

GOOD AND BAD BOOKS.

How, When and What to Read.

If Solomon thought in his day that "Of making books there is no end," what would he think now if he was taken through one of the great libraries of the world. The Congressional Library at Washington has 270,000 volumes, and there are many other libraries as large or larger. The Royal Library at Munich, and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, have each over 900,000 volumes. The National Library of France and the British Museum have each 1,500,000 volumes.

All this has been done in modern times. As late as A. D. 1,500 the library of the University of Oxford was locked up in a little iron box. In 1494 the library of the Bishop of Winchester had parts of seventeen books. When he borrowed from St. Swithen one of the first printed bibles he had to give a heavy bond that he would bring it back safe. Then one could easily "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" all the books within his reach. In these days of bookmaking, when the press is throwing off its daily and hourly burden of valuable and worthless volumes, we need discretion to make a wise and judicious selection to amuse, instruct, and benefit. Books of travel, of history, of science, of philosophy and poetry are abundant and within the reach of all.

Whatever may be our peculiar feelings and inclinations, tastes and habits we can find reading that will benefit us. But the greatest care must be used in deciding what not to read: for as things are now going it would take a lifetime to look over the works published in a single year. The student must therefore carefully choose his books, read as many as he can of the good ones and let the bad or worthless ones entirely alone.

If a fisherman knew of a clear stream well stocked with the choicest fish, he would not go to a mud puddle and fish for minnows and eels. So we should give our reading to the choicest books. Life is too short to spend in reading trash. Among the writings of the great masters, such as Dickens, Scott, Lamartine, De Foe, Hugo, De Staël, Cooper, Irving and H. B. Stowe may be found fifty or a hundred fictions that would make one better for the reading. These meritorious works are so mingled with ten thousand worthless ones that the reader must be very careful in the choosing; and as for sensational story papers, (free from them as a pestilence. It is really almost enough to make one despair of our race to see a strong, able-bodied young man hiding behind the folds of a cheap wood-cut paper concentrating his mental strength upon some sensational romance of love and blood. Such reading is poison. It weakens the mind, inflames the imagination, warps the judgment, deadens the conscience, and makes the reader look at the world with a jaundiced eye. But, says one, we read these books as we go into questionable places, to learn life. As well might we go into a tiger's cage to study natural history. To love a bad book because of its elegant language, is like fondling the coils of a serpent because they are bright, or caressing the hand of an assassin because it is jeweled. You may think these books do not hurt you, but they do hurt you; they are poison; they not only fill you with ulcers but blind your eyes so that you can not see them.

It is a good rule for every one to make, that he will read no doubtful literature, no dime novels, no story papers, and it might be added that there is a good deal to some of our daily papers which will do us no good. A book, after all, is but the conversation of an absent author. Surely no one would prefer to listen to an ignorant fellow spinning an imaginary story from his sickly brain, than to hear Livestone or Stanley relate their wonderful discoveries and adventures in Africa, Macaulay tell the wondrous history of England, or Gibbon describe the decline and fall of the Roman empire. What a privilege to be admitted into the company of the mighty dead and to hear them talk. We should like to have known old Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton; but we have on our bookshelves the best they had to say. What would we not give to spend an hour with Copernicus or Kepler; with Rasmus, Bernard de Palissy, or Isaac Newton, and yet we can buy the result of their investigations for a trifle and ponder their best thoughts at our evening firesides. We should like to have listened to the eloquence of Burke or Southey, Macaulay or Webster; but we have their best speeches in our books. We cannot all go into the presence of the great and good of the earth; but we may read the wisest words of the brightest intellects and noblest hearts of all countries and all times.

They furnish us the best amusement; they give their rich experience and impart knowledge which is the fruit of a life's research. As a man, walking with a well-disciplined soldier soon learns his stately bearing; great authors form in us their own style of thinking and expression so that after we have walked with them for a time we catch their step and find ourselves learning the stately tread of Dr. Motley, the beautiful descriptive language of James Fenimore Cooper or the simple Saxon of Washington Irving.

If we have an inclination to travel and possess not the means for enjoying this privilege we may find the most delightful accounts of voyages and journeys, and at our own firesides,

travel the wide world over. With the author we may ascend the highest mountains, and descend into the lowest caverns; we may visit temples, cathedrals and pagodas; we may journey to every clime and become familiar with the people of every zone, before we have left the horizon of our native town.

But it may be asked, how shall we who labor find the time to do such studying? That depends upon your habits. There are very few indeed who could not find time each day to devote an hour or two to reading. By this means one could easily read twenty or twenty-five books a year, and at the end of that time would be surprised to see the progress that had been made. Much more, by spending the time in this manner the habit of method is acquired and a person becomes qualified to stand among men of culture and make a mark in the world.

Some young men are discouraged from a course of reading because they have not received a classical education. Well, if by classics is meant Latin and Greek and Hebrew, it may be safely asserted that many young men are as well off without them as they would be with them. A vast amount of time is wasted in teaching Latin and Greek to boys who intend to forget it as soon as they can. Many speak and write good English who know nothing about Latin. The English language and literature are as much superior to the language and literature of Rome as the sun is brighter than the moon. The moon rules the night and the classics the dark ages; but the English tongue as used at the present time is as the sun shining in his meridian strength.

The last few years have witnessed a new field of inquiry which has been opened up by the publication of scientific works in cheap and popular form and there are many young men who will read a half column review of Tyndal and Huxley and then think they are too intellectual to believe in religion.

Science and religion have each a distinct field of labor; yet there is no antagonism. The principles enunciated by the Savior of men overwhelms, nay, rather includes all philosophy. The harm is done by scientists meddling with theology, and theologians meddling with science.

This is an age of both scientific and religious trash and of all trash religious trash is the worst kind of trash we can read. There are so many truly great books, so many literary gems, so much that is eloquent and thoughtful and honest, that it does seem a pity for a young man to get his religious notions from some wild, erratic creature who is trying to create a sensation and say something startling.

But the greatest mistake a student can make in the reading line is to neglect the books of inspiration. Even as literary productions there are no books that can compare with them. Here are linked together the sublimest poetry, the loftiest philosophy, the most ancient history, the sweetest stories, the purest morals, the most perfect style, the most exalted doctrines, and the profoundest truths.

It is our own fault if they are not interesting. Sometimes we open to one of the middle chapters of a book, and read it without regard to what precedes or follows. Sometimes we read it from habit, when we are sleepy or tired, or we look over it with our eyes when our thoughts are far away. If we read it as we do other works we shall find it interesting. For example, if we wish to read the Gospel of Matthew, let us study the political position and prevailing ideas of the Jewish people at that period. Then let us read the account by Matthew entirely through, which can easily be done at one sitting, and we will arise with increased light and intelligence. Or, after we have glanced at the customs of imperial Rome, her iron rule, her fierce soldiery, her gladiatorial combats, her dense paganism, let us read Paul's epistle to Timothy, and see how our hearts will burn within us.

If we read the books of inspiration thus they will make us better, happier, stronger and braver. And when at last the hair is white, and the eye dim, and hand and heart and brain are weary with life's journeys these books will be to us as tender and sympathetic as a mother.

Other books will look coldly down from the shelves. Shakespeare will not divert us with his dramas, nor Byron with his poems, nor Sheridan or Webster with their speeches, nor Dickens or Cooper with their stories; but the books of inspiration will then become very precious to us, and speaking words of encouragement and consolation to us, will prepare us for that world where we shall know even as we are known.

J. H. W.

Raising money for public works in China is no joke to Celestial officials. The late terrific floods in the empire having been caused by a breach in the Yellow river, 20,000,000 taels (about \$32,500,000) must be spent on repairing the damage, so, to provide the necessary funds, all provincial officials' salaries will be stopped for a year.

The Prince of Wales is always accompanied by two detectives. They dress as gentlemen, and are ever at his heels. At the theatre they sit at the back of his box, at the races they stand just behind him, and it is their business never to have him out of their sight. He has no responsibility of them, but they can never leave him off their minds.

THE VIRGINIA SHOOTING.

Extracts from a Letter Written by One who was Wounded.

The following particulars regarding the shooting of two Elders in Rockbridge County, Virginia, mentioned at the time in the News, are from a letter written by Elder Milo A. Hendricks to Elder Josiah Burrows, of this city:

On the 23d of December, Elder Tate and I were coming from Mrs. Campbell's to Brother Carr's, and on nearing Jack Ramsey's, Charley (his son) ran out of the house saying, "Come on, Jim, (meaning Jim Lotts) let's have some fun." Mr. Ramsey, who was standing in the middle of the road with a double-barreled shotgun in his hand, made Charles and Jim go back, saying, "I will manage the affair." When we got within speaking distance, Jack commanded us to halt. We did so, at the same time asking what was wrong. He said, "I have told you enough that no d—d—n polygamist was allowed on this road." I told him he notified me once that it was not a public road; but had never told me to keep off. We also told him if we had injured him in any way, we were willing to make all wrongs right and that if we had trespassed the proper course for him to take would be to go before a magistrate, swear out a complaint, take us before the court, and have us pay the penalty for our wrong doing.

After a string of oaths, he said: "I'll give you the contents of this (meaning his gun) and you can take me before the courts." At the same time he moved out of the road and said: "Pass if you want to, but you will suffer the consequences." Who told him we did not wish to pass if it was contrary to his will. By this time he grew very impatient, the cause of which was, doubtless, the fact that his corpulent body contained a large amount of brandy, and said, "Now, G—d—n you, you git!" Finding he was void of reasoning we profited by his advice, and retraced our steps to the main road below his house, and after traveling along it about half a mile, we came to the new road leading to Brother Carr's. Not thinking of any foul play, and in fact not knowing this road was on Mr. Ramsey's land, we traveled along it. In the meantime the three villains came across by Brother Carr's, and the two young men (Jim and Charley) secreted themselves in an ivy thicket. Mr. R. sat on a log by the roadside, just at the edge of the ivies. He had both hammers of the gun up, waiting for us. After traveling along the new road about three hundred yards, we suddenly came upon Jack in the above named condition. Elder Tate and I were talking about our experience a few moments previous, and it so happened, that I mentioned the names of Jack Ramsey, Charley, and Jim Lotts just as we saw Jack. We were then within fifteen feet of him. On seeing us he jumped up, (still holding the gun on us) and said: "God—d—n you, you have run into it now and you're going to get it." He said further, "I have two men in the ivies, and I heard you say Jack Ramsey, Charley, and Jim Lotts, etc." Mr. Lotts, on hearing his name mentioned, came out from his hiding place, threw off his coat, in which was a revolver, drew a razor from his pocket, and started towards us saying, "I'll cut your G—d—n hearts out." We did not fear him much, as Mr. Ramsey wished to take all the honor to himself. I therefore asked Mr. Ramsey to show us the road to Bro. Carr's without going on his land.

I will not attempt to use the language he did, but he said, "You find it." We therefore turned around and started off for that purpose; but had not gone more than ten or twelve yards when Mr. Ramsey fired the first shot, which took effect in the right leg of each of us. I was a little to the right and slightly in advance of Bro. Tate, therefore his right leg shielded my left. On receiving the first shot we began running, and the second shot was fired immediately, though it did us no particular damage. We thought it best to give up the idea of going to Bro. Carr's then as we felt confident they would guard the different roads. This we afterwards learned was done. Mr. Ramsey was determined we should not reach Bro. Carr's that day, but he was outwitted. We went from where we were shot, around by Rawlings' store to Sister Steele's, and thence to Bro. Carr's, arriving there about dark.

We there learned that the three demons went past Brother Carr's in the morning cursing him and family, and all the rest of the "Mormons" they had ever heard of. After the shooting they watched Brother Carr's house the rest of the day, it is supposed for us, but they were gone before we arrived.

On examining our wounds at night, it was found that Brother Tate had received forty shots, twenty of which took effect and others merely grazing the skin. About nine remain in his leg, and the rest were found in different parts of his clothing. I received fifteen, seven of which took effect.

We had previously made our appointment to hold meeting on Christmas day at Brother Layton's, so on the 24th, after washing and cleaning up, we, in company with Brother Layton, went to his house where we held the meeting.

Mr. Ramsey, after shooting us, was very much frightened, thinking probably we might have him punished for his crime, therefore he endeavored to raise a mob to drive us out of the country. Thursday, Jan. 5, was the

day set for the threat to be put into execution; but all the assistance he got was his son Charley, his nephew Mr. Malone, Dow Gerald's boy and one or two others. His crowd was so few in number that he dared not come.

The first three weeks after our wounding I suffered much pain, through the effects of one wound which I received in the fleshy part of my leg; but thanks be to our Heavenly Father I am almost well again. The wounds are healed though my leg is a little stiff and sore yet. Brother Tate also is progressing favorably, though his wounds have not healed yet. We held meeting last Sunday at Bro. Layton's, and will hold meeting next Sunday at Bro. Carr's, after which we will resume our labors as before.

IN MEXICO.

A. J. Stewart Negotiating for a Large Tract of Land.

Mr. Andrew J. Stewart, of Salt Lake City, a well known breeder of thoroughbred horses and cattle, and proprietor of the Greasewood Farm, in Utah, is in El Paso. He is one of the oldest citizens of that Territory, having lived there for thirty-six years and having been actively engaged most of that time in assisting and locating immigration in the southern portion of the Territory. He is president of the Territorial Stock Association and has represented that body of enterprising men at all of the national conventions. He has been the U. S. Government Surveyor a portion of the time. He comes here thoroughly endorsed and recommended and proposes to make El Paso the base of operations for a very important colonization enterprise, of which the following is a brief outline:

All are conversant with the fact that for the past three or four years there have been rumors of a Mormon exodus to Mexico, and the Church has had its representatives in that republic endeavoring, but without success, to find a location for a portion of their people. Mr. Stewart does not come in that relation, but as representing a number of leading men of Utah, both Mormon and Gentile, who will join him in the undertaking upon which he has been personally engaged for the past three years.

Within that time he has secured option for himself and associates on a large district of land within the State of Chihuahua, and not more than 250 miles from El Paso, well adapted to agriculture and horticulture, as well as to the breeding of fine stock. A large water power will be utilized for manufacturing, and the enterprise will also include an extensive commercial and banking business.

It is well known that the Territory of Utah has been settled with an unusually thrifty class of people, and that the colonization of the Territory has been managed with exceptionally good judgment, which has produced wonderful results. All parts of the world have been made tributary to its population, and the immigrants have been aided until they have become self-supporting. They have literally made the desert to "blossom as the rose," and ninety-five per cent. of those who have been there as long as four or five years are owners of the land they occupy, and are living in exceptionally good houses, having every comfort surrounding them. Mr. Stewart himself has loaded five large steamers at a time with immigrants from Australia, and though never in Europe has had much to do with the people who have come to Utah from the European nations.

He is now making the arrangements for railway transportation, having chosen the proper location and obtained the co-operation of all the state officials of Chihuahua.

While the undertaking appears of great magnitude, it only needs proper organization to insure a successful issue. The rapid increase of population in all parts of the world is compelling the emigration of the surplus to those points where the resources of nature are not yet fully utilized. And all present conditions are favoring the belt of country which lies within the district of the United States marked on the maps as having "mountain time," and its extension south into Mexico. The great railroad lines are now invading this section, and the effect will be here as it has been elsewhere.

Mr. Stewart has had the foresight to anticipate this movement. The locality chosen is highly favored of nature. With fertile lands, a moderate altitude, healthful climate and convenient access, the inducements are many and the drawbacks are few.

As soon as his financial arrangements are fully perfected and his companies organized, he will come to El Paso and make this city his home and base of operations. Such men are always heartily welcome.—El Paso, Texas, Tribune.

A 27-year-old young woman of Maldon, England, declined an invitation to join the Primrose League, with the reply that statistics of the past fifty years show that "the marriage rate rises when a liberal government is in power."

Ten baptist converts were immersed at Adams, N. Y., when the thermometer registered 15 degrees below zero. The clothing froze on the novitiates as they came from the water, but no serious results have followed.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

A Kansas city barber says that rats eat off the edges of his razors.

Abon-Naddara, an Egyptian sheik, who has lately carried the congratulations of the oriental countries to the new president of France, is authority for the statement that Sadi-Carnot in Arabic signifies "Happiness of the Century."

Sixty lakes can be counted, it is said from the summit of Mount Whiteface in the Adirondacks. White face is over five thousand feet high, and so are Mounts Seward, McIntyre, and several others, but the highest is Mount Marcy, which rises 5,337 feet.

Samuel Wright, of Albany, Ga., had a pet kitten and a pet owl which appeared to love each other very much. One morning, however, he could not find the kitten. He found the owl dead of indigestion and then he knew what had become of the kitten.

Glass-blowing is an art nearly four thousand years old, and perhaps much older. Yet there never has been any means discovered of dispensing with the human lungs as the instruments of blowing. An English company is experimenting with a mold and mechanical bellows, which does satisfactory work at bottle-blowing, but this pretends to attempt only coarse work.

H. L. Cook, of West Branch, Iowa, who recently returned from California, says he visited a noted coal mine in one of the boomed districts of the golden state. When he asked to be allowed to go down and inspect the mine he was told by the superintendent that it was too dangerous, so he contented himself in seeing them feed the engine with grease-wood roots to get up steam to run a coal shaft in a sand bank. There were heaps of coal lying around, but they were samples imported for the benefit of tenderfeet.

Last summer a Hartford, Conn., man ordered a few tons of coal sent to his country house, which is in a little out-of-the-way town. The local dealer delivered just twice the amount ordered, and insisted that he was right and must have pay for it all. Rather than have a row the gentleman paid. Now it is reported that there is almost a coal famine in the little town, and that the gentleman is kindly permitting the dealer to take away the left-over coal at an advance of \$5 a ton on the price paid last summer.

Mrs. Dowell, wife of the presiding elder of the American Methodist Episcopal church, stepped into her yard and saw her pet maltese cat playing with a huge snake. The cat is a very large one. Every time the serpent would strike at it the cat would give it a vigorous slap on the side of its head. This by-play continued for fully an hour, Mrs. Dowell standing upon the steps watching the combat and fearing every moment to witness the death of her pet. At last the cat pounced upon the snake and killed it.

Climbing the Alps in winter is a pastime in which few mountaineers indulge, though much more extended views may be obtained in fine winter weather than during the more or less hazy summer days. Mrs. Jackson, an ambitious English climber, has this winter, however, ascended the Lauterachhorn and the Little Vischerhorn, two summits that have never before been reached in winter. The ascent and descent of the Lauterachhorn occupied a day and a half, and was made under the guidance of Emil Boss, the famous guide who led the way three years ago up Mount Kabru, in the Himalayas, the highest ascent yet made by mountaineers.

Councilman Lucius Holt of Hartford, Conn., was out driving, when the runner of his sleigh caught in a horse-car track and the sleigh was overturned. Mr. Holt was thrown out and the horse started on a run down a hill, at the bottom of which is a railroad crossing. The gates were down, but the gateman raised them, and the beast galloped on the track, where the engine of a freight train struck it. The horse was lifted by the cowcatcher and thrown over the gate, landing flat in the street beyond. The sleigh was caught by the engine and smashed into a thousand pieces. The horse suffered no injury, though one shoe was torn off, while another was twisted completely out of shape.

For making ordinary wooden spools, birch wood is preferred. The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spools at the rate of one a second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machine is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums and polish themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red, or black. They are made in hundreds of shapes and sizes. When one sees on spools of thread "one hundred yards" or "two hundred yards," these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to contain so much thread.