TRAGEDIES OF "TOO MUCH GOLD!"

TWO KLONDIKE PROSPECTORS AND THEIR ALASKAN INDIAN GUIDE, NEARLY DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION, PUSHING ONWARD IN A HOPELESS SEARCH FOR THE FABLED MOTHER-LODE OF THE KLONDIKE.

FALSE LEGENDS.

PHANTOM OF "TOO MUCH GOLD" CREEK LORELEI OF KLONDIKE.

It Is the Mother Lode—So Rich Are the Deposits of the Precious Metal That, the Tale Avers, No Indian Dares Show Them.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

SEATTLE, WASH., September 25.—A new peril is besetting the miners of the Klondike. That perennial fata morgana, the Indian legend, is leading the ever-credulous gold-seeker to starvation and possible death. This time it is known as "Too-Much-Gold" creek.

The story goes that hidden far north of Dawson City is a creek which no white man has ever viewed. Along the banks of this creek is the mother lode, or the source from which the glaciers of ancient days tore away the gold that has formed the placer mines of Alaska and the Klondike. Much credence is given to the statement by many of the miners, for the reason that scientists claim that the mother lode of the Alaska gold-fields is within 400 miles of where the first strike was made.

I cannot tell you what a dreadful phantasm this legend is. Of course, there is no truth in it. In all probability the tale originated in the mouth of some Indian who, for the sake of securing something from a party of white men, told what he claimed to be part of the momentous secret of "Too-Much-Gold" creek. The reason alleged for the Indians keeping the location of this secret is that they feared the effect of a find of such tremendous value upon the white man. To men who know the Indian, this philanthropic spirit is in the light of a gigantic joke. The idea of an Indian being solicitous about the welfare of a white man is so supremely ridiculous that it merits not even a moment's consideration.

One of the returned Klondikers—in fact, a dozen of them—have told me this story, and I recollect hearing vague rumors of it in my own trip to Dawson. But now come tales to us of death and disaster to human life and property, resulting from men forsaking all else and cleaving to the search for this ignis fatuus, "Too-Much-Gold" creek.

There seems to be no question as to the feeling that this legend has inspired, nor the smallest reason for doubt left of the resulting disaster. John McIntyre, a Scotchman, who went to the Klondike from Wisconsin—Juneau, I believe, is the name of the town—reached Dawson City among the first of the arrivals of the year. He made his way, assisted by Indians, through Chilkoot Pass, and from his guides heard the story of "Too Much Gold" creek. He believed it, and, forsaking his original purpose, started out in the direction his informants had told him the wonderful gold-fields lay.

None of the Indians would accompany him, because they said that if they did so, and other members of their tribe learned what they had done, they would be killed, for the chiefs of the tribes of Indians whose members were cognizant of the existence of this marvellous gold-field had forbidden any information thereof being conveyed to the whites.

Now, while all this may seem like an iridescent dream to those of us in comfortable homes, to the miner, the prospector, whose mind is filled with hopes of sudden wealth, such a tale possesses infinitely more probability. Circumstances alter cases just as they do people, and that I suppose is why hard-headed John McIntyre set forth alone, and with comparatively scanty provision, in search of a place superior in point of wealth to the storehouse of the Forty Thieves or King Solomon's mines.

Not a word has come from McIntyre. It is impossible that he should have managed to exist with his small outfit up to the present time without assistance. As near as can be judged from the story told by one of the Indians who was with him up to the time he entered upon his lonely pilgrimage, he started on what has proved his last journey in a northeasterly direction. That portion of British Columbia is, if possible, more bleak and sterile than that in the vicinity of the coast, and it takes, therefore, no vivid imagination to depict the fate that must have overcome the unfortunate illusionist.

Similar stories are also told of four different parties of men who have started through Chilkoot Pass accompanied by Indians, and have never been heard of since. It is impossible that the Indians should have murdered them, for in not a known case was a member of any of these parties what is known as a tenderfoot, and numerically each party was strong. All were hardly prospectors, to whom the Klondike simply offered a more profitable avenue for them to traverse than the calling they had followed for years.

Of course, there is always the possibility that this legend of the Indians may have a grain of foundation, but the chances are all to the contrary, for an Indian who speaks the truth is as rare as a white blackbird. Again, should the Indians really know of any such place of fabulous wealth, they are sufficiently shrewd to benefit thereby themselves, and not to excite the cupidity of white men by dilating upon such a subject as this.

This is not the first time that men have been led into the wilderness by a yellow will-o'-the-wisp. The early history of California, of Nevada, of every country, every State and Territory where gold has ever been mined in quantities, will always reveal the fact that the same sort of story has been told, and that in every case the fate of the credulous prospector has been the same. It is the search for the unattainable that causes more death among miners than the hard work incidental to actual mining.

That far north of Dawson still richer gold mines exist than have yet been discovered few persons are so foolish as to doubt. In fact, there is indisputable evidence thereof. From all that I can learn, however, "Too Much Gold" creek only exists in the imagination of the Indians. Sorry, indeed, will be the fate of every white man who attempts to woo Dame Fortune on this basis in a land where death, disease, and starvation bow before Mammon and then seek rest and solace in the grave.

GOLD IS EVERYWHERE.

Joaquin Miller Writes of Klondike—Little Danger of Starvation.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

DAWSON, NORTH OF THE KLONDIKE, DOMINION OF CANADA, August 16, via SAN FRANCISCO, September 15.—We got here yesterday morning, twelve days by boat from the headwaters of the Yukon, fourteen days from steamboat and tidewater, fifteen days from Juneau, Alaska; twenty days from Seattle, and twenty-three days from San Francisco. The trip can be made for less than $100, and can be made alone. I have met a man who got a canvas boat, packed it over the mountains alone, with his supplies, and came all the way alone. Of course, two or three together make things more comfortable. We did not lie down last night, looking for news—and such news.

WONDERFUL MINES.

There has never been such a mining camp in all history. I was in at the discovery of Idaho. I was even credited with the naming of Idaho. I saw something of Montana at the time of her childhood. But never have I seen a land of such gold-mines as there are here. Pat Galvin said last night in the presence of Alexander McDonald, the John Mackay of the Klondike: 'Next winter we will take out 200 tons of dust."

"Yes, I think we will do that, at least," quietly announced McDonald. They say McDonald is a very conservative man in his calculations. He made his millions by locating claims, having nothing at all to begin with but a rich claim, not a dollar to buy with. I hear he is probably the richest man in the world. "How long will it take to work out the mines—the mines in sight—Mr. McDonald?"

"More than ten years; then the second working will be easier and will pay to work."

"Mr. Galvin, how far up the Klondike is gold found?"

"As far as men have gone there is gold, but they have gone to bed rock in but five places further up than thirty miles."

"How many men can work to advantage as far as mines have been found?"

BOUND TO BE SUFFERING.

"As many as can come and bring their outfits. Be careful to advise everybody to bring their outfits for a year. You see we who live here will not hire them unless they have outfits and settle down in the cabins we build for them, and stay and take care of themselves. A man who is not well fed, and does not take care of himself cannot earn $5 a day, and mine-owners don't want them."

"Will there be any suffering here this winter?"

"There is always suffering anywhere, always is, but I have wintered all along here for twenty years and lived. There is a difference between mountaineers of good, practical sense, and a mob of exotic men, who know nothing of hardships."

Mr. Galvin is a noted newspaper man of Helena, Mont., and is one of the bonanza kings of the Klondike, an American citizens of Irish birth, and said to be entirely truthful and farsighted. They say when Pat says 200 tons it does not fall short of the mark, and they say his calculations will be fulfilled.

There is lots of talk about starvation and all that this coming winter, because no provisions are coming and water is lower this time than for years. There will be no starvation, and but little real suffering. There are 700 and 250 cattle (two bands) coming, but a little way back. Also 1,000 sheep that these dark prophets know not of. Besides, the snow does not fall deep, and man can travel up this river and its muddy banks better in winter than in summer. The mails go and come more regularly in winter than in summer. Men can go out, either up or down the river to tidewater, and to stores for supplies with ease and safety in the winter if the worst comes to the worst.

TYPHOID BREAKS OUT.

But, sad to say, there is going to be much sickness in this muddy, mushroom town. There have been thirteen doctors and eight cases of typhoid-fever. There are plenty of doctors; $200 a visit has been the bill. But, you see, the miners are run down by the excitement, exposure, and poor food, and die easily. Two miners, who held out for eighty thousand, died the third day after securing their gold. Three men have been found dead from heart-disease, they say, induced by too violent excitement. Good order, good nature, good heart prevail. Not a pistol to be seen. Any one with a pistol would be despised. There has not as yet been one personal encounter.

True, the piteous "half-world" is here. Almost 100 are here. The contests for her favors are always fearful and sometimes comical. For example, a newly-made millionaire arranged for a breakfast of ham and eggs by special invitation with a new arrival, and another new king, a rival, bought up all the eggs in Dawson at double cost, and even then did not win her.

Another young fellow, a Portuguese prince, said by some to be a retired bootblack, pays a woman $100 a day on condition that she does not speak to or dance with a certain miner. These are not fancy pictures of the life here. I have this last story from the man who has the sack and bonds for the party each day, and he pays it to the woman. I set these things down to show that gold is plenty. Gold is certainly plentier here than ever in California.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR AN ONION.

I found an onion in my pocket this morning that I had packed over the Chilkoot Pass on my back.

"I will give you a dollar for that," said a miner in the crowd who had come down to see our barge.

"No, sir; mother grew that onion in her garden, and the inquirer crowd eats that onion if I have to eat it myself."

After a while the man came back. "Say, I'll give you $5 for that big onion. I want it for my sick friend." He referred me to the doctor. Of course, he got it, and the crowd was glad when the money was refused.

You see, there is plenty to eat here, and there will be all the time, I believe, but such things as potatoes and green stuff are not to be had, and when a sick man wants them he wants them bad. A greenhouse would be a big fortune, and there is surely a good chance for one here. It is hotter here now than I ever saw it in Washington city, or even New Orleans. We are cautioned not to start over the hill to the mines until almost sundown, because of the intense heat. Of course, it is awful cold, but then it is awful hot when it is hot. We started to the mines this morning. The road is said to be muddy, and we wear calashes, a sort of long-legged moccasin with the hairy side in.

CHILDLIKE FAITH.

I never saw such humanity and such faith and trust in men; it is truly ideal. When you buy anything, whiskey or what not, you hand a man your sack, he takes it and walks back and weighs out what he wants. A tenderfoot soon falls into this way, and ceases to watch the merchant in a little while. There is not much mining being done. The rich men are in no hurry in getting more; they are making themselves comfortable, getting their friends about them, preparing to take out their money as they please.

It is said that there are about 2,000 men in the mountains prospecting. The most of them are on the headwaters of the Klondike and Stewart rivers, unexplored as yet. It is believed it will be proved that they will be great. Many men do not know how to prospect, or to mine, either. It is hard for some men to get work or to "get a lay." A "lay" is a sort of working on shares for the season.

I am told now that no one could work out one of these deep, rich mines in a lifetime. So the owners will sell off fractions, or let men work them on shares.

PRIMITIVE MINING.

I have met no one as yet here discouraged or disappointed. All say the situation exceeds their greatest expectations. But all old Californians laugh at the primitive way in which the men work the mines. There is no tail race, no drain—nothing of the sort. A man sinks a hole through two feet of moss, then from three to ten feet of muck, half frozen; often the first three feet, and the moss and muck are full of water when not frozen, so that it is impossible to work in warm weather, because of the water. Then there is from two to ten feet of gravel, gold bearing, then bed-rock. Think of hoisting the frozen ground up in a bucket by windlass and dumping this to one side to wait for flowing water in sudden warm spring. I never heard of such childish work in California. A miner would join in with all above him and below him and a cut for a claim would be made to the bed-rock through such claim, and a flood of water turned in to wet the ground and wash it away. This leaves the gold. Seeing how they are mining now I can understand why the second washing will pay better than the first, because they will handle the dirt as it is handled in California.

OVER THE DALTON ROUTE.

I will close now. I write this letter to be sent out partly by steamer and partly by horseback over the new Jack Dalton trail from Fort Selkirk, the destination of the steamer, thinking that it may possibly reach the Inquirer by this new steamboat line before the large package of matter sent out yesterday by United States mail. I may mention that by this new route, by steamer and horseback, there is no walking at all—one day by steamer, then ten days by horse, and you are at tidewater in Alaska, where we left the steamer City of Mexico.

Men first in on this new line say that their horses packed 200 pounds each, and that they expect to bring in supplies by this route all winter, then bring them down by sled, sixty miles from Fort Selkirk, to the Klondike; and this I believe, for I have spent most of my early life in snowy mountains, and they are not at all terrible when the snow is frozen and the horses are sharpshod.

No, there will be no starvation; the man who doubts that supplies will get here, where gold is waiting by the ton, miscalculates American energy. As for the gold here, I can only say as the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon: "Behold, the half was not told me!"

These September Days.

(Springfield Republican.)

Oh, tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire.

Emerson's daring and splendid trope fits these fine September days with so exquisite an expression that it is almost sacrilege to give it a lesser voice. But even as the crickets and grasshoppers play their light instruments in the autumn orchestra, and the cicada scrapes his harsh strings, and the katydid carries on his inconclusive accusations in the elms at evening, and these make a rich undertone of harmony which, with all its sharp accents, suits well with the sweeter messages of the breezes, the farewell notes of the birds, and the subtle throbbing diapason of Nature in these parting days—so the fragmentary thought and perception of the beauty of earth and its exhaustless meanings contribute somewhat in the same way to the comprehensive image of the seer.

What phase of Nature is more wonderful and mastering than the spell of these days of lingering farewell? Long since, in the later July, she foretelling came, one knew not how, in a day when the air breathed some quality that was not of summer. Then weeks followed without another hint of the impending change, when suddenly it came again, and the maples near to die began to redden and the ferns to blanch in the woods, and the key of fall was subtly sounded, not to be lost again except in northwest winds and snows. The Indian pipe and the beech-drops from the forest mold took the place of the pyrola and the pipsissewa, and the orchis family had the coral-root for representative, instead of the habenarias, and the myriad funguses arose to add rich hues to the neutral ground of the fallen leaves of former years, and along the roadsides the asters and golden-rods began to multiply in variety. Now they are all here, the copious glories of our fall, with their adagios of purple and lavender and white, their allegros of bright yellows and oranges, their generous modulations of tone—a simultaneous symphony, let us say, in which all the movements are performed at once, and yet all accord. Nature is not really like an orchestra, in sound or in its parallel of color, but as all beauty is correlated and congruous, her utterance is color and tone and feeling and thought, all in one and all at once—the discords lost in the greater spirit which informs the wondrous whole.

The sunlight in these long afternoons reaches into farther depths of the woods than it did in summer months; and in shadowy twilights where the ferns have scarce seen a ray sift through the lofty tops, they are now touched with long afternoon beams that linger and light them with gold, and their green grows tenderer of hue. The leaves of the trees are plainly growing thinner in texture, and they droop from their stems a little, and so the meshes of that wonderful screen are wider and the rays are not all caught, but steal through to the waiting heart of the earth, which has been warmed since the full delicious April sun awakened the hepaticas and arbutus. Now begin the fragrances of the forest herbs departing life, rising like sacred incense in a solemn temple, while the cheerful scents of the waysides and pastures without are as vivacious as the swift and busy existence of mankind itself—both phases of the same indwelling worship, shown in work and sport and meditation with an equal difference. All moods are satisfied in these September days, wherein the pulse of harvest is so keen, and all the fields are being cleared of their crops, and the fall plowing is being done for the next year's expectations, and the sweet rowen is mowed which the milch cows love for dessert and the young stock delight in when the winter comes.

The vapors in this fading vegetation lie close to the earth in the night hours, and are seen beneath the moon from the hilltops lying or lifting or wavering over the meadows as the mists of the streams mingle with them. The variance of the atmospheric effects from those of the summer are subtle, and yet few eyes do not detect, though they cannot define, the change that really has passed upon the face of earth, making more veil-like the blue tones of the mountain in the distance. The color now grows day by day in the woodlands. Maples always lead the glory with their red and golden boughs from the midst of green foliage; but rapidly follow the ash trees, with their olives, bronzes, and purples; and a white or gray birch turns yellow early here and there. The butternuts are leafless—'tis one of the trees which does not adorn the fall, but simply drops its withered brown leaves day by day till all be gone. One of the richest effects is made by the flowering dogwood, whose broad cordate leaves so blend sanguine hues with olive greens as to produce a superb harmony, which crowned by its corymbs of bright red berries, lights the under side of the woods. There are many of lesser trees and shrubs which give to the wayside a wealth of color unnoted in the general effect. But the glories of autumn are yet beginning, and still the general aspect of the forests is verdant.

Not so the fields. These are never so varied as now, where the tilth is upturned brown over many an acre, and the meadows are green with second growth or third, and the roadsides are so full of bloom; the buckwheat-fields, reaped or unreaped, enrich the slopes with wine-brown stretches, and the dead bents of the June grass make the pastures all a dusky white, except where the cinnamon fern is leather-brown or the dicksonia's gold-green masses command the steep side hill. The earth is green, is the common notion; but when one looks upon the earth in early autumn he sees it is many other colors besides, even before the forests have fairly begun to blossom. The infinite variety of notes in the color scheme of earth requires a lifetime to learn, and the special vocabulary of the artist to nominate. * * *

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We hear the autumn bemoaned as a season of death, and, indeed, superficially, it is such a season. But how superficially! For the truth is, to any one who observes nature and sees things sanely, the autumn is the season of promise. What hath been shall be, and the flowers that fade, the leaves that fall, are but forms of life that have fulfilled their functions, and pass life on to another year. So it is with our own human tenure. Its purpose is filled and its end has come. What, then, is this death that men fear, and which seems to our poor race the end of all? It is but the period put to the transient show, the pause in the eternal progress. What is not essential is stripped off, and in that which remains is the core and inner truth of life. That goes on endlessly, and human souls that have breathed the breath of that inner life go on as endlessly. No one else has so superbly expressed the true office of death as Sir Walter Raleigh: "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—Hic Jacet."

Old papers for sale at the Dispatch office.

OLD NORTH STATE

NEXT DEMOCRATIC FIGHT TO BE ON WHITE SUPREMACY.

REAPPOINTMENT OF AYCOCK.

Cook Entirely Out of the Race for District Attorneyship—Bitter Republican Opposition to Russell—Washington Personals.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 25.—(Special.)—"The next fight in North Carolina," said Mr. Gilliam, a prominent Democrat, of Tarboro', "will be on the record of the Republican-Populist legislation, and white supremacy. If the Democratic party can't win on that issue, it can't win on any. I am opposed to all dickering, and favor a straight fight, and that, I believe, is the dominant Democratic sentiment in the State. There is abundant evidence in all sections of the State of complete Democratic unity on this point."

Mr. Blair, a prominent banker of Winston, who did not vote for Mr. Bryan in the late election, expressed about the same views.

THE MONETARY COMMISSION.

Mr. J. W. Fries, of Salem, N. C., a member of the Monetary Commission, in session here, returns home to-night, expecting to come back on Monday. Nothing definite is given out about the labors of the commission, but Mr. Fries is entirely satisfied, he says, with the progress and harmony of the work thus far. The final results, he thinks, will be satisfactory to the country. The question of additional State banking facilities is one of the most interesting questions, he says, under consideration. It is intimated that the commission will relieve the congestion, and at the same time secure a uniform currency.

The questions before the commission are considered solely from the business standpoint. Politics, Mr. Fries says, are absolutely ignored, and whatever the outcome, it will be the dispassionate judgment of experience, sagacious, careful business-men, and methods.

AYCOCK'S REAPPOINTMENT.

The publication in the Dispatch exclusively, of Mr. Aycock's reappointment as United States Attorney for the Eastern District of North Carolina, brought Mr. Charles Cook hurriedly to Washington yesterday. He talked the situation over fully with Acting-Attorney-General Boyd, but failed in his efforts to effect the withdrawal of Colonel Boyd's opposition to his appointment. Speaking of the matter, Colonel Boyd said it was right that every Republican aspirant in the district should have his claims duly considered before the appointment is made, and the reappointment of Mr. Aycock, he said, has just that meaning. In this disposition of the matter Attorney-General McKenna concurs. It is now an open field, and all the aspirants for the place will have the same showing.

Mr. Cook is endorsed by Senator Pritchard, and so confident was he that he would get the appointment without question that he made no effort to secure other endorsements. It is not believed, however, that his appointment is a possibility.

It would be accepted, said a prominent North Carolina Republican, as recognition of Governor Russell, and amount to giving him that additional leverage in his avowed purpose to break up the Republican organization in the State.

OPPOSITION TO RUSSELL.

Visiting Republicans express intense opposition to Governor Russell, and openly assert that the organization will soon take the aggressive and repudiate his administration. On this account Mr. Cook's appointment is not seriously considered. Senator Pritchard's endorsement is the result of a promise made before the existence of pending complications, and is not in accord with Republican sentiment at this time.

Among the aspirants for the place are C. M. Bernard, endorsed by Representative Skinner; Oscar Spears, endorsed by State-Chairman Holton; Wheeler Martin, and two colored lawyers. The names of Captain Day, of Raleigh, and Colonel Edwards, of Oxford, are mentioned in the same connection. The matter will be taken up after the return of the President and Attorney-General McKenna.

BLACK BASS GALORE.

Large strings of black bass are being caught in the upper Potomac. About fifty were caught near the Anglers' Clubhouse, about three miles this side of Great Falls. A New Yorker who fished above the falls on the Virginia side of the river took in fourteen fish weighing from one to four pounds each.

PERSONAL.

M. McCormick, Norfolk; A. G. Hancock, Richmond; R. H. Cooke, Va.; R. S. Williams, Richmond—The Raleigh.

Rev. J. McNabb and son, of Virginia, are in the city, stopping at the Howard House.

C. J. Royster, North Carolina; J. E. and J. W. Yates, Virginia; Miss Cunningham, J. Jamieson, Virginia—The Howard.

B. M. Bibb, Louisa, Va.; M. H. Dwyer, wife, and child, Lynchburg, Va.; John S. Barbour, Culpeper, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Valentine, and Mrs. John Tyler, Richmond, Va.—The Metropolitan.

POSTAL.

Among the fourth-class postmasters commissioned to-day are the following: Davia P. Ferguson, Bryson City; Lucian E. Stirewalt, China Grove; W. T. Long, Forest City; Mary A. Timberlake, Wake Forest, N. C.; Charles G. Davis, Lincoln, Va.—money-order offices; and James C. Mather, East Durham, N. C.—not a money-order office.

JONES ON STATE ELECTIONS.

He Thinks Democrats Should Stand on Platform of '96.

ATLANTA, GA., September 25.—Hon. James K. Jones, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, in a reply to a communication asking a statement from him concerning the varied comments on his letter read before the recent meeting of the New York State Democratic Executive Committee, telegraphs as follows:

"Chicago, Ill., September 25, 1897.

"Editor Constitution: I have not deemed it my duty to interfere in State elections in any way, believing the Democracy of each State capable of managing its own affairs. While this is true, I hold the Democratic platform of 1896 to be an embodiment in all respects of Democratic principles, and that upon this all Democrats must stand.

"Of course, no State or local convention can, by any action or non-action, change a national platform in any respect whatever. It stands for itself.

(Signed) "JAMES K. JONES,
"Chairman National Democratic Committee."

Fertilizer Works at Staunton Burned

STAUNTON, VA., September 25.—(Special.)—Fire to-night destroyed the J. E. Graham fertilizer-works, in this city. There was but little stock on hand, so that the loss will amount only to about $2,000. Two Baltimore and Ohio railroad freight cars on an adjacent side track were destroyed.

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A GREAT CRICKET PLAYER.

The Indian Prince Ranjitsinhji, who has created a sensation in the English sporting world by his brilliant playing.

PRINCE AND AUTHOR.

A GENIUS WHO MAKES A POEM OUT OF PROSAIC CRICKET.

IT IS THE DELIGHT OF EUROPE.

At Last the Theory That No One of the Dynasty of Kings Could Produce a Literary Man Is Disproved—An Athlete and a Student.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch.)

LONDON, September 7.—At last the wreath of genuine literary genius seems to rest upon the brow of royalty, for all Europe is talking about the book that has been written by Prince Ranjitsinhji. It is on the prosaic subject of cricket, but really, it is a poem. Not for years has any new author braved the fierce light of public opinion with so magnificent a collection of the Queen's English so gracefully grouped. The Prince is an A1 literary lion.

It is very pleasant to be a Prince and a lion, too, even with so shocking a name as has this newest addition to the literary menagerie; but the best of it all is, that the Prince is really entitled to the honor of being considered one of the best of modern cricket players. For once, brain and brawn unite in one personality, and while the Prince may be a beef-eater, there is nothing beefy about his actions or his composition.

Nothing better illustrates the Prince's clever style in a book which is intended for nothing more than a treatise on a popular sport than this little extract from the second chapter: "A wicket keeper was once remonstrating with a fielder for not running a man out. 'Why, I threw it in like a book,' retorted the man. 'Yes, you did,' was the reply, 'but the preface and introduction were too long.'"

Prince Ranjitsinhji is a man of fascinating personality, and it is probable that even had his theories concerning cricket been dully set forth, he would still have found a host of readers merely for the sake of his personal charm and his proved practical ability.

A specimen of the writer's style will be read with interest. This is on university cricket: "No human institution is perfect; it will always tend to excess or defect. But how nearly perfect in its own way is cricket, and especially Oxford and Cambridge cricket. It is a game which keeps boys out of mischief. It is a training of youth for a manly life. It lays up a store of strength and health against old age. It makes individual men lifelong friends. It unites whole schools and universities. Learning itself has gradually learned to take up a different attitude towards cricket. It has discovered that the waste of time formerly imputed to cricket is really due to frivolity, that cricket is consistent with study, and that the cricketer makes a good schoolmaster. The truth is, that athletics are an integral part and a powerful support of all education, they make it popular. Oxford and Cambridge are like twin stars shedding the light of learning from a distance. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race and cricket match are the two anchors of the universities in the heart of the English people."

By the way of basis for all further comment, it must be stated at once that this book is the most complete and comprehensive treatise on cricket ever given to a cricket-loving world. It as greatly excels all previous works on the subject as its author himself excels, with, perhaps, one exception, all contemporary players of the game.

Ever since the days when Nero essayed the poet and made death the penalty of non-admiration of his ethics and sonnets, it has been the fashion among persons of royal blood to frequently affect literary tendencies. Even rough old Richard, the lion-hearted, lapsed into poetry once in awhile, and every one knows how the Duke of Marlborough, when first he paid court to Elizabeth, opened the way for his entry into her heart by dainty praise of a few lines she had written. And so it has come on down through the centuries, king and queen, prince and princess all essaying, but never really succeeding, to become literary lights; that is, upon a basis of merit.

Thus it is that not only England is positively delighted over this unexpected outbreak on the part of a prince, but all over Europe and in many a land where cricket is an utter stranger the people are buying the Prince's book, just because it is a good book and was written by a real prince. It seems odd enough that cricket should have been the subject which a prince should utilize to make royalty's first literary success, but it is so, and there is no denying facts.

Another odd truth is that the writer should really be no Englishman at all, but a scion of one of the kingdoms of India, whose ruler bows to none but England's Queen. A resident of this country since comparatively a child, the Prince has entered heartily into English sports, and though never losing his individuality or regretting the fact that he came from India, and was of foreign parentage, he has established a place for himself with which his royal ancestry has had nothing to do.

The book has brought to the attention of the public, also, the fact that any cricket team in England would be as glad to secure this royal author as any of the most ambitious mammas would be to secure him as a partner for their daughters. Then, too, the Prince is rich. If he wished to, he could literally roll in wealth. He has more lakhs of rupees than he knows what to do with. Despite all the honors that are so thick upon him, he is a simple, plain, yet thoroughly polished gentleman, a good fellow, and a genuine man.

No batsman has so entirely won the heart of the public as the brilliant young Indian, who, after playing for Mr. Stoddart's team in Australia, is going to return, for a time, to the land of his birth. Had he been one of our own people his genius for cricket would, of course, have made him famous, but without any disparagement of his powers it may be questioned if he would have become quite such an idol. The fact of his being an Indian, and yet able to hold his own in the front rank with the finest players in the world, has in an extraordinary degree laid hold of the public imagination. He had to wait for his chance, his remarkable skill being so little understood at Cambridge that it was not until his last year that he got his colors, and played against Oxford at Lord's. In his Cambridge days he was not by any means the batsman he is now, but the talent must have been there, if only there had been eyes sufficiently keen to discern it. In this connection a most frank and ample apology was made by Mr. F. S. Jackson at Cambridge last October, on the occasion of the complimentary dinner to the Prince.

The Indian batsman made a truly sensational first appearance for Sussex, his opening match for the county being against the M. C. C. at Lord's on May 9th, 10th, and 11th. It was a wonderful game, 1,227 runs being scored in the three days, and the M. C. C. only winning at the finish by the narrow margin of 19. Sussex went in to get 405, and actually scored 385 before their last wicket fell. Ranjitsinhji made 77 not out and 150. Since the oft-quoted instance of Ricketts's 195 not out for Lancashire against Surrey at the Oval in 1867, there has never been quite such an astonishing debut in a county eleven. Ranjitsinhji proved a tower of strength to Sussex. Great as his triumphs were in 1896, however, Ranjitsinhji did still better last year, when he proved himself beyond all dispute the most brilliant batsman of the season. He came out first in batting in first-class matches, averaging 87, with an aggregate of 2,780 runs. His aggregate was the highest on record, beating Mr. W. G. Grace's 2,739 in 1871.

The Land of "Make Believe."

(Ida Goldsmith Morris in Youth's Companion.)

It lies in the distance dim and sweet,
On the borders of Long Ago,
And the road is worn by the little feet
That have journeyed there to and fro;
And though you may seek it by night or day,
The task you will never achieve,
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

Clad in their armor of Faith they ride
On the wings of their fancy fleet,
And we hear, as we listen and wait outside,
The echo of laughter sweet.
It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,
It brightens the hearts that grieve,
Till we wish we could follow and enter there
In the land of "Make Believe."

And oh, the wonderful tales that are told
Of the marvellous sights they see!
For the weak grow strong and the young grow old,
And are each what they wish to be.
Oh, the deeds of valor, the mighty things—
Too bold for mind to conceive!
But these are everyday happenings
In the land of "Make Believe."

Would you follow the print of the tiny feet?
You must walk as they, undefiled.
Would you join in their fancies pure and sweet?
You must be as a little child.
But in vain should we seek it by night or day,
The task we should never achieve;
For only the little ones know the way
To the land of "Make Believe."

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