COLORADO'S CHOICE.

The Man With the Biggest Boodle Will be the Next Senator.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—"The boys have had their innings," said Mr. T. D. Cooper, of Denver, to a reporter to-day, "and now the members elect will play their hands for all they are worth."

The gentleman was alluding to the coming senatorial contest in Colorado, and the reporter was doing his best to catch on to his slightly metaphorical language. "There are a good many high flyers in the game, and the most of them are well staked, and the man that rakes in the pot will have to come right down to call."

"Do you mean to convey the idea that money will be used to influence the result?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, come now, don't play the innocent. Do I mean to do so; no, sir; not since I read Senator Hill's interview the other day, where he said he never spent any money only for legitimate purposes and that a Colorado legislature was a pure, incorruptible being, so good that he was beginning to spread his wings and prepare for a heavenly flight. I will tell you a little secret. When Hill was here last week, he took me up into his room and showed me the contents of his valise. Bless me, if it was not chuck full of tracts and nice little Sunday school books. He said that those wicked fellows, Teller, Chaffee and Routt, were all off on a wrong lead, had mistaken the character and bearings of the members and were calculating to allure and entice them with champagne suppers, free whisky and coin, but he would do the Christian statesman act and appeal to the religious and moral sides of their natures. My, what a roar there must have been in the camps and canons when that interview was read. What a nice lot of taffy he was giving you. You can bet a quartz mine to a piece of flat rock that he will be careful to let them know that he was talking for this latitude. A senatorial fight means something else in Colorado than the selection of a bright intellect and the meeting of legitimate expenses. It means good, hard spot cash, and the man who puts up the most will rack his brains and air his tongue at Washington for the next six years."

"You put a low estimate on Colorado legislators."

"Do I? Then I do them an injustice, for they come mighty high. Mind you, I do not say they are all for sale, for there are some good, honest, honorable fellows among them, but I want to crow this one fact loudly, that this next Colorado legislature will absorb $250,000 as easily as a faro bank can take a poor man's wages of a Saturday night. The boys have got a big 'jack pot,' and it takes money to ante this trip."

"Who is going to win?"

"I wish I knew. If I did, I would go out to Denver, insure him for the race, and gather in a nice premium. It is big odds against Hill, for there is a field of good ones against him, and they will get into a pocket if they can. He never can reach enough Republican members to pull through, and his only hope is to reduce a sufficient number of Democrats to stand in and land him a neck ahead at the winning post, but he is drawing to a bob-tail flush in that situation, for, while there are a good many of them open to argument, still there are some who cannot be bribed, bought or bullied, and it takes them all to make the center shot. He may get there, but if he does he will have to take a flying start and run e-end to e-end."

"Hill failing, who has the next best chance?"

"I should say Teller, but he won't get there near as easy as a boy slides down a slanting roof, and there is a big chance that a sliver will catch and hold him before he reaches the water trough. He has been playing Deacon Slick all through the fight. That is the way he got up the combination that knocked Hill out in the state convention and fetched him in the Arapahoe county primaries. He went to Routt, the cowboy candidate, and told him that Hill had a sure thing unless they combined, that he did not care for the senatorship himself, but only wanted to beat Hill on account of their old quarrel, and that for that purpose he would put up Teller men in the outside counties and turn them over to him (Routt) when they were needed. Routt swallowed the bait as quickly as an eastern green horn jumps at a prospective hole, put up his coin, and pitched in and beat Hill in Arapahoe and helped elsewhere. Now he is fully persuaded that he is the principal stockholder and is looking for the promised dividends. Maybe he will get them and may be Christmas will come on the 4th of July, but I would back the negative, in both propositions. If he is not bunkoed in the deal, then I don't know anything about Teller, Chaffee, Bill Hamill and that crowd."

"Is Chaffee a genuine candidate?"

"Well, he would like to go back to the senate well enough, but just now he is playing stool pigeon for Teller. The fact is, Chaffee is badly bent. That fancy son-in-law has cost him a drawer full of money, and, while he is not broke, still Grant and Ward twisted him. Then Blaine's stump has knocked his calculations. He stood in to make a heap of coin if the Maine man had won. As it is, he is just picking up odd ends, and getting together what he has saved. He is lucky if he gets through with a couple of hundred thousand. If the fight shapes itself so that Teller can reach it, Chaffee will help him. If not, he will stand in as a compromise between Routt and Teller and may get through."

"How about Routt?"

"He is the broncho candidate, the favorite of the cattlemen and cowboys, and he is cavorting around with two or three million behind him, and wants to get into the senate on the strength of it. There is more ambition than force to the old man, and he has been used as a cat's paw so far."

Chicago Election Investigation.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 26.—About fifty prominent citizens met this afternoon to consult in regard to the further prosecution and investigation into the recent election fraud in the Eighteenth ward. Numerous speeches urging the necessity of pushing the inquiry to the limit were made. A. M. Day, of the citizens' subcommittee of five, said substantial progress was being made, and that the committee was then at work on an important clue. Murray Nelson said the thing necessary was money. He would subscribe $500, and would pledge the last dollar he owned if necessary. M. E. Stone, editor of the *Daily News*, said the committee had evidence that rendered it certain that Gallagher forged the tally sheet, and that Gallagher, Mackin and one other person who was known had stuffed the ballot box with the fraudulent ballots. He could convince any three of those present if it was desired, this statement was true—Mr. Stone went on to say the present county grand jury had begun the investigation of these frauds for no other purpose, he believed, than to defeat the ends of justice. The sum of $6,500 was subscribed to push the investigation. Resolutions were passed expressing entire confidence in the subcommittee of five, thanking it for its work so far, and pledging it the support of money and influence for the future. It was also decided to retain J. N. Jewett, with Dexter and Judge Beckwith as attorneys.

The Dakota Fight.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

FARGO, Dak., Dec. 26.—An *Argus* Wilmot dispatch says: "Colonel Free, of the governor's staff, visited Wilmot and Travare to-day. His report is understood in favor of Wilmot. Writs are out for the arrest of members of the canvassing board. Cummings, of Travare, claiming to be sheriff, was chased three miles, and escaped across the river. Interviews with parties in Fargo, from Roberts county, are as conflicting as the first reports received from the scene of the trouble. Examination is now in progress before the United States commissioner in this city. It is thought the prisoners will be handed over to the United States court of the second district at Sioux Falls, as the offense was committed in the Fifth district where the judge had no cognizance of United States cases and the district is attached to the second for the purposes of such business.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Michaud's Grocery Store on Fire This Morning.

At quarter past two this morning the watchman in the Grand Central hotel, corner of Seventh and Wabashaw streets, discovered the house to be filling with smoke and notified the firemen in engine house No. 1, who broke in the door to Michaud Bros. store, directly beneath the hotel, which was densely filled with smoke, and descending to the cellar found a box of cool ashes upon a barrel of debris, from which pile was emanating the smoke, while both were very much charred. The debris was taken up the elevator and thrust into the street, in the meanwhile an alarm having been sent in on box 42, hurrying the fire department to the spot. There was great alarm in the hotel and quite a number of the guests dressed themselves and came into the street. Had the fire not been discovered as it was there would have surely been a serious conflagration.

The Gould System Trouble Ended.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 26.—In an interview tonight with J. H. Fitzgerald, chairman of the grievance committee, that gentleman stated that Grand Chief Arthur, and the executive committee of the general grievance committee, had a conference this afternoon with Col. Hoxie, and after the presentation of their grievances and full and frank discussion of the whole matter, Col. Hoxie stated that the agreement made in 1882 should be faithfully carried out. This was entirely satisfactory to the engineers and all danger of trouble of any kind is past. Mr. Fitzgerald declined to state what the specific grievances of the engineers were, but expressed great pleasure at the prompt and satisfactory manner in which they were met and adjusted by the railroad company. The agreement referred to was made two years ago between the engineers and Col. A. A. Talmage, who was then general manager of the Gould system, and provides in part that the engineers of passenger trains shall receive three and one-half cents per mile, one hundred miles to be a day's work; engineers of freight trains shall receive four cents per mile, one hundred miles or less to be a day's work. Chief Engineer Arthur left for home to-night.

NORTHFIELD.

[Special Correspondence to the Globe.]

NORTHFIELD, Dec. 25.—The mercury froze up solid this morning—39 below. Spirit thermometer indicated 42° below.

A slight misunderstanding made my report of the death of Mr. *Francis* Hodge read *Frank* Hodge. They are twin brothers, hence the error.

There is a great complaint on the part of those who saw wood by hand as an only means of an honest livelihood, because of the horse saw machinery setting to saw as small piles as from one to two cords. Numerous threats have been made to destroy these machines.

During the year 1884 there were built residences and business places in this city, the following:

RESIDENCES.	
Dr. Pringle	$ 3,000
Building and Loan Association	3,500
" " "	3,500
*M. W. Skinner	2,500
S. J. Furber	2,500
H. Bjoraker	2,500
W. Campbell	2,300
Robert Watson (bal.)	1,700
H. H. White	1,700
*J. R. Sumner	1,700
Geo. Chamberlain	1,400
John Neil (bal.)	800
Tom Anderson (bal.)	500
Other residences, out buildings, etc.	10,000
BUSINESS PLACES.	
People's elevator	$ 5,000
*Carles & Co's. brick ware house, two story, 86x42 feet	3,500
Total	$47,500

*Unfinished.

This is in excess of last year, of $2,500, notwithstanding the hard times.

Gen. Sheridan Ill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Lieut. Gen. Sheridan is confined to his house by illness, which though serious, is said not to be dangerous. He is suffering from derangement of the stomach, and his physician has ordered him to remain at home and rest.

A Reception to Cleveland.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Gov. Cleveland will be tendered a reception by the City club January 10, following the charity ball of the 9th.

English Wife Hunters.

[Baltimore Sun.]

The Italians and French aristocrats are noted for their persistency in the practice of "wife hunting," or wife seeking, and particularly among American or English women of financial fortune. But I doubt if any of these national sportsmen go so far afield as the Englishman. He hunts everywhere. I find the following advertisement in a select Parisian society journal for the upper ten, and devoted to what it terms "high life." This advertisment is addressed "to English or American ladies," and I translate verbatim: "A gentleman of first-rate county family, and who has a large property, unfortunately incumbered, a fine residence and domain, is anxious to make the acquaintance of a lady of birth and position, who has a large fortune in her own right.

Advertiser is thirty-five years of age, holds a very high public and private position, and has served in a distinguished cavalry regiment. He is accomplished and fond of country life and its pursuits. Any lady answering the above description and who writes to ———, London, inclosing carte de visite, and give real name and address, will be treated with the strictest confidence and honor, as this advertisement is perfectly bona fide."

I omit the address given in the above. Doubting the bona fides indicated, I called on the managing editor of the "high life" journal, a capital good fellow whom I have known many years, and I asked him if he knew anything of the author of this advertisement. He said yes, and that he was as represented, and a man of strictly good character, but in England many such men were limited in their social circles of acquaintances in consequence of the aforesaid "incumbered" estate, and had to seek by advertisement in public papers the acquaintance of a lady of birth and position with a large fortune, with the intention of marriage and ultimate redemption of the property, presenting the charms of rural pursuits. Furthermore, this editor informed me that this "gentleman of first-rate county family" had "refused seven French ladies, all of whom were widows, and two American spinsters" because their "large fortune" in their own right was too small.

I note this to illustrate what advertising will and does do. I may mention to confirm what I said in the *Sun* some few years ago, that "the fine old English gentleman of England is becoming a rarer bird every year, and that baronial halls and broad acres are no longer a power socially or morally, materially or monetarily. Last week one of these old inherited estates that every Englishman, be he tory or radical, was wont to covet, sold for £10,500, though the previous owner paid £80,000 for it.

Another case comes before me this week. An American, well known in New Orleans and in the Midland counties of England, has just paid £11,800 for an old historical mansion and park-like acres, the price whereof four years ago was £60,000. When a young and accomplished man of thirty-five seeks a paying matrimonial alliance and has an incumbered estate, the chances are there are very few rich women able to redeem him and it at any price. The squire and his acres are not marketable articles nowadays.

HOW GUN-COTTON IS MADE.

A Visit to the Manufactory at the Newport Torpedo Station.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 24.—It is not generally known that there is but one place in the United States where gun-cotton is manufactured, but such is the case. The navy, up to six months ago, was obliged to depend upon England for all the gun-cotton used. It was decided to erect a manufactory at the torpedo station in Newport harbor, and in due season it was in successful operation, and is now able to supply all that is required for sea-going men of war and torpedoes. It was erected under the superintendence of Professor White, the chemist at the station, and of Mr. Amgstrom, the civil engineer connected with the station.

The enterprise is mainly due to the wise forethought of Captain T. O. Selfridge, the commanding officer of the station for the past four years. In the manufacture of gun-cotton the best cotton waste and the strongest and purest nitric and sulphuric acids are used for the explosive. There is only one manufactory in this country that can supply the sulphuric acid. The cotton waste, after it has been hand-picked for the purpose of removing the dirt and the grit, is placed in boiling tanks, where it is allowed to remain for four hours. It is afterward subjected to a thorough washing and is reboiled. This operation removes all oily matter and leaves the cotton harsh and stiff. It is then dried in rooms heated with the waste air from a drying box. After undergoing this treatment the cotton rolls up into snarls and bunches, and in order that the acid may have a freer access to it it is passed through a shredder and converted into a fluffy state. It is afterward exposed in an air-tight box for several hours to a temperature of 200 degrees, which practically deprives it of all moisture. From the air-tight box it is removed to the dipping room, where there are iron troughs filled with one part nitric acid and two parts sulphuric acid. Into these troughs the cotton is placed, one bundle at a time, and allowed to remain about ten minutes, long enough for it to be thoroughly soaked. The acid is band-pressed from the cotton, which is then placed in covered earthen jars, where it remains twenty-four hours undergoing chemical transformation.

In view of the fact that much heat is evolved during the chemical reaction, it is found necessary to place the jars in pots and surround them with flowing water, which serves to keep them cool. The cotton is now nitrated and is practically gun cotton, but the acid, still mechanically held, must be wholly removed or it would be apt to quickly deteriorate and become extremely dangerous. The charges, therefore, are taken one by one and placed in an acid wringer and plunged into a large tub which is kept filled with running water, in which a large wheel is rapidly turned in order to subject the cotton to a thorough washing. This latter process is continued until no acid is perceptible to the taste. It is then subjected to a still further washing and boiling in an alkaline mixture, this being necessary in order to remove every trace of acid. The cotton is now in long shreds and balls, which can be used or stored without danger, the processes of conversion and cleansing being completed, but for military use it must be put into a more compact form. For this purpose the gun-cotton in charges of 300 pounds is thrown into a pulping tub, where, mixed with water, it is ground by steel cutters into a fine pulp. The grinding and breaking up of the cellular tissue of the cotton has made it more or less dirty, and it is necessary, therefore, to expose it to frequent washings in the poaching tubs, from which, after treating it with lime water to make the moisture slightly alkaline, it is drawn up into a large iron tank, where it is fed to the molds, which, under a moderate pressure, pass the water from the pulp and trim out cylinders of cotton about eight inches high and three and a half inches in diameter. These cylinders are then placed under a hydraulic press and exposed to a pressure of about 1,700 pounds to the square inch, or eight tons on each. The cylinders are pressed into hard cakes or disks, some two inches high and three and one-half inches in diameter, with a specific gravity a little greater than water. They are then packed in boxes of fifty pounds each, and kept in magazines for general use. Gun-cotton is, for its great explosive power and the conditions of safety attached to its storage, superior to any other known explosive for naval warfare.

Since the introduction of gun-cotton, the gun-cotton torpedo system has been introduced at the station. These torpedoes now take the place of the heavy, unwieldly gunpowder torpedoes, which, with their charges, weigh 380 pounds. The gun-cotton torpedo only weighs seventy-five pounds.

Blissful Ignorance.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—Madame Arline, whose trunks, containing about $10,000 worth of imported notions on which the duty had not been paid, and which were seized by custom officers a few days ago, had an interview with the collector of customs to-day. She represented to him that it had been her intention to take them direct to Cuba, but that, without thinking of the consequences, and without any intention of doing wrong, opened them for sale here. It is understood the collector will recommend to the secretary of the treasury that Madame Arline's goods be restored to her upon the payment of the regular duties, without further penalty.

One or T'other.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Something for your husband, eh?" replied the clerk as he forced his face to smile again. "How would you like a smoking set?"

"Got him one last year."

"Take a meerschaum pipe or cigar case."

"He's got both."

"Here's a nice blacking-box. You would be sur—"

"He never uses one."

"Anything in gloves or mittens?"

"He's got plenty."

"Take a shaving set."

"No use—he goes to the barber's."

"Wouldn't he be pleased with a gold pen and fancy inkstand?"

"I got those last year."

"Let's see! Is he fond of jewelry?"

"Never wears a bit."

"Does he like pictures?"

"Got a house full."

"How would a set of Dickens' do?"

"No good."

"And I suppose he has neckties, cuff-buttons, slippers, dressing-gowns, hair brushes, toothpicks, spectacles, writing desk, pen wipers, and so on?"

"Yes—everything."

"Madam, I don't believe we can help you any, unless you want a gold-headed cane."

"He's got one."

The clerk scratched his head and looked up and down the store for a long minute, and then remarked:

"Must you make him a Christmas present?"

"Yes, I positively must."

"Well, we've only one other article, and if that doesn't suit, I'll have to give up. It is a crutch for invalids or injured persons. If he happens to get hurt it will come handy."

"Well, I dunno," she said, as she critically examined the crutch. "It lays between this and a life-preserver, which I found at a second hand store. I'll think it over tonight, and by to-morrow I must reach some conclusion. Meanwhile, if I telephone you that he has taken another roll down the back stairs, you can count on the cash for two crutches, a quart of arnica and at least six porous plasters."

The Massachusetts State-House.

Repairs have recently been made to the old state-house in Boston, says The Boston *Journal*, and now it is remarked with what freshness the Indian on the western end smiles his lead and oil smile, and how the eagle just above him seems to be successfully controlling a ninety-pound pressure desire to scream. On the eastern end, however, a lion and a unicorn can still be seen, the former not having yet chased the latter all about and out of the town. When the average bean-eater has aroused his patriotism by gazing at the eagle and the Indian and is about to holler that the lion and the unicorn must come down, he fires his enthusiasm at that cannon ball hole in the gable of the Old South, and thus the British beasts and the country are saved.

A LOST MINE.

Untold Treasures Waiting in the Bowels of the Earth for the Lucky Finder.

Aaron Leopold, besides his marine interests, is a large investor in Lake Superior mining properties. It was his good luck to be one of the men who held Calumet and Hecla stock before the Agassiz process for reducing copper ore was discovered, which discovery increased the value of copper mine stocks five hundred fold, and placed Calumet and Hecla among the greatest wealth-producing shafts ever dug into mother earth.

In conversation with a reporter a day or two ago, he told the following fascinating story: "Copper is undoubtedly a good thing. No man who was lucky enough to get into some of the Michigan mines on the ground floor can gainsay that, but silver is a better thing, for all that, and as sure as my name is Leopold, some time or other there will be one of the biggest strikes of silver made on the north shore of Lake Superior ever heard of in America. It will outdo the Rocky mountain finds, just as our copper gets away with the Arizona mines. Of course, you know that where copper occurs, silver is likely to be also found, and that this is more than theory the frequent discovery of silver in northern Michigan, and especially on the north shore, proves. You know there is an island on Lake Superior called Silver island, on which silver is very profitably mined. Did you ever hear the story of the lost silver mine?"

"Never," said the reporter.

"Well, it is good enough to print," said Mr. Leopold. "It is a current tradition at Outonagon, Hancock, Houghton, and especially at Duluth, and while you can hear it a good many ways, I have looked into it very often, and I believe you will find this is about the truth of it. About sixty years ago all of the country north of Duluth was a wilderness. There were a few Hudson bay company's posts scattered about the lakes and rivers up there, and the rest of that part of British America was the home of roving Indians and nobody else. The story was current then that somewhere down along the northern shore of the lake there was a mine where virgin silver was to be found in lumps. One day a party af Indians—this is the cold truth, which you can find on record in books printed years ago—one day a party of Indians came into port on Lake Winnipeg to trade, but instead of furs they had sold ingots of silver. Every one of the party was provided with bricks worth hundreds of dollars. You may believe this caused a sensation. It proved that the rumors current so long had some foundation. The Indians were strangers at the post. They belonged to a different tribe from any ever seen there before, and they pointed out vaguely in a south-easterly direction when asked whence they had come. Of course they had the usual carouse, and at last they loaded up with guns, calicoes, beads, and whisky and started for home. Two Frenchmen, who were at the post, tracked them across the wilderness, shadowing them like a pair of detectives, and after about one hundred miles further than from St. Louis to Chicago—through incredible hardships and sufferings—they at last tracked them to earth. According to the story the home of these Indians were in the range of hills between Crooked lake and Superior, south of Pigeon river, in what is now the state of Minnesota. They did more than this, they found the Indian mine, and its wealth was beyond all the stories told of it. In a grotto of rotten rock the Virginia silver was to be seen veigning the sides in every direction. The two men marked down the position of the mine as closely as could be, taking a number of lankmarks, so that there could be no mistake. The mine stood at the head of a long serpentine ravine which trended southeast. Then they loaded up with all the silver they could carry and started back. All this time the Indians knew nothing of their visits. Well, they toiled along for days and days, borne down by the weight of metal, and at last one of them sickened and died on the road. Winter was coming on and the remaining explorer struggled onward after burying his companion, and now and then stopping and cacheing some more silver, until at last he got back to the post. The work and the exposure were too much for him, however, and in a couple of days he too sickened and died. He gave the most explicit instructions to his companions at the post as to how the mine was to be reached, and you may believe that the search made the next summer was an exhaustive one. The body of the other explorer was found, so was also the silver hidden on the road, but the mine itself was not come upon. There is an old Canadian that everybody calls Leon, who is occasionally seen in Duluth, where he comes to buy stores, who is the son of one of the men that were at the post when the survivor of the two first finders got back. This Leon has done nothing all his life but hunt for that mine. He has got old papers describing its location as closely as possible, but he has never found it, although there is not a ravine in those hills that he has not examined. He will keep up the hunt till he dies, of course, and he may find it—stranger things have happened."

"Do you believe the story?"

"Certainly I do. It may be exaggerated, but that the Indians knew of some great silver deposit nobody who has frequented the north shore has any doubt. I suppose 1,000 men have at one time or another been at work looking for that mine. You can't help believing a story that brings along as evidence the actual ingots of silver, and of these ingots the records are too plain and sure to leave any doubt."

"It seems as though these Indians would hardly be satisfied with taking one lot of silver out os the mine?"

"They are not satisfied. There are hundreds of stories afloat about trades made by the Indians wherein solid ingots of silver were bartered off for a couple of yards of calico. Some of them I suppoae are false and others true; but as to their appearing at Winnipeg with the silver, nobody who will take record evidence for any fact can doubt. It is as sure as anything can be."

MOON AND SUN POWER.—Not taking into account atmospheric absorption, Sir William Thomson has computed that we receive from the full moon a light equal to that which would reach us from twenty-seven thousand million million candles spread over the moon's earthward hemisphere, painted black. If allowance is made for the loss of moonlight in passing through our atmosphere, the number of candles must be much greater—probably reaching forty thousand million million. The same eminent physicist has further calculated that, if the moon's side were painted black, and covered with normally burning candles standing closely packed in square order, the light would appear to us to be about the same in quantity as that which we now receive. As compared with the sun, he has been led to the conclusion that we cannot be very far wrong in estimating the light of the full moon as about a seventy-thousandth of the sunlight anywhere on earth.

PLANT ADAPTATION.—Some remarkable illustrations of the power of plants to adapt themselves to diverse conditions have been furnished by the observations of Senhor Ladislao Netto, of Rio Janeiro. One plant—*Strychnos triplinervia*—was found growing in an open space as a bush about six feet high, while another specimen of the same species was seen in the shade of the same woods only a few yards away as a vine sixty feet in length. Other plants were allowed to become vines of considerable length in the dense Brazilian forests, and at once began to change their appearance to that of shrubs on being given free exposure to the sunlight.

A Torrington, Conn., lady mourns the death of a canary at the advanced age of 25 years. This is the alleged age of the canary, not of the lady.

A Trip to the Moon Christmas Eve.

Well, Christmas has come again, and a real wintry Christmas. A light fog had made darkness close in earlier than usual, but the mild light of the stars burst forth victoriously through the mist. A fire was crackling in the stove and diffused a pleasant warmth through the little room; but my heart was far from happy, for I was alone, all alone on the holy Christmas eve; nobody would wish me a "Merry Christmas!" I should deck no Christmas tree, and had no one to whom I could give presents; so I sat discontentedly in the sofa corner in the gathering dusk and conjured up before my memory visions of former happy days.

Suddenly a dear, well-known face peered into the window and whispered: "Come, old friend, don't give yourself up to such melancholy thoughts; go with me on my cheery round and you will spend as pleasant a Christmas eve as you can desire."

"Yes, old friend," I cried, opening the window, "I'll go with you; I'm coming now."

Hastily throwing on a warm wrap I left the room. Meantime it had become perfectly light out of doors; the snow glittered as if covered with diamonds, and creaked under the lightest tread. I felt so gay and joyous in the fresh air it seemed as if I were melting away in the radiant moonbeams, when suddenly—how did it happen!—I rose from the earth like a sparkling form woven of mist and magnetically attracted by a higher world ascended further and further in the circle of light around the moon, to whose guidance I unresistingly yielded, for the familiar friendly face that had nodded to me was that of the man in the moon. Below us a church opened its portals, the melody of an organ poured forth, people of all ages and ranks flocked from within. Their faces were involuntarily turned toward my friend up above, and the latter smiled knowingly at all the sparkling eyes. The church windows were brightly illuminated, and on the right and left of the altar two large Christmas trees shone with lights.

An old-fashioned coach was standing in front of the open doors. The horses stamped impatiently on the frozen ground. The congregation moved respectfully aside, whispering: "Here they come!" A tall, stately man, on whose arm leaned a slender lady, passed through the church portals and the couple entered the carriage, beside which a lackey stood respectfully with uncovered head. Two pretty boys and a graceful little girl followed, all three with bright expectant faces. The coach door slammed, and away rolled the equipage through the gradually ascending park to the stately castle where the Christmas candles were just lighted.

Nobody in the carriage had any eyes for the exquisite beauty of the winter night, only my friend and I gazed admiringly down on field and forest, the ancient pines whose huge branches drooped and groaned under the weight of the snow. The leafless bushes were everywhere covered with glittering ice crystals, the tiniest twig, every withered hedge sparkled with royal splendor under the glorious night heavens, careless whether their loveliness was noticed and appreciated by human eyes. They had all decked themselves to reveal the majesty of God.

My friend and I cast a glance through the windows of the brilliantly decorated hall of the castle, which sent their cheerful glow far into the darkness. A throng of aristocratic ladies and gentlemen, merry children and servants in holiday attire moved to and fro; every face beamed with happiness and festal mirth. We looked at tables adorned with sumptuous gifts and then glided noiselessly past the windows to the village houses lighted in honor of Christmas tide.

Close to the church stood an ancient house. Giant linden trees spread their branches protectingly over the dilapidated roof; an empty stork's nest resting against the huge chimney enjoyed a secure shelter in which to await the return of its spring and summer occupant. A few twigs and bits of straw, covered with hoar frost that glittered in the moonlight, projected above the nest. A low wall surrounded the court yard, the elder bushes peered curiously over the roof. The wooden bench at the door now had a thick covering of snow. Even the gate posts had tall white caps and looked like venerable warders. The windows were closed with wooden shutters, and we were afraid that we should not be able to see anything of the Christmas cheer, within but look! Two little round openings in the upper part of the shutters shone like beaming eyes, and we peered through them into the pleasant room. A cry of surprise almost escaped my lips, and pressing close to the hole I tried to see all that was passing. In the center stood a beautifully decorated Christmas tree, its boughs bending under the weight of gilt apples and nuts. A warm, delicious smell of wax came through the cracks of the window frames. Stirred by the heat of the candles, a large golden star on the top of the tree turned to and fro, surrounded by a throng of little angels. I could distinctly read on this star the words: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Under the boughs of the Christmas tree was a wonderful manger. Mary and Joseph knelt before the Christ child, and the oxen and the asses gazed at them in surprise. An angel soaring towards the flocks and shepherds outside of the stable seemed to be in the act of announcing the joyful message of salvation bestowed that day on all the world.

The pastor had removed his cap, and now began the beautiful Christmas hymn: "Peaceful night, holy night." A group of rosy-cheeked children chimed joyously in, and the gentle mother, with the baby in her arms, accompanied them with her voice. Even the old maid-servant's quavering tones joined in at the right moment. Tears of joyful emotion dimmed my eyes; but my friend, the heavenly pilgrim, already warned me that it was time to go, and had left me some distance behind. I reluctantly tore myself away from a scene where earthly and divine joys were so beautifully blended. Alas, how lonely and how poor I seemed to myself when I thought of this happy family; my heart shrank with sorrow. But my friend gave me no time for such melancholy thoughts, and I was obliged to follow him. We glided noiselessly over the roofs and walls of the houses. In some, only a faint gleam of light betrayed that any living creature was inside. The labor of business was still going on in others; no Christmas rest was allowed, baking and scouring continued, and no devout lips sang a holy Christmas hymn. The sturdy farmer's wife, the grumbling farmer, had numerous orders to give; the much desired holiday quiet seemed unlikely to be enjoyed for a long time. Then we again saw a bright flood of light shining amid the darkness. In yonder showy house with the numerous windows they must surely be holding a merry Christmas festival. Ah! no, rude laughter, discordant noises echoed from within, and when we looked into the house it proved to be a tavern; glassy eyes and flushed faces gazed at us. A cloud passed over the moon's radiant face. We moved swiftly by. Suddenly a feeble ray of light glimmered from a tiny house. Its window was covered with a blue apron, but a small rent allowed us to peer in. Though the little room was the abode of poverty, happiness dwelt there also.

A meanly clad but young and blooming woman was lifting her first born child toward the lighted tree, and the curly haired little fellow was kicking with delight and trying to reach the candles; his rosy cheeks vied in color with the apples hanging from the boughs. The happy father had just lighted the last candle, and now took the child in his arms to enjoy its delight. The moon again shone out from the cloud and gazed down upon their happiness; ere I was aware of it we had passed the house and no longer saw any ray of light. Had we already reached the end of the village? Ah, yes, the miserable little mill was almost hidden from sight in the shadow of the wooded cliff. A half-withered fir tree had thrust itself saucily forward to the extreme edge of the rock, and creaking whenever a breeze stirred its branches made sighing, moaning noises. The wheel was motionless, long icicles hung from the gutters. There were large holes in the roof; the snow lay in heaps on the floor beneath.

Was the house deserted? No smoke rose through the clear air; the hearth was cold, the fire extinguished. My friend cast a sorrowful glance through a broken window pane and saw in the cold room the rigid white face of a weary old pilgrim. It was the miller; his race was ended, his house abandoned. But from the little dark shepherd's hut opposite, two children gazed through the panes, orphans who had sought shelter in the dilapidated dwelling. They looked anxiously at the mill. "Listen," the boy said to his sister, "the mill doesn't clap any more, the miller is surely dead." The little girl gazed with dilated, sorrowful eyes at the broken window pane, through which the moon was pouring its pure light. "Oh," she whispered, "I can see the old miller lying on his bed; how pale and still he looks."

I felt very sorrowful. "How wide and deep," I said to myself, "is the gulf between the rich and happy and the poor. Can nothing bridge the chasm save death?" But ah, who came tripping along with light feet and joyful faces, carrying green branches decked with candles, apples and nuts? The pastor's pretty children rushed into the hut, and the table was spread, numerous gifts lay on it, candles burned, and the pale-faced children, clasping hands gleefully with the children from the parsonage, danced around the branches, singing, "Oh, pine tree, oh, pine tree, how green are thy boughs." The clear little voices rang out merrily.

Suddenly I started up; the moon was shining directly into my face, driving away the visions from my brain and the slumbers from my eyes, for I had fallen into a slight doze in the sofa corner. I had been dreaming—but the bridge across the gulf had been found, and is called love. Now I knew how I could fill the dreary hours of the lonely Christmas eve. Yes, I would imitate those happy children, who knew that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

BRAZIL'S FUTURE.

Indications of Industrial Growth—Immigration the First Requisite—The Slave Problem Working Out Smoothly.

Senor J. G. Valente, charge d'affaires from Brazil to the United States, talked freely about the condition and needs of his country to a *Tribune* reporter at the Hoffman house Friday night. Senor Valente is a short, slight man with dark eyes, hair and mustache. He speaks good English fluently, and with a slight foreign accent which adds to the charm of conversation. "Brazil now has a population of about 15,000,000, and is growing steadily," he said. "The government realizes the importance of colonization in Brazil, and offers some inducements to immigrants. By far the larger part of the immigration is from Germany and Portugal. The government puts it in the power of actual settlers to acquire all the land they can use at a nominal price, and it also assists settlers in the matter of transportation. Formerly the government employed agents to scour Europe for emigrants, but it was found that these agents were careless or indifferent about the quality of the people whom they sent, and it was found that our population was being recruited from the irresponsible pauper classes.

"Brazil no longer employs emigration agents. There is a good deal in Brazil to attract enterprising foreigners and our laws are just and liberal. Our form of government, you know, is a liberal and limited monarchy, modeled closely upon that of Great Britain. The emperor of Brazil has little power and no responsibility. The weight of affairs rests upon the ministers, and they are held to strict account by parliament. The members of our upper house are chosen for life. The lower house is filled by election every four years. Our laws require a man to possess property worth at least $2 before he can vote. This is a slight restriction on the right of suffrage, and it is considered a wise one."

"Is there a good deal of activity in railroad building this year in Brazil?"

"Yes, work on the old lines has been pushed and new lines have been well advanced. The government aids the railroads which it does not construct, by guaranteeing that the capital shall produce a fair return—generally about 7 per cent."

"Who owns the independent lines of railroad?"

"They have for the most part been built by English capital and controlled by English companies. There is little or no American capital invested in Brazilian railroads."

"Are manufacturing interests growing?"

"I cannot say that there has been much increase in the number of our manufacturing establishments. Our people are employed in other pursuits, and it is cheaper for them to import almost all of the manufactured goods which they need. Brazil buys most of her manufactured articles from England, with the exception of machinery and agricultural implements, which are purchased in the United States. There are great numbers of sewing machines manufactured in the United States for use in Brazil. There is no import duty on machinery and agricultural implements. The greater portion of the revenue of Brazil is raised by means of duties on exports and imports."

"Could not wheat be made a profitable crop in Brazil?"

"Yes, much of the land is admirably adapted to the culture of it, but our people find that it pays better to cultivate coffee, tobacco, and other things with which they are familiar and successful, and to buy their flour from the United States. We have not yet begun to feel the need of greatly diversified industries. We are willing to have the United States produce flour for us. Variety in occupations and manufactures will come with increased population."

"What are the most pressing needs of Brazil?"

"Above all things Brazil needs a steady and copious stream of intelligent, industrious and progressive immigrants. We want new people with new ideas to develop the rich and varied resources of our country. When the United States has doubled its population again, people will begin to look for a newer country when they contemplate emigration, and I have no fears for the future of Brazil so far as population is concerned. I think that the proportion of the area of Brazil which is healthy and desirable for places of residence is about the same as it is in other countries of equal extent."

"Is the number of slaves decreasing rapidly?"

"In 1871 a law was passed which forever prevents an increase in the number of slaves. From the time that law was passed no one has been born in servitude, and the government has from time to purchased the freedom of large numbers of slaves. The masters are always given a fair compensation for their slave property. The government is neither able nor willing to emancipate all the slaves at one time. It would not be wise to alter the condition of so many people simultaneously. Emancipation is going on with great rapidity, however, and in several provinces there is not a single slave left. Slave owners are not a menace to the government in Brazil. The laws regulating slavery are humane. Families cannot be separated, and if a slave has reason to be dissatisfied with his master he can, by laying his case before the proper authorities, compel his master to sell or transfer him to some more just or agreeable person. A slave is also privileged to buy his liberty on the installment plan, and many have purchased liberty in that way. The condition of the slaves of Brazil is not so unhappy as was the lot of slaves in the United States. Our slaves are well protected by law, and have many advantages which the slaves in the United States never were permitted to enjoy. The gradual emancipation of the slaves of Brazil is going on smoothly and in a manner satisfactory to the government. The slaves adapt themselves to their new conditions readily, because the mode of life and of gaining a livelihood is not changed. They continue to dwell with their former masters in many cases, and receive wages for their services. Those who are not disposed to work much fare pretty well, because they can get enough to live in Brazil without much exertion."

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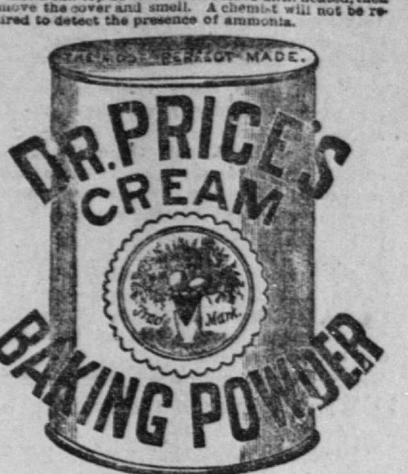

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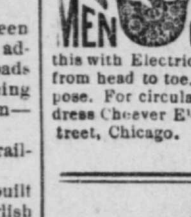

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