

### MILLIONS IN DREAMS.

By Mark Twain.

The following highly interesting letter written thirty-four years ago by Mark Twain to the first California Pioneers to make the trip East over the new Union Pacific Railroad to express his regret that he could not be present at their banquet in New York has just been brought to light in Elmira, N. Y. The great humorist has been pilot, printer, miner, traveler—everything, in fact—and now that he is preparing for another trip abroad he is overhauling his literary effects and finding letters and manuscripts long forgotten. This is one of them:

**G**ENTLEMEN: Circumstances render it out of my power to take advantage of the invitation extended to me through Mr. Simonton and be present at your dinner in New York. I regret this very much, for there are several among you with whom I would like to join hands with on the score of old friendship, and I suppose I would have a sublime general right to shake hands with the rest of you on the score of kinship in California ups and downs in the search of fortune.

If I were to tell some of my experiences you would recognize California blood in me, I fancy. The old, old story would sound familiar, no doubt. I have the usual stock of reminiscences. For instance, I went to Esmeralda early.

I purchased largely in the Wide West, the Winnemucca and other fine claims and was very wealthy. I fared sumptuously on bread when flour was \$200 a barrel and had beans every day when none but bloated aristocrats could afford such grandeur. But I finished by feeding batteries to a quartz mill at \$15 a week and wishing I was a battery myself and had somebody to feed me. My claims in Esmeralda are there yet.

I suppose I could be persuaded to sell. I went to the Humboldt district when it was new. I became largely interested in the Alba Neva and other claims with gorgeous names, and was rich again—in prospect. I owned a vast mining property there. I would not have sold out for less than \$400,000 at that time—but I will now. Finally I walked home—some 200 miles—partly for exercise and partly because stage fares were expensive.

Next I entered upon an affluent career in Virginia City. And by a judicious investment of labor and the capital of friends became the owner of about all the worthless wildcat mines there were in that part of the country.

Assessments did the business for me there. There were 117 assessments to one dividend and the proportion of income to outlay was a little against me. My financial thermometer went down to 32 degrees Fahrenheit and the subscriber was frozen out. I took up extensions on the mainland—extensions that reached to British America in one direction and to the Isthmus of Panama in the other—and I verily believe I would have been a rich man if I ever found those infernal extensions. But I didn't. I ran tunnels till I tapped the Arctic Ocean, and I sunk shafts till I broke through the roof of perdition, but those extensions turned up missing every time.

I am willing to sell all that property and throw in the improvements. Perhaps you remember the celebrated North Ophir? I bought that mine. It was very rich in pure silver. You could take it out in lumps as big as a filibert. But when it was discovered that those lumps were melted half dollars, and hardly melted at that, a painful case of "salties" was apparent, and the undersigned adjourned to the poorhouse again.

I paid assessments on Hale & Norcross till they sold me out, and I had to take in washing for a living—and the next month that infamous stock went up to \$7000 a foot. I own millions and millions of feet of affluent silver leads in Nevada—in fact, I own the entire undercrust of that country, nearly, and if Congress would move that State off my property so that I could get at it, I would be wealthy yet. But no, there the squats—and here am I. Failing health persuades me to sell. If you know of any one desiring a permanent investment I can furnish him one that will have the virtue of being eternal.

I have been through the California mill, with all its "dips, spurs and angles, variations and sinuosities." I have worked there at all the different trades and professions known to the catalogue. I have been everything from a newspaper editor down to a cowcatcher on a locomotive, and I am encouraged to believe that if there had been more occupations to experiment on I might have made a dazzling success at last and found out what mysterious design Providence had in view in creating me.

But you perceive that, although I am not a pioneer, I have had a sufficiently variegated time of it to enable me to talk pioneer like a native, and I feel like a Forty-Niner. Therefore, I cordially welcome you to your old remembered homes and your long deserted firesides, and close this screed with the sincere hope that your visit here will be a happy one, and unembittered by the sorrowful surprises that absence and lapse of years are wont to prepare for wanderers; surprises which would come in the form of old friends missed from their places; silence where familiar voices should be; the young grown old; change and decay everywhere; home a delusion and disappointment; strangers at the hearthstone; sorrow where gladness was; tears for laughter; the melancholy pomp of death where the grace of life had been.

With all good wishes for the Returned Prodigals and regrets that I cannot partake of a small piece of the fatted calf (rare and no gravy), I am, yours cordially, MARK TWAIN.

To the California Pioneers, Elmira, October 11, 1869.

### PASTELS IN PORK.

Old Gorgon's Letter to His Son on "Conversation."

**D**EAR PIERREPONT: Yours of the fourth has the right ring, and it says more to the number of words used than any letter that I have ever received from you. I remember reading once that some fellows use language to conceal thought; but it's been my experience that a good many more use it instead of thought.

A business man's conversation should be regulated by fewer and simpler rules than any other function of the human animal. They are:

- Have something to say.
- Say it.
- Stop talking.
- Beginning before you know what you want to say and keeping on after you have said it lands a merchant in a lawsuit or a pothouse, and the first is a short cut to the second. I maintain a legal department here, and it costs a lot of money, but it's to keep me from going to law.
- It's all right when you are calling on a girl or talking with friends after dinner to run a conversation like a Sunday-school-excursion, with stops to pick flowers; but in the office your sentences should be the shortest distance possible between periods. Cut out the introduction and the peroration, and stop before you get to secondly. You've got to preach short sermons to catch sinners; and deacons won't believe they need long ones themselves. Give fools the first and women the last word. The meat's always in the middle of the sandwich. Of course a "little" butter on either side of it doesn't do any harm if it's intended for a man who likes butter.
- Remember, too, that it's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom. Say less than the other fellow and listen more than you talk; for when a man's listening he isn't telling on himself and he's flattering the fellow who is. Give most men a good listener and most women enough notepaper and they'll tell all they know.

While as to play, of course your future is going to take so much time and thought that you won't have a very wide margin left for golf—especially in the afternoons. I simply mention this in passing because I see in the Chicago papers which have been sent me that you were among the players on the links one afternoon a fortnight ago. Golf's a nice, foolish game, and there ain't any harm in it so far as I know except for the balls—the stiff balls at the beginning, the lost balls in the middle and the highballs at the end of the game. But a young fellow who wants to be a boss butcher hasn't much daylight to waste on any kind of links except sausage links.

Of course a man should have a certain amount of play, just as a boy is entitled to a piece of pie at the end of his dinner, but he don't want to make a meal of it. Any one who lets sinkers take the place of bread and meat gets bilious pretty young; and these fellows who haven't any job, except to blow the old man's dollars, are a good deal like the little niggers in the pie-eating contest at the county fair—they've got a plenty of pastry and they're attracting a heap of attention, but they've got a stomach-ache coming to them by and by.

From "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.



# ME-OWS OF A KITTY

BY KATE THYSON MARR...

**T**HERE is a tide in the affairs of men that launches them out on the sea of matrimony, where the life-saving station seems mighty far off, and the rescue band minds its own business.

When matrimony goes on a strike love loses its pin feathers.

That one old apple has caused more dyspepsia than any other old thing on record.

When a man pays his wife to "kiss and make up" he mortgages both his peace and his purse.

A woman thinks herself most happy when she is miserable about the man she loves.

Never follow anybody's advice unless you want to go a long way out of your way.

The only thing a woman don't want because it's cheap is—a cheap man. People always tell the truth when they tell what they think of you behind your back.

The don't worry clubs are never overstocked with people who want to live in \$50 flats on \$10 incomes.

Some people make you feel as if you were upholstered with fly paper. Can a fat man be real square?

The fellow who plays the bass drum may make an awful noise, but he isn't the best musician in the band.

The man who gives a woman away is too mean to be generous.

The things that we intend to do always give us so much satisfaction. A breach of promise suit takes all the conceit out of a man.

Even the height of folly is sometimes a mighty low business.

A man may pray for bread, but he never prays for a drink. He must have the price.

When a woman falls in love, has she met with an accident? A man often thinks he's mighty independent when he's only henpecked. Charitable performances often bring large receipts in soothing syrup advertisements.

A man may often thank his lucky stars that he can't take the woman who is presented to him.

When a woman falls in love easily she does not have enough bruises to leave a scar.

Some men know they are great, some think they are great and some are just plain every-day fools.

It is strange that so many people when trying to commit suicide send word to some one just in time to be caught in the act.

All through life we write our own epitaphs.

Patience is the key that worries out the combination.

In prosperity you are "IT."

In adversity you are "NIT."

Hardship is a sorry old stepmother, but she nurtures no weaklings.

There's not much risk in giving a fellow an extra jolt after he's been knocked out.

If you splash your life with ink it takes a pretty good solution to wash out the stains.

Taking care of other people's morals is a large-sized contract.

When a wife gives a husband a piece of her mind he is seldom polite enough to say "Thank you."

Love is a confidence game played by the cleverest of swindlers.

Never get too familiar. Even a husband and wife may become disgustingly familiar.

There are no elevators running up and down the ladder of fame.

The woman who objects to a cigar may find the cigar the more desirable companion.

The follies of the rich are always ridiculed by those who cannot afford the price.

A first-class scrub woman may be fatally ruined by a college education.

Scientists say music destroys mosquitoes. If the brass band played the "Good Old Summer Time" and the drum corps made it dizzy, of course it would kill the pesky thing. Science is so ingenious.

When a man proposes but once he has acted from a sense of duty, and thank's the girl who said "No."

Realities and not theories count up enough to pay the bills.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to have the wrong man hanging around making love to her.

When a woman learns to cater to a man's appetite it's time for him to put his heart in cold storage.

True friends tell you things you don't want to know.

An empty pocket has an awfully sorry sort of feeling.

If money is the root of evil, some good old times dangle from the branches.

A wise woman thinks she knows her husband, a fool is sure she does; and the old man just smiles.

KATE THYSON MARR.

### ORACLE'S SLY TIPS.

By S. E. Kiser.

**M**ULBERRY CENTER, Aug. 20.—I was talkin' to Judge Miller the other day about the bond strengthenin' bizness that's goin' on, and him and me came to the conclusion that it's a good thing to encourage.

"The only way that civilization can ever accomplish her hyperbolic purpose and take her place as the grand circumlocutory luminant in the pharmacopoeia of human affairs," said the Judge, "is by the strengthenin' of bonds. I honor the German Emperor for what he has done in this line, for who knows what would have happened over that Venezuelan bizness if the bonds hadn't been good and strong at the time. That case shows how handy strengthenin' bonds come in once in a while in times of need. I see William is going to send his brother and his boy over here again next summer to strengthen the bonds some more. I s'pose he has a sneakin' notion of sendin' a fleet of his warships to South America again before long.

"King Edward's in the bond strengthenin' bizness, too. Look at the way England and France are makin' it pleasant for each other lately. Each side wants to grab off a few more chunks of Africa before the other can get it and they see what a good thing it'll be to have the bonds as strong as possible so as to prevent hard feelin's.

"Nobody has started in to strengthen any bonds with King Pete of Serbia yet, because he doesn't seem to have a string attached to anything that the rest of them want, and if he had they might think it was cheaper to just go and take it without runnin' up any wire bills. That's one disadvantage of not havin' a large votin' population. In the categorical and protoplasmic exegesis of human activity when you think of doin' something that a bigger man than you may not like it is always well to make him believe you're doin' it in a friendly spirit.

"This bond strengthenin' dodge reminds me of a case that come before me once when I was Justice of the Peace down in Adams county. A man named Baker wanted to buy a farm and had the cash ready to pay for it. Lon Richards and Ed Robinson both had farms that Baker liked and he didn't hardly know which one suited him best. While he was tryin' to make up his mind about it Robinson went to Richards and told him neither one of them ought to think of sellin' out for less than \$50 an acre. Richards said he'd be willin' to sell for forty-five.

"Don't you do it," says Robinson. "Your old father would turn over in his grave if he knew you let this place go for that price. Stick to fifty. This man don't want my farm and I dunno as I care to sell anyway, so all you have to do to get your price is to make him believe when he comes around again that you've given up the idea of lettin' the farm go. Human nature's a queer thing. The minute a man gets to thinkin' he can't have something he didn't want very much before he's crazy to get it. Of course it's nothin' to me, but we've always been friends and I want you to have all you can get. There's some people I wouldn't put myself out to help along on in the world, but blood's thicker than water, so there's a bond of relationship between us that ought to make us kind of stand together."

"Richards thought it was blamed kind of the other fellow to come to him honest like that, and he made Robinson stay to dinner and they killed a chicken and talked about human nature and almost felt like brothers. The next day the man that wanted the farm come to see Richards and offered him forty-five dollars an acre for his place.

"Nope," says Lon. "I don't believe I care to sell. You see my old daddy cleared most of this land with his own hands and I'm kind of attached to it, so I wouldn't take less than fifty anyway."

"That afternoon Robinson sold out for forty-five an acre and Richards was so mad when he heard about it that he went over and called Ed out in the road and licked him so he could hardly get out of bed for a week. When the case came up before me I asked Robinson why he done it and he said:

"Why, you see there's a family tie between us and he seemed so friendly and kind of grateful because I had thought of his poor old dead father's feelin's that I didn't s'pose he'd care. But some people are so blamed selfish that they forget all about the sacred bonds of friendship whenever they have a chance to make a little money."

"I wouldn't be surprised," says the Judge, "if it was a good deal that way with some of these Emperors and Kings that are busy strengthenin' the bonds. The ties that bind'll snap mighty sudden, that minute one of 'em sees that one of the rest is gettin' the best of it in a real estate deal somewhere, and it ain't always safe to bet too heavy on human nature, because the bluffs that work are the only ones we ever hear much about."

The more I think about the bond strengthenin' question the more I can't help believin' the Judge is right.

Us white folks get Booker Washington up from the South and tell him how we love the negro and are goin' to help him rise in the world, and the next day, feelin' that the bonds are good and strong, we chase a few black men into a corner and elevate them with ropes. We are all God's children. Let us remember that, and the man who forgets to hold on to his pocket-book when some other chap comes along tellin' him they are brothers, made from the same clay and bound for the same goal, may have to borrow money to get home.

George Prentice went into bizness up to the city and done well, too. I guess he's got a million or so to-day. After a while Jim got promoted and he went up to the city, too, and the first thing we knew they'd made him general passenger agent. One day George Prentice came into Jim's office and told him how glad he was to see that his talents had got recognized.

"I always knew," said George, "that you'd get there, and it seems to me that we ought to keep up the old ties. There's no friend like the old friends, you know, and us comin' from the same town, we ought to kind of stand together. Say, I like to go back to see the folks every little while, and you couldn't fix me out with a pass, could you?"

### WHY NOT BE HAPPY?

By "The Parson."

**F**OR some reason people who go out into the fields at this season of the year to pick berries often have a singular experience. As they glean from bushes right about them they catch sight of other bushes a little distance away and suddenly they become aware of the fact that the berries within grasp are small and few while over beyond there appears to be an abundance of large and luscious fruit. So off they go in a hurry, scrambling over the fence, perhaps, barking their shins maybe, but eager to enter the land flowing with milk and honey. But when they arrive—oh, what a disappointment. Not a bit bigger are the berries, not a bit more plentiful. It is the same old story of a good many leaves and brambles and here and there only a prize worth putting into the basket. And yet for an entire afternoon a person will experiment in this fashion until he has roamed the pasture through and come back to the place whence he set out, a considerably wiser and perhaps a trifle sadder man for his repeated disappointments.

This experience in the berry patch is typical of a big section of human life. We do not always realize when we are well off. We take up our abode at a summer resort and before we have been there a day we are restless to be up and away. We think that we shall find a better table at the next watering place. Well, the table may possibly be better, but the flies may be more numerous and pestiferous. The point is that we are looking at all the advantages of the place where we are through the small end of the telescope and all the attractions of the place where we think we would like to be through the large end.

Mothers there are who lose all the satisfaction to be had day by day from contact with and ministry to their small children because their ambitions leap forward to the time when their children shall be out in the world, doing great things and reaping a large harvest of fame. "Then," says the aspiring mother to herself, "how free I shall be from the strain of this constant care as they hang upon my skirts all day long and how proud I shall be of their successes." Poor woman! How little she realizes that by and by she may look back to these days when she is all and all to her little ones as the happiest days of her life.

Many of us imagine we would be better off if we were doing some other kind of work. Now the pay is small and the hours are long. But who knows if we had what seems to be a softer job we should be really any better off. In our present employment we have acquired a certain capital of experience which we might forfeit if we engaged in another vocation. We have learned to adjust ourselves to our fellow-workmen and we should have to learn to affiliate with an entirely new set of men.

One day recently I met a minister who I happened to know was extremely restless in his parish five years ago. He was then writing letters to his friends asking them to open a door for him into another field. But when he met me afterward he began at once to talk enthusiastically about the church which he has served for over ten years. "You are all over your restlessness, aren't you?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," was his quick reply. "I wouldn't leave my parish now for anything." I honor that man for living down his discontent for working out his professional problem, for winning his battle. In view of his record to-day how inglorious it would have been to have quit his task five years ago when it was only half completed.