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INLAND YACHTING.

EX-COMMODORE DILWORTH'S CRUISE IN THE DELAWARE CANAL.

Down the Delaware to William Penn's First Landing Place.

"Tell me something about your yachting cruises, Commodore," said a reporter to ex-Commodore W. H. Dilworth, of the New Jersey Yacht Club. The Commodore has lately returned from a cruise made in his yacht, the Dare Devil, through the Delaware and Raritan Canal and down the Delaware river. The Commodore, a middle-aged man of fine physique, his face brown with the tan of outdoor exposure, looked the picture of health; and, in that off-hand, genial manner which is common to those only who, while journeying through this checkered life, "live by the way," replied cheerfully to the reporter's request, "With pleasure if you think it would interest the *Telegram*. Take a seat. I left the anchorage off the New Jersey club house at eight a. m., on July 11th, with my three sons as a crew. My business, you know, is very confining all the year round, and I think that more or less outdoor exercise is needed by every man to preserve his health, and in my own case I know that as a pleasurable exercise yachting agrees with me.

"My yacht is 28x12x3, sloop rigged, with a large cockpit, and I fitted her for this trip expressly to live—cook, eat, drink and sleep—on board of her during my absence from home. I provided her with indiarubber beds that could be inflated to sleep upon, but would stow compactly when not in use. The seats of the cockpit I fitted to turn up all around so as to make room, and I had a tent made of No. 8 duck that I could secure to the boom and stop down at its sides to eyebolts screwed in the coaming of the cockpit. Besides this my awning, made to cover the boat from mast to taffrail, I could put over all when it rained, which made the protection against the weather as perfect as it could be. We were dry always. I had, too, and oil stove with which we could cook for six men. This was fitted in a metal case, one side of which could be let down and the top served as a seat when it was not in use.

"The wind was light when we started and we sailed down outside of Staten Island. Off Red Bank light in the afternoon a terrific squall came up and I anchored there. I saw, while lying at anchor there, something I never saw before—a waterspout. It made up, apparently, in a large creek and was, I think, forty feet high with a diameter of ten feet, which decreased very fast as it travelled down toward us. It was seething and foaming at the top in form like a palm tree, boiling in fact, and it passed within a hundred yards of us. Had it hit us our cruise would probably have ended right there. At nine p. m., we made New Brunswick and entered the Delaware and Raritan Canal for our tour through to the Delaware of forty-three miles. We were towed by four mules and the expense for towage was, $7; for tolls, $2.28. It took us eighteen hours to go through, part of which was, of course, in the night. The average towing time is sixteen hours, and those going through should time their trip so as to have daylight all the time, as I did on my return. It is much more pleasant.

"The canal is about sixty feet wide, and the scenery along its banks is enchanting. The country there is in a high state of cultivation, vegetables, corn, etc., growing luxuriantly. We met many crafts on our way of all descriptions, and the journey through was anything but monotonous. Next day, with a light wind, we started down the Delaware river, for Philadelphia, thirty-eight miles. We saw all types of river craft on the river and some few yachts lying at anchor. We passed Beverley, Bristol and Burlington, at which places there are some handsome residences, and the scenery along the shores on both sides of the river is highly romantic. Below Philadelphia, and in a strong head tide with a light wind, I tried to work an eddy off Petty's Island, and I touched our centreboard on the mud—strained it a little, perhaps, but met with no other mishap, and finally arrived at the headquarters of the Quaker City Yacht Club, behind Windmill Island, on the Camden side. I was shown much attention by th Quaker City yachtsmen, some fifty of whom came aboard of the Dare Devil, the next day. They admired my yacht model, for they have nothing there of her size so sharp. Their open boats are all about twenty feet long, their cabin sloops about thirty-eight to forty-five feet on the keel, some being very pretty crafts. I saw several old New York yachts there, We stayed there until Tuesday (arrived on Saturday) and then started down the river for our destination—Fort Penn.

"Below Philadelphia the navigation is difficult, as between it and League Island there are many ugly sand bars. Half way between Chester and Marcus Hook a storm came up and I dropped 'killick,' rigging my tent and coverings and rode the storm out. I always take such things—wind, rain, etc.—at anchor. It is, in my opinion, genuine yachting tactics. When it moderated we made sail and worked down the river on our way to Penn's Grove. The tide was running against the wind, and there was a nasty chop. Penn's Grove is a pretty place opposite Wilmington, Delaware, and is a pleasure resort. It has some of the most beautiful willow trees in the country and the shade afforded is delightful. It claims to be, also, the first place where the great Quaker landed. Here we replenished our stores—ice, soda, lemons, etc., and resumed our voyage. We passed the old town of Newcastle—oldest settlement on the Delaware—stopped at Delaware City, where the Delaware and Chesapeake canal enters the Delaware river, and then went on to Fort Penn. Here I left the boat with my boys and went on to my peach farms for a day or two. On my return I visited Fort Delaware, opposite Delaware City, with a party of ladies that I took for a sail.

"It was against orders to land, but the ladies got inside of the fort before I found it out, in fact no fort was ever carried more determinedly. The good natured sergeant, in the name of the Secretary of War, ordered us off (he was fishing on the wharf), but the ladies would not go. We held the fort. From Fort Penn, on our return home, we went up the river to Salem, New Jersey. This is a quaint old town, has some manufactories and was well worth visiting.

"We stayed here two days, when, with a fair wind, we sailed up to Philadelphia (fifty miles) in seven hours. It was a glorious run. Up from Philadelphia to Bordentown, however, was better. We sailed thirty-eight miles in three hours and forty minutes by the watch. Of course some tide was with us. At Bordentown we stayed three days. It is a delightful place, and has much historical interest attached to it. Fascinating traditions linger around the property once owned there by the Bonaparte family, and the old residents speak with respect of them to this day. It is romantically situated, and some of the houses built by Joseph Bonaparte still remain. It was purchased by a Philadelphian (Mr. Beckwith), now dead, and is for sale. No towing on the canal is done on Sundays, so I remained there all day.

"We arrived at New Brunswick the next day, and were seven hours from there around Staten Island to our anchorage off the club house at Hoboken, having been gone nearly four weeks. I enjoyed the inland cruise very much, I can assure you, and I shall not only repeat it at some future time, but extend it as far as possible."

Over the Rockies.

F. D. D. in the Fargo *Argus* has the following to say about Bozeman and the surrounding country: "We were permitted to ride on the locomotive up to the summit and down the opposite side to Bozeman. The scenry is beyond description and as the iron horse puffed and tugged away up the steep mountain around sharp curves, or over high trestles, the excitement was very pleasant and at times awful. Ascending far above and right over the Bozeman tunnel, we reach the summit and begin the descent. This is the part of the ride where one instinctively sits light in the seat or leans to the side nearest the mountain. The run down the slope is made without steam and with the air breaks on all the way down. The descent is made very slowly, and every precaution is taken by the road to guard against accident.

Reaching Bozeman safely, we change engine and glide away through the lovely Gallatin valley, which is thirty miles wide and very beautiful, interspersed with groves, grain fields and grazing lands. On the east side of this extensive valley, along the base of the mountains crops are successfully raised without irrigating. But as we glide westward over 18 miles of track without a single curve and as smooth as any in the west, one sees on every hand the extensive irrigating canals running for many miles in every direction. In the west part of the Valley we are pointed out by the owner his extensive ranch and shown oats which will go 75 bushels, and wheat promising 40 bushels to the acre; all grown by irrigating desert land. Harvesting in Montana begins in September or the last part of August. The valleys between Bozeman and Helena are much wider than those of the Yellowstone and its tributaries and are more beautiful than any brush or pen can paint them.

Ed. Stone, of all men in Montana, knows how best to mingle business and pleasure, and no man can throw a fly farther up a narrow crooked trout stream or more gracefully flip out the little speckled beauties than can he. During the afternoon ride we caught about 40 fine fish and broiled on sticks just flapping and fresh from the water over a fire kindled between the stones, they afforded the best supper imaginable and sleep was sweet after the day's sport.

Expenses at the Park.

From the Forest and Stream.

The recognized authority among sportsmen, republishes the article recently in the CHRONICLE regarding prices charged by the Park Improvement Company, and adds the following: "We are tired of this Improvement Company. When it was attempting to obtain its lease of the whole Park, it professed, as our readers will no doubt remember, to be working wholly for the benefit of the public. It fairly enivelled when the suggestion was made that it was tring to put the reservation in its pocket for ten years. It could not endure to be so misjudged. Well, this scale of rates will tell the public just about how far this Company is working for its good. The people can judge for themselves. For our part, we are glad to see these exorbitant charges made, charges which fairly rival those of New Port, Long Branch, Saratoga, and Lake George, and exceed those of other almost equally fashionable summer resorts. Such rates cannot fail to induce other parties to build in the Park, so that there will be some competition. We have a word for the private ear of those of our readers who are able and willing to sleep in a tent. Stop on your way to the Park in Bozeman. Hire horses, wagon, pack-saddles, and buy your provisions and mess kit there. Either bring your tents with you from the East, or buy them in Bozeman. The first way is the best. Then go to the Park on horseback, and have nothing whatever to do with the Improvement Company. By taking this course you will save one-half of what you would otherwise spend, will have a freedom which you could not enjoy if you were dependent on the hotels, and will not be at the mercy of a set of cormorants, who, if we may judge by present indications, will soon share the unenviable notoriety of the Niagara hackman. We have traveled in the Park in the way we recommend to others, and look back on that trip as the most delightful of the very many which we have made north, east, and west, through this country. Of course there will be a great many who, because accompanied by ladies unaccustomed to the supposed hardships of a life in camp, cannot avail themselves of our advice. Such unfortunates have our sympathy, and them we turn over with a sigh to the tender mercies of the Improvement Company. We shall take pains to keep ourselves informed as to how matters go in the Park this summer, but besides this we should be glad to receive, from any and all of those who go there, reports on all matters connected with it—where they go and how they are treated."

He who through many changes to which every life is subject cultivates the power of adapting himself to those changes, and also to the new set of circumstances resulting therefrom, possesses a magic talisman against all the vicissitudes of life. So our lives go on; the river ends, we do not know where, and the sea begins.

IT IS FINISHED.

THE LAST SPIKE HAS BEEN DRIVEN.

The Northern Pacific Completed at 3 O'clock Wednesday.

Helena Independent.

Bright an early the men of both divisions ate a hasty breakfast and then started in to get to the red flag first, or break something. They worked like heroes, and, as was remarked yesterday, each man strained himself as if he was personally responsible for getting there on time. At the time the excursion arrived on the ground the ends were less than two miles apart, and were closing as fast as muscle could accomplish it.

The visitors took a position under a tree near the central point marked by the red flag, and waited anxiously to see which side would win. In a few minutes the tie distributing gang moved up from the west, laying the ties in place as fast as a man would walk. In fifteen minutes more, the tie men from the east came round the bend a half mile east, and it was but a few minutes until every tie was straightened and ready for the rails.

Then came a pause while awaiting the tracklayers, who were not yet in sight, from either direction. In about a half an hour those from the west came around a point a quarter of a mile distant. Steadily they marched (or warked) toward the red flag (the winning point), like an army of well-drilled soldiers. Not a false motion made they, but every move by any individual, forwarded the work just so much.

At ten minutes before two o'clock the work from the west reached the central flag, but the gang from the east, having suffered several unexpected delays, were only just coming around the curve three quarters of a mile away.

The locomotive from the west moved up to the end of the track and indulged in a good deal of triumphant whistling, which was answered by the locomotive from the east—not triumphantly, however. The engine from the west stated that rather than waste time in watering his locomotive he had let her run down almost dry, feeling sure that he would have enough water to carry the machine to the meeting point and after that—well, he didn't care much what.

At 3 o'clock the tracklayers from the east came up and the ends of the track met. The last two rails were cut to a proper length to fit the last gap, after which they were spiked down. Michael Gilford (spiked from the west) drove the last spike, and the next to the last was driven by F. M. Wilson, the *Herald's* traveling man, after a good deal of wild sledge-hammering which struck almost everything in the vicinity except the spike.

After the last rail was spiked down. Mr. Winston called the tracklayers together, and introduced Major Maginnis to them, who delivered a short but appropriate address, congratulating them upon the important part which they had played in the building of this great transcontinental route. During his speech Major Maginnis was loudly cheered. After this the men returned to their camp, and the excursionists boarded the train and were brought back to Helena, arriving about 9 o'clock.

The point at which the two divisions of the Northern Pacific meet is at Gold creek, where the first gold discovery in Montana was made. The discovery was made in 1861 by "Gold Tom" and Granville Stuart. It was not heraldad abroad until the next year, when singularly enough Gold creek was the accidental meeting point of an eastern exploring party (under the leadership of S. T. Hauser) and a similar party from the Pacific coast, of which Bud McAdow was leader. Both parties met at Stuart's cabin on Gold creek, learned of the gold discoveries, and it is doubtless to that accidental meeting Montana is indebted for one at least of her most enterprising citizens.

The track-laying armies will remain where they are for a few days, part of them engaged in blasting the road, after which they will scatter. Their chief occupation is gone, but at last the Northern Pacific is built, and Montana rejoices.

SAM PATCH'S LAST LEAP.

Fatal Ending of His Showing That Some Things can be Done as Well as Others.

The fate of Captain Webb at the rapids of Niagara having awakened a melancholy interest in similar occurrences, a correspondent has been at the pains to furnish the following in relation to Sam Patch's exploits in Rochester, clipped from a Rochester city paper of an early date:

Sam Patch's last leap we have often been requested by travelers and others to republish the particulars of Sam last leap from the falls, but not having in our possession any newspaper files of that year, we were unable to do so. In answer to an inquiry, Mr. Henry Scranton, of Rochester, has furnished us from his private journal the following: The first leap took place on Friday, the 6th of November, 1828; distance, 100 feet. He went down in fine style, and arose to the surface amid the huzzas of the multitude. The number of persons present was estimated at 7,000 to 8,000. The last and fatal leap, which took place one week after, was advertised in the *Antimasonic Inquirer*, as follows:

HIGHER YET:

SAM'S LAST LEAP.

"Some things can be done as well as others."

There's no mistake in Sam Patch.—Of the truth of this he will endeavor to convince the good people of Rochester and vicinity next Friday, November 13th, at 2 o'clock p. m. Being determined to "astonish the natives" of the west before he returns to the Jarseys, he will have a scaffold, twenty-five feet high, erected on the bank of Genesee falls, in this village from which he will fearlessly leap into the abyss below, a distance of 125 feet. Sam's bear (at 3 o'clock precisely) will make the same jump and follow his master, thus showing that "some things have been done as well as others." Moreover, Sam hopes that all the good people who attend this astonishing exhibition will contribute something toward remunerating him for the seemingly hazardous experiment.

The following is the *Antimasonic Inquirer's* notice of the exploit: "The ominous expression contained in the reckless Patch's advertisement has been fearfully vindicated. It was indeed his 'last jump.' He jumped from a staging twenty-five feet above the brink of the falls into the abyss below, from whence his body has not yet been recovered. A variety of reasons are given for the fatal termination of this presumptuous feat. All, however, concur in saying that Patch, from some cause or other, did not retain the position while descending or strike the water as he did on the former occasion. It was a daring and useless exposure of human life, which, having resulted disastrously, creates a train of painful reflections. We would not dwell upon this distressing scene, and yet we cannot banish it from our thoughts. We still see the frail mortal standing, as it proved, upon the brink of eternity! The terrified imagination follows him from the giddy height, through the thin air, into the deep, dark, chasm below! It lingers but a few moments of breathless, agonized suspense! The waters, troubled a moment in swallowing their victim, are at rest! The expiring bubbles announce that the spirit has departed, leaving the body in the 'dark bosom of the ocean buried!' The multitude shrink away abashed and rebuked!"

McDonald for President.

The meaning of Mr. Tilden's feints from behind Mr. Henry Watterson's health bulletins is—Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana. At least that is the understanding of it in this section, over which the world has been quiety given out. Mr. Watterson first startled the country with his rosy account of Mr. Tilden's buxom health about six weeks ago. Since then he has arrived at home and the most astonishing alterations have been made in the political sailing chart of his paper, the *Courier-Journal*. There is a tendency to smile at Mr. Watterson's efforts as a king-maker, but that he is a political journalist with a large following in the Southwest is very true. The influence of the paper in Kentuck and Tennessee politics is remarkable and no amount of inconsistency at uncritical moments seems to affect it. Mr. Watterson has established those cordial relations with his constituency which permits him to scold them unmercifully at times and then when the time arrives he utters a leader in double-leads to the effect that "we can quarrel as much as we please, boys, on the march; but now that we are before the enemy let's give him hell in perfect harmony." That kind or appeal generally has the desired effect, and so on all party questions, as against the other party, Mr. Watterson represents a compact and large following. When he threw his weight against repudation in Tennessee 1880 it divided the Democracy and allowed Governor Hawkins, the Republican, to win. Last year, when he swung squarely around and indorsed repudiation in Tennessee and made a three-months' fight for General Bate, that leader of repudiation swept the State like a whirlwind. So it is in Kentucky. Last year Tom Henry, a drunken and disreputable fellow, was nominated for Clerk of the Court of Appeals by the Democrats. At the outset of his canvass he was guilty of such indecencies that the rural press of the State in one voice demanded his removal from the ticket. An Independent Democrat announced himself and it looked as though the party nominee would be forced to withdraw or be defeated. Mr. Watterson had been silent up to that time. Then he put in his leader and inquired if fair, honest, manly Kentuckians were going to stand by and see a "wild mountain boy" defeated because he had come down from the wilderness to the city and made a fool of himself drinking, "something," Mr. Watterson added, "that the best of us are likely to do among Philistines." That straightened the snarl for the Kentuckians and Henry swept the state by 41,000 majority.

How Much Makes a Man Rich.

"To be rich," said William L. Marcy, at one time secretary of state, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with $100, while another, in possesion of millions, may think himself poor, and if the necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possession is the richest." To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:

"While I was governor of the state of New York I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?' I replied that was my name. 'Bill Marcy?' said he. I nodded assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was and what he was driving at. 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. 'I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill? I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name. 'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose? I shook my head and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: 'Oh! yes you are. I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was controller for—for a long time; and the next time we heard of you you was governor. You must have had a head of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school and I knew you would 'come to something.' I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?' 'Oh, yes,' said he, 'I hain't got anything to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole state.' 'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth? I asked feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his. 'Well,' he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth, but I think (straingtening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth $300 clear cash!' He was rich, for he was satisfied."

WOMEN WHO BORROW

REVELATIONS OF A MONEY-LENDER—NOT AS A PAWNBROKER

The Business the Natural Outcome of a Crase for Show and Glitter—An Infatuation.

"Sit down, take a cigar, and I'll give you a few points that will surprise a great many readers. Women," said a New York pawnbroker, "are a curjous lot. Their ways are past finding out. Their ingenuity often surprises me, and I see much to excite my pity and my contempt in the course of my business. Come this wav and I'll show you something." The proprietor opened his large safe and pulling out a drawer spread its contents before the reporter. Sapphires, rubies, diamonds, solitaries, watches, bracelets, and necklets glittered in a heap with a million scintillations. "Each could tell a strange story had it a tongue; a record of extravagance, folly, aye, and sometimes of crime, too. That drawer you see in the right-hand corner contains promissory notes, overdue drafts and stocks. This set of diamonds which could not be bought for less than $10,000 are hypothecated by a lady, whom society knows well, to satisfy the extravagance of her darling but dissipated son, who is going to the dogs fast. Yes, it is pathetic, isn't it?"

"And how is all this business arranged? There must be some system in an occupation like yours?"

"So there is. There are three essentials in this peculiar business. Absolute privacy, thorough confidence between the principals and moderate charges. My clients would never think for one moment of going to an ordinary pawnbroker. The risk is too great. So she either sends or comes to us, It's rather funny, isn't it, that I am depository of the secrets of wives whose husbands I meet nearly every day in the week. Just fancy, although it is not a pleasant thought to boast about, that I and my kind could wreck the happiness of dozens of families?"

"Now for your system?"

"You want a practical illustration: A lady is in pressing need for $300 or $500 to pay off her modiste or milliner. Her husband is not aware that the debt exists. She knows that it would be perfectly useless to ask him for money. The creditor cannot be put off any longer. She consults her maid. Her maid holds counsel with the modiste, who thinks she can point out a way how the affair can be arranged. The modiste mentions me. The maid calls, and with an air of mystery feels her way, so to speak, to the transaction. I see through the thing at once and surprise her by naming her mistress, but decliue to talk business until the lady herself puts in an appearance. I make it an invariable rule never to advance money except to the actual owners of the security. It saves much trouble. The lady comes, and it being her first transaction of the kind, she naturally feels nervous, and so, after a time she begins to look upon such matters purely from a business view."

"But supposing the husband should miss the security offered, especially if it should be jewelry?"

"That is provided for by an enderstanding that the jewels shall be loaned to the owner from time to time in case a reception or ball is held, when, of course, they would be indispensable. Such a contingency becomes a special condition of the arrangement, and they are promptly returned every time. I willingly take all such risks, because I do business with only first-class clients. The moral nature of the affair is almost as good a security with us as the possession of the article itself."

"And you say this clandestine business is growing?"

"It is the natural outcome of a craze for show and glitter that is peculiar to all society, whether it be high or low. Women, when they make up their minds to do a certain thing are like gamblers—the infatuation grows upon them. They merely take a leaf out of their husband's books. The one gambles in stocks to make himself rich; the other in jewels and laces."

"By the way, speaking of stock-gambling, is much of that kind of thing done by ladies?"

"Not nearly so much as there used to be five years ago. Ladies will occasionally borrow money on shares that they own, but not for speculative purposes."

"Do you lend money to men?"

"I haven't a single male customer on my books. I keep my own counsel, take no clerk into my confidence, and, in brief manage my own business. My profits? I prefer to say nothing about that. Yes, it is a paying business and a safe one. The contents of that safe represent $100,000 of various kinds of securities, and I will go so far as to say that if my clients were open and above board with their husbands I should have to seek some other employment. The men, however, are as much to blame as the women, for what can you expect when half of them are nominally strangers to their families?"

MONTANA'S COMING MILLIONS.

A Pencil Sketch of Some of the Many Mines in Gallatin County, with Their Inexhustible Store of Treasure.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Independent of rain, sun and drouth, the mining interest of this part of Montana sits with unruffled brow and watches the shafts as they creep down between the wall rocks on true fissure veins of unknown wealth and add to the tons of precious ore on the dumps. The miner—the only man in the world of one idea—hears of heavy crops, failures and light yields without a thought as to their effect on himself or the world in general, but let the smallest mention be made of a mine pinched out or a new lode struck and his attention awakens in a moment. His judgment, in this one line of business, is quick and very often correct as to the value of new mines, their general characteristics and the probability of their proving to carry heavy or light bodies of ore. Experience is his teacher, and he reasons entirely from comparison, accurately made by reason of his cultivated perceptive faculties. While it is an undoubted fact that this county of Gallatin is wonderfully rich in gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, plumbago and platinum, it is also a fact that the development of these riches has been much retarded for lack of the capital with which to open mines properly and put up the necessary smelters, concentrators, etc. Thus far your correspondent has heard of but one smelter in this county—which by the way is half as large as the State of Wisconsin Nearly all the mines in this area are owned in Bozeman and the Gallatin valley. If you will allow me to take you for a little trip with my pencil you may be enabled to form some idea of the mineral interest here, which is always passed by with the general remark of "very rich." Six miles away to the south and in plain view from the city a resident of Bozeman found an outcrop of silver and copper right on the ridge of a wooded mountain last spring. Lately he concluded to sink on the vein, and much to his surprise found at a depth of fifteen feet that he had a true fissure vein five feet wide and running from $40 to $110 in silver, with twenty-two per cent of copper. The vein is traced on the surface by outcrops for 3,000 feet. A local party will put $5,000 into the mine for a half-interest as a developing fund. Locations on rich prospects are made all along this mountain, but the above is the deepest shaft on it.

A RICH LOCATION.

Now take the jump over hundreds of locations on probably good veins, thirty-five miles east of north and we strike a camp that has never been mentioned in print. Here are forty locations all showing fine outcrops. One of them has a shaft 5x10 feet and fifty feet deep on the vein. Everything within the walls is ore, and here you find copper and silver in all their beautiful tints in abundance. Once in a while a pocket of galena is struck in the vein, but this only runs in pockets and carries small quantities of silver. On the dump are 300 tons of ore, assaying all the way from $24 in silver and twenty per cent in copper to $426 in silver and eighty per cent copper to the ton. There is no smelter within 100 miles of these mines, and the miners amuse themselves by dropping ore on a wood fire, and watching the copper and silver smelt out in great beads in this light head. Across the range once more, to the south twenty-eight miles, we drop in on Mill creek, a tributary of the upper Yellowstone. Just at the mouth of the canyon five large outcrops from ledges of copper and silver are in plain sight. These outcrops are from three to six feet wide, and run right up the steep face of the mountain. The assays from the ore in sight run from 20 to 40 per cent copper, and $20 to $48 silver, with rich traces of gold. Up Mill creek for fourteen miles we find locations on fine looking ore all along. At the end of the trip we run full on twenty or thirty prospects, the largest of which has a tunnel thirty-two feet long on a body of ore four feet by eight feet in extent. This is the galena, carrying on an average $60 in gold and silver. On the other side of the gulch we find a ledge of white, soapy, decomposed mineral, and as the temptation is strong, we fill a miner's gold pan with it and carry to the river. We fill the pan with water, shake it and smooth off the pebbles and coarser material. The cold water makes fingers ache, but we keep on washing the panful of dirt till at last we give it a little circular shake and hold it to the light, after drawing off the last of the water and (of course you shout, you are a "tender-foot") fully ten cents in fine gold dust marks its golden way across the pan like a great gilt stride. The other mines here show fine prospects, but nary a smelter within ninety miles.

Back to the Yellowstone and four miles up it we come to the Emigrant gulch and river. Here the placer mines with their sluices and drifts on bed rock stop us for a little time, and we watch the miners dumping gravel from the drift into the sluices, where the gravel and drift is driven by the rapid water through the long boxes, and the gold dust is caught by the riffles in the bottoms of them. Every Saturday night they "clean up" from $6 to $25 per day to the man. Just below the present works, the Henry Villard company have 880 acres of this placer ground and will use 10,000 inches of water from Mill creek to wrest the golden grains from the rich gravel. As we enter the canyon outcrops of gold quartz, galena and copper, with "representation" work alone done on them, show up at every turn. Placer ground, with the sluice boxes, appears at the bed of the creek, but we climb up till we strike the Great Eastern lode across which the river runs. This vein, we find, is forty feet wide between the walls and carries galena, gold, silver and copper to the aggregate value of from $200 to $500 to the ton. Two miles further up the gulch three men are at work on bed rock drifting under the river bed and driving their shafts upward to the surface. The next shaft will be eight feet from bed rock to the surface. Three men have already been crushed in this queer way of working, but the pay dirt is very rich and the temptation to glittering to be resisted. Just here the path upward becomes narrow, and we retrace our steps, though we hear of rich veins still further up the canyon.

As we reach the Yellowstone again the tracklayers on the Park branch are just passing, and the new rails look like two long black serpents trailing down the valley. Thirty miles up the river our pencil flies rapidly, and we land at Bear gulch, just this side of the entrance to National Park. Here we find two or three dozen locations and four mines with good shafts down on the ore. One, especially rich, deserves mentions. For sixty feet the shaft follows the wall rock down on the gold quartz vein and the dump is covered with the ore, one glance at which sends a shiver through the newspaper man of the party. We pick up a piece of black ore, and pointing to the yellow streaks nearly as large as our pencil running through it. we show off our mining knowledge with the remark, "Pyrates of iron?" Our astonishment is something to behold when we are told those streaks are gold, and that a man with a druggist's mortar can pound out $50 a day on this dump. The river from four to five feet wide is traced for 3,200 feet. On another lode near by two shafts fifty and sixty feet deep show fine free milling gold quartz all the way down.

IN THE PARK REGION.

But the afternoon is waning and we want to see the wonderful Clarke's Fork mines, so we touch up the faber and cross the boundary of the Park at Gardiner, the terminus of the Park branch, turn to the left at the Mammoth Hot Springs, just glancing at the big hotel, large enough to bury a small town in, and skip away toward the mountains on the east. We know we are on the right road for we smell the infernal perfume from Soda Butte springs two miles away from them. Twenty miles away we find Cooke City nestled at the base of Republican mountain, as pretty a spot of green earth and trees as ever laid out of doors. The smelter built ten years ago, while the mines were still on the Crow reservation, is still in shape to run, and they tell us it will start up soon. When the smelter was built the hardy prospectors, who erected it, made a run of five days, and the output was 64,000 pounds of lead, carrying $56 to the ton in silver. The Indians routed the miners at the close of the fifth afternoon, and since then the smelter has stood idle, till now that the reservation lines have been drawn in, the hum of business is heard there once more. You are evidently getting tired, but we must make the climb of 3,000 feet nearly, to the Black Warrior. Here the shaft is ninety feet deep, and goes forty-five feet straight through solid galena ore, assaying all the way from $110 to $22,000 to the ton. The vein pitches to the north, but in the bottom of the shaft there seems to be another vein coming in. Think of a vein of pure galena, silver and gold forty-five feet thick and already traced on both sides of the mountain, running probably 2,000 feet and more! Just across from this mine is the Lake Superior, with walls coming clear to the surface, showing a vein of galena and silver eight feet wide running on the surface 2,600 feet and no one can guess its depth. Two hundred lodes of gold and silver bearing galena and iron are uncovered in the camp, within a radius of about sixty miles, and only two or three have over a few feet of shafts on them. The Great Republic has a vein ten feet wide, averaging eight feet thick and going $300 to the ton in silver, Eaton's seventy-five-ton smelter we met coming up on our way back. On Miller mountain, just across the valley from the Republic, we find the morning Star, Shoo Fly, Street, Jump, etc., etc., all showing immense, inexhaustible bodies of low-grade, soft galena, going from $35 to $75 to the ton. Diagonally across the valley we find the magnetic iron lode used as a flux in smelting refractory ores. The baser ores are smelted with the iron and twice their weight in carbonate ores, making a bullion that goes $200 to the ton in silver and the ton of lead is worth $150 in Chicago, making the ton of bullion worth $305 in the "city of sin," while the cost of transportation is $70 per ton, and the cost of mining and smelting about $30 more. It looks as though the smelters of the future will pay a profit.

We could stay in Clarke's Fork a week and write columns on this camp, the richest in the known world by long odds, but now that we have seen it, we know its future must be a succession of wonderful developments.

Back to Bozeman we shoot and branch off to the west thirty-two miles till Red Bluff looms up, and here we see a white-haired old man who owns half a dozen mines. They are all gold quartz mines. We note one with a shaft four feet square, 134 feet deep, on a true fissure vein. The quartz is free-milling and goes $156 to the ton. Twenty similar good mines are in sight, and it makes a poor man tired to see what a few thousand dollars invested in a smelter or mill would do for him in a few years.

He studies nature with a careless eye and a benighted mind who does not perceive that the supernatural lies in it and above it. For when all is said that science can teach, and all is done that skill can achieve to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruits, one gift remains, without which everything else is vain—that gift which the Supreme Creator has reserved absolutely to Himself, that gift which man and every living creature can take away and none can restore, that gift without which this earth would be no more than the cinder of a planet—the mystery and the miracle of life.

The papers continue to draw pathetic pictures of the departing Langtry, like Niobe, all tears, and the poor bewailing "Freddie," who seems to forget that there is a male Langtry on the other side of the ocean. The saddest feature about the whole thing is that Mrs. L. is to be back again before her cheeks become wrinkled and her head turns gray. In the meantime, it might be just as well for good morals if the press would give her a rest.

Several thousand Salt Lake wives have petitioned the city authorities to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors. The less some wives have to do, the more they grumble, We should think that when a man has ten, fifteen or more wives to help him up stairs and pull off his boots, the labor would be so light on each one that they would not kick about it, but it seems that such is not the case.

The Nihilist seem to be taking a siesta; but Russia finds a new cause of tribulence in a plague of locusts that are eating up everything green. A large force of Cossacks have been sent to the front to fight them, but up to to-day no promotions have been gazeted for distinguished conduct. This is another of the plagues which Egypt sends upon Europe.

The rivalry between St. Louis and Chicago is not always of the bitter kind. At St. Louis, at least, the bitterness of the rivalry is occasionally sweetened by a bath of humor, and a good-natured smile spread all over the community like a dab of butter on a hot skillet, as for instance, not long since when a Chicago detective, who came to St. Louis to catch a thief had his pocket picked on a street car.

The future? Ah, yes, you may well say the future will be bright. This country will turn out $40,000,000 annually four years from to-day, and Capital will howl then to find that all the best paying mines have in some way gotten their own smelters and mills. The miners will then snap their fingers at Capital, to whom now they would go on their knees and beg to smelt their ore for them at half its value.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous,—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright. —*Carlyle.*

A correspondent writing up the Yellowstone Park for the Chicago *Times* adds a "P.S. Roscoe Conkling took too hot a bath in Naturaes tub and was scalded." Nothing strange or new in that anouncement.

An exchnge says "an Evansville editor eats cloves when he becomes excited." Cloves is it? Some men eat roast coffee, beans. It is presumed cloves will disguise the cause of "excitement" fully as well.

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