THE VICTORIOUS CAPTAIN EXECUTING THE MOST DIFFICULT PUNT OF THE SEASON.

THE HIGHEST KICK OF THE SEASON.

BY JAMES BARTON.

HARVARD INDIANS

It was kicked scientifically by the captain of the winning team in the biggest game that has been played this year! That wonderful kick! Over the goal it went the ball—to victory!

"I didn't suppose Cross could kick so a dollar and a half," gasped one old lady, as, home by the crowd, she pressed through the surging gates that led into the grounds.

"I'd have paid it, anyway, I guess—to see Jack kick."

And Jack did kick, not his Jack alone, but the several Jacks who, disguised as Johns, figured on the gridiron.

Football may or may not have come to stay, but, while it is here, it is certainly kicking everything out of its path that could bar the way to popular favor. Baseball died an untimely death in early October, when the nerves were still green and the weather still warm. Cycle racing had to compete itself to the sickness, and even golf lacks patrons when there is a football game which.

And now the season stretches many more games. Yale plays two, namely, with the mighty Princeton, November 12, and Harvard, November 24. The former game is played at Princeton, and the latter at New Haven. Yale's recent game, which was twice adjourned and scheduled for October 29, "rain or shine," made her bid; and the West Point team who came over to New Haven to play Yale went back feeling that there was another game to them yet.

Time was when the football season played daily, and twice a day, if between whole, but that was in the early memorable days, when backs and backs were crude, when they all were partisans, and the college which did its best of that day could well hold up a college of to-day without its criticism.

Now games are fewer, but more scientific, and so drain no less a point upon time, money, professional assistance and natural talent. The season's work was when games had to be made up for a living club to use some of its cousins in Europe and his cousins in Florida. In the fast months of football, he can make as much per day as the best instructor in the college course of making per month. He must be something of a schoolmaster himself, for the instructors, while strongly leaning to the football whenever that escape over the college, usually guide themselves by securities enough to allow now but the most visible elements to temper the players. Through seasons in the college box, trainers and instructors are alike subjected to a committee from the faculty.

The working of the winning team in yesterday's great battle was the feature of the game.

In addition to being the most successful series of plays, a striking game interests the public. It gives a relief to the jaughing and chasing of less and strong, which are almost unbearable to any one who is not concerned up in the sport. It opens the eye to where an average spectator could not detect it and see it. There is no persons sight in the world than a strong force pitted, which sets waiting through the air to be caught or missed as the part of a touchdown. It makes one catch the breath and feel a tingle of excitement.

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A COUNTRY ALL OF GOLD.

Assayists Declare that the Metal Exists in Every State in the Union.

Gold, gold, gold!

Assayers are drifting people mad by asking them that it lies in their back yards, that it lies in their back yards, that it lies in their back yards like the plants in their flower pots glistens in the very bricks of their houses.

Tons of gold, miles of gold, gold beyond the dreams of avarice to count or to shiver, gold to burn, to fling, gold to pave streets, to build walls, gold to erect a heaven-piercing shaft higher than an Eiffel; gold to vast in its daily ten million Klondikes, and gold so common as dirt the grumbling, who stiff for which men have squabbled since civilization began; gold so common so as the dirt of space or the soul of thought, is at hand, is at our feet, is under our feet.

When the Klondike fever broke out the "Geologic Dick," as the greatest treasure of modern times calls the interstitial, broke out alone.

Within six months one patent attorney in San Francisco put in application for no less than 320 new applications for the Klondike.

Then came for mining facilities of all kind, and embraced everything from a tin cup to an ore crusher. But by far the greatest number were for "dry and efficient washing tools to be used in panning the dirt and in washing out from the gravel mines in which it was found."

It naturally followed that immense improvements in mining machinery were accomplished, and simple devices were made to take the place of expensive ones.

But the most important result of those inventions was the facility with which miners could obtain them. An amateur miner with five cents got a complete mining outfit for "panning" dirt at a rate of $25, and with the remaining $75 he could purchase two simple machines for crushing and separating. Outfits, such as this, are now being used daily on the Yukon.

Following closely upon the discovery and invention of cheaper facilities for separating gold from its clock of Mother Earth comes the possibility of obtaining it near at home.

Gold does not exist in the Klondike alone. Assayers long ago discovered it in the dirt of Wall Street, underneath the paving stones, and in the dust of Broadway. When the roads of Central Park were newly graded, the workmen removed scores of earth in which gold was freely found.

No less an authority than Andrew Mason, Superintendent of the New York Assay Office, speaking of this fact, said to a correspondent of the newspaper at that time:

"There is gold in every State in the Union, and in every county, every town, every village. You could go right on Wall Street, take up a few pavement blocks, dig out a 'pan' of dirt and get gold out of it. The only trouble would be that it is in too small quantities to pay for the trouble. It is not 'pay dirt.'"

Now, however, with the cheap and easy separation, it is pay dirt, and in panning it has been so simplified that a child could be taught to do it.

Nor is it in the dirt alone that gold is found, but in the very paving stones and the clay as well. England has a different formation, but this country is greatly underlaid with gold.

Before the day of the cheap gold separator came in, the fact of exposure was bitterly lamented. Most necessary, has more than the late Jacob Eckfeldt, Assayer of the Philadelphia Mint. The city of Philadelphia specially interested of him. He finally devoted a month to its analysis with the best results. Gold was found in generous proportions and in the poorest of clay. There was found to be three cents of gold to every cubic foot of clay.

Considering that the cost of clay was nothing, this was a very good return. The only difficulty lay in the cost of pounding the clay, and the bricks, gave a good return, and cost much less for labor. In other words, the brick-making machinery had been completed and perfected, and it could be run very cheaply, while the gold machinery was crude and expensive.

Eckfeldt, in his report, added that if each brick of "Philadelphia pressed brick" could have the gold it contained pressed upon its surface in the form of gold leaf, it would have a patch two inches square. The beautiful Quaker City would shine like gold.

So with Chicago's paving material. The patent substance so liberally spread upon its principal sidewalks. This contains a larger percentage of richest ore from the lake soil which is equal, in many instances, to a field found in the gold regions of the Klondike, for which miners pay enormous amounts in money, time and endeavor. But again there is a catch, at the time of assay, the question of cost!

When pearls were first found in Kentucky—and many remember the sensation caused by the alleged discovery of the gems in the Ohio—there was an assay made of the soil of the State, with a view to possible discovery of copper deposits. To the joy of the capitalists, not copper, but gold was found, and in considerable quantities. Five cents per cubic foot was the percentage. The cost of panning was great, however, and the hunt for gold was abandoned.

Chemists warmly dare to predict the assayer of gold that would be mined cheaply; Wall Street makes no speculation upon its result; capitalists dare not dream of the effect.

Were gold to be mined cheaply, every man's back yard would become a Klondike; every dock yard a Yukon. The farmer, instead of taxes assessed out of his ground, would extract gold, and the house-owner would dig his taxes out of his cellar floor.

A Government assayer, one of the most prominent men now employed upon assay work, stood watching a stream of laborers at work excavating for a large building in town. Taking up a handful of the base dirt, he carelessly tossed it in his pocket.

Next day he called upon the contractor. "Do you know," said he, "that there is enough gold in that pile of dirt to pay off all your men on Saturday night?"

"Yes, I know," said the contractor, "but if I should assay it, there would be a terrible hue and cry, and they would say I had stolen a gold mine."

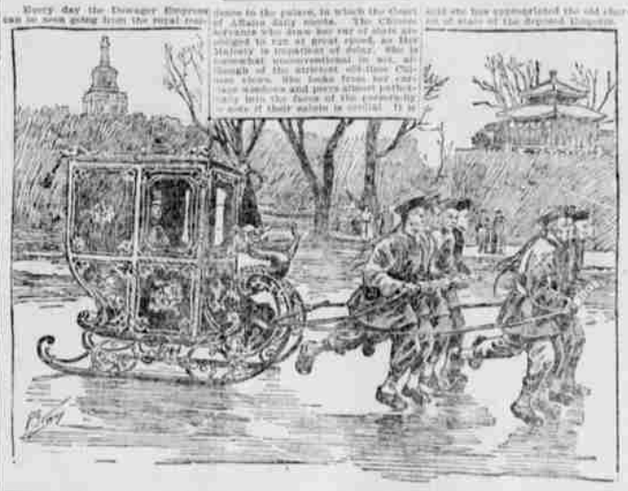
What Klondike would be at our doors, if this stuff could be cheaply gathered! What Klondikes, what Peruas, what Mexicos, what Californias! What millionaires, what plutocrats would dwell among us! What alliances would be sure! The nations of Europe would flow down to us, not as to power, but as the power of the earth.

And now inventors say it is possible, if this stuff could be cheaply separated, if the Klondike cash be manufactured, it will be possible to get gold out of every square foot of earth.

ARAPTIOS ASSERT THAT IN THIS VERY CITY, WE MAY, WITH THE IMPROVED APPARATUS FOR MINING, FIND PANS OF DIRT THAT WILL EQUAL THESE.

THE COACH OF THE EMPRESS.

Every day the Dowager Empress can be seen going from the royal residence to the palace, in which the Court of Affairs daily meets. The Chinese servants who draw her car of state are obliged to run at great speed, as Her Majesty is impatient of delay. She is somewhat unconventional in her, at thought of the opinion of the Chinese, when she looks from her carriage windows and peers almost pathetically into the faces of the people. It is said if their salute is cordial. It is said she has remonstrated the old chariot of state of the Bronzed Empire.



THE POPE'S LATEST CHARITY.

Pope Leo is immensely pleased this year over the relics from his vineyards. Everything yielded by the Prince of Peace yields golden results, literally and figuratively.

Two years ago, his holiness, noting the unmultiplied spots in the gardens of the Vatican, decided to set out grape vines. He placed an order for a thousand vines with the nurserymen of Italy and the result, on their arrival, were carefully set out and tenderly nursed. As they is a fertile country, they grew and prospered, and, owing to their good care, bestow full grown vines in a short time.

This year the Pope is more than pleased at the results of his agricultural enterprise. The vine yielded from the young vines has filled eight hogsheads, and the wine is reported to be of the finest vintage. The Pope has reserved only a small portion for the use of himself and his successors, and the remainder he has sent to the churches to be used at sacraments. The remainder, amounting to several hogsheads, he is selling at good prices. His Holiness will not dispose of the wine for trade purposes, but carefully stores it where it will be sold out to the sick.

His interest in the Vatican has brought in a large income from the fresh fruit they yield, and now he intends to fill the Vatican with vines to every available corner. Years hence "Pope Leo's vintage of '98" will be among the physicians' prescriptions.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MONUMENT.

Once a young bookkeeper, working over his accounts, raised his earnest face to remark to a fellow-bookkeeper, "No matter if I live to be as rich as Croesus, I shall want to die and die and be buried in the West."

That young man was John D. Rockefeller, now a millionaire twenty times, indeed, and that dear man, though he has not always lived in the part of the country of his choice, is determined that, at least, one part of his desire shall be fulfilled.

On the first of this month, John D. Rockefeller completed arrangements for the bronze tablet over each door of the United States. This stone is to be taken to the Pacific coast, put in Oregon and placed on the spot at which marks the center of the millionaire which he which he left to cut with his family.

It would be safe to say that this is the largest stone in the world, save it and for the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park. The Obelisk is 69 feet high and is the largest stone known from ancient times. Mr. Rockefeller's monument is 35 feet high from base to the top. It is 16 feet square at the base and when placed, it will look still higher, as it will stand upon the same river as the Cleopatra monument.

It is said Mr. Rockefeller has been looking for years for a fitting monument to mark the family grave plot in Lake View Cemetery, in Cleveland. A favorite daughter of his, who died on a fishing trip, a few years ago, was buried here, and though the plot is not enclosed—as a beautiful vault is erected there—as in the time there has been no monument which the millionaire thought good enough for this last home.

This stone was found quite by accident, and as soon as quarried, attracted great attention for its monumental size. On being removed to Mr. Rockefeller's place, the cost, the practical difficulty of the dressing of the stone, it was found that it could not be shipped up rail, nor could it go by boat.

When Mr. Olcott was brought to this country, it was the greatest piece that it came by rail, being anchored to large vessels. In order to be able to transport this stone to Chicago, it was necessary to strengthen trestles and excavate road beds. Finally, Mr. Rockefeller, whose interest for the stone grew as difficulties increased, entered special trains of extraordinary strength, so that the stone could be conveyed, and he gave special instructions that all bridges over which these cars will pass must be inspected just before the cars reach them.

WAITING FOR SPAIN'S TREATY.

A Place Is Ready For It in the State Department at Washington.

The Chief of the Bureau of Rolls of the State Department in Washington will soon be called upon to provide a place for the paper which contains our treaty of peace with Spain.

The paper, or papers, for it will consist of several pieces of hand-made, rag elements, will, in the ordinary course of events, and the way into a great volume, which will in time be placed for preservation in a big wooden case, and stored in the vault.

There are an extensive row of our State papers only the far middle of the Declaration of Independence and other papers of much less importance. Some of the treaties of this country with foreign powers are visible to the public, but are kept in the private office of the Librarian, where they are jealously guarded from the importunities of the curious. The Declaration Bureau, too, has possession of the letters which have been received by the various Secretaries of State of this country from foreign powers on matters of diplomatic moment, and these are very sensitively guarded.

The Rolls Bureau will be the last of many created in our Government to use the pen of redundancy.

The first pieces of great importance made by our Congress were with the United States on the Declaration of Independence Franklin, with Louis XVI, King of France, in 1778, in which the Colonies, then at war with the mother country, obtained an ally in France.

The treaty has no cover, but it has been very well preserved, and the separate pieces of it are fastened together with a gold cord, to which is attached the seal box. The seal consists of two parts, both of which pass through the edge of the seal box, through the edges of the thousand wax, and terminate in large blue and gold tassels.

On the cover of the seal box is engraved in the edges the coat of arms of the Majesty. The rose of the Revolutionary War and its most satisfactory results are presented graphically in the successful negotiation and purchase of the British Empire, a document which should be perhaps, more valuable to the particular people of this and all the generations to come, than any other single paper in the possession of the Government.

The cover of this portfolio has disappeared. The seal box is very large—about six inches in diameter—of solid gold, bearing the coat of arms of George III on the cover.

All England's treaties are bound in red and gold, and by a red and gold cord the seal box is attached to the body of the parchment. The seal is very much broken, and the impression of St. George and the dragon is hardly to be recognized. The handwriting of the treaty makes its attempt at engraving, but is written in a bastle, Gothic, Spanish hand. It is signed by George III, and by Commissioners of the United States—Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and John Jay.

The new treaty will be elegantly executed and decorated with the gorgeous seals of state.

A PICTORIAL LIST OF THE SUNDRY WILL COST TO KEEP WARM IN THE KLONDIKE THIS WINTER.