best you've got, Sam; I'm at your back!" It was Reuel Gridley. He said he had not recognized me by my face but by my drawling style of speech.

He went down to the Reese River mines about that time, and presently he lost an election bet in his mining camp, and by the terms of it he was obliged to buy a fifty-pound sack of self raising flour and carry it through the town, preceded by music, and deliver it to the winner of the bet. Of course the whole camp was present and full of fluid and enthusiasm. The winner of the bet put up the sack at auction for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Fund, and sold it.

The excitement grew and grew. The sack was sold over and over again for the benefit of the

fund. The news of it came to Virginia City by telegraph. It produced great enthusiasm, and Reuel Gridley was begged by telegraph to bring the sack and have an auction in Virginia City. He brought it. An open barouche was provided, also a brass band. The sack was sold over and over again at Gold Hill; then was brought up to Virginia City toward night and sold—and sold again and again, and still again, netting twenty or thirty thousand dollars for the Sanitary Fund. Gridley carried it across California and sold it at various towns. He sold it for large sums in Sacramento and in San Francisco. He brought it East, sold it in New York, and in various other cities; then carried it out to a great fair at St. Louis, and went on selling it; and finally made it up into small cakes and sold these at a dollar apiece.

First and last, the sack of flour which had originally cost ten dollars, perhaps, netted more than two hundred thousand dollars for the Sanitary Fund. Reuel Gridley has been dead these many, many years,—it is the old story.

IN that school were the first Jews I had ever seen. It took me a good while to get over the awe of it. To my fancy they were clothed invisibly in the damp and cobwebby mold of antiquity. They carried me back to Egypt, and in imagination I moved among the Pharaohs and all the shadowy celebrities of that remote age. The name of the boys was Levin. We had a collective name for them which was the only really large and handsome witticism that was ever born in that congressional district. We called them "Twenty-two"; and even when the joke was old and had been worn threadbare, we always followed it with the explanation, to make sure that it would be understood: "Twice Levin,—twenty-two."

There were other boys whose names remain with me. Irving Ayres—But no matter, he is dead. Then there was George Butler, whom I remember as a child of seven wearing a blue leather belt with a brass buckle, and hated and envied by all the boys on account of it. He was a nephew of General Ben Butler, and fought gallantly at Balls Bluff and in several other actions of the Civil War. He is dead, long and long ago.

Will Bowen (dead long ago), Ed Stevens (dead long ago), and John Briggs were special mates of mine. John is still living.

IN 1845, when I was ten years old, there was an epidemic of measles in the town, and it made a most alarming slaughter among the little people. There was a funeral almost daily, and the mothers of the town were nearly demented with fright. My mother was greatly troubled. She worried over Pamela and Henry and me, and took constant and extraordinary pains to keep us from coming into contact with the contagion.

But upon reflection I believed that her judgment was at fault. It seemed to me that I could improve upon it if left to my own devices. I cannot remember now whether I was frightened about the

measles or not; but I clearly remember that I grew very tired of the suspense I suffered on account of being continually under the threat of death. I remember that I got so weary of it and so anxious to have the matter settled one way or the other, and promptly, that this anxiety spoiled my days and my nights. I had no pleasure in them.

I made up my mind to end this suspense and be done with it. Will Bowen was dangerously ill with the measles, and I thought I would go down there and catch them. I entered the house by the front way, and slipped along through rooms and halls, keeping sharp watch against discovery, and at last I reached Will's bed chamber, in the rear of the house on the second floor, and got into it uncaptured. But that was as far as my victory reached. His mother caught me there a moment later, and snatched me out of the house and gave me a most competent scolding and drove me away. She was so scared that she could hardly get her words out, and her face was white.

I saw that I must manage better next time, and I did. I hung about the lane at the rear of the house, and watched through cracks in the fence until I was convinced that the conditions were favorable; then I slipped through the back yard and up the back way, and got into the room and into the bed with Will Bowen without being observed. I don't know how long I was in the bed. I only remember that Will Bowen, as society, had no value for me; for he was too sick to even notice that I was there. When I heard his mother coming, I covered up my head; but that device was a failure. It was dead summer time,—the cover was nothing more than a limp blanket or sheet, and anybody could see that there were two of us under it. It didn't remain two very long. Mrs. Bowen snatched me out of the bed and conducted me home herself, with a grip on my collar which she never loosened until she delivered me into my mother's hands, along with her opinion of that kind of a boy.

It was a good case of measles that resulted. It brought me within a shade of death's door. It brought me to where I no longer took any interest in anything; but, on the contrary, felt a total absence of interest—which was most placid and enchanting. I have never enjoyed anything in my life any more than I enjoyed dying that time. I was, in effect, dying. The word had been passed, and the family notified to assemble around the bed and see me off. I knew them all. There was no doubtfulness in my vision. They were all crying; but that did not affect me. I took but the vaguest interest in it, and that merely because I was the center of all this emotional attention and was gratified by it and vain of it.

When Dr. Cunningham had made up his mind that nothing more could be done for me, he put bags of hot ashes all over me. He put them on my breast, on my wrists, on my ankles; and so, very much to his astonishment, and doubtless to my regret, he dragged me back into this world and set me going again.

To be continued Sunday after next

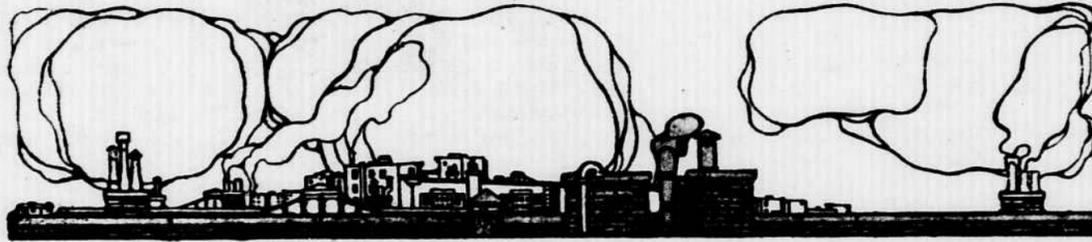
THE COLOR AND SMELL OF CITIES—By B. R. WINSLOW

WHEN the airship is a fact, travelers that take personally conducted aerial tours will begin to talk about the color and smell of cities, and Baedekers of the air will include information on this subject. Aeronauts are already talking about these things. They have observed them while riding in balloons, and recorded their impressions; therefore, when the time arrives for the aerial guide book, enterprising publishers can offer their wares on the very first trip of the very first ship.

Seen from above, the larger cities of the world present definite color tones. Some are blue, some red, some gray; but a majority of them are green. In a few, two or more colors are mingled; harmoniously blended in some cases; in others, oddly contrasted.

The color tone of the city of Washington is green,—a bright, new green in June and gradually darkening as the leaves of the trees mature. There are nearly half a million ornamental trees and numerous extensive parks in the Capital City, which accounts for its color tone. From above the eye looks down on a vast sea of green, along the southern extremity of which winds a silvery band, the Potomac. To the east a white island dots the waving mass of green, and a little beyond an island of glistening gold shimmers in the sunlight. The first is the Capitol, the second the Library of Congress. A brilliant white dot in the west, surrounded by specks of yellow and red, marks the White House and the cluster of gardens around it.

The color of New York is without a dominant tone; it is amazingly varicolored. If anyone color predominates, it is a shade of maroon, in which the new buildings and the parks make dots of cream and blue. The shape of the



island is plainly marked by ribbons of silvery whiteness, the Hudson, the East River, and the bay, and a tiny thread of silver, the Harlem.

The color tone of London is blue at the center, fading away to gray, maroon, and light blue at the horizon. In the city, down in the streets, the color is a grayish blue, due to the smoky haze that overhangs the city most of the time.

Paris' color tone is cream; and this is also the color tone of the city of Milwaukee. The French city, however, is somewhat lighter, and is not so clean a color,—a trifled soiled, as it were. It is a color that soon grows monotonous in spite of the contrast of green and blue islands and a winding, shimmering band, the Seine.

While no effort is being made to catalogue these color tones of the cities, and it is not known that anyone is making a study of them with a view to enlarging the list of cities whose color tones have been observed, people that ride in the basket of a balloon are being impressed by them, and are begin-

ning to take notice. Descriptions of balloon trips occasionally contain references to the color of some city, and it may not be very long before some one gives the subject careful study.

Reference is also made to the smell of cities; the predominant odor thrown off by them. The gases rising from a busy city must certainly carry odors, and the odor of that which is most characteristic of the place would naturally be stronger than all the others, and be recognized. The cause of the dominant odor cannot always be traced, however; for the combining of several odors of nearly equal strength might produce an odor entirely different from what would naturally be supposed.

For this reason it is difficult to say why St. Petersburg smells like old leather. Leather is by no means the characteristic product of that city. Nor are cranberries extensively cultivated in the city of Moscow; yet the latter sends up an odor that suggests them. The odor of London, that of soot, is easily traced to the great volume of smoke thrown from the factory and even the dwelling chimneys,—the same smoke that causes the disagreeable fogs for which that city is noted. It is this smoke that, viewed from some distance above, gives London its blue tone. Paris' odor of burning charcoal is quite as readily traced.

The cities of the United States, so far as has been observed, have no smell peculiarly their own. Opportunities for observation have not been so numerous as in foreign countries, where ballooning is a fad; but the fad is rapidly becoming popular on this side, and there is no doubt that the smell of American cities will eventually be recorded so the aerial tourist may verify the guide-book color description by the sense of smell.

IN PITY BEND—By Adele M. Whitgreave

Since Thou hast robbed me, Lord, of that which made existence worth the while,
Grant me that boon;
That all my days be so engrossed in earnest thought that in my aching heart abide
For tears no room.
My heart was full of such a sweet, confiding, amorous sense of tender happiness,
And life so fair;
Ah! gentle Christ, bend low in pitying love, I plead, and give it me again,—
'Tis my one prayer!