## ABUSED BOOK AGENTS.

WHAT IS REQUIRED IN A SALESMAN OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

**Gigantic Self Confidence, Hard Nerve and a Stout Pair of Legs the Chief Requisites—The General Instructions Under Which Canvassers Work.**

"All this talk about book agents being such a disreputable lot is the worst sort of bosh," said the manager of one of Chicago's subscription book houses to a reporter.

"There are plenty of men who date their start in life to a prospectus and a 'victim,' as the funny man calls the agent's customers. It's a good way for a young man with energy, push and a determination to succeed to make a little capital to enter another business. The only capital a book agent needs is self confidence, or gall, if the name will suit you better, and indomitable industry. Unless a man has this he will not stay in the book business long, and it will be few men that he talks to death.

"Of course the life of a canvasser has its drawbacks, and so has the life of a bank president. The agent must accustom himself to insults and rough treatment, and must preserve his temper, no matter what happens.

THE TRAINING.

"What sort of training do we give our agents? Well, we tell them all we have learned of the business and then start them out with instructions to ask us any questions they may choose to in regard to objections that may be raised by intended customers.

"Among the instructions we give are the methods of approaching men and introducing the business in a manner that will arouse a person's interest and gain his confidence. That once done, it is an easy matter for the clever agent to complete the sale, even at the work's cardinal and is selling for three times the price it should.

"Then we instruct all agents to avoid discussing politics or religion and to acquiesce in all propositions made by the victim when such acquiescence does not conflict with the case of the book. When an agent engages in a discussion with a man and provokes him into a quarrel, there is little hope of a sale and some danger of being summarily ejected without a chance to explain the book and its supposed merits. The agent must learn how to talk enough and not to talk too much. This is a thing that it would be well for all persons to learn, and the earlier they learn it the better it is.

"I was an agent for several years before I was promoted to the position I now hold, and I know the business from one end to the other. After a man has been in the work long enough to become acquainted to all sorts of people and all kinds of treatment it is quite an enjoyable life. The book agent is his own boss and does not have to work when he doesn't feel like to. If he is industrious and understands his business he makes fairly good wages and can afford to take a lay off once in awhile.

"The training a young man acquires traveling around with a prosperous order his area is perhaps the most valuable for a business life that he could get. It gives him self confidence and ease of manner without assurance or embarrassment. He gets a knowledge of human nature that is invaluable and learns to influence and control his fellow beings.

"It takes a higher order of ability to sell any kind of article by canvassing than for any other business. The agent has to secure the attention of a man who doubtless looks on him with a species of scorn, then he has to create a demand for his goods, and then close the sale.

"Yes, an agent has plenty of amusing experiences, and he soon learns to look upon life with an eye for the humorous. People will resort to all sorts of deceptions to get rid of an agent.

"The successful agent must keep himself neat, but must avoid the extreme of seeming too dandy or he will lose the respect of the people, and then he might as well quit business. A lot very often depends on a very little matter. A solid collar or a diagonal neckties will attract the attention of a lady and will predispose her against an agent, and it will be a difficult matter to overcome that prejudice.

HIS EYE EYES.

"Yes, we have 'spoohes' or boys for the use of agents, but the most successful agents do not use them. Plain, plodding men who are at work for work, but simply take it as a general plunder the canvass. Unless the agent has something to say and can say it in a fluent and easy manner he will not be able to hold the attention of a man even after he has seen it. Very often we send agents out who have no idea of their own and who learn the speech and then deliver it in a monotonous sing song tone that would tire a person to death. As a general thing the agent soon assumes a more natural tone and manner, and is soon able to talk fairly well, at random. He either acquires this ability or has to quit the business for lack of success.

"I remember once, when talking a canvass that was rather long, I was talking very rapidly and in a low tone to a lady seated by my side. On the other side of the room was a young lady I learned was married, and that her name was Clara. She interrupted twice or thrice, declaring that I talked too fast to say the slow speed speaking, and that she could not understand one word I said. I assured her that I did not care if she could not understand, as I was not showing the book to her. The interruptions resulted in preventing a sale, or at least I did not make the sale, and I had my misfortune at the close of the young married women. Several days after, as I was passing in front of another house, I saw Clara, her husband and several others seated on a porch near the sidewalk.

"Before I reached the house she made some remark about a 'book agent,' and the others looked down my way and smiled. I saw my chance and I eagerly seized it. Just as I passed the porch and as all their eyes were on me I tripped my hat and said: 'Good morning, Clara.' You should have seen her face as well as her husband's just then. She could not claim that she had never seen me before, as she had just been telling them something about me, probably how fast I could talk. I have an idea that she had some difficulty in explaining to her husband just how a book agent should know her given name and should be so intimate with her. Perhaps it was an unjust advantage, but I thought she had prevented my making a sale and I had no compunction in my heart."—Chicago Times.

**A Bloodless Tragedy.**

The most humorous thing that ever I saw in one of these institutions or, indeed, in all my "Hours in a Library," was what I saw yesterday. It was an establishment of some pretensions, and boasted of the newest works. A gentleman of about 36 or so, with his young wife, came in while I was there, and the way in which he looked at one book, and took it up, and put it down again, convinced me that he was the author of it.

It was no guess work, to certain, of course, as in a picture exhibition, where you see the original hanging dike a bit of glass with quicksilver behind it) about his own portrait; but it was equally clear to one in the same line of business, who had published (though it may not be in the latest catalogue) a first book himself.

What this beautiful debutant wanted to ask (I knew) was whether his book was in demand, but being deficient in moral courage he very naturally made his wife ask. To see that charming young person, with much hesitancy and blushing, assume an air of indifference, as she put the decisive question to the librarian, while her husband, pretended to be engaged over the index volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in a dark corner (but listening with all his ears), was as good as any farce; but when the man answered cheerfully:

"Well, no ma'am; you are the first that I ever heard ask about it," it was tragedy to three of us.—James Payn in London Illustrated News.

**Didn't Know the Word.**

At the recent laying of a corner stone for a new Episcopal church in this diocese, the sensibilities of the white robed clergy were somewhat shocked by the well intended but decidedly unchurchly remark of a newspaper reporter, who had been sent out to make a report of the ceremony. The reporter arrived on the scene a little bit late, as reporters sometimes do, and applied to the first minister he came across for an account of the proceedings. The minister kindly told him about it, and in the course of his narrative used the somewhat unfamiliar and possibly unauthorized expression: "The bishop then hallowed the stone." "Wait a moment, please," said the newspaper man, who had run behind in taking his notes. "You say the bishop hollowed the stone; why, it's some kind of telephone stone, ain't it? Yes, I see; it's when you call up central. Go on with the story." But the accommodating minister did not go on. He looked bewildered for a moment and then turned away, more in sadness than in wrath. He was around at the newspaper office a couple of hours later, however, to see that they had that word spelled correctly.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

## JUGGLERY IN INDIA.

A CHICAGO MISSIONARY TELLS OF A WONDERFUL FEAT.

**Writers on the Subject, He Says, Do Not Give the Mysterious Heathen Half His Dues—Live Animals Produced in Space from Nothing and Traversed to the Earth.**

For the last twenty-seven years Bishop Yoe has been a missionary among the Hindoos, during which time he has not set foot on other than Indian soil. He has penetrated the depths of the jungles, distributing tracts and spreading the light among the wildest and most heathenish tribes in all India. To a reporter the bishop said: During my stay in India I was frequently in receipt of books, papers and magazines from home, many of which contained what purported to be stories of life in India.

"To say that I was amazed at the lack of truth and uncorrectness of detail in these articles would but feebly express my opinion on the subject. In all the articles there was something lacking, but the most glaring omissions were made in stories of native Hindoo jugglery. By comparing my personal experience with the published accounts I can truthfully say that the Hindoo juggler is the most grossly misrepresented man in living on the face of the earth. The writer evidently sadly lacking in descriptive power, or he failed to give the poor Hindoo the benefit of the truth. The conjuring tricks described would be very well for a bewildering amateur jugglers, but they don't do justice to the journeyman juggler of India.

THE TRAVELING JUGGLERS.

"It was my good fortune to witness a performance in this line which will give you a faint idea of what the Hindoo can do. A long about the 1st of April, two other missionaries and myself stopped at the house of a friend on the outskirts of Delhi. After a bountiful dinner of fried chicken we repaired with our host to the veranda of the bungalow to enjoy an after dinner cigar. While in the midst of an animated religious discussion a native silk or leader appeared followed by twenty others. The silk was the scarcest, most contemptuous looking specimen I ever saw. He was hollow eyed and sallow, and wore no clothes except a turban and a scanty waist cloth. The attendants seemed to be enjoying better health, and each carried a large bundle of bamboo poles, tied around the middle with a hide or rope.

"'That fellow,' said our host, 'is a sleight of hand man or juggler, and if you wish he will perform some feats that will astonish you.'

We signified our desire to be astonished, whereupon the host signaled the juggler to go ahead with his show. And I must say it was the most marvelous affair of the kind I ever saw.

Favoring us with a profound salaam the silk gave some directions in an imperative tongue to the attendants, who carried their bundles of poles to an open space in front of the veranda. As far as we could see the entire outfit consisted of these bamboo poles. They had absolutely no stage mechanism or paraphernalia employed by the civilized conjurer.

The silk stood motionless while half dozen of his helpers went to work with the poles, and in a remarkably short space of time produced a light jointed ladder at least eighty feet long when extended, three feet apart. When the ladder was finished it was laid flat on the ground, the two helpers taking their place at the end of the slider to operate. Removing his turban and the jugglers, who was in the bottom of the ladder, on which his heels on the ground, and with the balls of his feet resting on the extreme ends of the ladder. Then the helpers raised the forward of the ladder and moved rapidly toward their chief, raising the slider upon which his heels as they came. In this manner the ladder was placed in a perpendicular position at the silk's feet.

THE MONKEY'S STORY.

Then the attendants withdrew a short distance and sat upon the ground, humming a low, monotonous chant, to the music of which the juggler slowly mounted the ladder, balancing it as he went. Keeping his eyes fixed on the top he mounted step by step, throwing each rung with his toes as he climbed and racking them under his arms. Slowly and steadily he mounted the frail ladder, no bigger than a lady's parasol, while we scarcely dared breathe for fear he would lose his balance. The removal of the rungs caused the end of the ladder to sway and bend in a frightful manner, but the marvelous accuracy of the juggler prevented them from falling.

On reaching the top the juggler pulled out the last rung and then stood on the extreme summit of the two naked, 80 foot poles. The oscillations at first were terrific, but the silk had wonderful control of his legs, and gradually decreasing the swaying motion, he finally stood motionless as a statue at that dizzy height. Then, at a given signal, which we didn't see, the attendants jumped up and removed the two poles, laying them carefully on the ground.

I turned to our host, speechless with amazement, but he only smiled and continued me to be silent, pointing at the same time to the juggler, still standing motionless eighty feet in the air. I had seen some juggling myself, but never anything like this.

While we were gazing spellbound at this uncanny phenomenon a dense blue mist enveloped the juggler. Immediately after a low, bellowing sound was heard and a moment later a half grown lion giraffe at the end of a stout rope was lowered rapidly to the ground. Before we could recover from our astonishment the rope was hauled up and the next instant the mate of the first graceful kid came a cloudlessly. I was never a believer in the supernatural, but at that moment I felt the presence of an unseen power. While I was wondering what would come next the juggler slid down, and while he tied the giraffes' necks together in a low boat the helpers hauled the rope down and undoubtedly coiled it.

Then the silk informed us that he was much fatigued and wished to rest himself before proceeding with the next trick. Permission being given by our host, the juggler at once fell into a dose standing erect on his feet. While the helpers were digging a hole to be used in the next trick a heavy rain storm came up, which indefinitely postponed the remainder of the performance.—Chicago Times.

**Sez and Denomination.**

While loading sugar on our boat on Sunday recently at a Louisiana plantation some of the passengers strolled back toward the settlement and went into a church just as a couple had taken their child in for baptism. The old colored preacher, holding the large erved of white visitors, exceeded them a cordial welcome and asked all to be seated, then, turning to the couple before him, asked:

"Oh what denominatin is dis child?"

"Sah?" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word denomination.

"I axed yo oh what denomination de chile war," repeated the minister, a little severely.

The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: "I—we—doesn't know what yo means by denomination, sah."

"Huh! yo don't," replied the preacher, scornfully; "well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo ignorance, so yo kin understand it; am de child a boy or a gal chile?"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**Slightly at Sea.**

Old Gent—I don't want to settle here unless they have a good school in the place.

Pat—Be jabbers, sor, it's a fine school, but divil a bit do I think they'd take sich an old bird as you.—Munsey's Weekly.

**Her Idea of Riches.**

A little girl of the Italian race is in the habit of visiting certain houses in Boston quite regularly, receiving food and sometimes other articles, which she stows away snugly in the basket which is her constant companion. In her round of visits one day she was accompanied by another little girl who had no basket. The good lady of the house, after supplying the little girl as usual, remarked: "Does not your companion want something, too?" "Oh, no," was the reply. "She's rich! Her father works!"—Boston Times.

## AFTER BLACK TAIL DEER.

EXHILARATING SPORT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING.

**Beautiful Creatures Brought to Earth by Leaden Messengers—Tenderfeet from the East Meet with Remarkable Success in the Hunt.**

On our arrival at the Crystal Spring ranch my friend P., of New York, and myself, learned that deer were plentiful in the mountains to the east of the ranch, consequently we determined to try our luck on the following day, the Messrs. T., the proprietors of the ranch, agreeing to accompany us.

"The searching eye of heaven" was just firing the proud tops of the eastern pines as we set out, each mounted on a stout little broncho and armed with a good rifle and a large hunting knife. We were also provided with lunches, in order to enable us to be absent the whole day if necessary.

After fording the river several times, which runs through the ranch in a winding course, we crossed a comparatively level expanse of grassy land well irrigated by a system of ditches, and before long commenced to ascend the foothills of the mountains. The keen, bracing mountain air, so different from that of the "effete" east, seemed to inspire us with fresh energy and spirits, as in single file we ascended by along the trail.

THE BEAUTIFUL ANTELOPE.

On reaching the summit of a rather steep ship we saw a group of antelope quietly grazing in the bottom of a broad valley about a quarter of a mile from us. P. and myself dismounted and attempted to get nearer to them, but they soon spied us and made off with such speed that they seemed in a minute to leave in the way." We sent a couple of flying shots after them, but to no effect. These animals are very shy, and as they are usually found in the open country, it is very difficult to get within range of them. Their curiosity, however, is easily excited, as they are as inquisitive as Mother Eve, and this fact is often taken advantage of by hunters, who, by lying flat on the ground and gently waving a handkerchief or some other conspicuous object, can often entice them within shooting range. They are beautiful, formed creatures, about the size of a yearling calf, their coats being of a fawn color, and their tails white and bushy. Their heads are shapely, and in the case of the bucks are surmounted by a pair of slender pointed horns, hence their name of the prong horned antelope. Their eyes are of exquisite beauty, being large, dark and languid looking, and hence have often served as images to poets.

We again mounted and rode on for several miles, when the nature of the country altered as we approached the highest part of the range, being composed of high hills covered with pine trees and separated by deep "draws" with precipitous banks. In some places they looked almost perpendicular, and it seemed almost an impossibility to descend them, but the sure footed little broncho, now cautious by picking at the spots affording the best footing, again putting his feet together and allowing themselves to slide, would carry us safely to the bottom. Occasionally, on reaching a particularly bad place, we would dismount and lead our animals, and, on one occasion, we were surprised to see one of our companions give his horse a sharp cut, allow him to carry it and quietly slide down the ice, while we immediately followed, leisurely on a smooth board or receiving his back and patiently waiting for his rider on the foot of the hill.

We now determined to divide our party, having first agreed upon a place of meeting. Accordingly, leaving six "draws" and narrow canyons to be crossed, we rode on for "work" another.

SPORTING A PRETTY PICTURE.

After crossing six for first shot, the choice falling to me, we rode slowly along the side of the draw, keeping our eyes wide open for deer. We rode on for several miles when, to our delight, a band of seven bucks appeared on the hillside opposite to us, evidently out of sight of us, suddenly stopped, threw up their antlered heads and sniffed the air, forming a picture that would cause any hunter's heart to beat more rapidly. We hastily dismounted and opened fire upon them, but seemingly to no effect, as they disappeared into the next draw. The future of my life was probably due to "luck" on my part, this could not have been the case with R., who had killed numbers of them before.

Leaving our horses, we followed them on foot as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, and on reaching the top of the divide we noticed that the next draw was walled in on the opposite side by a steep bluff, rendering escape in this direction impossible, and the deer had halted in the bottom, uncertain which way to run. We again fired and evidently had been aimed at the same animal, as the largest one of the group fell to the ground. The echo of our shots from the opposite bluff seemed still further to confuse the rest, and they hesitated long enough to enable us to get several more shots at them, and three more bowed their proud, antlered heads and hit the dust. The other three then started up the draw with lightning speed and were soon out of beyond range. We were hardly elated, however, at killing four out of the seven, the thrill of satisfaction and delight which passes through a man's breast as he sees one of these noble creatures fall beneath his well directed shot needs to be felt to be fully appreciated.

We had each killed two, although we could not determine with certainty who had shot the antelope, as there were three shots in him, any of which would have proved fatal. He was indeed a beauty, as large as a yearling steer, sleek and fat, with a magnificent head, finely shaped and adorned with a pair of large, spreading antlers which we were very careful to preserve with a view to having it mounted on our return to civilization, and using it as the band of the ancestral hall amid other trophies of the chase. We now whipped out our knives and proceeded to relieve him of his hide and to cut off the most edible portions, viz.: the loins, which we tied behind our saddles. The rest we were obliged to leave upon the ground, as we were a long distance from the ranch and could not carry a very large load.—W. Lynn Wilson in Detroit Free Press.

**A Johnstown Dug.**

A gang of men were at work with Johnstown removing debris. Soon they came upon a pile of logs in the shape of a cone at least a dozen feet high. The logs were in such a symmetrical shape that it looked as though they were put together by human hands. The cone was hollow, and as the men proceeded with their work they detected a small which suggested that there was a dead animal close at hand. Log after log was removed, when, to their amazement, they beheld a mastiff dog. The animal wagged his tail and whined when he saw the men, and seemed gladdened at the prospect of being liberated from his prison. In another portion of the same shaped cell was the carcass of a cow. By some freak of the rushing waters the dog and cow were caught in this pen, the cow being crushed in the jam of logs. The canine was sleek and fat when liberated, and looked none the worse for his two months' imprisonment.—Exchange.

**A Prentice Pig.**

In the year 1821, Czar Alexander visited the fortifications in the Crimea. He went personally to the quarters of each company at dinner time to see how they fared. Wherever he went he found an excellent dinner on the table, the principal feature of the meal being a small roast pig.

Prince Wolchonsky, who accompanied the czar, was of a suspicious nature, and it occurred to him that it was rather peculiar that each mess should have a roast pig, so he slyly cut off the pig's tail and put it in his pocket.

In the next quarters they visited there was a roast pig on the table, but lo and behold! it didn't have any tail. Prince Wolchonsky remarked to the czar that he thought the pig was an old acquaintance, and when the czar asked him what he meant, he produced the missing tail and fitted it to the amputated stump of the porker. As soon as the roast pig had been inspected in one house, before the czar could reach the next it was whisked out the back door and made to figure on the next table that was inspected.

Prince Wolchonsky had good cause to repent of his curiosity, as he acquired the eternal enmity of the general in command of the Crimea, and even the czar himself treated him with coldness and neglect ever afterward.—Texas Siftings.

**The Transformation Marriage Effects.**

"Marriage," said Jimson, "makes quite a transformation in a girl. When she is single she is one person; when she gets married she and her husband are one person; therefore she is then only half of one person, see?"

"Oh, you're away off," said Samson. "When she is single she is of course one person, as you say, but when she's married she becomes more than one person."

"How do you make that out?"

"When she's single she's *Miss*, but when she's married she's *Mrs.*"—Boston Courier.

**Diamonds in Walking Sticks.**

Among the novel patterns in walking sticks brought over from Paris there are some, and by no means the most bulky ones, which have proved very profitable to their owners. Several of them are to be seen at the present time in the limbo where smugglers' tools find government safe keeping. "As a matter of fact," said a customs detective, "I don't believe one-half the diamonds brought to this country pay any duty to the government. Look at this cane—a plain, straightforward piece of native bamboo it appears to be, doesn't it? It doesn't weigh over eight ounces, and the knotty head, where the bamboo's roots grew, with its little silver plate for the owner's name, looks the very pink of respectable property. Think cause over the ship's side a day or two ago carelessly held in the owner's hand. A cablegram had been sent from Berlin to the secretary of the treasury giving his name and address and the name of the ship on which he sailed, and the kind of article he was likely to smuggle. That description was sent to the collector here from Washington, and was given to me.

I met the steamer, and the first thing my eye rested on was that cane. I went through my friend's baggage; it was diamonds I had been told to look for, and found, as I expected, nothing suspicious. He smiled when I asked him to go into the search room, explaining that I regretted to have to obey such disagreeable orders, but that duty was duty, etc. He took it in good part, and I stripped him to the buff and found nothing. I was beginning to be puzzled. I looked in his mouth and in his ears and between his toes, and in every conceivable cache, but I found no diamonds. He smiled all the time, I thought perhaps he had swallowed the gems, and thought seriously of asking him to "take an emetic with me." But I couldn't go quite that far legal matter. He kept on smiling. At last an inspiration seized me. I picked up the cane, tossed that little silver name plate, found it yielded and opened inward, discovered that the whole of the naturally hollow bamboo was loaded, and lugged my game. By this time the smuggler had ceased smiling.—New York World.

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Following is the time of arrival and departure of trains at Butte on the new schedule, taking effect May 22, 1889.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT BUTTE.

No. 3. Montana Pacific Express, from St. Portland East, 9:20 p. m.
No. 1. Butte and Helena Express, 11:20 a. m.

TRAINS DEPART FROM BUTTE.

No. 3. St. Paul Atlantic Express, for St. Paul and East, 8:10 a. m.
No. 2. Butte and Helena Express, 3:00 p. m.

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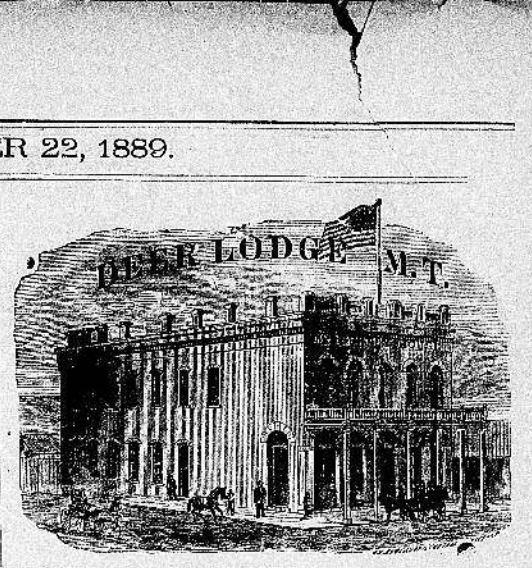


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Board and Room $2 and $2.50 per Day. Single Meal, 50 cents.

A Share of the Patronage of the Traveling Public is Respectfully Solicited.

### Mining Application No. 2433.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
HELENA, MONTANA, October 17, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that Jewell C. Alton, Silas F. Kipp and Nathaniel Preston, whose post-office address is Butte City, Silver Bow county, Montana Territory, have this day filed their application for a patent for 1500 lineal feet of the Excelsior lead, lode mining claim, 1500 lineal feet of the Excelsior extension lode mining claim, and 22.22 acres of placer mining ground, known as the HILDA placer mining claim, situated in Deer Lodge county, Montana, the position, course and extent of the said mining claim, and the said placer claim being described by the official surveys and described as follows, to wit:

The Excelsior lode claim No. 38, G. P. M., is 18 W. Beginning at the northeast corner, a stone post set firmly in the ground, 30 inches by 3 inches and marked 1—2—38, for cor. No. 1, from which the 1/4 cor. of Sections 1 and 12, T. 3 N., R. 3 W., bears N. 20 degs. 15 minutes W. 2,243.1 feet, and running thence S. 5 degs. 24 min. W. 600 feet, thence N. 85 deg. 36 min. W. 1500 feet, thence N. 5 degs. 24 min. E. 600 feet, thence S. 85 deg. 36 min. E. 1500 feet to place of beginning, containing 20.66 acres.

The Hilda placer claim, No. 11, Beginning at the northeast corner, a granite stone post, 30 inches long, marked 1—Hilda for cor. No. 1, from the 1/4 cor. of Sections 1 and 12, T. 3 N., R. 3 W., bears N. 20 degs. 15 min. W. 1,923 feet, and running thence S. 5 degs. 24 min. W. 1,320 feet, thence N. 85 degs. 36 min. W. 1,320 feet, thence N. 5 degs. 24 min. E. 1,320 feet, thence S. 85 degs. 36 min. E. 1,320 feet to place of beginning, containing 40 acres. 16.22 acres.

The location of the said Excelsior lode claim is recorded in the Recorder's office of Deer Lodge county, Montana, in Book X, at page 1, and in Book 3 of Mines, on page 1, and in Book 3 of Mines, on page 1, and in Book 3 of Mines, on