

GOLD DIGGER'S LUCK.

THE TRAGIC FATE OF MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

Cravelling, Surface Mining, Pot-Holes and Tunnings - Communal Clothing - Accidental Fortunes - Weariness of the Flesh and Spirit - Average Wages Made.

Correspondence to the Globe-Republic.

New York, Sept. 17.-I went to California in 1856, and served there as a gold digger for eight or nine years.

In '56 the cream of the diggings had been skimmed off. The 4000 had found the richest "veins," "pot-holes" and "bliss" cleaned them out and spent the money.

My first mining experience was in "cravelling." This meant carrying gold-bearing dirt from the cracks in the rocky banks of the Tuolumne.

There was Jim Cole, of Hawkins Bar. Cole seldom allowed solatry to get the best of him. He rarely had over fifty cents in cash in his pocket at once.

My teacher tried to encourage me by telling me of other poor boys who had grown up to be president of the United States, and he tried to get me to consent to having my name used as a candidate.

When I have my musk on my freckles I do not "ow." I lecture on phrenology at first to get money to prosecute my studies as a stage robber.

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STORY OF A STRUGGLER.

BILL NIX WRITES A THRILLING HISTORY.

What a Poor and Painful Boy Suffered-How He Became a Stage Robber-How He Became a Millionaire-Why He Went to Canada.

Written for the Globe-Republic.

My name is Kaibab, William J. Kaibab is my name, and I am spending the summer in Canada.

My parents are very poor. They had never been wealthy, and at the time of my birth they were even less wealthy than they had been before.

Nature did not do much for me in the way of beauty, either. I was quite plain when born and am still identified by that peculiarity.

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SAVINGS BANK SIGHTS.

THE TOLLERS OF THE MATHOPOLIS AND THEIR HOARDS.

Drawn Their Interest-The Doorkeeper's Vigilance-The Difficult Italian-The Mighty Interpreter-The Chinese Depositors Easy to Deal With.

Correspondence to the Globe-Republic.

New York, Sept. 16.-A New York savings bank is a capital place in which to study humanity.

The "depositors" and the "drawers" make a continuous procession. From the bank the bank opens until it closes not a minute passes without bringing them.

The snappish young man is quite as frequent in public places as the surly girl, and he is just as hateful.

It seems to be the law that we get what we give out in this world. If we get out rage, irritation, peevishness, we are due to have it return to us.

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IN MADISON SQUARE.

THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST THEIR GRIP ON LIFE.

The Defeated, the Broken in Heart-How They Look at Life from the Park's Benches-George Francis Train and the Children of Madison Square.

Correspondence to the Globe-Republic.

New York, Sept. 17.-As the summer slips away Madison square takes on a look of sadness which comes not from the falling flowers, the dying foliage, the withering grass.

They are the pitiable creatures who have "lost their grip." What other loss could be so direful? They have tried their hands at the business of life and failed.

Their self-confidence, their "grip," is gone. What awful experience led up to this state of apathy can only be conjectured.

Children laugh and play on the walks in front of them, but they see them not. Their eyes are looking into the terror of tomorrow which may be their lot.

Here and there a man or woman, still in love with life, drops down to take a look at the square's sights.

One of the signs that no stranger departs without seeing is George Francis Train.

George Francis is as big and bronzed as an Indian. His early hair is nearly white, and he wears a gray suit.

His face never shows the slightest irritation from grown people speak to him. He pays no more attention to them than if they were flies darting round him.

September has brought a hint of autumn to Madison square. The indigent who rest there are a sorry shivering at the thought of winter.

It was well for us we parted when the moon was on the shore; it was well that we should wander in that no man's land no more!

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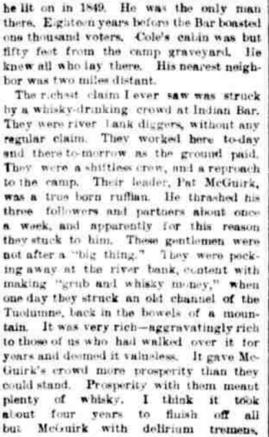
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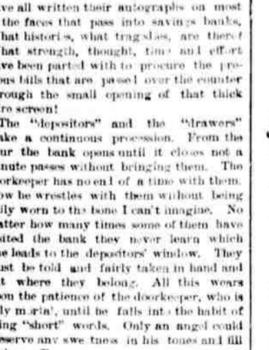
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A GARRULOUS MASTRO.



HIS HAND IN EMINENT POCKETS.



WINSOME JENNIE.



EMERSON OLIVER.

Personal Counselors. It is greatly desired by the set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features, fine eyes and a graceful figure, as yellow teeth.

How Much Will You Give. For a very rich farm of one, two or three hundred acres adjoining the farm of P. Donohoe, near South Solon, Madison county, O.

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Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, mentioning various ailments and the benefits of the medicine.