

## GOLD BY THE ACRE.

A Chat with Senator Henry M. Teller About Colorado's New Gold and Silver Mines—The Biggest Gold State of the Union—Cripple Creek in 1899—How a Company of Poor Men Struck a Block of Silver at Leadville—Good Times in the West—A Word About Politics—Senator Teller Does Not Regret that He Left the Republican Party.

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Denver, Colo., Dec. 23, 1899.—I met Senator Henry M. Teller in his office here this afternoon, and had a long chat with him concerning the business situation in Colorado and other matters. One of the subjects discussed was the wonderful increase in the production of gold, which has been going on over the world. Said Mr. Teller:

"Colorado is mining more gold today than she has ever done. We are now the chief gold state in the Union. We produced \$22,000,000 worth of gold last year, and we shall, I believe, produce more than \$30,000,000 this year. We are opening new mines all over the State and many of our old ones are growing richer as they go down."

## CRIPPLE CREEK IN 1899.

"How about Cripple Creek?" I asked. "Cripple Creek is steadily widening and broadening its areas," said Senator Teller. "Its produce is increasing right along, and I should not be surprised to see it turn out four or five million dollars per month at some time in the future. This would be about as much as the whole United States is now doing. We are improving the processes of reducing gold. The cyanide method is growing better every month, and the day will come when it will pay to reduce ore which has only four or five dollars' worth of gold to the ton in it. At present the ore must carry ten or eleven dollars per ton to make it pay for the reduction. There is today, perhaps, twenty million dollars' worth of gold lying in the dumps at Cripple Creek, which will eventually be taken out. When these cheap processes come many mines will be worked which are not worked now, and the increase in our product will be enormous."

## COLORADO VS. THE KLONDIKE.

"How does Colorado compare with the Klondike in respect to its gold camps?" I asked. "It is ridiculous to compare Colorado with the Klondike," said Senator Teller. "We had one county (Gillpin) that the senator said that produced more gold last year than the Klondike. I think men are fools to go way off to Alaska, when they might come here to Colorado and do equally well or better."

"But, senator, I understand that your best mines have been taken. They say that the English have been gobbling up the best things of Colorado."

"That is not true," replied Senator Teller indignantly. "I am a native-born American, and I am not going to let any foreigner take the Independence mine to a syndicate. He got in the neighborhood of \$11,000,000 in stock and money for it. A few others of our mines do belong to foreigners, but the great majority are in the hands of Coloradans. Fully 75 per cent of all the gold and silver mines of this State are owned at home. We don't need foreign capital. We are able to develop our own mines. We know our value and we have the money to work them. We are able to stand alone and are growing more so every year."

## MINING AS A PROFESSION.

"How about mining as a business, senator?" Does it pay?"

"Yes, it does," replied Senator Teller. "If mining is followed in a commonsense, practical way it pays better and surer than any branch of mercantile business. I know of nothing, in fact, in which the failures are fewer. More than ninety out of every hundred merchants fail. Far more than that proportion of miners succeed, and that notwithstanding so many men rush into mining without experience. You hear of the big strikes and the men who make big fortunes. There are hundreds, yes, thousands, of strikes of a smaller amount that you never hear of. If a man will study the business and work carefully and persistently he has a fair chance of success. I have just been up in the Coeur d'Alene country. I saw a young fellow there who told me he had made \$200,000 in the last five years. I met other men who had done equally as well. We have cases here every month of men who are making small fortunes."

## THE BIG SILVER STRIKE AT LEADVILLE.

"How about the late silver strike at Leadville?" said I.

"I really don't know the particulars," replied the senator. "There are many stories, and matters of that kind are always exaggerated at first. In brief, however, Leadville has a number of silver mines in and about the town which recently filled up with water. They were known as the Down-town mines, to distinguish them from the mines higher up. When the water came in the capitalists who owned them gave up the idea of working them. They did not think it would pay to pump the water out. They were told that it could be done for \$50,000, but they laughed at the proposition. The men who had the scheme in hand then organized the company called the Home Mining company. This was made up of merchants, small business men and others, including day laborers and servant girls, who went into it as a speculation purely. The company secured a lease on the mine by engaging to give a royalty of a certain per cent on all the silver ore they got out. They bought pumps and went to work. They finally took the water all out, and a short time ago struck one of the largest bodies of silver ore which has yet been discovered. You see, those who owned the mine before had not gone down far enough. This new company went only a few feet further and struck a body of ore so great that they don't know just how big it is. They have been going down in different places near by and striking it in nearly all cases. It is said to cover several acres and to be about twenty feet thick."

"What kind of ore is it, senator?"

"It is composed of silver and lead, and is of that nature that the smelters are glad to reduce it for nothing, because it can be profitably used in the smelting of more refractory ores. It combines with these ores and makes them smeltible. The stock in this company originally sold at \$1 a share. It has recently been bringing all the way from \$20 to \$50."

## GOLD BY THE ACRE.

I here asked Senator Teller to give some idea of gold values in Colorado, and in reply he handed me a copy of the Denver Republican which contained the valuation of some of the properties in Cripple Creek. As I looked over it I was struck by the fact that they measure gold properties here by the acre. According to this paper, Stratton's Independence mine, which it will be remembered, he struck after his petting for forty years in the intervals

of his work at the carpenter trade, is capitalized at five and one-half million dollars, and the stock is selling at \$12.50 per share, making the value of the property more than thirty-five million dollars. The company has seventy-five acres and at the market figures each acre is worth on the average \$144,736.

The Portland mine, which was also discovered by poor men, at the present market value is worth \$6,300,000. The company owns 180 acres, worth on the average \$35,333 an acre.

In round figures, the Elkton Mining company has property worth about \$15,500 an acre; the Jack Pot, which has forty-two acres, is selling at a valuation of about \$15,000 an acre, and the Isabella, capitalized at more than \$2,000,000, has about 160 acres, which is selling at a price which would make its value more than \$14,000 per acre. And so it goes on for half a column of listed mining companies, the shares in which sell from 3 cents to as many dollars, but each of which is capitalized at a million or more and owns acres of gold territory, each of which is worth \$1,000 to more than \$100,000. It is, in fact, the only place I know of in the world where they talk of their gold by the acre.

## THE CAUSE OF OUR PROSPERITY.

Returning to my talk with Senator Teller, I asked him whether he did not think the present booming times were the result of the increased production of gold the world over. He replied:

"No, I do not think so, though that has helped. We have had an expansion of the currency from several sources. There is more money in circulation and more credit. For every dollar of an increase in circulation we estimate that there is \$20 of an increase in credit. I believe this is a good thing. Our increased circulation comes from the fact that we have been selling a vast quantity of our cereals to Europe for several years. Within the past year alone from that source and other we have received from Europe \$102,000,000. Colorado as to natural resources that produced \$200,000,000 into our circulation, and to this must be added our own gold output of \$55,000,000, so that, altogether, the increase had been enormous."

## A WORD FOR COLORADO.

"How about Colorado, senator, have you people good times here?"

"Yes, and we are going to have better times. The Lord has so favored Colorado as to natural resources that it is impossible for man to make conditions which will prevent her having good times for any long period. You may pass any legislation you please and Colorado will master it. You retard our silver industry, and within a few years we give you gold. It is the same with other things. We have, I believe, the best 100,000 square miles on the face of God's green earth. Our people breathe champagne and the purest of air. The Rockies keep our blood in good order. We are known chiefly as a gold and silver State, but we have more coal and better coal than Pennsylvania. We have had scientists out here investigating our coal mines, and they have found enough coal here to supply all the United States for a century. One geologist says that there is enough coal in Colorado to make a carpet more than a yard thick all over the State. Our coal areas are, in fact, about as large as the whole State of Ohio."

## COLORADO THE PENNSYLVANIA OF THE WEST.

"But where is the coal, senator, is it where you can get at it?"

"It is pretty well scattered over the State. It is found on the plains, in the foothills and in the mountains. It is being slowly developed, but we are now mining several million tons every year."

"But, senator, do you mean what you say when you state that the coal is as good as that of Pennsylvania?"

"I certainly do," replied Senator Teller. "We have vast quantities of excellent anthracite coal. We have good coking coal, and, in fact, we have coal for every purpose. Our coal will some day make us the great manufacturing State of the West, for we have iron as well."

"How about lead?"

"We produce great quantities of that metal and fortunes are being made in lead mining. The lead is usually found in connection with the silver, however, but I have said it is especially profitable because the smelters are glad to smelt it for nothing."

"How much of the precious metals has Colorado produced?"

"I have not the figures at hand, but I know that it is considerably more than half a billion dollars. A metal which we are now shipping, which is even more valuable than gold or silver, is uranium. It is used in manufactures and in its crude state is worth from \$1,500 to \$1,500 a ton. We have also manganese mines from which we are shipping ore east. We shipped 50,000 tons to Chicago last year, and will send more this. A great amount of our

product goes to the Illinois Steel company. They use manganese in the making of steel."

## COLORADO FARMERS.

"How are your farmers getting along?" I asked.

"They are making money," replied Senator Teller. "We have a vast amount of good land, the most of which is irrigated, so that we have crops year after year without regard to droughts. We raise the finest of all kinds of grain. Last year our wheat crop amounted to more than a million bushels and our live stock industry is second only to that of mining and smelting. We have now about 2,000,000 cattle in the State. We can raise the best sheep and the finest of wool. We are also a rich fruit State, and, in fact, we can raise anything and everything here. There is no State like it."

## DENVER.

"Tell me something about Denver, senator," said I.

"Every man, I suppose, likes his own town best," said Senator Teller, "but I can't see how anyone could stay any time in Denver and not like it. It is one of the best cities in the United States, as a business and residence city. Its people have a higher degree of education, I venture, than those of any other city of the same size in our country. We have about 150,000 people and we have more college graduates to the thousand than any town in New England. We have about 200 graduates of Yale college here. We have scores of men who went to Harvard, Princeton and other great universities. We have excellent schools, a good university and a people who are generally intelligent."

## COLORADO WILL STICK TO SILVER.

"How about Colorado during the coming presidential campaign, will it still be a silver State?" I asked.

"Yes, there is no doubt about that. The sentiment here is overwhelmingly in favor of silver."

As Senator Teller said this my mind went back to the St. Louis convention of 1896, and I could see him as he stood there, and on account of silver, renounced his allegiance to the Republican party. The scene was a most affecting one, and it thrilled the country. The senator now looks older and more careworn than he did then, and as I looked at him I wondered if he had ever been sorry for his action and said:

"Senator, it is now almost four years since you left the Republican party. Have you ever regretted doing so, and do you regret it now?"

"No, I have never for an instant regretted it," was the prompt reply. "I do not regret it now. I left the party because I could not conscientiously stay in it. It would have been moral suicide for me to have done so, believing as I do that the leading principle in action on the money question is contrary to the good of the country and of the people."

"In this means that you will not be with the Republicans in the coming campaign?"

"Yes."

"Will you be with the Democrats?"

"I must be with them, because the paramount issue, as I believe it, will be the financial issue, and on that question they are practically in accord with me."

"Does that mean that you will be for Bryan?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Senator Teller. "It looks to me as though Bryan would be the nominee."

"Do you think he has any chance of being elected?"

"I think his chances are better this time than they were in 1896. I never thought he would be elected during the campaign. He may be now. His friends have also grown and he has grown."

## A WORD ABOUT EXPANSION.

"Do you think the question of expansion will have much effect upon the campaign?"

"Yes, I do; and I have the idea that it will lose the Republicans many votes. I think that we should carry out the resolutions we adopted when we declared war with Spain. We then said that we did not want to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over Cuba, and that after we had made peace we would leave the government and island to the control of the people. I think we should do as we have promised, and that we should treat the Philippines in the same way. I don't believe our people will approve of the large standing army which we must have if we keep the Philippines. I don't believe we want those islands to be States of the Union. Their people are certainly not ready for it now, and it surely will take a long time for them to become so."

## FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## EXPENSIVE LIVING.

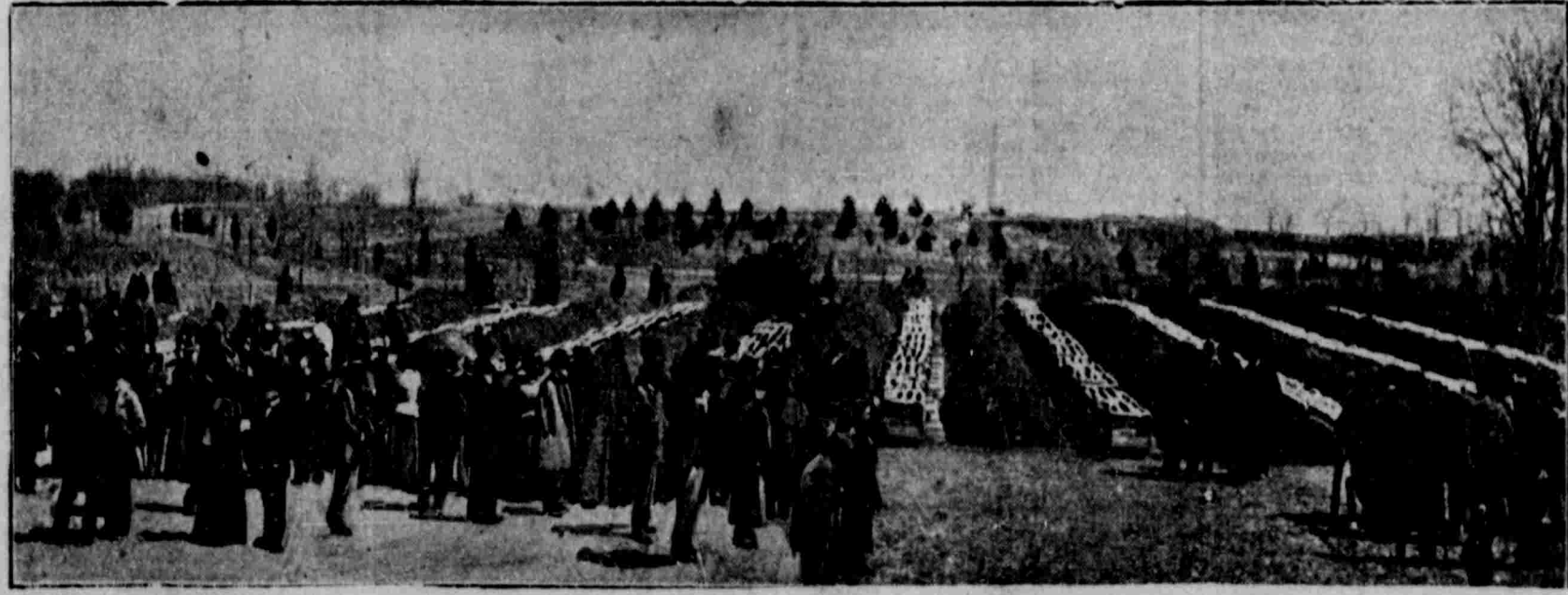
It is doubtful whether there is a place on the continent where living is more expensive than at Dawson City. A letter recently received from there says:

"We leased a lot 25 by 70 feet for \$150 a month, and put up a building 25 feet by 44, two stories, with eight rooms upstairs. We get \$50 a month for each room, or \$400 a month for all. When we get \$200 a month for one-half of the downstairs rooms, making \$600 a month rent, besides a room 12 by 44 feet for our goods."

Walking down the street one day I noticed a scale of prices at a bulletin board outside a restaurant. The following is an exact copy:

|                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| Mush and milk                        | .....\$ .50                               |
| Doughnuts and coffee                 | .....\$ .50                               |
| Hot cakes                            | .....\$ .75                               |
| German pancakes                      | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Three eggs, any style                | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Potterhouse steak                    | .....\$ 3.00                              |
| Tenderloin steak                     | .....\$ 3.00                              |
| Plain steak                          | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Moose or caribou                     | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Bacon or ham and eggs                | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Codfish balls                        | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Salt salmon                          | .....\$ 1.50                              |
| Spring chicken, half                 | .....\$ 3.00                              |
| Spring chicken, whole                | .....\$ 3.00                              |
| Sliced cucumbers or sliced tomatoes, | .....\$ 1.50 extra—Self Culture Magazine. |

## A SCENE WHICH WILL LIVE FOR MANY YEARS



Here is a photograph just received by the "News" of the burial of the dead of the battleship Maine. It shows the relatives. Most of them had come from far-distant cities and it was evident that the expense of the trip had been a hard one for some to meet. They were kept outside the ropes while the ceremonies were going on. Every consideration was shown, but the country had taken charge of the Maine dead and the ceremonies were no longer individual, but national. President McKinley, Admiral Dewey and cabinet ministers were present.

## ROYAL HOUSE OF PORTUGAL.

Its Court One of the Most Dazzling and Punctilious in the World—King Carlos I and His Beloved Consort—Grandma Marie Pia, the Daughter of Victor Emmanuel, Still the "Glass of Fashion" and Said to be the Best-Dressed Woman in Europe—The Young Queen—Mother, Amalia, and Her Children.

## Special Correspondence.

Lisbon, Portugal, Dec. 9, 1899.

It is the old story of shabby gentility, the wide world over—the more hopelessly down-at-heel and out-at-elbow, the larger mantle of haughty reserve is needed to cover it. Therefore poor old Portugal puts on more and more official airs as her poverty increases. Always extremely punctilious in the smallest details of court etiquette, she has drawn the lines ever tighter and tighter, while richer monarchies have been relaxing them in this dawn of the twentieth century—until today the Portuguese court is by far the most stately and ceremonious in Europe. For an unofficial American to gain audience with the king or queen, is as well nigh impossible as for the scriptural rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. "A cat may look at a king," you know, and all the world is welcome to come and shake the hand of great America's rulers, at least on the first day of a new year; but he who aspires to gaze at Portuguese royalty must take his chances with the populace on the Lisbon boulevards, or in the theater, or at one of the frequent semi-public functions in the palace, to which he may perhaps be admitted through the intercession of the minister plenipotentiary from his country. Our party has enjoyed all these opportunities. King Carlos I, who is considerably under forty years of age, mingles more freely with the people than did any of his predecessors, and may often be met in the streets of Lisbon, on foot, or riding his splendid charger, or in his

## GLITTERING STATE CARRIAGE.

whose crimson and gilding reminds one of the regulation circus chariot. The only difficulty is to tell the king from the courtiers who surround him. He is younger than most of them, and his dress is decidedly less conspicuous than their bedizened uniforms. King Carlos looks much as his uncle, Dom Pedro II of Brazil, must have looked at the same age—a stout, fair haired, blue-eyed young giant, the very antipodes of our preconceived notion of the swarthy Latin. The truth is that blondes are almost as numerous as brunettes in the upper classes of both Spain and Portugal. Carlos I has French, German and Italian blood in his veins, and everyone knows what other admixtures, along with the original Roman, Moorish and Portuguese. He is directly descended from the ancient house of Braganza—a house which the Emperor Napoleon officially declared to be extinct, but which yet appears to be very much alive. His mother, Marie Pia, was the youngest daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. His great-grandmother was the archduchess Marie Josepha, daughter of Emperor Francis I of Austria, and among his ancestors was Amalia of Bavaria, Augustus Charles Eugene Napoleon, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and scions of other royal houses in various parts of Europe. By the way, it is often

## ERRONEOUSLY STATED

that Elsie Hensler, the English dancer, was his grandmother. King Ferdinand II, his grandfather, after the death of his royal consort, the famous Marie da Gloria (grandmother of the present king), morganatically married the pretty dancing girl, and died soon afterwards. The late king, Dom Luis I, was a model monarch, beloved by the people. In his grave he wears the medals bestowed upon him by the city of Lisbon, and the Humane Society of Oporto, for his heroism in that dreadful time, a few years ago, when cholera and yellow fever together ravaged the capital. While the king is decidedly less conspicuous than his predecessors, he is not less devoted to his subjects. When he is not in the city, he is in the country, and he is always ready to get away, scattered, fled like rats from a sinking ship, all the male members of the royal family staid by to the last—regardless of the experiences of their relatives in similar ways. In 61, when Dom Pedro V, and his two younger brothers, Dom Ferdinand and Dom Joao, refusing to desert their subjects in time of need, died of the pestilence, Dom Luis went about freely among the stricken people in the worst days of the city. When remonstrated with he replied: "My post is where the hand of sickness weighs most heavily and where the sickle is mowing down the flowers of my subjects. My place is beside the stricken and sorrowful; it is for that I am your king."

Dom Luis died in the autumn of '89, when his eldest son, Carlos, succeeded to the throne—not a month before the revolution in Brazil, by which his great-uncle, the good Dom Pedro II, was forced to abdicate, to the

## LASTING ILL-FORTUNE

of the country he had so wisely and kindly governed. Carlos I was then about 25 years old, and he immediately married (for love), one of the most beautiful princesses in Europe, Amelie de Bourbon, daughter of the Comte de Paris. Theirs was a happy romance, rather rare in royal circles, where marriages are usually matters of state arrangement. Carlos, then Duke of Braganza, had been very obstinate, declaring he would choose and woo a wife for himself, or he would not wed at all. As he neared the end of his teens, another and another European princess was suggested to him as a suitable partner; but in vain. Either he declined altogether to visit the court

where the maiden was enshrined, or, after spending a short time in her presence, during which he showed her the limited courtesy of dislike, he would take his departure, more disgusted than ever with match-makers and made-matches. Finally a wily friend of the royal family—the French Countess de Fernand, who happened (?) to visit Lisbon at a time when the whole Portuguese nation was mourning the non-marriageable attitude of its future king—suggested a ruse and successfully carried it out. Naturally, the young duke called to see his mother's friend. On her table were many portraits, carelessly scattered about. He was particularly struck by the picture of

## A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

and picking it up, demanded to know her name. "Oh, that," said the countess indifferently. "You do not know her? That is the Princess Amelie, of Orleans; but the portrait is far from doing her justice." Then, with admirable diplomacy, the wise French woman turned to the likeness of another lady, far less attractive than that of Princess Amelie, and lauded its original to the skies. In vain the duke tried to lead the conversation back to the girl whose counterfeit presentation had so captivated his fancy; the secretly delighted countess went on expatiating upon the merits of one and another homely princess, almost ignoring Amelie, to Carlos' obvious annoyance. Of course the expected happened; the young lover, like pigs and chickens, should be driven in any other direction than that which he wished to take. After years of married life, King Carlos is still passionately devoted to his royal wife, and the public functions, spectators note his frequent glances in her direction, which are more those of a lover than of a husband to the mother of his children.

Queen Amelie is a true type of the house of Orleans; unusually tall, stately and extremely dignified in manner, though with an appearance of haughtiness. Like her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, she has lovely almond-shaped eyes and a smile of peculiar sweetness, but her features are more delicate and there is a much softer, more womanly expression in her face than is ever worn by the resolute, strong-minded daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Amelie is seen at her best with her little ones about her—the baby in her arms, the small crown prince, Luis Felipe, Duke of Braganza, and his younger brother, the Duke de Beja, at her side. Her majesty gives to her sons every moment that can be spared from her busy life. Her aims with regard to her offspring were well expressed in an article which she wrote, not long ago, for The National Album, on the five hundredth anniversary of Prince Henry, the navigator: "As a mother and a queen, my highest ambition is to endow my country with a group of children, such as those of Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt; and to see among them one who shall do great deeds for Portugal and for the world, like Prince Henry."

Strange to say, the study of medicine is Queen Amelie's favorite diversion. She is desirous of seeing it taken up by the women of Portugal, and openly declares that in her opinion every country should have plenty of well-qualified

## WOMEN PRACTITIONERS

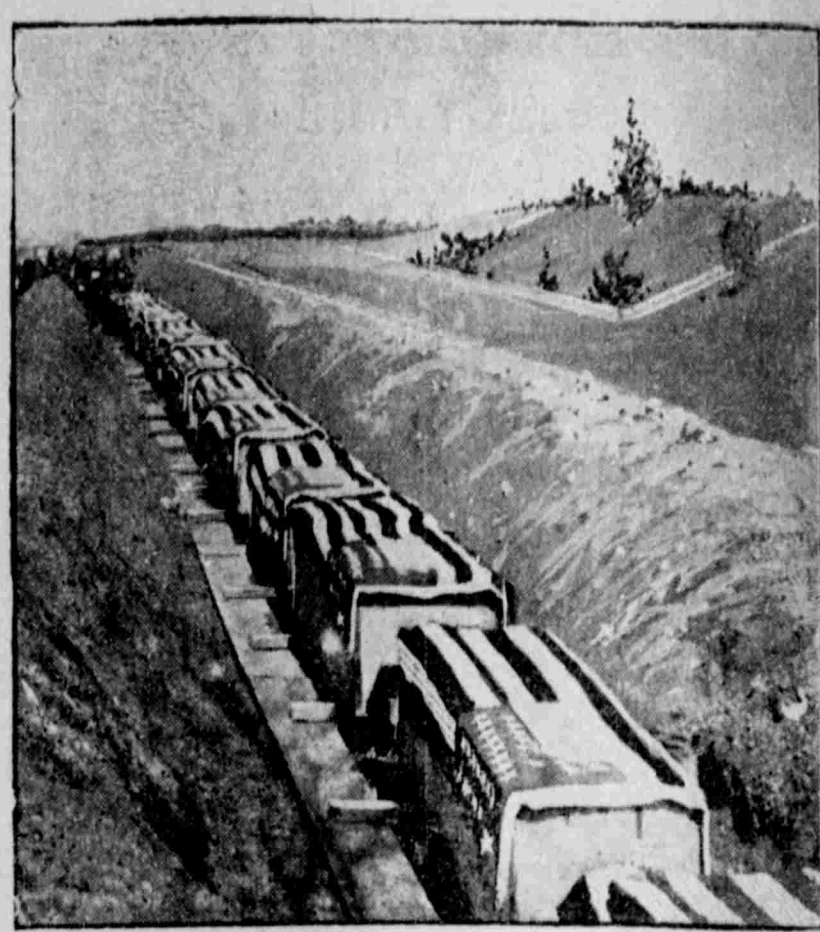
to attend women. She is a strong advocate of higher education for women generally and is very energetic in persuading the ladies of her court to work with her to this end. She takes great interest in literature, both French and Portuguese, and was astonished, on arriving in Lisbon, to learn that in her adopted country married women are forbidden by law to publish their works without the approval of their husbands. Through her influence the law has been modified, so that now, if the husband's consent is unjustly withheld, the wife may appeal to a court of justice, and if a "permission" is granted, may rush into print, whatever her jealous lord says against it.

While the young king is a famous athlete, a perfect horseman and yachtsman, very fond of society, the bull-fight, polo, tennis and other out-door sports, his wife and children spend a good deal of time riding on horseback and driving about the country. There are few districts within a wide area of one of the royal palaces which the queen has not visited, either in the saddle, or on the box-seat of her four-in-hand. Carlos' mother, Marie Pia, is a true daughter of Victor Emmanuel, the staunch old hero of Savoy, and remains second to none in the royal household. Though nearing her sixtieth year, she goes in for all her amusements with characteristic zeal and energy. She is a daring rider, an

## EXCELLENT SWIMMER

and an unrivaled shot, for a woman. At Caldas, where she usually passes the summers, one of her original diversions is to stand at the highest window or the house on stormy days and shoot at bobbing empty bottles, which she has caused to be thrown into the sea for that purpose; and it is said that she seldom misses the mark, however high the waves. The queen dowager is at so very fond of gardening, as was her husband, the late king, and her collection of exotics in the Ajuda palace is widely celebrated. Though continually the "glass of fashion" in Portuguese eyes, and said to be the best dressed woman in Europe when she cares to

## ONE OF THE BURIAL TRENCHES.



With Old Glory covering each coffin the remains of the hero dead were laid out in long rows ready to be lowered at the word of command. It was a touching and yet an ennobling sight which took place the other day in Arlington Cemetery, Washington. The above photograph of the scene has just arrived in this city and is the first one of the funeral to be published here.

dress, Marie Pia goes about Lisbon in a simple dark gown, often unattended, in the lowest parts of the city, dispensing charity; and it is needless to add that she is universally beloved.

According to Portuguese court etiquette, foreign ladies are seldom invited to any official doings in the royal palace at Lisbon; but there came a recent occasion when, through the courtesy of her minister, we were admitted in the humble role of spectators. The royal residence, Ajuda, on a hill overlooking the Tagus, is several miles from the heart of the city, surrounded by beautiful gardens. Descending from our carriage between two lines of soldiers, we were met by an usher in gorgeous uniform, who carried a great staff of office, which reminded us of that ridiculous thing, the mace, which is sometimes paraded about our Congress when its members are unruly. Preceded by the staff and the uniform, we walked through several vast apartments, the doors of which swung noiselessly at our approach, like those of Aladdin's palace when the "open sesame" was spoken. At last the throne-room was reached, an enormous sala with an elevated dais at one side, carpeted and canopied with crimson velvet, and several gilded arm chairs upon it. But the chairs were empty, the king and queen standing alone, with hands joined, and surrounded by a glittering throng of courtiers, nobles, cabinet ministers, diplomats, officers of the army and navy, maids of honor and ladies-in-waiting and other personages of high degree. A narrow lane, with hands joined, and surrounded by a glittering throng of courtiers, nobles, cabinet ministers, diplomats, officers of the army and navy, maids of honor and ladies-in-waiting and other personages of high degree. A narrow lane, with hands joined, and surrounded by a glittering throng of courtiers, nobles, cabinet ministers, diplomats, officers of the army and navy, maids of honor and ladies-in-waiting and other personages of high degree.

I am told by one of the diplomatic ladies that the most trying ordeal she ever experienced was her introduction to the Portuguese court. The king and queen, the dowager-queen and the crown prince were seated in the four chairs of state on the elevated dais, with a crowd of courtiers, nobles and officers standing on either side. She was obliged to walk alone and unattended from the door to a point opposite the king's chair, where she bowed very low; then a few steps farther, before the queen's chair, where she repeated the salutation; then to the dowager-queen and the prince; and then solemnly and slowly backed out of the room, in imminent danger of turning a somersault over her train, in the face of that august assemblage. The regulation court costume for ladies in Portugal must have a train at least three yards long, with decollete bodice. It may be of any color except blue and white in combination, which is forbidden to all but the ladies-in-waiting.

FANNIE B. WAIRD.



## This Weather

demand something in the way of a rain shelter—Mackintoshes—these to be good must be rain shedders. That's just what we guarantee our Mackintoshes to do—we've both kinds, cape or box coat like overcoat. Start the cape kinds at \$2.50, then at \$5.00 for a really good coat, and up to \$12.00. The box coat styles we start at \$5.00 and up to \$18.00 for the finest garment made. We've a specially nice tan colored Mackintosh, box coat style double-breasted, with velvet collar at \$7.50.

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## WHEN SUFFERING FROM A COLD

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MEDICINAL WINES AND LIQUORS.

THE OLD RELIABLE

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COR. MAIN AND FIRST SOUTH.

## PLATE GLASS INSURED

BY THE

HOME FIRE OF UTAH

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